
Types and Shadows

The Journal of the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts

Issue # 43

Spring 2009

A LIFETIME TOGETHER IN FOUR DAYS

by Frank Comstock

THE BEGINNING OF THE DAY

The day was soft and warm, as April days often are, with a breeze from the south quickly drying the grass still wet from an overnight rain. It was early, shortly after breakfast on Monday, the first day of spring vacation for the students and teachers in Middleboro, a town far away from the tragedy of wars being fought on foreign soil in that year of 1944.

On the square in the middle of town, a young couple sat on a bench under an oak tree already bearing tiny, light green leaves. At sixteen, they had recently discovered that he didn't see her as the gangly girl only a couple of years beyond pigtails and she didn't see him as that skinny kid who sat in the back row of Miss Eddleston's class throwing wadded up bits of paper at all the girls. The two had discovered their attraction to each other slowly through the rainy, cold days of March, feigning ignorance if their friends were around and feeling warm, electric shocks when their hands touched, sometimes accidentally and sometimes on purpose when they were alone.

Adults—mostly women now after three years of war—smiled gently at them, remembering similar days in their own youth, giving them some privacy by going out of their way as they crossed the square from the grocer's to the five-and-dime or the bakery or the hardware store. The couple sat on the bench in the center of the square that was in the center of the town, an appropriate place since each was creating a new center in their life. They didn't know if their young love would last a month, much less a lifetime. They didn't know what they would do in life or the kind of mark each of them alone, or both of them together, would leave on the world. A philosopher might have seen a sign that morning: the start of a day, the start of a week, the start of a period of rest and renewal, the start of a new season of life, all signaling the start of two lives being joined by love.

The young couple didn't look that far ahead as occasional stray drops of water landed on them after falling from the young, emerging oak leaves. They saw only the present. Her soft laugh and big smile, her talk of writers and books and ideas that went far beyond Middleboro and her interest in life stirred feelings in the young man that both scared and excited him. His new found strength of character, his ideas for a lumberyard formed while helping his uncle cut firewood on cold winter days, and his sense of peace in a world torn apart made her thoughts turn to the mystery of what would happen when high school was finished in a little over a year. The future was unknown and more than a little scary, especially with the thought that their Quaker faith would be challenged by the prospect of a military draft if the war lasted until he was eighteen. The present, though, was safe with their hands entwined as they sat on the bench in the middle of the square, at the beginning of the day. *Continued on page 8...*



**"Abide" by Henry Mitchell,
North Main Friends Meeting**

! Attention Quaker Artists !

FQA

is planning our next

**Annual Arts
Conference
at Pendle Hill!**

Save the date:

October 24, 2009

**CALL FOR WORKSHOP LEADERS AND
PERFORMING ARTISTS!**

We are asking for members interested in leading a workshop and/or performing at the October conference. If you are interested, please contact Elke Muller at maureenelke@verizon.net and let her know.

Deadline is June 15, 2009

GOOD THINGS ARE HAPPENING

by Maria Cattell, Clerk of FQA, Lancaster Meeting

Good things have been happening with the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts in the past few years:

- ▶ Our quarterly journal, *Types & Shadows*, has been thriving under the new editor, Elke Muller, who says that now she's got the hang of the job, it is going to be truly a quarterly.
- ▶ We have had three successful arts conferences and are planning our fourth, to be held at Pendle Hill again, on October 24, 2009.
- ▶ We are envisioning a two-day arts conference in 2010, with the opportunity to stay overnight at Pendle Hill for those who wish to do that.
- ▶ About 20 artists exhibited at March 2009 annual sessions of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting (PYM).
- ▶ On May 13 there will be a gathering of artists at Arch Street Meetinghouse for dinner, a program by Zan Lombardo, and of course—fellowship! This is cosponsored by PYM.
- ▶ We're working on another art show at PYM's July annual sessions at DeSales University.
- ▶ Membership has been growing...yes, members! Members really matter because they *are* the fellowship.

Members provide material for *Types & Shadows*, members provide material for art shows, members provide financial support through their dues. So we need your help!

