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go on trying and in the process make themselves fit to bear the responsibilities and uphold the
disciplines which will maintain a free society.

Among the basic freedoms to which men aspire that their lives might be full and uncramped,
freedom from fear stands out as both a means and an end. A people who would build a nation in
which strong, democratic institutions are firmly established as a guarantee against state-induced
power must first learn to liberate their own minds from apathy and fear.

Aung San Suu Kyi
A question and a request

The question: is there anyone who has read Crispian Villeneuve’s huge two-volume book, Rudolf Steiner in Britain – A Documentation of his Ten Visits? By ‘read’ I mean (to use the yardstick in ‘Alice in wonderland’) has begun at the beginning and gone through to the end and then stopped. This does NOT include dipping in here and there, nor skimming through, nor jumping forwards and backwards or anything else in that vein. It MAY mean referring to other sources now and again – I have more than once so far revisited the poetry of W.B.Yeats – but other than that doggedly working your way through...I should perhaps add that, by the time you read this I will probably just about have done this myself, after about a year and a quarter, with a pause of about four months halfway through the second volume.

The request: if you HAVE done the above, would you be willing to share impressions with me? I’m not suggesting we do this here in the pages of Camphill Correspondence, but privately, by e-mail or, if you prefer, snail mail. If, indeed, more than one of you reply, this might lead to a group sharing. And whether one reply or more, perhaps something of it will eventually find its way into these pages, maybe in the form of a review, but we can decide if and how later.

My e-address is: fabianandchristopher@gmail.com
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If you can, please let Sandra Stoddard know at: sandrastoddard@gmail.com.

Keeping in touch

The Camphill Correspondence support group were so glad to hear of a number of Camphill places making valiant efforts to re-create themselves through struggle with crisis or difficult situations. It seems that painful community self-analysis and honest taking stock during times of struggle has brought a new sense of purpose to a number of places – a welcome and hope-inspiring theme of crisis as opportunity. If your community has gone through such an experience of death and re-birth, even in a tiny way, or is in process of a new germination of life, we would love to hear about it. After all, this is a story we may know in our own personal lives as well as in community life and reading of other experiences brings hope and encouragement. The recent Olympics had many such stories of human effort and renewal which was part of their universal appeal, the enduring myth of the phoenix rising from the ashes. I thank you and look forward to some interesting stories.

On a more mundane subject, the price of postage in Britain has risen about 20% at the end of April this year. This has increased our expenditure by about £100 per issue, which means we need to find another £600 a year to cover our costs. At our Support Group meeting recently we reluctantly decided we needed to increase the price, but only by 20p a copy so a subscription will increase to £22.80 from £21.60 with the November/December issue. We’re aware of course that people are also feeling the pinch world-wide, so if this increase is a problem please continue to pay what you can. We would much rather have subscribers that aren’t able to pay the full amount than people cancelling their subscription – the goal of the Correspondence is not to make money but to be a vessel of communication to whoever is interested.

A reminder too, that if your community budget has a little left over, please don’t forget to support the Correspondence. While we are financially stable again after going through a rocky patch eighteen months ago, extra financial support is always welcome and can help us be more flexible and generous with the size of issues and with subscribers.

In appreciation for so much continued involvement and backing of your movement magazine.

Maria and the support group

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Adapted from her July 1991 essay

It is not power that corrupts, but fear. Fear of losing power corrupts those who wield it. Fear of the scourge of power corrupts those who are subject to it. Fear stifles our sense of right and wrong. In any society where fear is rife corruption in all forms becomes deeply entrenched.

Within a system which denies basic human rights, fear is the order of the day. Fear of imprisonment, torture or death, fear of losing friends, family, property or livelihood. One insidious fear masquerades as ‘common sense’ – condemning as foolish or futile the small, daily acts of courage which help to preserve self-respect and dignity.

The modern movement for democracy in Burma began with student demonstrations in 1988. Years of incoherent and incompetent policies had turned the country into an economic shambles. But it was more than the difficulty of eking out a living that had eroded the patience of a traditionally good-natured, quiescent people – it was also the humiliation of a way of life disfigured by corruption and fear.

The students protested not only against the deaths of their comrades, but against the denial of their own right to life. The regime deprived the present of meaning and held out no hope for the future. The demonstrations quickly grew into a nationwide movement. The people of Burma had wearied of a state of passive apprehension where they were ‘as water in the cupped hands’ of the powers that be.

Emerald cool we may be
As water in cupped hands
But oh that we might be
As splinters of glass
In cupped hands.

Glass splinters with sharp, glinting power to defend against hands that try to crush, could be seen as a symbol of the courage that is an essential attribute of those who would free themselves from the grip of oppression.

Where there is no rule of law, the burden of upholding the principles of justice and common decency falls on ordinary people. It is the cumulative effect of their effort and endurance which will change a nation where reason and conscience are warped by fear into one where legal rules exist to promote man’s desire for harmony and justice.

The quintessential revolution is that of the spirit, born of an intellectual conviction of the need for change in those mental attitudes and values which shape the course of a nation’s development. A revolution which aims merely at changing official policies and institutions with a view to an improvement in material conditions has little chance of genuine success. There has to be a united determination to persevere in the struggle, to make sacrifices in the name of enduring truths, to resist the corrupting influences of desire, ill will, ignorance and fear.

Saints, it has been said, are the sinners who go on trying. So free men are the oppressed who go on trying and in the process make themselves fit to bear the responsibilities and uphold the disciplines which will maintain a free society.

Among the basic freedoms to which men aspire that their lives might be full and uncramped, freedom from fear stands out as both a means and an end. A people who would build a nation in which strong, democratic institutions are firmly established as a guarantee against state-induced power must first learn to liberate their own minds from apathy and fear.

The spirit of our age is Michael. He stands behind each of us, supreme, radiant in the glory of His cosmic Being. He helps us to overcome the dragon, the dragon of materialism, the outer façade. He expects us to search and find what is spiritual in everything earthly, so that what is earthly becomes transparent for the spirit within.

We can see a connection with Goethe’s Fairy tale of the green snake and the beautiful lily. The snake has swallowed the coins of gold of the will-o’-the-wisps. They have become molten and radiant, lighting up the subterranean temple. There she spied first the Golden King, then the Silver King and in the light of the lantern of the man, the Brazen King. The Golden King asked
the man with the lantern: “How many secrets do you know?” And he answers: “Three.” The Silver King asks: “Which is the most important one?” The man with the lamp answers: “The open one!”

We are still on the search for this open secret and it means a secret open to all eyes and yet hidden. May we always have a presentiment of what is hidden. What is the open secret of the Three Kings? They are three royal soul forces in the subterranean sanctuary, which is an image of the body.

The ancient question still is: where is the soul located in the body? Where is its dwelling place? The Kings give a threefold answer; the soul is threefold and lives in three locations in our body.

There are three soul activities: thinking, feeling and will.

Thinking lives in the head (Golden King)
Feeling lives in the heart (Silver King)
Will lives in the limbs (Brazen King).

In this way life functions.

The open secret is that the skull is formed by spheric bones, tightly grown together and bent. The limbs are formed by radial, straight bones, mobile through joints. And the chest in the middle links both poles in rhythm; ribs are bent radial bones, arranged rhythmically. Above they are grown together like the bones in the skull. Further down they are more straight and mobile like the radial bones. They perform two functions when inhaling and exhaling.

Just as the tendency of the bones penetrate each other, so it is with the Trinity. This is the open secret! Our village, too, has a threefold structure:

Heaven and the Holy Spirit correspond to the cultural life.
Rhythm and the Christ correspond to the house communities.
The earth and the Father God correspond to the workshops.

The basic connection to these Three is the call:

The Father God be in us.
The Son God create in us.
The Spirit God enlighten us.

We hear this prayer once in the Offering Service and seven times in the Act of Consecration.

Where do the formations of soul and body originate spiritually? This is answered by Rudolf Steiner in the Foundation Meditation, which we want to keep in our heart. Three times the human soul is addressed:

You live in the limbs, for the Father spirit of the height holds sway in the depths of the world, creative of being (producing substance).
You live in the heart of the lung, for the Christ-will holds sway in the rhythms of the world, blessing the soul.
You live in the resting head, for the spirit’s cosmic thoughts hold sway in the being of the world, craving for light.

