



**What's This? Bible Billboards in the Lemonade Art Gallery??
Details Inside.**

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FQA Statement of Purpose:

To nurture and showcase the literary, visual, musical and performing arts within the Religious Society of Friends, for purposes of Quaker expression, ministry, witness and outreach. To these ends, we will offer spiritual, practical and financial support as way opens.

Types & Shadows

The Journal of the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts
Issue # 36 Summer 2005

Chuck Fager, Editor

“Always Starting Something” Minnie Jane Ham 1931-2005

We note the passing of Minnie Jane here less because of grief, than in celebration of one among her many creative accomplishments: that of bringing FQA into being. Like much else that Minnie achieved, this was not easy: FQA had to be coaxed, prodded, nagged, badgered into existence. But as long as she could get around, she kept at it.

Minnie was like that. When she “retired” as Clerk, in 1998, the FQA Board gave her a plaque which summed up her accomplishment: “For Our Dear Friend Minnie Jane Ham, Who Is Always Starting Something.”



Minnie Jane Ham, FQA’s Founder

Minnie was raised in and around Trenton, New Jersey. She worked there in the state’s Division on Women, and was a member of Trenton Meeting.

Bringing beauty to everyday situations was a

longtime interest. One of her co-workers, Mary Ann Barkus, recalled that she “was feisty and very creative. Before I started working at the Division on Women - and before I knew [her] - I was enjoying the art work put up on all of the walls on each floor of DCA. Our walls are so dull and the art work livened it up so much and made working there so pleasant. It wasn't until after I transferred to the DOW and Jane started working for me that I learned that she was the person responsible for getting the art work put on the walls.”

In 1992, she joined the cast of an informal Quaker theater group which put on performances of a dramatization of the trial of William Penn. Out of this, Minnie became exercised about the lack of support for artistic leadings in her Quaker

community. She corresponded with British Friends who had started a Quaker Fellowship of Artists, and began collecting names and addresses of North American Quakers involved in the arts. FQA emerged from this work, and Minnie was its founding Clerk.

In her later years she struggled with a series of health issues, but her spirit remained strong.

“My mother lived a fierce life – eating up every moment,” says her daughter Ailie. “Her fight was always gallant. And sometimes these precious moments went all too slow for her. She believed in equality for all and blazed through her life following that light. Giving everyone the benefit of the doubt . . . She bent corners and helped anyone she could. Her temperament was honed in on, ‘getting it done.’ She would talk to me about the, ‘injustice of it all.’ And then one breath later she would remind me, ‘Nothing is fair.’ I love my mom more than I could ever express.”

Thanks, Minnie – your work and spirit are still with us.



Minnie’s son Jamie, remembering her at the Lemonade Gallery, FGC 2005.

Movie & Music Reviews: *Rock School* and *Talk Radio*

Paul Green is not a Quaker. His *School of Rock* in Philadelphia is not Quaker-connected. Nevertheless Quakers are prominent in the documentary film *Rock School* which was released this summer.

There are a number of reasons for this. Most important is Madi Diaz-Svalgard, one of his star students, a talented young Friend who is prominent in the film, and may be one of its first graduates to become a successful professional musician.

Another is the short but vivid cameo appearance in the film by the Friendly Gangstaz, the Quaker hip-hop group of which Madi was once a member. The Gangstaz were doing a gig at Pendle Hill; Madi decided to sit in one more time, and the filmmakers tagged along.

The Gangstaz (among whom, for full disclosure, is the editor's son) wouldn't have got far in Paul Green's school, but they impressed many of the film's reviewers: "You will not soon forget the Friendly Gangstaz, a Quaker rap group," enthused the *Boston Herald*.

But Paul Green was not impressed, either with the Gangstaz, or Quakers either, for that matter. He ridicules the Gangstaz, and Madi's involvement in Quaker service work



Madi at work. A star is born?

with a sneering rhyme:
*"On Saturday night,
we feed the poor.
And then on Sunday,
we feed 'em some
more!"*

This is a clumsy couplet, but as an insult, it came closer to backfiring. It leaves Green, not the Quakers, looking silly and insensitive. If many Quaker musicians have decided that there's more to life than guitar solos, is that so bad? Don't fall for it, Madi.

But *Rock School* is still a very interesting movie.

When it comes out on DVD, it would be a good bet for use with intergenerational discussions. (Though be advised: you have to be unafraid of four-letter words.)