- You can help by sending materials to Elke Muller <elkem@pym.org> for possible publication in *Types & Shadows*. If you write poems or stories (short!), consider submitting some to Elke. If you are a visual or performance artist, consider writing about your art—and of course include visuals (Elke accepts photos by email).
- You can help by participating in our art shows or organizing an art show in your region (and maybe we can help you with it).
- You can help by coming to our arts conferences.
- You can help by letting other Quaker artists know about FQA and suggesting they too become members.
- And if you have other ideas about things FQA might do, let us know!

One more thing: Aaron Fowler, who lives in Wichita KS and has been on the FQA Board for a number of years, has resigned. Many of us have heard him and his wife, Laura Dungan, sing those wonderful folk songs with a social message. The other Board members accepted his resignation, with regrets (we'll miss you, Aaron!) and with gratitude for his service over the years. He promises to continue as a member of FQA.

At the same time, happily, we have been joined by Carol Sexton, Pendle Hill's core teacher in Arts and Spirituality. Carol is a sculptor and has degrees in art education and fine arts and a M.Div. from Earlham School of Religion. And she can wrestle not only with wood, stone and clay, but with graphics software, which she will be doing for FQA publications.

Photos from the 2009 Annual Sessions Gallery Show!



Photos by Blair Seitz,
Harrisburg Meeting



Participating Artists:

- Emily Brown, Arch Street Meeting
- Deborah Caiola, Central Philadelphia Meeting
- Bernadette Calnon-Buote, Moorestown Meeting
- Maria Cattell, Lancaster Meeting
- James Craig, Richland Meeting
- Patricia Davis, Gwynedd Meeting
- David DiMicco, Middletown/Langhorne Meeting
- Philip Furnas, Central Philadelphia Meeting
- Blair Seitz, Harrisburg Meeting
- Catharine Karsten, Moorestown Meeting
- Todd & Thornton Kimmell, Mt. Holly Meeting
- Katy Krieg, Schuylkill Meeting
- Zan Lombardo, Uwchlan Meeting
- Nan Morrissey, Reading Meeting
- Elke Muller, Central Philadelphia Meeting
- Joan Reese, Germantown Meeting
- Margery Rubin, Medford Meeting
- Lois Sellers, Swarthmore Meeting
- Margo Tassi, Central Philadelphia Meeting
- Roger Wing, Arch Street Meeting
- Karen Winner, Central Philadelphia Meeting

Thank you for participating! Without you there would be no show.

FQA would like to extend a HUGE thank you to

David DiMicco (Middletown Meeting) and Art Hatchard (West Chester Meeting) for hanging the show for us.

Elke could not have done it without their help and you can see by the photos that they did a terrific job.



**Quaker Art
at March
Annual
Sessions!**



**Photos by Elke Muller
Central Philadelphia
Meeting**



Save the Date...

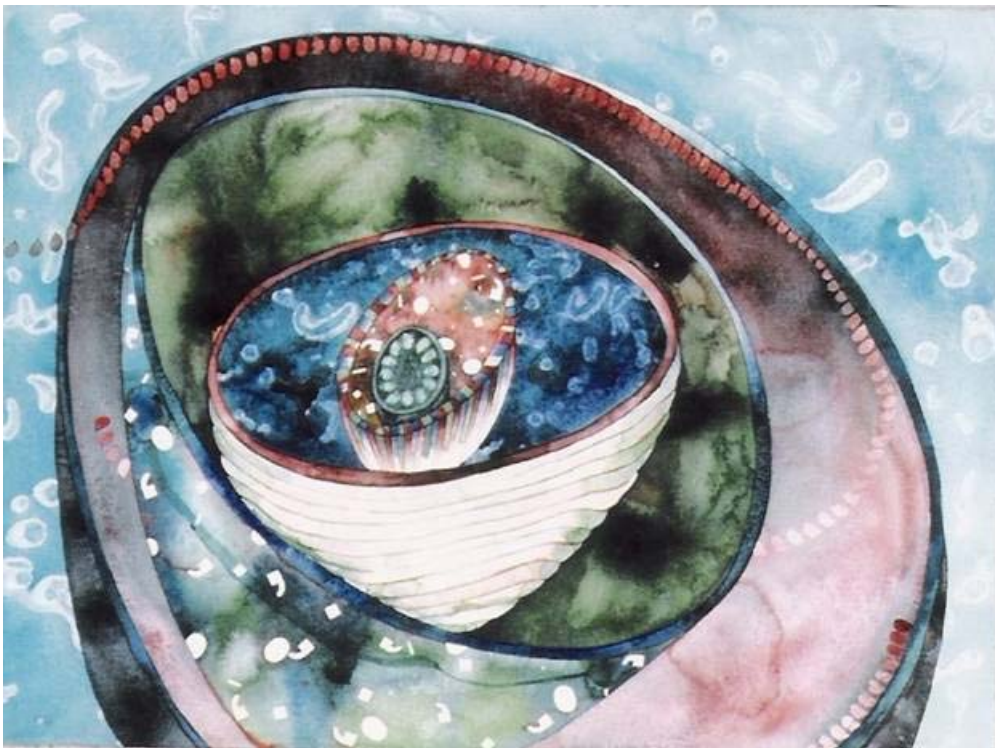
for a spring gathering of Quaker artists co-sponsored by FQA and Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