Therefore we can humbly say: The Holy Trinity (Father, Son and Holy Spirit) is active, creates and forms the three powers of the soul as well as the three aspects of the human body. Three is a holy number. The three parts do not stand side by side; they are arranged in two poles which meet in a rhythmic middle as something new. The largest polarity in the world is heaven and earth, yet they are deeply related to one another. This relationship can be found by thinking in the image of the lemniscate. The one loop expands to the infinite, the other points to the ground on which we stand. The two polarities meet at the centre with rhythm. This can be seen in every grass and herb, in twig and leaf or bud. Extension and contraction are alternating. The same principle is shown in every leaf, in the tops of trees, in mountains and valleys, in the waves of the sea. Everywhere we see rhythm at work. The same holds good in the human being with his twelve ribs, the heartbeat and breathing. These rhythms are a blessing to the soul and should be taken to heart. The two poles do not only meet in the middle but penetrate each other:

spheric bones
quiet!
head

radial bones
shoulder blades
pelvic

lower jaw
mobile!
arms

legs

In the workshops we work with our limbs in the Father-round and transform the created substance.

From milk, cheese is made; from grain, bread; from wool, carpets, clothes and bags; from silk, silk roses; from the wood of a tree, furniture, toys and paper; from paper, books. In gardening and farming, with the help of our hands, the process of creation is enhanced. A cow gives birth to a calf every year (and gives milk); a goat gives birth to two kids; a sow ten to twelve piglets. A grain of wheat multiplies to many grains; from vegetable seeds grow many vegetables.

The house community is the realm of the Christ who is our friend and brother. In likeness to Him, we should also learn to be friend and brother to each other. The archetype of the house community is the table around which we gather for our meals. Also here the open secret is revealed. The grace is inspired by the Holy Spirit, the food is a gift of the Father Being and those who share the food, accompanied by the rhythm of speaking and listening in the company of people, in whom the Son-God helps to deeper devotion, gratitude and understanding. Outer events should become transparent for the spirit!

But we are not always together, sometimes we are alone in our room. Here too is rhythmic change. Our groups belong also to this middle realm. Around the table people meet with similar human values, exchanging on matters requiring specific knowledge (Father ground) and also our own impulses (Spirit God). Let us not forget our impulses! In mutual giving and taking the Christ spirit is present.

In the cultural life we are enlightened by the Holy Spirit. We think about the meaning of life and existence. We ponder about the order of the world (as in our case, about the threefoldness of body, soul and spirit). By practicing art we seek the inspiration of the spirit. We make music, sing and dance, we paint, make sculptures, we do eurythmy and acting.

All our life is permeated by a religious striving mood. We have our morning and evening gatherings and say grace for meals. We have our weekly Bible Evenings, Offering Service and a small high school. And annually we celebrate the Christian festivals and other events.

We see the rhythmic Christian life permeate all our existence in a healing way. The Holy Trinity in all its majesty is at work in the big and small aspects of life. We can try more and more to make our social life an image of the working of the Trinity, a spiritualizing of earthly life.

Regine is a long-standing co-worker.
She is now retired in the Lehenhof but makes regular contributions to the cultural life of her community.
Some very strong images have shown England and to a certain extent Wales discovering herself as a community of people once again. Those images are both positive and perhaps negative. They involve the remarkable scenes around the Olympic torch coming to the towns and cities of this land, the opening ceremony of the Olympics itself, Danny Boyle’s celebration of the British and English folk soul, and a new-found power of influence under the guise of community – which through social egalitarianism abhors misuse of power and privilege in all its forms. It has found condemnation for example in the Members of Parliament expenses scandal, banker’s bonuses and the presence of cronies of all types where friendships to further an agenda of mutual benefit lead to powerful liaisons, as seen in the News International phone hacking scandal. In fact everything which smacks of privilege is under question in England and Wales, from tax evasion schemes to intentional communities which are seen also as places of privilege. As a result these communities are ordered as part of social policy directives to open their doors, accounts and practices and to ‘parade before the inquisitor’. Gone are the days where intentional communities were seen as an asset to society and were given space and admiration and tolerance. Now they are more or less a threat and somehow the ‘threatening’ community element must be wrested from them and given back to the country, the folk soul where, it is reasoned, it belongs.

It was ever thus in these strange countries of England and Wales where the community and the individual make uneasy bedfellows down the ages, and where both are emphasised at different times in history.

England was a country of monastic community once providing prayer and healing, good agricultural practice and teaching, all concentrated in huge abbey estates with mighty influence. In challenging the state and a new more individual order of merchants and trade, the dissolution of the monasteries came about through Henry VIII’s quarrel with the Roman Catholic Church. Monastic lands were confiscated and redistributed to a new class of individual-minded Protestant aristocrats to much cheering by the court – although it caused much suffering to the poor who relied on the monastic communities for health and welfare.

It seems at present that the countries of England and Wales are especially prone to community dismantling where social policy guidelines and new management approaches take away a whole generation of community building in a matter of months. The threefold sense is particularly threatened. As wages replace the common purse, out goes spiritual cultural sphere of community, particularly threatened. As wages replace the common purse, out goes spiritual cultural sphere of community, seen as weird or challenging individual freedoms.

Out goes also the economic sphere of community, as working communities are also seen as subordinate to our individual choice of activity – the wish to work or not. If community has a place at all, it is in the social realm where it can open itself so easily to the danger of a ‘happy clappy’ fellowship-type of community where festivals can be an excuse for a fun party and a big meal! Oh dear, I do sound like a killjoy don’t I!

So what is going on in this green and pleasant land? Chris Coates in his comprehensive history book on communities to 1945 in Britain, Utopia Britannica painted a much wider picture of community that included ‘back to the land’, religious and socially improving communities. So in went the garden city movement, Luddites, the Iona Community and Whiteway whose members tore up the land deeds and bathed naked in the river! It highlighted the uneasy relationship communities have with society. This will be emphasised when Chris publishes his sequel Commune Britannica later this year dealing with communities since 1945 and charting the rise and fall of the commune movement, the contribution of the ‘hippie’ approach to life, as well as a detailed picture of our very own Camphill movement, its threats and its response to modern individualism.

Morwenna Bucknall who started Milton Keynes many years ago, once said that community life is a balance between the selfish and selfless, we give and take in a particular way in community; and society cannot understand this concept. It prefers to see the extremes of each condition; either the selfless Mother Theresa approach or highlighting the weaknesses like the Catholic abuse scandals and the presumption of bad practice. As a result, it raises questions about abuse whenever any community is hidden away and therefore unseen. So communities are seen as odd or dangerous as was portrayed by The Strangest Village in England’ television programme in 2005! Meanwhile the person with special needs has been almost totally urbanised and taken away from rural areas in the last twenty-five years. Services for people with special needs are cheaper to access in towns and keeping them out of harm’s way is the norm.

There are no easy answers to this predicament which challenges intentional communities to the core and seems most pronounced in the countries of England and Wales. Is modern secularism a reason for the systematic dismantling of communities? Is it a new generation which doesn’t wish to emphasise a gap between society and intentional community, as was done more by the baby boomers? Here Andrew Plant’s valuable observation that communities get closer to the world as they mature is an important point – as in England, like Icarus too close to the sun, some communities have got so close they have literally been burned up.

Perhaps we have allowed this wresting back of a sense of community to the country we live in. We stood by when the Olympic torch wound its way through our land. We didn’t hold the torch; there were no parents and friends of Camphill running in Camphill’s name. Instead there was the primary school singing, the local Rotary organisations putting on a feast, community games were held on the school playing field, tv and radio out in force. The torch seemed to bring together for a fleeting moment a common endeavour, a sense of local community. As it did so it celebrated the individual who had served in some way that community. It was at times a humbling sight and suddenly as a member of a special community, there was a feeling of exclusion.

Then something happened which may stretch the imagination; but as we moved to the Opening Ceremony of
The Olympic Games in July, there was for all to see a holy hill like Glastonbury Tor. Through the ceremony it played a big part as if to emphasise the continuity of the community of England: as pastoral scene, as symbol of the New Jerusalem to be built even as industrial destruction held sway. Then from the roots of the tree at the top came many people in another symbolic gesture of the community of everyone. Somehow exclusion went and we were all involved.

In the final act each country attending the games brought a flag and a crucible for a flame to the mound that was becoming a potent statement of world community. The crucibles became the cauldron, the Candle on The Hill if I may presume, not lit by a single person of merit but by a group of young people who had great potential for the future. I hope I am also not stretching a point by saying that elements of the Advent Garden became present, the flames of each one making a community.

