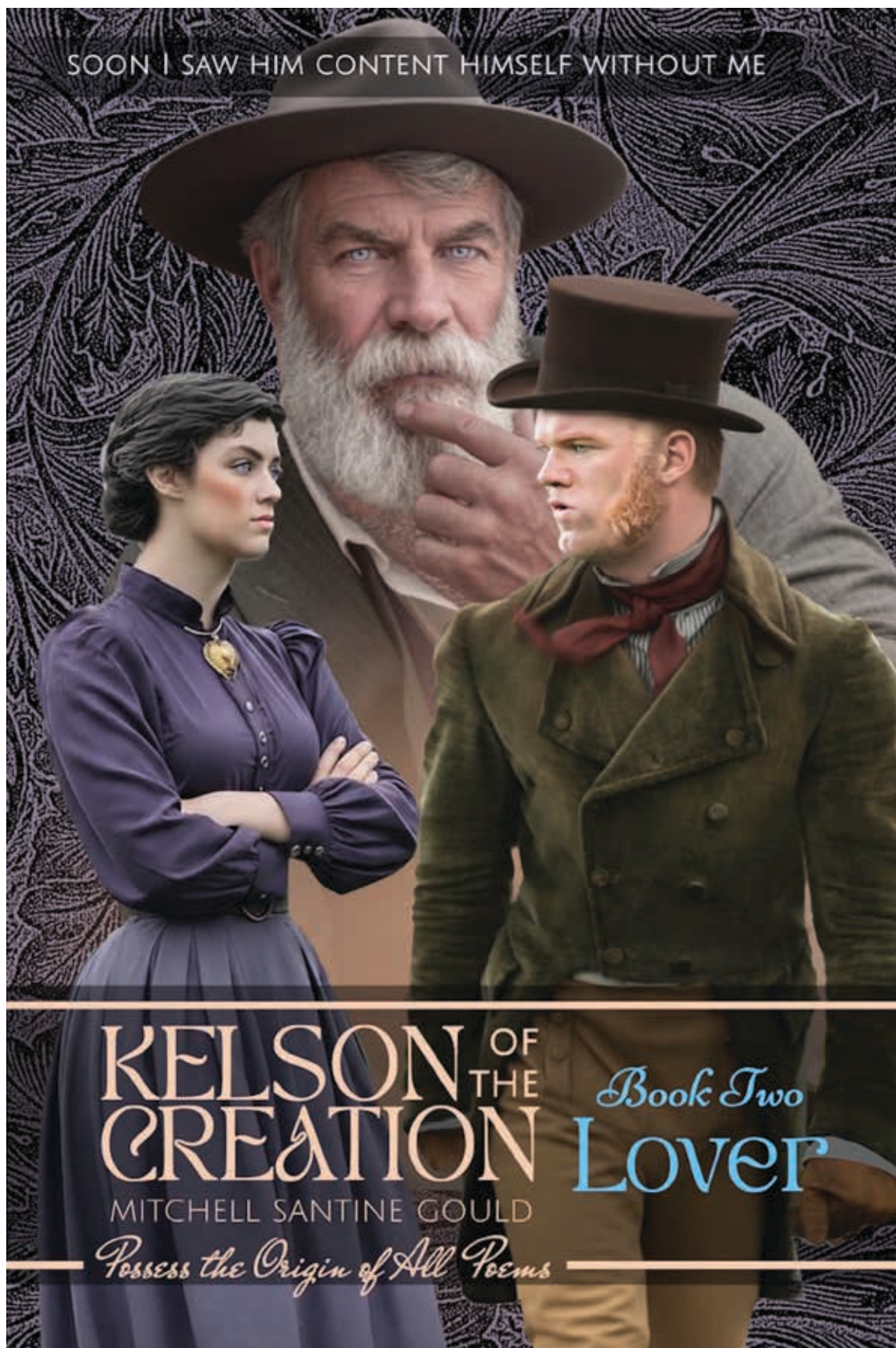




Types and Shadows



Issue #106

Winter 2026

Journal of the *Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts*



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T&S Editor

Chuck Fager
chuckfager@AOL.com

Layout Designer

Martin Parker
parquillian@gmail.com

FQA Board Members

Doris Pulone, Co-Clerk & Treasurer

Bonnie Zimmer, Co-Clerk

Liz Di Giorgio, Recording Clerk

Keith Calmes, Membership
keithcalmes6@gmail.com

Pamela Williams

Jeanmarie Simpson

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Jonathan Talbot

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FQA c/o Bonnie Zimmer
17211 Friends House Rd. - Apt 201
Sandy Spring, MD 20860.

T&S Submission deadlines are:
Sept. 15, Dec. 15,
March 15 and June 15.

FQA is an art ministry for Quakers and others under the care of *Trenton NJ Monthly Meeting.*

Cover Art: Cover Illustration for *Kelson of the Creation: Book Two: Lover*, the second installment in *Mitchell Santine Gould's* trilogy about Walt Whitman's connection to Quakerism. More information and excerpts on pp 4-6.

The Co-Clerks' Column:

Friends:

FQA Member **Joanna Lippincott Patterson** passed away on December 5, 2025, surrounded by her loving daughter Becky and loving husband Keith. Joanna was a nature/travel photographer and artist with an innate gift for the visual and for recognizing beauty. She grew up in a Quaker home adjacent to Mount Laurel Monthly Meeting in New Jersey and attended Moorestown Friends School K-12.