When: Wednesday, May 13, 2009; 5:30 p.m.

Where: Arch Street Meeting house

Guest Artist: Zan Lombardo, Uwchlan Meeting

We'll be gathering between 5:30-6:00 p.m. Dinner will be served at 6:00 p.m. and presentation to follow. For information, call Elke Muller at 215-241-7223. This is a first and we hope you'll join us!



Painting by Zan Lombardo

Take time to focus on your art in Pendle Hill's Resident Program!

The Minnie Jane Arts Scholarship is available each year to a Quaker pursuing a self-directed creative project in the fine arts, crafts, performing arts, creative writing, music composition, or other artistic pursuit that is compatible with Pendle Hill's physical facilities and impact on the resident community. The scholarship was established to honor Minnie Jane Ham, a Quaker artist who founded the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts. The scholarship provides partial support for tuition, room and board for participation in the Resident Program. Applicants for one, two, or three ten-week terms are required to submit a written proposal for a creative project in the fine arts, crafts, performing arts, poetry, creative writing, music composition or other artistic pursuit demonstrating commitment to Quaker expression, ministry, witness, and outreach. For more information, or to request application materials, please contact Darlene Walker, Director of Admissions and Recruitment at (610) 566-4507, ext. 161, or email dwalker@pendlehill.org. Consideration of applications begins May 1st, and awards are usually announced in May for the following program year. Additional information about the Resident Program is available at www.pendlehill.org.

Southeast Ohio Writers & Artists Whet Each Others' Appetites

Athens Friends Meeting in southeast Ohio has had gatherings of a Quaker Writers and Artists Group for some twenty years. About five of us meet monthly for two morning hours to share current poems, songs, personal essays, book-making projects, paintings, photos, collages, handmade paper art, jewelry, knitting and other crafts. These times together whet our appetites for the creative process and help us clarify what we are trying to communicate. We often find common themes in our work, and we often laugh. One of us has led book-making classes in area schools, and has exhibited her handmade books. One is a Poet in the Schools and also facilitates a poem writing group for older people, both through the Ohio Arts Council. Three have done public readings and one has done a fund-raising concert. One leads a monthly musical performance opportunity for children. One has hung a collage show at our local library and has her work on a website. One has self-published two poetry collections, and a number have published in *Friendly Woman* and *Friends Journal*.

We try to share samples of our work with our whole Meeting community at an annual forum. Twice we have had evening gatherings open to the whole Meeting where anyone who does creative writing or makes things by hand is encouraged to share a sample. These have been times of revelation about hidden sides to the identities of our fellow seekers.

We all feel grateful for our Writers and Artists Group. It both lifts us up and humbles us to be gifted each month with each others' work. Our gatherings nurture our spirits and deepen our love for each other.

For more information contact Helen Horn at dhorn@core.com.

A LIFETIME TOGETHER IN FOUR DAYS *Continued from Page 1*

THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY

The summer day was scorching, the kind of day when dogs take a walk through the cool, moving waters of the creek before noon and then find a shady spot under a linden tree to dig out a shallow depression in the cool earth. The man brushed off a morning's worth of sawdust and splashed water on his face before he crossed over the railroad tracks and walked three blocks west toward the small, simple brick Quaker Meetinghouse, a couple of hundred feet east of the big stone building that served triple-duty in Middleboro as the town office, courthouse, and library.