There has always been a closeness of Camphill to the world and its society in England and Wales, with devoted local management committees, active friends groups and a Camphill Family Fund Raising Group which comes at the top of all league tables for donor loyalty. That closeness has led inadvertently to the tendency recently for some English Camphill communities to be swallowed up by the very country the community it so needs, as mirror to its actions, nourishment to its life forces and inspiration to the future. In short a healthy society needs its intentional communities to reflect its actions.

Why intentional community is now seen as something alien by the social policy professionals is a topic of research and debate with many possible answers. One thing for sure, the space where Camphill communities meet the world is a lonely one at the moment, full of judgment, criticism and misunderstanding from certain angles.

It is this loneliness that could call a response of brotherly love from Camphill in the rest of the regions of the world. The inter-Camphill criticism network has been alive and well in the recent past (‘they have only themselves to blame’) when centres have to face all sorts of changes and investigations. Yet we have moved into a situation where we could all together protect this lonely space. It has been said that society can’t do with us as it can’t do without us! Those crucibles as ever-burning symbols in the Olympics, was designed by a person drawing inspiration from our work in anthroposophy (Thomas Heatherwick), bless him! The image of the beautiful flowing crucibles combining to becoming the cauldron for the entire world to see is an image of ultimate community. The individual does his or her personal best and yet the maxim is still vitally important that it is not the winning but the taking part that matters.

Three cheers for community where personal leadership counts and the threefolding community can grow again.

Vivian has lived in a number of Camphill communities including Botton, Larchfield, and Stourbridge. He and his wife Lesley currently live in the Lake District in England and welcome visitors and holiday-makers. Contact Vivian at vivangriffiths@talktalk.net

The darkness between the stars

Bob Clay, Loch Arthur, Scotland

In the yearly path of the virtues of the months composed by Herbert Witzenmann, the month beginning the end of October belongs to patience. Patience needs the coming together of wisdom and will in the human soul. It leads us from the trusting engagement of equanimity towards the active clarity of insight. Through patience we keep in living touch with ourselves and with the particular tasks and people we meet, but this personal commitment relies on the experience of ever-present help from a world beyond the obvious activity of our earthly lives. ‘God is the beyond in the midst of our life’, as Dietrich Bonhoeffer wrote from his prison cell.

I know of many people in our communities who express, or even apologise for, their lack of religious conviction or of interest in religious ideas. I feel sad when I experience people hampered by a sense of failure or inadequacy in this regard. I would like to explore what for me is the essence of this recognition of the beyond in the midst of our lives in the hope that those who live with uncertainties or experiences that cannot be easily put into words will feel more confident in their choice of community living as a path of spiritual development.

This awareness of and trust in a world beyond our understanding is a universal human experience but one beyond the ken of those who wish to limit their view of the world to a purposeless universe with a predetermined future in which our behaviour and intelligence operate mechanically. I think of the human being as a generator of possibilities, whose awareness through learning of various kinds has the power to spread and develop – in time, in space, in symbolic understanding, in depth and height. We are always – creatively – jumping to conclusions beyond the known. This is our nature, to work at finding meaning, purpose, cause, consequence. This is the realm of intuitive knowledge, of ethical and aesthetic judgements, which are traditionally the concerns of religion. Today this has become far more our own personal responsibility but, as it does, I believe the experience of the help or love beyond our grasp can become clearer – even if it is as a kind of absence.
I will return to the Old Testament figure of Job but for now I want to remind you that what matters to this noble man is that, beyond the injustice he believes he has suffered at God’s hand, he found comfort and reassurance in the encounter with God, in God’s answering him. We can have meetings with what is beyond our power to articulate or describe. Our experience depends on our senses and our language; but we all I believe, realise that we do not create the reality we perceive and respond to. I believe that for myself, as for many people today, a vital part of that experience of a reality beyond the self is, as R.S. Thomas, the Welsh poet who was also a priest puts it, ‘of a room I enter/ from which someone has just/gone’ (The Absence). Out of this absence can come a personal conviction of what he calls in another poem, Perhaps: ‘an unfelt pressure’ which allows him ‘to believe, looking up/to invisible eyes shielded against love’s glare, in the ubiquity of a vast concern.’

‘Pressure’ is ‘unfelt’, ‘eyes’ are ‘invisible’; this experience is taking the self beyond its known horizons, but this vast and loving otherness leaves the one who is thus approached free to respond.

If we let go of the self, we do not need to let go of the personal. The mature individual will acknowledge that her life is not within her control although she lives it with commitment. The young child needs help to cope with the absence of those who have always been there to care for her. She learns not to be anxious in the absence of the mother, to trust, to learn to have a wider awareness which includes both dependence and independence, which has faith in what is beyond the immediate. This learning process is helping the child towards a mature experience of God, eventually the exercise of her own adult moral autonomy. Our acting out of moral insight breaks through and goes beyond mechanical cause and effect, and in all our small acts of compassion and truth we are acting in response to the events or experiences we sense as the ‘unfelt pressure’ of ‘a vast concern. We feel called upon to transcend ourselves by a reality beyond us, but which leaves us free, asking us to respond – ‘always before us and/leaving as we arrive’ (Pilgrimages) as R.S. Thomas puts it. And it will often be suffering that gives us God not as a conjecture, or even a belief, but as a necessary element in the recognition of what is happening – more immediate even than an interpretation or an explanation.

The Book of Job explores the deep mystery of suffering. It was probably composed in the fifth century BC at the time when, in many cultures, a new impulse towards empathy and social concern was arising in human societies. Job is afflicted with what he judges to be undeserved suffering, though in various ways his friends feel that Job must deserve this punishment. Not much happens in the story. There are long speeches as Job deals with this universe, this God, which is beyond his understanding and whose justice he doubts. One young companion, Elihu, tries to help Job to a more resigned, thoughtful acceptance of the inscrutability of God but it is only when God speaks directly to Job that he can find trust again. ‘I know that my Redeemer lives’, words we know from Handel’s Messiah, are Job’s words of conviction in the midst of his trial which become the more immediate ‘now my eye sees thee’ at the end. Communion transforms the need for explanation, but the struggle has intensified Job’s awareness both of dependence and independence.

I don’t think I would be so interested in Job were it not for the complete series of engravings which William Blake made to illustrate this work in the last years of his life. It is, I believe, his most satisfying work, the only one he designed and engraved as a formally complete publication. I would recommend that you live with these Imaginations. This story allows William Blake to embody truths which had concerned him all through his life. Job begins with an image of God that is his own image of himself as an obedient slave, trying to be perfect, and ends with a sense of what Blake calls ‘The Human Form Divine’, the universal divine dwelling in our personal form. Acceptance brings an influx of new life from beyond his known world. This co-presence of the divine and the human can take in the apparent contradictions of experience, for example our need for comfort and our need to speak to God with our own conscience and authority. William Blake’s love of the clean line, in his incising into the copper plate, emphasises how we find the spiritual in the particular. Both theory and mystery tend to the abstract. Imagination is here and now, is personal.

To see a World in a Grain of Sand
And Heaven in a Wild Flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour.

William Blake: Auguries of Innocence

As we learn how limited our conceptions of reality are, then we also feel God’s presence entering into our lives. We expand our awareness, we reach beyond the self. The little self can let itself disappear into the beauty of nature, or in the eternity discovered in the inner world, perhaps in the path of unconditional love, or in the work of faithful service to the world. Light, life and love forever intertwine. In Plate 17 Job meets God as the human form divine and then in the next plate he opens his arms wide in a gesture of joyful prayer for his friends. Our spiritual core in this picture is not found in a withdrawal from the world in order to find God; and prayer is more about meeting and engagement than pure inwardness. My openness to the unknowable otherness of God seems, for me, to be intimately linked to my sensitivity to the inner life of other people. Martin Buber, when asked by a friend why he continued to use the word ‘God’ acknowledged how, throughout history, “religious factions have torn the word to pieces”. But, in the end, when people:

in the loneliest darkness no longer say ‘He, He’, but rather sigh ‘Thou’, shout ‘Thou’, all of them the one word, and when they add ‘God’, is it not the real God they implore, the One Living God, the God of the children of men? Is it not He who hears them?

And just for this reason is it not the word ‘God’, the word of appeal, the word which has become a name, consecrated in all human tongues for all times.

The Eclipse of God

For many people words such as ‘God’ or ‘Christ’ cannot be true names but are abstractions which block a living relationship. I believe that the experience of absence can be the beginning of a more authentic encounter with a sustaining reality beyond our ordinary consciousness. At the end of Albert Camus’ The Outsider, the prisoner facing execution rejects the priest’s fixed ideas and gains an empty peacefulness, his heart ‘open to the indifferent.
ence of the universe’ which he feels as ‘so like myself, indeed so brotherly.’ That state of being, for me, is close to the openness to the divine love of the universe, that it is so like myself, so brotherly – to the being of Christ. Absence can become presence – they are the living contradictions within reality.

