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# Types and Shadows

*The Journal of the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts*

Issue # 40

Summer 2008

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## Winter Blues and What to Do!

By Sally Rickerman  
Mill Creek Monthly Meeting

What to do  
When winter blues arrive?

When one wakes in the  
Dismal, dark, dreary  
And depressive dawn –

How do we,  
Descendants of all the world's sun-worshippers  
Cope?

At first stumbling fitfully,  
We try to do  
Those challenging chores  
With which we're daily fraught.

Then, a beam of light  
Penetrates our visage dull!  
Summer's sunshine 'tis locked below  
In our basement's freezer  
Just waiting for us to appear.

So, down we go to fetch sweet, lovely love apples  
To, with our magic wand of yesterday,  
Beat into a creamy soup of pinkish hue.

Thus, both heart and body, feast upon  
Summer's loving gift to us.  
A gift, now doubly adored,  
Happily accented with brown cheese  
From Finnish goats,  
As, once again, our hearts and souls  
Reflect the summer's glow –  
Leaving winter far, far behind!



*California Coast by Elke Muller*

**\*\* Call for Artists! \*\***

**ANNUAL QUAKER ARTS CONFERENCE  
TO BE HELD AT PENDLE HILL ON  
October 25<sup>th</sup>, 2008!**

The Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts is holding their annual *Quaker Arts Conference* on Saturday, October 25th, at Pendle Hill, in Wallingford, PA. The Conference will run from 9:30 am - 4:30 pm and will feature:

- Art show open to the public
- Hands-on workshops on painting, historical impersonation, photography, self-publishing, autoharp, historical fiction writing, self-expression, knitting and more.
- Live performances
- A luncheon and a day of fellowship with Quaker artists and art-enthusiasts!

**This is also a call to Quaker artists to submit their work!**

**If you are a performer or wish to lead a workshop, let Elke know soonest.**

**To register or for more information contact Conference Coordinator, Elke Muller at maureenelke@verizon.net (or call 215-271-6476) for general information.**

## Taking Billy

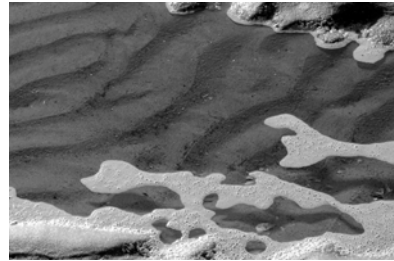
by Janeal Turnbull Ravndal  
Stillwater Monthly Meeting, Ohio

It was raining the November day she and her father took her six-year-old brother, Billy, to the state home for the retarded. She was wearing the stockings and almost-high heels her mother let her get the week before and Billy had on his new red jacket and the knit cap which used to be hers. The black Chevy moved through gray morning in small Ohio towns. For a while they were behind a school bus, stopping when its light flashed at country roads and farmhouses and watching children in parkas or slickers push to be first on the yellow bus. She was missing school that day. It made her feel grown up and important to miss school and not even be sick. But she hoped the excuse her mother gave her would not really say why, would not say "institution" or "retarded."

Her father was quiet. He always was. Once when they had to stop for a freight train he said, "nuts!" Billy hit her leg hard and said, "choo-choo" as the boxcars moved across the road. Her father turned on the car radio. Popular music came on. He turned it off without trying another station. Billy would have liked the music, she thought.

Billy was heavy on her lap. Since this was in the days before seatbelts, her arms were around his waist, hands clasped in front of him. He made noises sometimes in his throat or said, "truck." That was his best word. He patted her hands. She gave him one of the lifesavers her mother had given her for the trip and sat watching the windshield wipers push, push, push, splashes off the window.

She thought about not having Billy in their family anymore, about not having to be embarrassed in restaurants or when she had to take him on walks. She thought how he liked bananas and how he made funny sounds and faces at the table and they all laughed and he made more faces till they were all weak with laughing and had tears rolling down their faces. She thought of changing his diaper when he was still five and of his different, puffy eyes. She thought about him being a boy, the only one in their family, remembering how she had prayed that the new baby would be a boy, not a fourth girl.



Billy began to squirm and kick at her legs. She held him tighter and began to sing songs, all the songs she could think of from school or church or summer camp. He was quiet again and almost asleep when they drove into the grounds of the state home. The rain was turning to snow, making big splotches before the wiper pushed it off the window.

She stayed in the car with Billy while her father checked to be sure they were at the right building and carried in the bags. There were lots of steps up to the building and tall hedges around it. There were black bars across the upstairs windows. When she saw them she tightened her arms around Billy, but he hit at her hands and threw back his head, banging her chin. "It's okay, Honey," she said; but her voice wasn't working right and she buried her head in his red jacket for a minute because her father wasn't there to see.

Then her father came back. He had to pull Billy out of the car. "Come on, son," he said, "let's go in where it's nice and warm." When she stood up there were creases in her plaid skirt. Her father carried Billy up the stone stairs. Billy still crawled up stairs.