The man's daughter, thirteen now and beginning to replace dolls with boys, was already seated on an old quilt she had spread under the big maple tree that shaded the entire lawn on one side of the path between the street and the Meetinghouse. Her grandmother, living with them now that she was a widow, had packed a hamper with a lunch big enough to give everyone plenty to eat, but still light enough for the girl and her eleven-year-old brother to carry between them for the three-block walk from home.

The woman emerged from the library, stepping into the sun and heat of the Wednesday in late July before stopping to swallow back a lump that had formed in her throat. Across and just down the road, under the big maple tree on the peaceful, tranquil grounds of the old Meetinghouse that had been an anchor all of her life, she saw her husband and their two children, he with his back to the rough bark, the children on either side of him, both sorting through the clover they had collected, hoping to find the elusive four-leafed variety. The man looked up, spotted her as she crossed the street, and waved her over, smiling at her now in 1961, just as he had in 1944.

Leaning back against the tree as she sat down, the woman absently rested a hand on the man's knee, accepted a sandwich from her son, and asked her daughter about her morning of piano practice. Her son interrupted the answer as he excitedly told of his ground ball home run that morning. The man corrected the boy for interrupting his sister and lunch continued on, each member of the family telling what they had done that morning, the children giving voice to their plans for the afternoon. The woman reminded her husband that he had promised to bring home more wood to finish their son's tree house. He told her he had already set the wood aside, along with more nails. Turning to his daughter, the man asked how much she had read in *Pride and Prejudice*, her summer reading assignment for the advanced English class she would take when school resumed. Both parents listened with pride and interest as their son returned for a second time to his baseball triumphs of the morning.

Eventually tiring of their parents' conversation and wanting to return to baseball, books, and music, the children gathered crumpled balls of waxed paper, napkins, and paper cups still sticky with dregs of juice, packed everything except the quilt back into the hamper, and headed home. The man and the woman continued to sit on the quilt in the shade where it was at least ten degrees cooler than the hot street in front of them. The woman talked of their daughter's struggle with her place in life – not yet an adult, but no longer a child. They both talked of the boy, still a child, but only two years away from being a teenager and all the dangers that could bring. Life was changing for them, but their hands were still entwined as they sat under the big, cool tree, at the middle of the day.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE DAY

The day had been unseasonably warm for October, a day that belonged more in early September. The woman arrived home from the library, where the air-conditioning was off for the season, and sat down

for a rest before starting dinner. The man was already home, standing under a cold shower, washing off the dirt, sweat, and sawdust of the lumberyard. He dressed and went outside to water the vegetable garden that was still producing, while the woman took a shower and changed into shorts and a casual blouse.

They met in the kitchen on that Thursday in 1982 where he washed the tomatoes, cucumbers, peppers and the fall lettuce he had just picked. The woman took a few things from the refrigerator and started water boiling in a big pan. Like their life together, dinner was simple: chicken salad they had made the night before, the makings of a green salad taken from the garden just minutes earlier, and the last of the corn, to be removed from the stalks only after the water in the big pot had already come to a boil.

They shared the cleaning of the dishes and the table before the man headed for the front porch with the newspaper and a pitcher of lemonade the woman had made while the corn was boiling. She followed a minute or two later, carrying a tray holding two dishes of cold, creamy tapioca and two frosty glasses she had placed in the freezer before dinner.

Sitting in deep, thickly cushioned wicker chairs on the porch, they enjoyed their summery dessert of tapioca and lemonade and talked occasionally as she started a book she had brought from the library and he read the paper, for once not filled with too many stories of war and inequity and other injustices that offended their Quaker sensibilities. Children emerged from neighboring houses as their own dinners ended and bicycles soon controlled the sidewalks as if it was a summer evening, while their riders got in a last hour or so of play before bedtime.