Before he was executed at the end of the Second World War, Dietrich Bonhoeffer wrote a page of notes for the outline of a book on the nature of Christ which began: ‘Stars spoke of old to men’. I find strength and meaning through speaking into the darkness.

The title of this article is another quotation from R.S. Thomas, from *Via Negativa*. The darkness between the stars is there but cannot be described. This darkness is not randomness, gaps which must be filled by something we invent. This darkness is necessary and answers something in our being which shapes us and keeps us alive and growing – patiently. For me, our speaking to the stars is our entering into the darkness between them. This is the meaning I find in Rudolf Steiner’s much loved verse which begins ‘Stars spoke of old to men’. I find strength and meaning through speaking into the darkness.

(Karl König’s fiftieth birthday remembered)

Johannes M Surkamp, Ochil Tower, Scotland

Karl König was born in Vienna on September 25, 1902. The story of his life was told by his mother and by Dr Hans Müller-Wiedemann in several other publications. The fact that I should remember his fiftieth birthday so vividly is due to my arrival in Camphill just three weeks earlier and that it was the first occasion of meeting him in the midst of his friends, children and co-workers.

In the late 1940s I experienced Dr König in Stuttgart at a lecture he gave on Hippocrates, Paracelsus and Hahnemann. My first impression was a man of small stature but of great personality and very able to introduce other important personalities to his audience.

In September 1952 I attended a meeting of the Ita Wegman Group of the Anthroposophical Society at Murtle House. The leader of the group wanted to express the group’s gratitude with the promise of a gift – a specially designed desk for König’s study. I was struck by the worldly-wise response König gave when, expressing his gratitude for the welcome and generous offer, he asked when the delivery date would be.

On his birthday a considerable number of co-workers and children had gathered in the library and music room of Camphill House as well as the reception hall. König, accompanied by some children, descended the flight of stairs and was received with birthday songs and choir. Before the large cake was cut and shared out, König was led König to his birthday present: a small, green Morris Minor with spoked wheels. After a short speech by Carlo, pointing to the usefulness of this vehicle for the run between Camphill and Heathcot on the south side of the River Dee, and Murtle, Newton Dee and Cairnlee to the northeast, König with an endearing smile cut the ribbon. (After accepting this special gift, I don’t know whether he ever drove his Mini himself. I think Alix Roth, who as his secretary usually accompanied König, would have been the chauffeur.) The festive mood and König’s royal dignity made this a lasting impression on the new arrival to the ‘Camp on the Hill’.

I would like to add a word about the hidden musician and conductor in K.K. On 16 July 2011 I attended the memorial for a senior co-worker, Alan Cais, who had died at the age of 97. Bridging some hours between events, I spent time in Karl König’s study and personal library, now the Karl König Archive. There the memory of his fiftieth birthday became alive again, where I read the following. König had written many essays which are published in German under the title: *Zeitgeist, (Spirits under the Spirit of our Time)*. There he wrote about another of his favourite composers, Gustav Mahler. He characterised him as the one leading that great heavenly stream of music after Palestrina, Bach and Handel, towards the spiritual stream of the Word that had come to such powerful expression through Rudolf Steiner. On reading this fine essay, I had the strong impression that only a musical genius could give such praise to another. Yet the calling of Karl König in this life was the orchestrating and conducting of social and therapeutic choirs in tune with ‘the least of these my brethren’.

Johannes has been a founder member of and was actively involved in the Camphill places in central Scotland, Camphill Scotland and the Association.
Looking back over sixty years: forming a vision for a new unfolding of Camphill in Thornbury

Tom Burns, Thornbury, England

During the last four or five years Tom has attempted to engage as creatively as possible with the process of change within Camphill Communities Thornbury. To do this he has been guided by his art and therapy skills and the awareness gained outside of Camphill of the value of crisis as a crucible for new development. He is researching ways to make gardening within the Sheiling School available to a wider group of people, including the elderly and those recovering from stress-related problems.

Most readers of Camphill Correspondence will be aware, in some fashion, of the many changes that have taken place in Camphill Communities Thornbury over recent years, with consequences for the Sheiling School, the Hatch and more recently Watch Oak Farm. There will be many views throughout Camphill about these changes, some of which will be positive and some of which may be critical or the result of personal perspectives on the resulting changes. In this article I am not wishing to directly address the many questions, concerns and observations I hear about the Sheiling School or Camphill Communities Thornbury. Rather I would like to share with readers of Camphill Correspondence what we are attempting to do to in the face of major change to worthily celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the Sheiling School on St. Francis Day, 4 October 2012.

Our intention has been threefold with our anniversary celebrations:
1) Looking back to the early years of Camphill in Thornbury, particularly with regard to the early development of the Sheiling School. As part of this looking back we would like to ask of any readers about memories, anecdotes and observations you might have about your past experiences of the Sheiling School. A more detailed questionnaire follows this article, should you wish to respond in some way.
2) What is the particular nature of the site of Thornbury Park estate, its effect on people and its therapeutic quality? This is an attempt, through a wider perspective of readers’ responses, to begin to describe something of the ‘spirit of place’ of Thornbury Park estate. Some former co-workers and those still resident here have already been asked to share their own memories. The couple I have seen have provided a wonderfully rich and personal narrative of the early years of the Sheiling School.
   
   Another layer to understanding something of the locus genii in which the Sheiling School is situated is to look at the history of Thornbury Park before Camphill began here in 1952. Over the last nine months we have had the good fortune of research being done by a local older friend of the Sheiling School, Dave Rowley, on the history of Thornbury Park. He has also helped to organise archaeological surveys of some of the historic features of the site, especially the five historic ponds (including one at The Hatch), which we also hope to eventually regenerate. The Sheiling School hosted a Festival of Archaeology on Sunday 22 July to share this research and to do site visits with local enthusiasts. Once again I would ask the help of any readers who may be able to add to any historical information about the site of Thornbury Park estate, i.e. what substance is there to the stories about Queen Anne’s Walk between Halliers and Thornbury Castle, the rumours about tunnels linking Thornbury Park and the Castle, the story about Roman coins found when Halliers was built?

3) Creating a vision for a metamorphosis of Camphill in Thornbury that draws strength from its past heritage, is in touch with its spirit of place, is in a mutually supportive relationship to its locality and which is inspired by an attitude of creative positivity and open-mindedness to what the future keeps asking of us. We intend to do this by creating a festival over four days, up to and including St Francis Day, 4 October. Details will be confirmed and sent out at the start of the autumn term. Elements of this will include, or have included:
   
   • A celebration of the life of Christine von Jeetze on the evening of Wednesday 3 October, followed by interring her ashes under the oak tree next to our memorial site on the morning of St. Francis Day, 4 October. Any friends and former colleagues of Christine are warmly welcome to attend.
   
   • We would like to create a community play for the anniversary, rehearsals of which would also form part of the three days leading up to St Francis Day. We are also hoping to involve everyone in the completion of The Sensory Garden, details of which will also follow in the early autumn.
   
   • The building, forming and planting of The Sensory Garden has been the main creative activity that
A new and significant feature within the landscape of Thornbury Park estate. The Sheiling School has also been equally creative in working as a school community to produce and perform a new play, *Koya and the Mirror*, written and directed by Dean Frances-Hawksley for our sixtieth anniversary. There have been three wonderful performances of this play over the last weeks of our summer term. Not only has it delighted and moved everyone fortunate enough to see it, but it has involved all the children and staff in a truly artistic, social process.

* In the autumn we will continue to find ways to work on vision building for all parts of Camphill Communities Thornbury. The seed for this was inaugurated with a small, symbolic celebration which took place on Thursday 12 July in the old stable yard of Thornbury Park, the site of Scotus Erigena Hall. This was the first community hall of the Sheiling School, but is now used as the site of our maintenance workshops. People wrote on paper leaves an aspect from the past that they hoped could be transformed into the future. These leaves were symbolically burnt. The hopes and aspirations for the future of Camphill Communities Thornbury, together with those representing the Thornbury Harbour Community Elder Project group, were then written on other leaves which were tied to our Vision Tree, the dove tree which grows at the beginning of the newly landscaped area leading to the Sensory Garden. These leaves will be kept and contribute to the process of vision building in the autumn term to eventually inform a new Strategic Plan for the next five to ten years of Thornbury.