The film's website:
<http://www.rockschoolthemovie.com/>

**Join FQA. \$25 per year for Individuals.
\$50 for a group. Send dues to: FQA,
1515 Cherry St., Philadelphia PA 19102.
Details at: www.quaker.org/fqa**

Music CD: *Talk Radio* , Featuring Madi Diaz

Reviewed By Asa Fager

The first thing I noticed about the *Talk Radio* album was the cover. Madi stands to the left, looking off in the distance, while the three (male) members of the group look at her. After opening the packaging I noticed the same picture of Madi, making some odd kind of snarl, on both the back and inside covers. All of this makes one thing very clear: *Talk Radio* is Madi's Band, not just a band she's in.

This image seems to betray the Madi that I've known. A girl who seems fairly comfortable with her talent and modesty. She always struck me as being down to earth, and this album makes her out to look like a rock goddess. But what do I know? Maybe she already is.

I first met Madi at FGC in 2001, she was sitting on a lawn strumming her guitar. Later in the week, the Friendly Gangstaz were rehearsing and trying to find a way to make the "Lucretia Mott Song" sound different than all the other songs we were practicing. One of the guys threw out the idea of having a female backup singer. Guess who popped into my mind? About ten minutes later we had renamed Madi "Shafreaka Mott" and declared her a member of the band.

In her performances with the Friendly Gangstaz she was humble and impressive. She would get up for her song, sing her heart out, then go back to the audience. I guess that's where my impression of her being modest came from.

Unfortunately, Shafreaka's place in the Gangstaz was short-lived. Her commitment to *Rock School* occupied most of her time, making it impossible for her to come to FGC or on tour with us in 2003. And as much as I'd love to say we started it all for her, we didn't. All we provided for Madi was a few new friends and a few more laughs.

As far as the CD goes, the cover manages to say more than you'd think. The music seems to simply be a showcase for her. Her voice hangs above the music, even in portions where she isn't singing it feels tame. Like the band is nervous to show themselves off without her in front.

The tone is as to be expected: lightly alternative, nothing particularly experimental or inventive. The most impressive thing is Madi's extraordinary singing voice.

One thing is clear from listening to her debut album, Madi has a very, very bright future ahead. But, to be honest, I knew that the first time I heard her sing: "Thank thee kindly friend Lucretia..."

In summation, I think she would have been better off sticking with the Friendly Gangstaz. But I'm just being selfish. Or maybe a little sour, since we didn't get thanked in the liner notes.

More information on the CD is at:
www.madidiaz.com

Quaker Composer Ned Rorem on Music, Religion, War, and Sex

In a too-rare return to the city where he grew up, distinguished American composer, celebrated diarist and gay icon Ned Rorem [was] in Chicago May 22 for a concert of his music presented by the Chicago Chamber Musicians.

Rorem's catalog of work includes opera, symphony, chamber music, choral music and most significantly, songs and



song cycles.

But he's never set his own words to music, although Rorem is the highly regarded author of numerous volumes of essays about music, plus lively personal diaries published between 1966 and 2000 that detail often wittily and sometimes cattily his openly gay sexual adventures in America, Europe and Morocco from the late 1940s onward. Now 81, Rorem has never considered himself a sexual pioneer or gay-rights advocate. Forthright and frank about matters musical, political and sexual, Rorem has commented that it simply was too much work to hide who and what he was (and is). His 33-year relationship with James Holmes ended with Holmes' death in 1999, a principal focus of Rorem's most recent diary volume, *Lies*.

In preparation for the May 22 concert, Ned Rorem spoke by phone with the *Windy City Times*. We asked him about *Aftermath*.

NED ROREM: It's a recent piece written in the aftermath of the 9/11 business. It's in 10 movements on a series of poems that have to do with war and peace. I'm a Quaker and a pacifist, which I think everybody is in a sense. I don't particularly believe in inspiration, but I think this piece definitely is impelled from that international catastrophe. I won't say tragedy, but catastrophe. It was commissioned by Ravinia. That is, I was commissioned to write a piece for Ravinia, and then this thing happened. It's called *Ten Songs of War and Love*, and it's not quite a half-hour long. I took poems from people that never would have occurred to me before. I found them in a book about poems of war. It has a very good ending: "*When I am dead, even then I will still love you, I will wait in these poems. When I am dead, even then I am still listening to you, I will still be making poems for you out of silence. Silence will be falling into that silence. It is built in music.*"

WCT: Do you feel that vocal music is more accessible than instrumental music alone?