While her father went to fill out papers they sat alone in the big waiting room. It was hot and smelled stale. She took off Billy's cap and new red jacket. The sofa leather was cracked. There were ashtrays in metal stands. Billy wanted to knock over the ashtrays and when she said "No," he pulled away and she almost hit his hands before she saw the magazines and remembered to distract him by looking for pictures of trucks. She gave him the last of the lifesavers.

Then a man came out with her father and they took Billy down a long hall. Nobody asked her to come and she thought maybe girls weren't allowed, so she just stood and watched until Billy turned the corner and was gone.

When she and her father went out to the car it was snowing a lot and beginning to stick to the road. Her father said "Good I put on the snow tires," and they started back home. In one gray Ohio town some Christmas lights showed through the falling snow. Her father cleared his throat and said, "Thanks for coming, honey, we hated to ask but Mother just couldn't do it." Then he turned on the radio.

"It was fine," she said. The front seat seemed empty without Billy. She crossed her legs and smoothed a wrinkle out of one new stocking. They were stopping behind a school bus. A group of children got off and crossed the road. One boy bent to pick up snow in his mittens. He had on a red jacket.



*Art is everywhere, except it has to pass through a creative mind.  
~ Louise Nevelson*



# Quaker Meeting: Cambridge/Rangeley, Maine

By Marian Kaplun Shapiro  
Cambridge Monthly Meeting, MA

*There you are, purchasing  
the Sunday paper. Ibuprofin.  
Ajax. Pampers. Peanut butter.  
Margarine. Clorox. There  
you are, baby squalling, holy  
voices in the IGA,  
in Sarah's kitchen tasting oatmeal-  
raisin bread, yearning  
for pies and chocolate frosting. You  
will not forget the Wednesday corn  
line. You must choose: How  
many? and are the kernels  
small and sweet?*

‘Almost died,’ he  
said, ‘fever of 106, down to  
the hospital.’ ‘Going to rain, trees  
need the water, I guess.’ ‘Thanks be  
to God, my son got out, the night my store  
burned down.’ ‘Geologist dug up this  
here rock, said it was from the time  
of the Grand Canyon. Used to be this land  
was all under water, back then.’  
‘Learned me the Internet at  
the library - looked up my condition  
on the Medline, they call it. Ain’t  
no reason, just old age, they say, doctors  
don’t know, but I’d have gone blind, it said,  
if they hadn’t of given me the Cortisone  
in time.’ ‘I’ll think on it awhile, let  
you know if I can fix it for you.’ ‘The locksmith  
out Rt. 4, he was a Baptist preacher,  
died last June, you know. The schoolbus driver  
he’s out 16 across from where the diner was,  
the widow sold him all the molds. Lock  
stock and barrel, you could say.’ ‘Those wasps  
you got, just spray ’em with Raid and run  
like hell.’

Marian Kaplun Shapiro, a  
psychologist and poet, is a  
previous contributor to *Types And  
Shadows*. A member of Cambridge  
Friends Meeting, she participates  
in its *Writers And Artists* group.  
She is the author of a professional  
book, Second Childhood (Norton,  
1988), and a poetry book, Players  
In The Dream, Dreamers In The  
Play (Plain View Press, 2007). Her  
chapbook, The End Of The World,  
Announced On Wednesday  
(Pudding House) appeared this  
Fall, and another chapbook, Your  
Third Wish, (Finishing Line), is in  
press.

## CHARLOTTE'S OVERDOSE

By Lois Barton

Eugene Monthly Meeting, Oregon

Charlotte got an overdose on Saturday. It was past 8:00 P.M. when we discovered what bad shape she was in. You know how hard it is to find a doctor at that time on Saturday night.

At least Charlotte thought it was. Her overdose symptoms apparently registered in her ruminant mind as labor pains, and she kept hunting out secluded spots where she hoped to be able to give full attention to the birthing.

We worried as we followed her around, trying to decide what the trouble was, and inadvertently spoiling each of her plans for seclusion in her hour of travail. It had been a sunny day, which she spent with her peers out enjoying the lush green fields and spring flowers. The younger folk in her set had their fill of sunshine and growing things, and were kicking up their heels and playing push-tag all over the place.

Charlotte came obediently when we called her to supper, and even though she appeared to have found plenty of forage through the day, she ate what was put before her with enthusiasm. That is, the first half of the meal she did. Then she began to move around nervously, acting more and more anxious to be out and away. It was then we noticed how bloated she was. She kept jerking up her legs, twisting this way and that, and when she got a chance, she broke and ran through the door and across the yard. There she hid behind a small outbuilding. By the time we got to where we could see her, she was lying on her side groaning and squirming in obvious misery.

She gave no answer to our questions about what was bothering her, but just looked at us accusingly as she got to her feet, then slipped up behind the building and started for the open area where her friends were spending the evening. Again we followed, hoping to learn from her friends what her trouble was.