Shadows began to lengthen as twilight replaced sunlight in Middleboro. Parents' voices called children to homework and porch lights winked on and off as a signal for those children who would claim temporary deafness as a reason for not coming home on time. Several strolling couples, young and old, turned and walked up to the house, stood in front of the porch and talked softly to the man and the woman. Both had stopped reading some time before as the light faded, not feeling particularly encouraged to turn on the lamp sitting on the table between their chairs. They passed time with their neighbors, gossiping about this or that and exchanging news of their families. They waved and called out to those who passed by without coming up the walk and the man emerged from the porch once or twice as he spotted a stray weed in the garden or lawn.

Full darkness fell before 7:30 when only middle-aged and older couples were still walking. The woman reached out and turned on the lamp, holding her book in her left hand while stretching across the small table for the man's hand. They returned to their reading and watched their world, their hands entwined, while they reflected on life in a small town, at the twilight of the day.

THE END OF THE DAY

The evening was cold and snow was falling outside as the man held the thin, cool, practically cold hand draped across the quilt that provided a wide splash of color in a room dominated by shades of beige and tan in a nursing home on a hill outside of Middleboro. The woman had been in the nursing home, first in a room with another woman and now in a room by herself, for two months since she had suffered a heart attack and then a stroke. Her friends visited once a week or so and her children had made the trip from their homes in other states twice, but it wasn't easy for them as they had children and grandchildren and responsibilities of their own. The man spent every afternoon and evening in the little room or by one

of the big windows in the sunroom at the end of the hall when a nurse would help him get the woman into a wheelchair.

This Saturday in January of 2002 had produced no sunshine and darkness arrived early as snow continued to fall thickly to join the six or so inches already on the ground. The man had started for the nursing home late, almost at dinnertime, after exhausting himself while shoveling the walkway and the bit of driveway between the car and the street. He had stopped at the old Quaker Meetinghouse, using a key he had to let himself in. He had prayed quietly, in the tradition he so enjoyed, sitting on the plain bench that he had shared with his wife for more than fifty years. Finally arriving at the nursing home, he had to walk gingerly from the parking lot, carefully placing his cane so he would not slip and fall and have to join his wife here in what was turning out to be a permanent, rather than a temporary home.

The sky turned a ghostly white as evening deepened and the man fell asleep in a chair, still holding the woman's hand. A nurse coming in to check on the woman woke him gently and asked if he would like the kitchen to prepare a tray so he could eat with his wife. He thanked the nurse and then slid the woman's now cold hand under the quilt. Looking over at his wife and then out the window, he realized it had become dark, a sure sign the long winter's night was upon them.

He told his wife that one of their granddaughters had called that morning to let him know they would be great-grandparents again, probably about the end of May or the beginning of June. He thought he saw a little change in her eyes, a little sparkle that might not have been there a moment before. Movement of her eyes and squeezes of her right hand were the woman's only means of communication now that the stroke had taken her speech and the use of her left hand, the one she used for writing. The woman struggled to pull her right hand from under the quilt, reached for his rough, worn hand and squeezed enough to let him know she understood.

The man ate from a tray while sitting in an easy chair in the corner. The woman, who would not let him feed her, used her awkward right hand to feed herself a few bites before tiring and falling asleep again. Outside, the snow had stopped and one of the nurses had come to warn the man that the parking lot was getting icy. The woman woke long enough to look at him and squeeze his hand as he leaned over to kiss her. He rose up slowly and turned her light down low before heading to the door. He stopped and turned around, looking at her once again before finally shuffling down the hall to the lobby with its front door that opened onto a dark, icy, lonely night, with only a cane in his hand, at the end of the day.



If you hear a voice within you say "I cannot paint," then
by all means paint, and that voice will be silenced.

~~ Vincent van Gogh

Poetry and Writings
By Jnana Hudson,
Dover Meeting (New England)

AT THE WINDOW

I've often joked (or was it boasted?) that we have the best stained glass windows in town. And not just during a New England autumn. Actually, there's something basic in the Quaker practice of having clear windows, whether the view opens to the city jail next door or a busy highway or a placid burial ground; we're not isolating ourselves from reality when we worship.