NR: That depends on who you're trying to access. Serious classical music is just fading from any kind of public consciousness, even among cultured intellectuals—they don't know what you're talking about, they don't know the names of living composers, except Sting or somebody. People have always hated vocal music because they don't know why these people are making all these funny sounds. If the other music is background for a movie or a ballet or something, they can take it a lot easier than if it were not.

So you can't make these generalities that you are trying to put into my mouth at all, except that I will say that the world of vocal music is in a worse state than it ever was. Nobody writes songs anymore. Opera is being done quite a bit, and still is being commissioned here and there. But rich people—you know who Paris Hilton is? I hate verbs made out of nouns, but she parties. If she would take a hundred million dollars and spend 99 of it on going to parties, and with the other million dollars commission one or two composers to write operas, she would go down in history the way if the Pope were to do the same thing, commission someone to do a chapel—the way they did it with Michelangelo or Dante or Bach. Or if President Bush would spend, instead of 40 million on an inaugural party for Christ's sake, spend 39 million and take another million and commission some works, and he would go down in history with Bach and so forth.

WCT: Can a serious composer make a living in the United States today, without having to teach? Just from composing.

NR: We are the only era in history, ever, in which the performer is more important than the composer. Across the street from me in New York lives the violinist Itzhak Perlman. He makes more in one concert than I make in a year . . . I make a living as a composer but it's a modest living and I have taught for ages. You can't make a living like the performers do today.

WCT: I wanted to ask one non-musical question. You and James Holmes were a couple for over 30 years. Do you feel you can offer advice on how to sustain a relationship?

NR: Have you read *Lies*? It came out about two years

ago . . . It goes up to and through the death from AIDS of my partner of 33 years. It's a pretty good book.

You have to work every day, with friendships, too, and with families, too. The *Washington Post* asked a lot of people, including me, on Valentine's Day to make a remark about love. I said a great love lasts about three years, because Tristan and Isolde then die or Romeo and Juliet then die. If you picture these people as a bourgeois couple raising children and fixing peanut butter sandwiches, the glamour of it is not there.

I think also, the physicality of it—I'm 81 and I think about sex all the time, other people don't but I think the body is made in such a way that you do. But I'm not sure how many lovers still are horny after 50 years. I think that love turns into something you call friendship that's more than love, and then there's love that's more than friendship, but unless there is friendship in love it can't last.



Ned Rorem

You have to respect a person for their own identity as well as their body. It can be very sexy to have sex with someone from another class — rich people like truck drivers and so forth but that can go only so far. If you're going to live and pay your bills together, you have to have something in common. In the case of Jim, he was 15 years younger than me and he was a terrific musician. There was nothing he didn't understand. And he had a certain gift as a composer but he didn't take himself very seriously. I was more talented than he, but certainly not more intelligent. But I can't give advice to the lovelorn. You have to work at it. And I know my friends have to be patient with me. I'm getting crankier by the minute.

WCT: If ever I've heard a cue to say goodbye, that's it. Thank you, Mr. Rorem.

— Adapted and reprinted with permission from *Windy City Times of Chicago*.

*Art In Quaker History:
A Tidbit from Tom Hoopes*

June 2, 2005

Dear Friends,

I just want to let you know that on this date in 1928, something momentous took place right here, at the corner of 15th & Cherry Streets in Philadelphia. Namely, a breath-takingly lovely young woman, Lydia Eliza Hollingsworth, who had been a resident of the Whittier Hotel (on the site of the current Friends Center), joined hands with her sweetheart from George School, Raymond Moore Thomas.

(He was pretty easy on the eyes, too, from what I gather.) And, in the presence of God and their friends and family, they were married under the care of Race Street Meeting. Grandma tells me that it was a busy day. I believe it! Their wedding photo graces the wall of her bedroom. This morning Grandma looked at it and remarked that it doesn't seem that long ago, at all.

One story about their wedding that I particularly cherish:

Evidently, music was still not permitted in the Meeting House, per old Quaker interpretations of music being a distraction from direct communion with the Divine. (?!?) But Grandma wanted music at her wedding, darn it. And, truth to tell, most of the elders were softening in this position. What to do, what to do? Well, way opened for a harp player to be stationed OUTSIDE the big doors opening onto the Race Street courtyard (then the front of the building). Hence, technically, there was no violation of Meeting protocol, as the music was not, technically, INSIDE of the Meeting House. And yet, Grandma got to have music at her wedding. Way to go, Grandma! (The ban on music was lifted, altogether, soon afterwards.)