This is a short overview of our attempts to continue the forming anew of our community identity out of an awareness of the past, of being in touch with present realities and of being as open as possible to a future potential.

**tom.burns@camphillthornbury.org.uk**

**Questionnaire**

Dear present and former co-workers, their children, former school pupils and their parents,

We are writing to you to ask if you would be willing to participate in a project we are hoping would enable the present Sheiling School community to find a worthy way of acknowledging the past sixty years of its history. This will include memories, historic events and achievements, anecdotes and personal responses to what the Sheiling School may have meant to you, or which contributed in some way to your own development/path in life. Any photos from your time in the Sheiling School would also provide a pictorial documentation of your place in its history and, therefore, would be an additional valuable contribution to our project.

As with individual biographical development, a school community goes through change, development, periods of challenge and phases of new opportunities. As individuals we each can find meaning through what we encounter in life when we place it in the context of the whole of our personal biography. We can also be helped to find our context through the perceptions and experiences that friends and colleagues are willing to share with us, whether those viewpoints are positive and affirming or whether they may seem initially uncomfortable to hear. We are therefore hoping that your own personal memories of the time you experienced at the Sheiling School may help us build up a more complete picture of the biography of this school community, so that those of us entrusted with its present development and its future potential may see our context within its entire sixty years of development.

Following are a number of questions to help guide you in making a response to this project request. They are offered as a stimulus and are not meant to be prescriptive. You can choose to respond in any way you want – a factual recollection of an important event, a personal achievement, an anecdote, a response to the landscape, a response to the social feel of the place etc. It can be through an image, a poem, anything that for you captures what you would wish to convey of the place the Sheiling School had in your own life.

We will be focusing our main celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the Sheiling School on and around the day of its official opening – St. Francis Day, Thursday 4 October. Your personal contributions will form part of our journey to worthily celebrate the past sixty years of the Sheiling School and will enable us to listen to what this exercise
in historic recollection can offer to the next stage in the development of the Sheiling School.

Some questions to help stimulate your response:

* What did your time in the Sheiling School mean for you?
* What did you most value from your time here?
* What was your reason for leaving?
* Is there any event or moment in time which, in your opinion, had an important impact on the development of the Sheiling School while you were here?
* What would you have wished to see happen here that, for whatever reason, couldn’t come about?

Our sincere thanks for any response you would like to offer us.  
**Tom Burns, on behalf of the Sheiling School, Camphill Communities Thornbury**

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**The enigma of a community builder – Peter Bergel (died 2012)**

**Christoph Jensen, Camphill Village West Coast, South Africa**

In true converse, the stars shine forth from our own inner darkness.

What would the Camphill community have been without Peter Bergel? He was the first child with a disability, who came before anyone thought of the Inner Community (with the exception of Dr König perhaps). This is demonstrated in the book by Anke Weihs when describing the history of the community. In her own words:

No one should think that because of our associations in Vienna, we were a close-knit, rational group of people choosing the way we wanted to go. Rather, some kind of spiritual suction drew us up and buffeted us about, shredding our little bits of accustomed ways of life, leading us time and again into our own inner darkness within the gathering darkness of the world outside…For Dr König there was no fumbling or skipping lightly towards an ideal…There is a long way to go before learning to love the other who shows one a truth about oneself and before gaining sufficient respect and tact to show the other a truth about himself, but these things were basic for what was to come. On 10 May, just about six weeks after our move into Kirkton House, the first handicapped child and with him, our chosen vocation advanced to meet us. It was a dramatic encounter. Peter, barely able to speak, incessantly restless, his mind bent obsessionally on looking for cigarette cartons, was a disconcerting new element in our lives and collectively, we faced the enigma of his existence with an overwhelming sense of impotence…While still at Kirkton House, we had our first talks about ‘community’. Dr König worked on a constitution for a community which, however, was more directed towards curative education and community with the handicapped. On occasions he indicated that an ‘Inner Community’ would have to come about, but this remained nebulous and without contours. As has been said, we were all becoming increasingly aware that some kind of spirit had taken us into its grip and that we would have to discover the being of this spirit and its demands (my own emphasis; CJ). 2012: the bi-centenary of Kaspar Hauser’s birth – the year that the first child of Camphill died in the first village community of Camphill. We would do well to connect these two events and see these in connection with the metamorphosis of the Inner Community. Who are our teachers? Who are our leaders?

Dr Hans Müller-Wiedemann took up this theme in another way in a training course for social therapists at the Lehenhof in 1973. What do we mean by ‘striving’, by ‘spiritual’? By over-emphasising the spiritual history and nature of Camphill we might well fall into an illusion. He wrote:

We must be aware of the significant threshold between childhood and adulthood. We cannot expect of the disabled adult that he is still able to shape and change his destiny as is the disabled child. We must, therefore, be ready to project ourselves into the limitations of the disabled adult, to understand the way he is, to accept and adjust. This is the first thing the disabled adult will perceive. If he is passed over, or if any kind of arrangement is made without this attitude to his special destiny, we shall experience that he becomes restless, difficult and perhaps even aggressive.

It is not always a question of crisis, but simply difficulties in attitudes, which we ourselves have towards the disabled, because we have not sufficiently understood his limitation and suffering because of his special destiny. [As a social-therapeutic worker] one would have to make the effort to look at oneself in such a way as to become aware of one’s own limitations and to a certain extent to accept them. To always say to oneself that one is a striving person and in the process of change, can lead one into an illusion. This illusion consists in that one does not see that there are certain characteristics about oneself that one cannot change. A quiet and knowing humbleness can become a foundation in the soul for an understanding (of disability). If one does not do this, one transfers goals which one sets for oneself onto the disabled person and one believes that the living together consists in just this. But one misses here the brotherhood, which would also include everyone’s limitations (my emphasis; CJ). Later in the course Dr Müller-Wiedemann gives guidance in how to converse with the disabled person – a facet in our social ability many of us still have to learn. How to listen, a faculty so underdeveloped, with depth? Here I would like to quote from an unknown source: ‘In
true converse, the stars shine forth from our own inner darkness.' Community might be all around us; however it is often cloaked in darkness and fogginess. The awakener of community is the other – possibly with a limitation (or disability). I want to believe that the Inner Community is a space created where in all humility we discover to share the lit-up morsels we discover in our living with each other. It requires tact and compas- 
sion to do this for each other – but it is also research into the social conditions we find ourselves in. By necessity this space has to be guarded – hence 'Inner Community'. What is known as the Camphill Community or Inner Community has never been a secret community, but it is one of commitment – a commitment towards ideals as they meet us from the future.

I cannot demand of the other to unveils him/herself against his/her permission – although in our daily lives we more often than not do exactly that, unconsciously. Our perceptions, if not filtered by an ethic, can very easily deteriorate into gossip or worse aggression. It is the flip-side of community: the familiarity that leads to contempt or the temptation to be content with the lowest common denominator.

In the book Seeds for Social Renewal (the Village Lectures) Dr König makes a startling proposal. It is so personal, as well as therapeutic, that it encapsulates one of the spirit demands spoken of earlier by Anke Weihs. This proposal is neither a recipe, nor a policy towards the successful ‘running’ of a village community. It is as personal as one’s entry into the Inner Community one shares with others who made the same commitment:

Dr König thought that it ought to become possible for us co-workers to sit together and try to share with each other – actually confess to each other – how we really are. What are the conditions of our incarnation? What complications do we have to overcome? What sins do we commit? For we are all born into these sins... If we are able to achieve something in this direction among ourselves and then have such meetings together with our residents, only then would we no longer be running a village for the residents, but rather with them.

Christoph spent ten years in Botton Village as a farmer. In 1980 he went with his family to Hermanus, South Africa, to help establish the farm there. In 1985 the family went to Camphill Village West Coast. Christoph is a house leader and land manager there.

Living with the handicapped

Thomas Weihs, 1914–1983

Excerpt from the speech in acceptance of the Stanley Segal Prize 1977

I would like to speak to you and for forty years in very close and intimate contact with the so called mentally handicapped. I want to speak to you not on a scientific basis but rather to communicate to you experiences of personal commitment.