Sitting on the clerk's bench one morning one May, I found myself looking out at a Monet. Well, the spring green for three-quarters of the hour fit the tones he used, until it turned metallic in the last quarter-hour when the sunlight in that spot brightened. Most weeks after that, I tried to identify which painter the view brought to mind, a sequence of Corot, Diebenkorn, Mitchell, Twombly, Klimt, Pollack, even the Zen painting of six persimmons (except that ours had about twice that amount of fruit), and maybe a bit of Chagall or Hopper. (What was I saying about our Meeting not being blue-collar? Here I am, expecting most Dover Friends to know most of these artists!) Occasionally, even a Kaufmann, as Dick and Jane's heads appeared in the lower corner while they walked up the ramp to the door. Sometimes the dogwood tree presented a flat image; other times it had holes, opening to the depth behind it; eventually, come winter, it was only sketches in front of a more distant landscape, and etchings, rather than paintings, came to mind. Expecting the Monet to return the next May, it didn't, for whatever combination of reasons, although there was one week when it was adorned with pale stars – its flowers.

Not that any of this is essentially profound, other than as a recognition of the play of light; just as we encounter various presentations of Light within the room and ourselves through the hour. But I do consider ways our perceptions and expressions differ from the earliest Friends who sat in the room. These artists, for one thing, came after them, except for the 12th century persimmons (and those were off in China, anyway); the now familiar language from science or psychology, too, to say nothing of sports jargon and even military expressions. Did those Friends ever have a bagpiper playing at the edge of the yard, or some equivalent to our sirens on the street or music wafting in from a neighboring church? How did they see the world, in ways that we don't? Somehow, all kinds of differing eras come together when we, too, sit together. So just how do we view and understand each other through all of these seasons and ages?

* * *

WITH FRIENDS

sitting together a year ago
 as crickets another
 rasp echoed
 through an hour mantra or prayer
 when a full moon imperative as sunlight
 pauses once more at a window
 still we hear the heartbeat
 of our cosmos satisfied

* * *

WHAT YOU NEED TO BE A QUAKER

Directions to Meeting for Worship
 however large or small.
 A willingness to sit in silent waiting
 in a circle of peace-questing Friends.
 Listening, with your innermost heart.
 Gratitude. Moments of solitude. Regular
 time given to some unpopular service
 on behalf of equality and global justice.
 A growing awareness of the Holy Spirit
 of Christ, however you name it.
 Discernment arising in Business Meeting.
 Those individuals historically recorded
 as ministers, elders, or overseers
 and the community labor they uphold.
 An appreciation of spiritual gifts
 in a netting of responses.

Inner work. Outer work.
 Utter honesty. Compassion.
 Birdwatchers and knitters.
 Gardeners. Carpenters.
 Entrepreneurs and social workers.
 A Quaker exists only within the life
 revived in Friends Meeting.

* * *

TIME CHECK

through the hour of worship
 the old Regulator
 ticks louder
 than some other
 First-day mornings

depending
 on how tightly
 I'm wound

* * *

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
- * Doris Pulone, Treasurer
dpulone@comcast.net
- * Margo Gulati
mimpett@verizon.net
- * Elke Muller, Editor T&S and Membership Care
maureenelke@verizon.net
- * Chuck Fager
chuckfager@aol.com
- * Blair Seitz
blair@blairseitz.com
- * Carol Sexton
CSexton@pendlehill.org

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

If you have questions with regard to your FQA membership or submissions to *Types and Shadows*, please contact Elke Muller at
maureenelke@verizon.net

Visit our website at:

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

Send a story, poem, photo or other artwork to
Elke Muller at:
maureenelke@verizon.net
or to the FQA address below.

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

Please note: Entries will not be returned and will be published at the Editor's discretion

Join FQA!

\$25 per year for individuals;
\$40 for families and
\$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.

PLEASE NOTE:

If you wish to receive *Types and Shadows* online and save us postage and paper, please let Elke Muller know at
maureenelke@verizon.net

Types & Shadows, Journal of the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts

Philadelphia Yearly Meeting
1515 Cherry Street
Philadelphia, PA 19102



Spring 2009 - #43 In this Issue

A Lifetime Together in Four Days.....	1
Annual Conference News.....	2
Clerk's Column.....	3
Photos from Annual Sessions.....	4
May 13 Artist's Dinner.....	6
Pendle Hill Resident Program.....	7
Poetry by Jnana Hudson.....	11

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