Yours on the eve of Beth and my 10th wedding anniversary, Tom



**Attention Quaker
Fiction Writers!
Announcing Our First
Quaker Short (Very Short)
Story Contest!**

I'd like to publish some Quaker fiction in *Types & Shadows*. What, thee might ask, is "Quaker" fiction?

Good question, with no easy answer. After all, real creativity, which is what we're after here, defies easy description. But one clear characteristic is negative: just being written by a Quaker is not enough.

Otherwise, I define "Quaker fiction" the way former Supreme Court justice Potter Stewart defined pornography: "I know it when I see it."

T&S Editor Chuck Fager will be the sole judge for this contest.

Fortunately, we can do better than the Supreme Court in defining "short": **It equals 1000 words or less.**

There is no entry fee for this contest. **Entry deadline is October 1, 2005.** Winning stories will be published in future issues of *Types & Shadows*. Winning authors will receive a nifty award certificate, mention of which will look VERY GOOD on CVs, grant and scholarship applications, resumes, and other worldly documents. (Sorry, no cash prizes; but thy reward will be very great in heaven!)

Go Ahead – Send In A Story!

Send your stories to:
Chuck Fager, *Types & Shadows*
223 Hillside Ave.
Fayetteville NC 28301

Or Email to:
chuckfager@aol.com

Note: entries will not be returned.

The Mothers of the Meeting – A Very Striking Series

Connie Tiger is a painter in Oregon. (See many samples of her fine work at: http://www.excelstiorartists.com/k_tiger.html)

She told an interviewer: “The idea for painting older Quaker women actually came to me in a silent Quaker Meeting for Worship.

Connie was sitting opposite me and there was strong light on her face. When I saw Connie literally ‘sitting in the light’ and so transfixed, I actually felt like I was being shown what to do next. God is the original



Three Friends: Mary, Lois, & Monette

artist and I feel close to God when creating something. Connie looked beautiful to me and I wondered whether others would see the beauty in this eighty-year-old face.”

(NOTE: These black-and-white thumbnails cannot do justice to the detail and shimmering colors of these portraits. Check out the website for better, full-color images.)

Kathy started her work life as a nurse. Then she became a psychologist. It was in mid-life that she turned to painting. Ten years ago she began to take some classes at the University of



Connie’s Red Hat

Oregon and Lane Community College. . . .

“This was the beginning of a move from art as a hobby to being a full-time artist. My paintings have been chosen for exhibit in 10 shows in Oregon sponsored by the Watercolor Society. I have won awards in five of those shows. Additionally I have had paintings juried into shows in California, Connecticut, South Dakota and Rhode Island. I won additional awards in two of those shows.”



Ellen & Grandchild



Monette

The Lemonade Art Gallery: Eight Great Years & Counting



Kindred Gottlieb of Los Angeles, CA and her startling wire sculpture, "Hindsight."

Strikingly original sculpture, intricately filigreed ceramics, a touching memorial, and wide variety – the 2005 Lemonade Gallery at the FGC Gathering in Blacksburg, Virginia showed that Quaker art is alive and well.

If the Gallery gave out prizes, my nomination for best in show would be the wire sculptures of Kindred Gottlieb. The centerpiece was "Hindsight", in which a twisted, nearly transparent human figure throws a shadow behind itself in the clearly recognizable form of a face.

It fits with this assemblage that Kindred's day job is in theatrical lighting. She explained that her focus on sculpture came after a long personal struggle with depression and uncertainty. She said she

emerged from this period with a growing sense of God within, and began to get and follow leadings. Screen wire attracted her as a medium because she can see inside, and she can create a sense of the Spirit moving in and out of it, and sometimes being absent. (Turn off the light, and the shadow face disappears.)

Kindred's family heritage is old Quaker on one side, Jewish on the other. But unusually, her Friendly relatives include several generations of active Quaker artists. There's more of her work and autobiography at her website:

www.kindredgottlieb.com

Janet Lowe of Philadelphia creates handmade, intricately decorated ceramics, in a variety of forms.

The patterns on the pieces are inspired by study of African textile design, ancient rock carving, and travel in Mexico and the Caribbean.

Some pots are left with obvious coils and are alternately painted black and with bugs and snakes. Others are painted with thick clay underglaze in bright colors, and others are painted with black clay then carved back into the white clay to create patterns.