Usually we think of the handicapped as needing our help, as needing our concern, our compassion. That is, of course, undoubtedly true, but having lived in close proximity and intimate contact with the handicapped, I have come to experience that this is by no means the only interrelationship that arises between an ordinary, healthy, fit person and the handicapped. It is one of the achievements of our modern outlook, particularly here in Britain, to have transcended the previously widely accepted ideas of relationships that go one way only. In the past it was a matter of course that we envisaged that the relationship between the doctor and his patient was that the doctor had to do something for his patient, or the teacher had to think for his pupil. We do realise now that the patient also does something for the doctor and the pupil does something for the teacher. I want to tell you what the handicapped can do for those who turn to them in an attempt to give up the prejudice that it is a one-way relationship. I want to tell you something about what I believe to be the mission of the handicapped.

From my long encounter with the handicapped I know that much of what is the least bad in me I owe to them.
feelings, particularly an unbelievable feeling of shame. They are nearly always ashamed, merely of being. There is another thing that these children hardly ever develop and that is sexuality. What they do develop and what they manifest is an indiscriminate power of love and gentleness. To them every adult man is like their father and every adult woman is like their mother, every other child is like their beloved little sister or brother.

We have learned, in our task of trying to help so-called autistic children, about children whose development has become marred because they panicked in the face of the experience of their own ego development, children who cannot say ‘I’ to themselves, children who call themselves ‘you’ and other people ‘I’, children who will develop the most bizarre and tortuous rituals and taboos to protect themselves from the experience of their own ego-humanity. These are children who cannot reach over to the other person, who remain isolated and frozen; children who are infinitely difficult to help because they will not look at us, they will not respond. We have learned that these children can very often be helped if they come into contact with a Down’s child because the Down’s child has the potential to continue to be loving even if there is no response. We all probably know what it means to love and to meet no response. Our own love freezes and dies; not so in the Down’s Syndrome child, who has the unbelievable potential to go on loving.

If you live with them in intimate contact as all those who work in our Camphill organisation do, even sleeping in the same room as them, eating at one table with them, visiting the same religious services with them, celebrating the festivals, teaching them in school, working with them on the land and in the workshops, one begins to see what appears at first as a handicap gradually reveals itself as a one-sided exaggeration of a particular human trait. The Down’s child reveals to us the child in us. Some of us at the ripe old age of sixty have not completely lost access to that original child in us. I think these are not the very poorest amongst us.

In other children we can see, one-sidedly revealed, our head nature - sensitive, princely, rather wanting to say what should happen than actually do it. Who of us would like to open a door with his head? These children show us our own head nature displayed in a one-sided extreme way, the way we all feel when waking in the morning. There are others who are all limb. Their heads are small, they are willing to work, to serve, to help but they have the greatest difficulty in grasping concepts or ideas. They are strong but slow and can only learn by repetition. They demonstrate to us our limb nature, the way we become ‘done-in’ in the late evening when tiredness takes over. Again there are other children in whom left and right seem to be too far apart as if each wanted to go its own way. Often they cannot speak but they hear and understand well. Their ‘mid-line defect’ reminds us that our face to us our limb nature, the way we become ‘done-in’ and can only learn by repetition. They demonstrate to us our limb nature, the way we become ‘done-in’ in the late evening when tiredness takes over. Again there are other children in whom left and right seem to be too far apart as if each wanted to go its own way. Often they cannot speak but they hear and understand well. Their ‘mid-line defect’ reminds us that our face
I was born in June 1940, the same month that the original group of Camphillers moved into Camphill House. We did not know of each other; our paths only came together when we were both twenty-one. I well remember 3 May 1962 walking for the first time up Murtle Drive, with my rucksack on my back. I was going with a friend to join an International Voluntary Service (IVS) work camp together with about twenty other young people of many different nationalities. I and my fellow nursing student and friend Angela had decided to do something different for a while, something to give us a break from looking after people. So we applied to IVS and they sent us to Camphill. Neither of us had ever heard of Camphill, Rudolf Steiner or anthroposophy – what was that anyway? Little did I guess that it would become one of my guiding stars.

At the top of the drive I entered a different world – a strange, huge building still in the process of being built and a lady in a long coat walking amongst the building materials and tools. It was Trude Amann who later became my friend and mentor. She directed us to St Andrews House where we were to announce our arrival.

Then followed the most glorious six weeks, working for the IVS camp, a community within a community. We lived in the old St Johns School with Karl Mier living next door. He looked after us like a mother hen with her brood of rather unruly chicks. Only from my mother had I experienced such devotion, tolerance, kindness and wisdom. From our many different backgrounds we very quickly became a group. We worked hard and we played hard and formed a kinship which would be difficult to replicate. I even fell in love.

Our task was to build a dry stone wall behind the new hall on the bank above Garden Cottage. Of course, none of us knew anything about dry stone walling. The accent of our work supervisor Leven Blockhuys was almost unintelligible and our work master, an elderly Aberdeen man, was completely unintelligible as well – particularly for the people for whom English was not their first language. So at times it was rather tricky. However, we got by and somehow learned to communicate and indeed learned an amazing amount about dry stone walling, taking tremendous pride in developing an eye for the right stone to go into a particular gap. From that time my friend developed a life-long interest in the craft and now in her seventies still builds dry stone walls as a hobby and is indeed an expert.

One day, Johannes Surkamp called to me from Garden Cottage where he lived at that time. He was rather cross and said "Please tell Leven Blockhuys his horse is grazing my flowers." Who, me? I looked around – but I was the only one in sight so it had to be me. How could I act as a go-between for these two awe-inspiring and possibly angry men? By now I was convinced that everyone in the place was...shall we say eccentric? Of course in the nicest possible way, and I didn't think that Leven would shoot the messenger. So I took my courage in both hands and delivered the message – in the nicest possible way. To my relief Leven just laughed and didn't ask me to take a return message.

Karl Mier helped those of us who dared to put a tentative toe into the life going on around us. It was the Easter holidays so there were not many children around, but those that were seemed to us to be happy and well cared for, if somewhat strange. It was my first contact with children in need of special care and I remember thinking ‘it is good that handicapped children are so well looked after and educated – but nothing to do with me.’ After all, this was just a break from my nursing career which was awaiting me when I returned to Liverpool after this gap year.

After we had been there three or four weeks Karl Mier suggested that one of us might like to be invited to the Bible Evening. None of us knew what that was though he tried to explain it to us. It sounded awesome and no one was terribly enthusiastic. I was the only one who happened to have a skirt with me, very creased and crumpled after sitting in my rucksack unused for so long. But it was a skirt, and as we had been told that ladies wearing trousers at such an event would not be acceptable, and as none of the men in the group showed any inclination to go, I was duly nominated to be invited by Sigrid and Henning Hansman to St Andrews House.

After shaking my skirt out and borrowing a more respectable blouse than any I had with me, I arrived at St Andrews at the appointed time. I entered a new dimension of this different world in which I found myself.

A group of people solemnly sitting around in silence, a white tablecloth, a candle and flowers, bread rolls on a wooden platter, salt in a tiny beautiful bowl and a small dish each of butter and honey – the latter probably a concession to having a visitor. Even with my uninitiated eye I could see what care and devotion had gone into preparing such a simple meal.

The conversation was well above my head and I didn’t dare utter anything except to answer polite questions. At times I hardly dared to breathe. But I took away with me the seed of something so precious that has lived with me ever since though I didn’t understand what it was; and perhaps even now, all is not revealed. Thank you Sigrid and Henning.

One evening Dr König gave a talk to the people of the IVS group. I don’t know if we realised what a privilege that was. However, I certainly came away with the feeling that I had been in the presence of a remarkable man. I don’t remember much of the content of what he said. I seem to remember something about the intrinsic value of each human being and how the handicap of a child is just his outer shell. I didn’t realise at the time that this was a life-changing meeting – if I had perhaps I would have taken notes. But how does one take notes of a life-changing event? Perhaps it is best left to my rather patchy memory.

When our time in Camphill came to an end we were sent, also with IVS, to a ‘sub-normality’ hospital in Germany. I had been in the presence of a remarkable man. I don’t remember much of the content of what he said. I seem to remember something about the intrinsic value of each human being and how the handicap of a child is just his outer shell. I didn’t realise at the time that this was a life-changing meeting – if I had perhaps I would have taken notes. But how does one take notes of a life-changing event? Perhaps it is best left to my rather patchy memory.

When our time in Camphill came to an end we were sent, also with IVS, to a ‘sub-normality’ hospital in Germany.
Oblituary

Doreen Hynes
16 May 1929 – 19 January 2012

Doreen brought a rich contribution to life in Coleg Elidyr. From her nurse’s training she was aware when any of us needed medical help and would quietly bring support or whatever was needed for which many of us are deeply grateful. She lived in Rhandirmwyn Village and also extended this care and concern for her neighbours.