No sooner did she come within calling distance of them than she darted across an open space, scrambled under the concealing branches of a big fir tree and stretched herself out on the cool earth once more. There she groaned and twisted and kicked again. After a noisy

release of gas she scrambled to her feet, hurried off to join the youngsters in a race across the field, and then stood watching us balefully as we continued to tail her, still trying to assess her symptoms. If only we could talk to her and get a sensible answer.

The youngsters took our approach as a signal to race away, leaping sideways, jostling each other playfully, and genuinely burning their over-abundance of energy and good spirits. Their enthusiasm was so contagious that the older folks soon joined them in their headlong dash. Still hoping for more definitive clues to Charlotte's problem, we ran along behind until they and we were winded and weary. Then we all stood panting and eyeing each other expectantly in the gathering dusk.

All that activity seemed to have brought Charlotte some relief from her symptoms. Since she seemed a bit more rational, we encouraged her to go back and finish her supper, and incidentally allow us to finish milking our family cow, who, we decided, had for breakfast an overdose of lawn clippings heavily laced with succulent clover leaves.



**2007 Arts Conference  
Jamie Fota and Paulette Meier**

# Report from FQA's Annual Arts Conference, October 2007

We had such a great time!!



Tree hugging Quakers!



Amazing artwork!



Workshops!



Performers!



Contemplations!



**We had such a great  
time!!  
There was workshops...  
singing...poetry...  
photography...**



**Worship Sharing and Discussions!**



**Maria Cattell, FQA Clerk, & her  
Beautiful Bellsnackle Sweater!**

**...knitting... playing...talking...  
really great music...  
sharing...discussing...  
listening... gathering...  
did I mention singing?**

**Be sure to come to our  
next conference at  
Pendle Hill, October 25<sup>th</sup>  
!!! We will do more of  
the same...but so much  
more, too!!**



**Gathering!**

All photos from the 2007 Arts  
Conference by Blair Seitz,  
Harrisburg Meeting



## ***SHE DANCES OUT THE NIGHT***

*I see a child a-dancing,  
a-dancing on a grave;  
Her cheeks are flushed with crying,  
her mouth is full of shame.  
Her feet weave nimble arabesques,  
her arms reach up to Light;  
Her eyes see clearly what was hid:  
she dances out the Night.*

*Oh, come to me! my darling child,  
let me dry your tears.  
It's not YOUR grave you dance upon,  
you dance upon  
your fears.*

*I dug a hole, I dug it deep.  
I took from you your grief.  
I covered it o'er with my own hands;  
I pulled you to your feet.*

*Moon-child, dance alone no more.  
Come dance with me in sun.  
We'll tell our tales of grief, of woe  
but we'll both know  
they're done.*

*They're done, they're done  
and buried deep;  
in dark, in earth, 'neath stone.  
We'll dance our dance together now;  
we'll dance the long dance Home.*

**Poetry by Alicia Adams,  
Berkeley Monthly  
Meeting, California**

Upon reading of a father's grief at the loss of his daughter, in war.

### **Rejected Truth**

*Secret violence  
tears apart  
child's fabric-of-being.*

*Home wars slay  
with fatal bullets:  
a parent's betrayal.*

## The Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts Board

The following FQA members currently serve on the Board of the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts:

- \* Maria Cattell, Clerk  
[mgcattell@aol.com](mailto:mgcattell@aol.com)
- \* Aaron Fowler, Co-Clerk,  
[aaron@hopestreet.com](mailto:aaron@hopestreet.com)
- \* Doris Pulone, Treasurer  
[dpulone@comcast.net](mailto:dpulone@comcast.net)
- \* Margo Gulati, Recording Secretary  
[mimpett@verizon.net](mailto:mimpett@verizon.net)
- \* Elke Muller, Editor T&S and Membership Care  
[maureenelke@verizon.net](mailto:maureenelke@verizon.net)
- \* Chuck Fager  
[chuckfager@aol.com](mailto:chuckfager@aol.com)

If you are interested in taking a more active role in FQA, please send an e-mail to Maria Cattell at:  
[mgcattell@aol.com](mailto:mgcattell@aol.com)

Due to an unforeseeable circumstance, we apologize for our Summer 2008 issue being delayed. ~ The Editor

Visit our website at:

<http://www.quaker.org/fqa/>

Send a story, poem,  
photo or other artwork  
to  
Elke Muller at:

[maureenelke@verizon.net](mailto:maureenelke@verizon.net)

or to FQA.

If you have an arts conference, play, gallery opening, et cetera, send the information to me for publication in the next T&S!

*Note: Entries will not be returned.*

## Join FQA!

\$25 per year for individuals.

\$50 per year for groups.  
Send membership dues & your postal address to:

FQA c/o PYM  
Street  
1515 Cherry  
Philadelphia, PA 19102

*Please make check out to Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts. Thank you.*

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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