The figures portrayed are of Working Women, ladies with their headdresses depicting jobs of carpenter, baker, potter or candlestick maker.



Janet Lowe with her work in the Lemonade Gallery.

More Gallery Images



Joann Pratt's freeform ceramics are contemplated by Friend Sharon Gunther.



An Impromptu memorial display for FQA's Founding Clerk featured this plaque, which she received when completing her service as Clerk.



“This Is a Sign From God”

Types & Shadows Editor Chuck Fager has been taking photos of interesting or provocative billboards for several years. He now has nearly 200 of them in his collection.

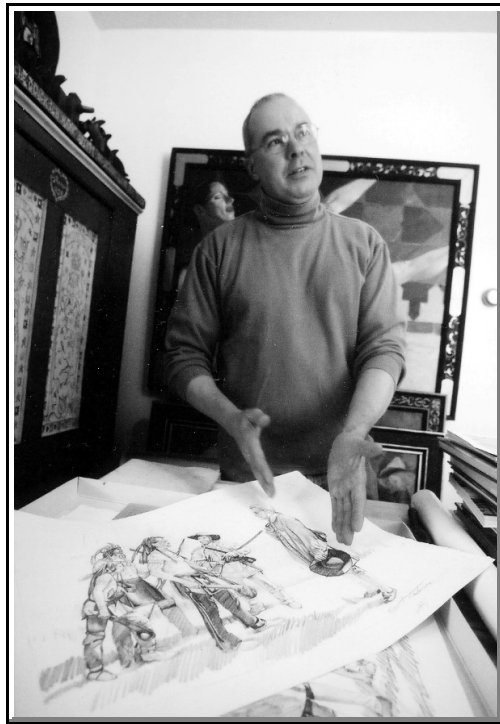
The first exhibit of a selection of these photos was in this year's gallery. Here are a few samples.



Famed Quaker Painter Adrian Martinez tackles Quakers and Native Americans project

Photographs and text by Blair Seitz

The successful art career of FQA member Adrian Martinez is rooted in his childhood when he says, "I was steeped, drowning in violence." Martinez, age 53, explains that the emotions formed in his DC slum neighborhood are integral to his current massive 10-year project of putting Quaker interactions with Native Americans into stories in a series of large paintings.



While celebrating his son, Sebastian's, 12th year, Adrian found himself connecting his own "soul" to the images of Indians which have stuck in his mind from visits to the Smithsonian when he was 12.

"For 150 years Whites and Indians lived in tension not knowing who would prevail. They accommodated each other. But zoom in to Pennsylvania and Quakers where for 80 years Whites

and Indians lived in harmony. Quakers even went to Indians for advice," Adrian exclaims.

His passion for painting Quakers and Native Americans is "going back to the most frightening place in my life—the darkest part of my soul." He has asked how he will control this "wild beast" of emotion as he lets it out of the gate? For that he turns to his Quaker community at Downingtown Friends Meeting. When he picks up his paintbrush, the Quakers help him balance his "emotion tool" with his "intellectual tool," he says holding his hands in balance.

Recently, in their restored stone colonial Downingtown house, Michael Klinger, a fellow FQA member, and I met Adrian and his wife Leah at a very busy time when they were preparing to move to a bigger Victorian house they planned to restore also in Downingtown. Nonetheless, Adrian did not rush his descriptions of his ambitious undertaking as he explained his roots and showed us his first paintings in the series.

It was important to Adrian to start with his childhood. He told us that he lived in an area of DC where police did not go. As a gang member he was the warlord. The gang was the social structure and affirmation that filled his vacant life. Before the age of guns and drugs, Adrian says, "We were punks beating each other up, but it gave us meaning in our own tribal society hierarchy."

When Adrian walked out the front door of his home he was on his own and in his words, became the "trash on the street without a caretaker." When he and his brother were

beaten up they hid their torn cloth and shielded their blood from their parents because they knew they could not buy them new clothes or pay for medical treatment. "My only emotion was anger. When I saw a murder close-up in front of me, I was so disconnected that I remember laughing."

But childhood drawings sent recently by his mother show Adrian's bright mind and remarkable artistry. One color image dated at nine years old is titled "Manet" and was drawn from his mind's eye, after viewing Manet's work. Where and how did Adrian, society's outcast, see Monet's paintings?