From her speech training she enriched the cultural life with short presentations and plays, making it possible for the special needs students to take part whatever their disabilities were. At Easter she dramatically portrayed the events at the original Easter. One year in particular she graphically directed the trial of Christ Jesus. One of the students, who had a heart of gold buried beneath a rough exterior (which he was frequently unable to manage), was so moved by the injustice being portrayed against Jesus that after the planks appeared to build a cross for the crucifixion this young man brought in a daffodil and lovingly laid it on the planks.

In her last years her family persuaded and helped her to retire and live by them in Brighton on the south coast of England where she could live independently but be cared for when necessary. She died suddenly of a heart attack and her family arranged her funeral in a beautiful and thoughtful way. Some of us who had worked with her in Coleg Elidyr were fortunate to be able to attend. We were welcomed by her family and felt warmly included in all the events. It really was a thanksgiving for Doreen’s life which had touched so many people over the years.

In gratitude from Hazel Straker, Coleg Elidyr, Wales

Doreen took one of her daughters to St Thomas Day Hospital, run by Dr Eva Frommer, where she met the eurythmist Jean Lynch. She ended up helping her in the eurythmy sessions with groups of children. Through this a door opened for Doreen to anthroposophy and the arts. Seeing eurythmy at work therapeutically and socially inspired a life’s work and study of anthroposophy, and Doreen was hungry for all it could bring. She loved the work with colour and form in printing and modelling.

After several years of night classes in eurythmy and experiencing performances at Rudolf Steiner House she found speech formation. After her speech training with Maisie Jones, she used her experience and natural gifts as therapist, carer and teacher.

In appreciation from Drue Pratt

Other friends who have died

Dr J. Douglas Haldane passed away at approximately 4 pm on 19 July 2012, at St. Andrews Care Home, after a rather sudden illness. He was a colleague of Thomas Weihs and external consultant to the Camphill Counseling Service, amongst many others things. Douglas was a psychiatrist for children, adolescents and families as well as a marital therapist working within the National Health Service for many years, while based in Fife. Douglas was eighty-six years old and was born on 13 March 1926.

Colin Haldane, Newton Dee

Sadly, I am writing to inform you of the sudden death of Daniel Onley, who lived here at the Grange Village. He was found in the morning of June 22, in the bathroom of the house where he lived. Daniel was born on 1 September, 1977 and came to live here on 1 February, 1999. He was a loyal and dedicated member of the farm team and a keen cyclist on weekends.

Sue OReilly

Press Release June 25, 2012

Camphill Communities Northern Ireland at Glencraig win all-UK award for best community project demonstrating innovation and excellence with Renewable Energy 1 megawatt Urbas® District Heating project

The 7th Annual British Renewable Energy Awards paid tribute to Camphill Communities Northern Ireland at a packed gala dinner in London recently. This is the UK’s most prestigious event to recognise outstanding achievements by individuals and organisations in the renewable energy industry.

Camphill Communities have been pioneering work in the field of renewables since 1998. They are probably more recognised as a sustainable life-sharing community, caring for children, young people and adults of all abilities including those with a learning disability who live, learn, and work together in an extended family setting.

There are four Camphill communities in Northern Ireland. Glencraig, just outside Holywood at Craigavad, has recently installed an innovative 1 megawatt Urbas wood biomass district heating system to supply hot water and heating to twenty of the houses in the community.

The Energy Minister, Arlene Foster has already endorsed the work of Camphill by laying the foundation stone and the Green Party leader, Steven Agnew has commended Camphill Community Glencraig for having the vision to prepare for the future and to ensure its own fuel security.
Leading eurythmy sessions at New Lanark
Melissa Harwood, Grasmere, England

This year’s theme was: ‘The Community Maze: Signposts to the Heart’. Because it is an inclusive conference there is an extra challenge in devising a course which will meet all the needs and abilities of the participants as well as giving challenges and connecting with the theme. Eurythmy can be a maze for everyone at first, trying to coordinate body and arms together with others in the group, while expressing the poem is a real challenge.

I chose a poem by Owen Barfield called ‘In’:

Fruit in a blossom
And petals in a seed,
Reeds in a riverbed
Music in a reed,
Stars in a firmament
Shining in the night,
Sun in a galaxy
And planet in its light,
Bones in the rosy blood
Like land in the sea,
Marrow in a skeleton –
And I in me.

We worked with copper balls which we gave to each other in the silence between the ‘heard’ lines of the poem and this evolved into a maze-like pattern which we only found our way through with care for and listening to the other. We also had lots of fun on the way when things went wrong.

The other exercise we worked on was inspired by one of the participants who came with a group from Latvia and whose English was minimal. This didn’t stop him. He loved eurythmy and especially moving five-pointed stars! So we all learned how to move a five-pointed star together.

The poem was by Betty Parker.

Behold the singing stars,
Sounding through the dark,
Resounding on their paths,
With pure celestial art.
We see thy wondrous glow,
We marvel at thy form,
From all thy shining orbs,
Are peace and blessings born.

This movement of the star with five others all moving at the same time is difficult to learn for anyone but this group impressed me by learning it in a day and then performing it, together with the other exercise at the closing session of the conference. The happiness, the unexpected happenings and achievements which took place daily will remain with me until the next conference in 2014.

Dear Editor,

I was happy to hear about Margit Engel in the July/August 2012 issue. I wanted to write to let her know that I know one Camphill community that still adheres to the traditional Bible Evening, and that’s Valtersund Gard on the west coast of Norway. I was a housemother at Solborg from 2004-2007. During that time Phyllis Jacobson and I took a trip to visit Dag and Corinna Bellavine and Valtersund Gard. Bible Evenings were very important to Phyllis as well, and we both enjoyed our Bible Evening with Dag.

Dag is always so respectful and has such a big heart - that’s what set the tone for the evening. There was the silent meditation, the light meal and conversation about the past week. Then the table was cleared and the Bibles came out. Dag read the weekly reading and asked for reflections. Contrary to my past experiences with Bible Evenings, I was amazed at the enthusiasm from the co-workers. A lively conversation ensued! Then a very quiet villager chimed in with her ideas, without any coaching, prodding, or awkward embarrassment. Appreciation for her sharing was sincerely expressed, and the villagers who didn’t participate were left alone. They weren’t forced to have to come up with anything. I know they received more benefit from that Bible Evening (as did Phyllis and I) than if they’d been expected to say something. The energy at that table was so respectful, appreciative and holy.

I’m sure Dag and Corinna have continued to maintain a high quality Bible Evening and Camphill community.

Cathy Chow
Camphill Bible readings from October 2012 to September 2013

Note: The dates are Sundays

### October 2012

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Reading</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>St Francis’ Day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Matthew 22:1-14</td>
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<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Mark 4:1-9</td>
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<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Mark 4:26-32</td>
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<td>Matthew 25:14-30</td>
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### November

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<tbody>
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<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>All Souls’ Day</td>
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<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Revelation 1:4-8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
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<td>18</td>
<td>Revelation 4:1-8</td>
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<td>25</td>
<td>Revelation 7:1-4, 9-12</td>
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### December

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<thead>
<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>First Advent Sunday Matthew 25:1-13</td>
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<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Luke 1:26-38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Luke 2:1-20</td>
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<td>27</td>
<td>Acts 22:6-12</td>
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### January 2013

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<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Matthew 1:2-12</td>
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<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Matthew 3:13-17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Matthew 4:1-11</td>
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<tr>
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<td>St Paul’s Day</td>
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<td>27</td>
<td>Acts 22:6-12</td>
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### February

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Candlemas</td>
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<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Luke 2:21-38</td>
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<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Mark 4:35-41</td>
</tr>
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<td>13</td>
<td>Ash Wednesday</td>
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<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>Mark 5:1-15</td>
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<td>Mark 5:21-24, 35-4</td>
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### March

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<td>Luke 5:17-26</td>
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<td>17</td>
<td>Luke 7:11-17</td>
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<td>24</td>
<td>Palm Sunday John 12:12-19</td>
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<td>29</td>
<td>Maundy Thursday John 13:1-17</td>
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<td>30</td>
<td>Good Friday John 19:17-30</td>
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<td>Easter Sunday John 20:1-17</td>
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### April

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<td>John 21:1-14</td>
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<td>John 15:1-17</td>
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### May

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<td>12</td>
<td>1 Corinthians 13:1-13</td>
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<td>19</td>
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<td>Acts 2:37-47</td>
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<td>Luke 1:5-25</td>
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<td>16</td>
<td>Luke 1:39-45</td>
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<td>23</td>
<td>Luke 1:57-66</td>
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<td>St. John’s Day</td>
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### July

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<tr>
<td>7</td>
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<td>Luke 7:18-30</td>
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### August

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<tr>
<td>6</td>
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<td>John 4:4-26</td>
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<td>Beheading of John</td>
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### September

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<td>1</td>
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<td>Matthew 12:9-15</td>
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<td>22</td>
<td>Ephesians 6:10-18</td>
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<td>29</td>
<td>Michaelmas Revelations 12:1-12</td>
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Social Pedagogy Development Network (SPDN) Meeting in Aberdeen, 18–19 October

We warmly invite you to join the second Scottish SPDN event which is being hosted by the Camphill Communities in Aberdeen. Participation is FREE. You can join either the Thursday evening or all day Friday or both. Accommodation will need to be paid for.