On his long walk from his home, Adrian rarely reached school. Instead, he detoured to the Smithsonian, which became his self-acclaimed "school." After awhile, Adrian remembers, the guards said, "Oh, it's just that boy, let him go."

Adrian explains that every Smithsonian exhibit had long descriptive text— "stuff kids don't have time for today." Adrian recalls being mesmerized by the exhibits, especially of Native Americans. "I was starving to death and the Smithsonian was prime rib," Adrian exclaimed.

He read every bit of the text and "I began living in those sets." The cultural dioramas became his mentors. Adrian explains, "They talked to me and told me how to aspire and live." Again and again he returned to the Native American warrior culture which seem to relate to his own. He virtually memorized the text and, he says, "I ached to make the things I was seeing. I would figure out in my mind how they did it."

Adrian says with soft intensity, "Without the art at the Smithsonian, I'd be dead."

In a tour of his house, Adrian showed Michael and me one of his many colonial creations, a step back cupboard he built himself. Adrian rubbed his fingers across places of deep wear and noted the antique finish. Though made by his hands, the piece of furniture appeared more than a century old. "I do this to help me feel the precise texture and appearance of aged pieces I paint." Adrian's paintings such as "Coldren's Antique Shop" which show antiquity are authentic in every detail.

Indeed, Adrian is employing an extraordinarily authentic process to create his ambitious Quaker and Indian paintings. In order to acquire a deep sense of feeling for the subject as well as a graphic knowledge of shape and texture, Adrian makes the artifacts and costumes that appear in his paintings. With the theater background of both he and Leah, they then select models (his son Sebastian has played some roles) who create the dramatic scene Adrian has in his mind's eye. Leah works to help get the muscle tension and posture optimum. Then the scene is photographed.

No, Adrian does not paint from the photograph. He



uses the photograph to further evoke his emotional involvement in the scene and action as he makes a sketch of the scene, then having solved technical problems of space, he moves on to the large canvas (actually Adrian paints on wood), without the sketch and photograph in sight. He allows his emotional involvement with the subject to guide him. "There is often a great difference between the sketch and the painting. The sketch gives me dimension and light but the color in the painting is a whole new dimension."

This project is like "letting a wild horse out of the house," Adrian says, (many times I am) "going back to the most frightening place in my life; (but now) with the Quaker community and as an adult."

Adrian's wrestling with his angry, violent childhood and his Quakerism is linked to his affection to Thomas Moore's book *Care of the Soul*. One senses that Adrian has plumbed the depth of his emotions. "Quakers have seen my soul, my blackness and it is OK." Further, Adrian explains, "my Quakerism is a practical thing to get me from one place to another. My community helps me be the best artist I can be."

He says he struggled with finding a way to turn all the "shit" (of his childhood) into gold. "Could I find resonance or spiritual meaning or was it going to be just a horrible past?" he asks. "The Religious Society of Friends changed my life and gave me a deeper meaning."

From his dreadfully impoverished neighborhood near the capitol in D.C.—which he describes as "the seat of the power of White man"—he said, "I leveraged myself into the bourgeois by going to art school, which was terribly frightening." He studied at Maryland Institute of Art and St. Martin's School of Art in London. After a job at a Midwest museum Adrian became an exhibit designer at the Kimbell Art Museum in Fort Worth, Texas. While working in theatre production in his evenings, he met Leah, who is his spouse and promoter.

One of Adrian's Kimbell projects took him to Doan's Crossing, Texas. Here he met Quakerism in its purest form. He explains that in 1870 the Doans who were Quakers ventured from the East to this incredibly dangerous cattle crossing, the wildest of Wild West violence. But the Doans, Adrian learned, kept no weapons. Remarkably, as merchants and residents, they were respected and never harmed. The impact the Doan story made on him led Martinez to Quakers.

The non-judgmental attitude of Quakers provided a safe place for Martinez to internalize his worth as a person separate from his art.

Adrian observes that he needs to make many judgments while doing his art. "Art may have elements of therapy, but it is not therapy." He notes, "I need, to exercise a great deal of professional criticism over my work."

In London, Adrian painted cityscapes, then, he moved to the flat plains of Indiana and to the oil derricks and parched land of North Central Texas. No wonder he has become happily absorbed in the lush, vibrant landscapes of Chester Co., Pennsylvania, some of the same terrain interpreted by the Wyeths. In fact, Adrian's paintings of detail and subtle earth tones have a resemblance to those of Andrew Wyeth. In a solo show in 2002, Adrian's wide range of subjects graced the walls of the Chester County Art Association, the same venue that has displayed art of the entire Wyeth family.

Adrian's paintings—landscapes, portraits and still life—are vivid works of marvelously meticulous detail. Every crease in an orchid, the subtle treatment of eye and brow or exquisite detail of wing feathers of geese in flight are painstakingly made and widely admired distinctions of his famed work. His paintings have graced the Allan Stone Gallery in New York, the Newman Galleries in Philadelphia. His Christmas card for the White House in 2001 was highly acclaimed.

Adrian, born in Philadelphia in 1949, is a member of Downingtown Friends Meeting and is enthusiastic about being active with us in FQA. He plans to show the first from his extraordinary project of Quaker and Native American paintings at West Chester University in 2005.



For more information about Martinez' work and many full-color illustrations of his paintings, check his website:

<http://www.adrianmartinez.com/>

Reimagining the Psalms – Seeking the Sacred At the Core

Robyn Kermes, Harrisburg PA Meeting

There are many deeply Spiritual people who have never felt empowered to name the sacred out of their own experience. There is a certain modern permission to jettison namings that do not work for us out of a healthy recognition of the oppressive history of the church. But the leap into creatively reconstructing a language within which to celebrate and express gratitude and lament and love the Sacred . . . this does not seem to have happened for lots of folks.

It is this reconstruction process that fascinates me. Letting go of anger and resistance and finding an empowering true connection to Spirit Energies through the increased awareness that comes with using ones own language to express ones own experience – this is what I would hope for the world. To harness this untapped potential for Power, Truth, and Health seems key to a healthier saner society.

The Psalms: A Celebration of the Sacred at the Core is a work in progress that was born from a Spirit led challenge to articulate the spiritual knowing that was coalescing in my life. I was sure of The More and in a place of Faith that had deep integrity. I could stand squarely firm in my Knowing and hold all the Unknowing lovingly in my arms. Yet my discussions about Spirit were still caught up in resisting the limitations of traditional language and concepts. Spirit challenged me to advocate with my words what I knew to be Truth – to minister.

I hope that *The Psalms: A Celebration of the Sacred at the Core* will inspire others to do their own re-imagining! Building a transforming relationship with the sacred is the point. Naming the Sacred through re-imagining is one tool to get you there. If the names offered by others work for you, celebrate! If you feel empty and seek Spirit, try re-imagining and letting your own naming of the Sacred roll off your tongue.

(*The Psalms: A Celebration of the Sacred at the Core* is a collection of 25 re-imagined Psalms available from the author on a CD of Microsoft word documents for \$15.00 each. Each Psalm is formatted as a poem and again in comparison with the Revised Standard Version. Robyn can be contacted at robynkermes@gmail.com)

Psalm 28

(Reimagined by Robyn Kermes © July 2002)

To the Great Mystery, I call,
 Ever Present, I trust I will be heard.
 In the Speaking and the Listening there is Power
 To rise up from despair and know Life.
 I cry out for help
 It is All that hears the prayer that is key
 I lift up my hands and breathe the wisdom of the ages into
 my heart,
 I reach down and gather the Earth's grounding
 forces into my heart.

It is my intention to live with compassion
 To be among those creating a world that knows
 peace, Who speak peace with their neighbors,
 And transform the world through what is in the
 heart. Interdependence is the way of our world.
 My thoughts, words, and deeds will come back to
 me
 Transformed in the energetic web than connects the works
 of all creation.
 Those who choose to ignore the More
 Who do not see Eternal Beauty,
 They will feel discontent and unhappiness no matter
 what earthly riches may be theirs.

Spirit of the Dawn, help me greet each day consciously
 Awake to the sound of my prayers
 Gaining the mindful perspective of Watcher is my strength
 My trust is in knowing the Power within as one with
 the Power
 Without, which is so much More
 Just so I am helped, and my heart exults
 My singing voice and my singing heart give thanks.
 The Insatiable Will to Live and to Love is our strength
 We can rest in knowing its Presence in each
 moment.
 May people dare to live with open hearts, claiming
 Their birthright to Love and be Loved
 in a Universe created from the very energy we name
 Love.

(Psalm 28: Revised Standard Version)

To you, O Lord, I call;
 My rock, do not refuse to hear me,
 For if you are silent to me,
 I shall be like those who go down to the Pit.
 Hear the voice of my supplication,
 As I cry to you for help,
 As I lift up my hands toward your most holy sanctuary.