The Social Pedagogy Development Network is co-ordinated by ThemPra Social Pedagogy and jointly organised in partnership with the Centre for Understanding Social Pedagogy at the Institute of Education (University of London), and Jacaranda Development.

Split into the evening seminar and the day seminar, this particular event will explore a social pedagogical perspective on wellbeing, with contributions from a range of speakers providing insights into different dimensions of wellbeing and lots of opportunities for dialogue and discussion about how these relate to practice. As social pedagogues work in a variety of settings such as early years, formal education, play and youth work, foster care, social work, care for the elderly and for people with disabilities, the SPDN events offer an opportunity to all professionals to explore how social pedagogy relates to their ethos and practice.

18 Oct. 2012 6:00 pm – 9:00 pm: The evening seminar is an opportunity to explore social pedagogy from a more theoretical perspective and is therefore complementary to the SPDN day.

19 Oct. 2012 9:30 am – 4:30 pm: Drawing on the experiences and expertise of all participants, there will be lots of time for dialogue to exchange ideas and discoveries about how social pedagogy can enrich practice, how to create the conditions that are conducive to social pedagogy and what ways some of the pioneering organisations have found to nurture and grow social pedagogy within their cultures. For that purpose we will have representatives from various organisations throughout the UK and Ireland joining us to discuss their experiences. The day will also give participants the chance to engage in an experiential learning activity so as to experience social pedagogy with head, heart, and hands.

If this sounds slightly ‘fluffy’ it is intentional, because we want to ensure that the detailed programme fits you as participants, rather than expecting you to fit in with the programme. This is important, as we expect participants to be actively involved throughout the day, to use the forum for their own learning as well as the wider shaping of social pedagogy within a Scottish, English, Irish, Northern Irish and Welsh context.

Further details about the programme will be announced nearer the time. However we will keep you updated if you register now or email to dialogue@thempra.org.uk. For general details about how social pedagogy and the Network have developed in the UK, please go to www.spdn-aberdeen.eventbrite.co.uk.

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for the preparation group, Camphill School Aberdeen
Beltane, Camphill Estate, Milltimber, Aberdeenhire, AB13 0AP, UK
Tel: +44(0)1224 735462 Mob. +44(0) 7971 921214 Email: l.alfred@crss.org.uk

Review

Taco Bay: His Life and Work
Deborah Ravetz
Review by Mark Gartner, Stourbridge, England

This book is a timely publication, available just before the first anniversary of Rev Taco Bay’s death. It is a well written and rounded biography in an A5 format of almost a hundred pages. It clearly benefitted from the fact that Deborah Ravetz had lived with the Bay family in Stuttgart for a while, is herself married to a priest of the Christian Community and that the substance of the biography was conveyed to her by Rev Ita Bay, Taco’s wife herself, who visited the authoress soon after her husband’s death for a fortnight.

As a more mundane comment it is also an easy read, through that may be my prejudice as those concerned are also my friends. There are ten chapters: Introduction; Early life in Switzerland; Going to Camphill; Marriage and Married Life in Camphill; The Seminary in Stuttgart and Ordination; Scotland and Ireland; Holland 1975-77; Life in Stuttgart 1977-2004; The Move to Berlin; Retirement. One may read these and be amazed how external and environmental circumstances formed Taco’s personality and so suitably prepared him for his task in the Christian Community, finally as Erzoberlenker (one could translate that as ‘arch steersman’).

Having read the book I wonder whether it could also be read in another way. Steiner describes how an individual prepares his incarnation even as early as three generations before his birth. Today’s birth control and easy abortions certainly make a right mess of such preparations. But at Taco’s birth this could still be seen as a possibility. So after having put down the book I began to wonder: could it also be read seeing Taco’s individuality as instigator, making use of or perhaps even as architect of the environmental events and circumstances that shaped his personality to fulfill his mission? Are we introduced here to perceive some hidden and mysterious weaving of destiny for the sake of a mission?

Two apparently contradictory words characterise my experience of Taco: innocence and wisdom. They seemed to inform his humour as much as his decisions. The biography appears to describe how his openness of heart – some called it naiveté – gave him access to a realm of innocence in which unvarnished truths were recognised and that perhaps even as architect of the environmental events and circumstances that shaped his personality to fulfill his mission? Are we introduced here to perceive some hidden and mysterious weaving of destiny for the sake of a mission?

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I am aware that I write this review for Camphill Correspondence, and as many of its readers will have the Camphill community at heart I feel justified to add: some members of the Inner Camphill Community know of the pain and criticism expressed by Taco about the premature abandoning of the strong form of the Sector Community. It almost seemed as though he chocked on it and some of us tried to accompany his struggle to see beyond it. If we may assume there is a being of community – some may call it anthroposophia, others Christ, still others shying away from giving it a name but willing to assume that such a being exists – we might perceive that roughly with the turn of the millennium a change has occurred. Where previously in the twentieth century organisational forms could still be beneficially used to embody or embrace community, community (or its being) now wants to come to expression beyond formal boundaries in a network of relationships which are woven and maintained by free individual activity. Looking away from Taco’s choking pain about the past at how he lived – with open heart, seeking the other person and recognising their humanity in all its aspects beyond formal boundaries – he showed a way. Community around him even when invisible was experienced, as for instance by those in the operating theatre during his heart operation in August 1998, from page 70. When he regained consciousness, the male nurse told Taco he had been present at many heart surgeries but that Taco’s had been different. When pressed to explain what he meant, he said that when Taco was in surgery it was as if the room was filled with many people besides the doctors and nurses. It was a living experience of the reality of prayer, as so many people had accompanied Taco in their thoughts. So Taco Bay: His Life and Work also describes him as an active member of the Inner Community pointing into the future.

Mark joined Camphill Scotland in 1949 as a co-worker, and in different capacities helped to develop various communities during his working life. He and his wife Rosalind are retired.

Camphill Blair Drummond
www.camphillblairdrummond.org.uk
Camphill Blair Drummond is a warm and welcoming community which provides homes and meaningful daily activities for people with learning disabilities. We provide residential services for up to 36 adults with a range of learning disabilities and have a wide variety of workshops, which our residents and day students attend. We are a registered charity, whose Trustees and have a wide variety of workshops, which our residents and (or its being) now wants to come to expression beyond formal boundaries in a network of relationships which are woven and maintained by free individual activity. Looking away from Taco’s choking pain about the past at how he lived – with open heart, seeking the other person and recognising their humanity in all its aspects beyond formal boundaries – he showed a way. Community around him even when invisible was experienced, as for instance by those in the operating theatre during his heart operation in August 1998, from page 70. When he regained consciousness, the male nurse told Taco he had been present at many heart surgeries but that Taco’s had been different. When pressed to explain what he meant, he said that when Taco was in surgery it was as if the room was filled with many people besides the doctors and nurses. It was a living experience of the reality of prayer, as so many people had accompanied Taco in their thoughts. So Taco Bay: His Life and Work also describes him as an active member of the Inner Community pointing into the future.

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The Dove Logo of the Camphill movement is a symbol of the pure, spiritual principle which underlies the physical human form. Uniting soon after conception with the hereditary body, it lives on unimpaired in each human individual. It is the aim of the Camphill movement to stand for this 'Image of the Human Being' as expounded in Rudolf Steiner’s work, so that contemporary knowledge of the human being may be enflamed by the power of love.

Camphill Correspondence tries to facilitate this work through free exchange within and beyond the Camphill movement. Therefore, the Staff of Mercury, the sign of communication which binds the parts of the organism into the whole, is combined with the Dove in the logo of Camphill Correspondence.

Sophie Scholl    Overcoming fear    www.becomingaself.org