Do not drag me away with the wicked,
 With those who are workers of evil,
 Who speak peace with the neighbors,
 While mischief is in their hearts.
 Repay them according to their work,
 And according to the evil of their deeds;
 Repay them according to the work of their hands;
 Render them their due reward.
 Because they do not regard the works of the Lord,
 Or the work of his hands,
 He will break them down and build them up no more.

Blessed be the Lord,
 For he has heard the sound of my pleadings.
 The Lord is my strength and my shield,
 In him my heart trusts;

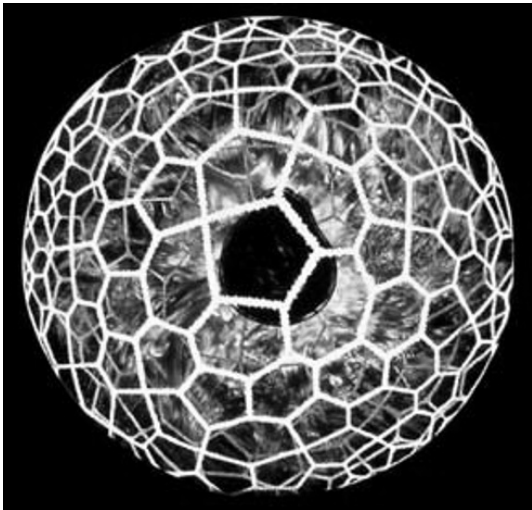
So I am helped, and my heart exults,
 And with my song I give thanks to him.
 The Lord is the strength of his people/
 He is the saving refuge of his anointed.
 O save your people, and bless your heritage;
 Be their shepherd, and carry them forever.

Friends on the Web: Selected FQA Member Websites

Trudymyrrh art
Palo Alto CA
<http://www.myrrh-art.com/>

Trudy Reagan, whose *nom d'artiste* is Myrrh, says of her work, "Looking back 30 years, I am amazed at how I backed into working with patterns in nature and science images. Some who realized Abstract Expressionism was getting hackneyed were turning their sardonic eye to pop culture, soup cans and pies. I dropped out, and only gradually restored my faith in art-making by seeing images I really liked, the framework for a new art vocabulary.

My interests have expanded from merely playing with patterns to the attempt to get some overall feeling about the universe in which we find ourselves: creating context.

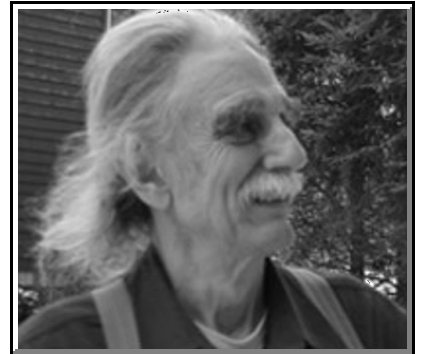


"Life Creates," from *Essential Mysteries*.

We have always tried to create a context, a story about where we are. One reason the study of these patterns inspires an almost religious awe is that we feel we are touching on something fundamental, a ground of all being that we have lost in our secular lives. We feel a kinship with the ancients like Pythagoras who were fascinated by patterns and regularities that they observed."

Hugh Ogden
Glastonbury CT

An accomplished and prolific poet, Hugh Ogden ought to have a website of his own. And one of his books suggests that he once did. But a search for it proved fruitless; it appears to have expired.



However, in the process of seeking, numerous webpages turned up carrying his work. So instead of one site, here is a selection of pages, beginning with a profile from *Mosaic*, the magazine of Trinity College, where he has taught English for many years:

Profile:
<http://www.trincoll.edu/pub/Mosaic/5.00/ogden.htm>
An Essay, "The Poem, Balm for 21st Century Wounds":
http://www.42opus.com/contents/contents.php?iss=v4_2&pg=thepoem
Poems:

<http://www.mipoesias.com/September2004/ogden.htm>
<http://www.hausemusic.com/httpdocs/Conservatory/ConservatoryMP3/Loons/Loons.html>

Friend, Does Thee Have a Website? Does it relate your art To your Quaker path?

If so, and thee is an FQA Member, *tell us about it.*
Let us share it with others. Write to: fqa@quaker.org

Not a member? That can *easily be fixed.*
\$25 per year for individuals \$50 for a group.
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Philadelphia PA 19102