Joanna studied Horticulture and Landscape Design at the Ambler Campus of Temple University and lived in California for ten years before returning to Mount Laurel. In California, Joanna developed her painting and photography skills. She photographed on all 7 continents, in 48 out of 50 states, and regionally. A favorite place to photograph locally was Longwood Gardens. She was also a masterful gardener and maintained an immaculate English garden at her home.

Joanna gave numerous shows of her photographs, artwork and travels. In recent years, she published books based on her trips to Antarctica (*A Penguins' World: Taking a Closer Look*) and Papua New Guinea (*Papua New Guinea: Sing-Sing-Festival*). She met her husband **Keith Calmes** at an FQA event in Medford, NJ. Joanna was radiant with inner light and was deeply loved by many family and friends.

There will be a Memorial Meeting for Worship/Celebration of Life on January 10, 2026 at 2:00pm at Moorestown Monthly Meeting.

It will also be broadcast on Zoom.

Doris Pulone & Bonnie Zimmer, Co-Clerks, FQA



Photo from Keith Calmes

Joanna Lippincott Patterson

Featured Quaker Quote

Lucretia Mott

“Too many of us indulge in heathenish views of death.

“The dissolution of the body, the passage of the spirit, the exchange of worlds—all this, which is itself beautiful and sacred, and which is part of the benignant ordering of a kind Providence, and which we ought to look forward to with joy and not with fear; all this, I say, has been taken up by the old and severe theologies, and turned into a bugbear, and been held over the human soul like a rod of terror.

“But we have had no such inculcation in the remarks made today. Death is here, and we are met to celebrate it, and wherever there is death there is sorrow; but we sorrow not as they that have no hope; neither do we complain against God because of His chastisement.

“This event is no chastisement. It is the order of nature. It is natural and right. We look at it with solemnity and tenderness, but we do not shudder at it; nor do we think it a strange and ungentle thing. It is an occasion of much joyfulness – the inward peace of the soul.”

*–from a message given by **Lucretia Mott** at the funeral of Mary Ann W. Johnson, at the home of Oliver Johnson in New York City, June 10, 1872*

Lucretia Mott (née Coffin; January 3, 1793 – November 11, 1880) was an American Quaker, abolitionist, women's rights activist, and social reformer. Her speaking abilities made her an important abolitionist, feminist, and reformer; she had been a Quaker preacher early in her adulthood. She advocated against slavery, and for giving black people, both male and female, the right to vote. With her husband she made their home a stop on the Underground Railroad. Mott helped found the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania and Swarthmore College and raised funds for the Philadelphia School of Design for Women. She remained a central figure in reform movements until her death in 1880.

Featured Quaker Artist

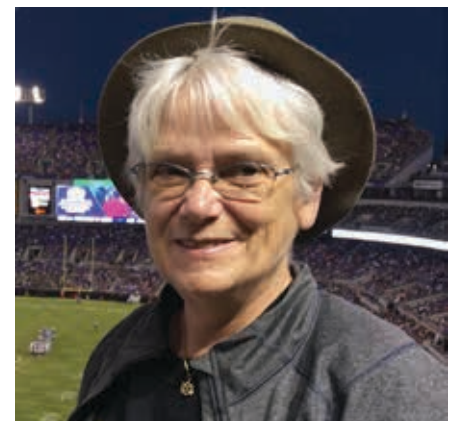
Bonnie Zimmer: Morning Mist



Photo by Bonnie Zimmer

Tendrils weave through grass
oak leaves shiver
barest breeze lifts
fog remnants leaving
behind only this
reminder
everything that ever
was and everything that
ever will be is gently
held in the still silence of
a water droplet
left
behind

**Bonnie Zimmer
2025**



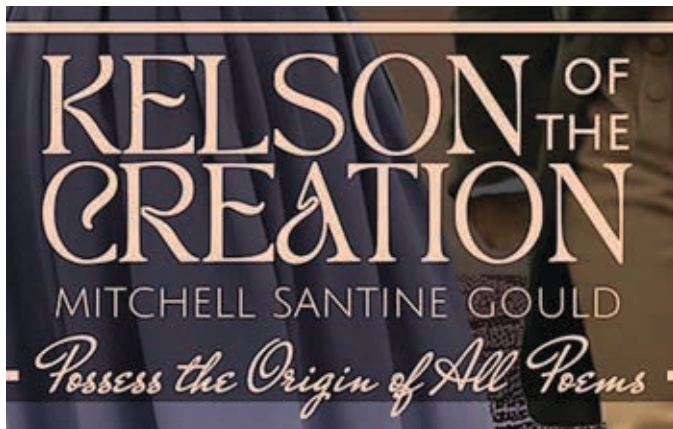
Bonnie Zimmer, a member of Sandy Spring Friends Meeting in Maryland, is a retired ecological scientist. At Friends House near Sandy Spring, she manages the large community garden, makes art, and writes about the life of the Spirit.

Featured Quaker Artist

Mitch Gould: Solving Walt Whitman's "Quaker Paradox": A new trilogy of novels takes on the task.

Writer-artist **Mitch Gould** of Oregon has grappled with what he calls "Walt Whitman's Quaker Paradox" for more than 30 years.

This "paradox" is essentially a question: why did **Walt Whitman**, a poet whose masterwork, *Leaves of Grass*, sang in praise (sometimes) of all religions, yet who doggedly belonged to none, have in his life, when examined closely, so many Quaker connections?



Parts of the answer are familiar— he had some Quaker relatives; another is geography: he was born and raised in a part of Long Island, New York where there were numerous Quaker meetings and some Friendly notables.

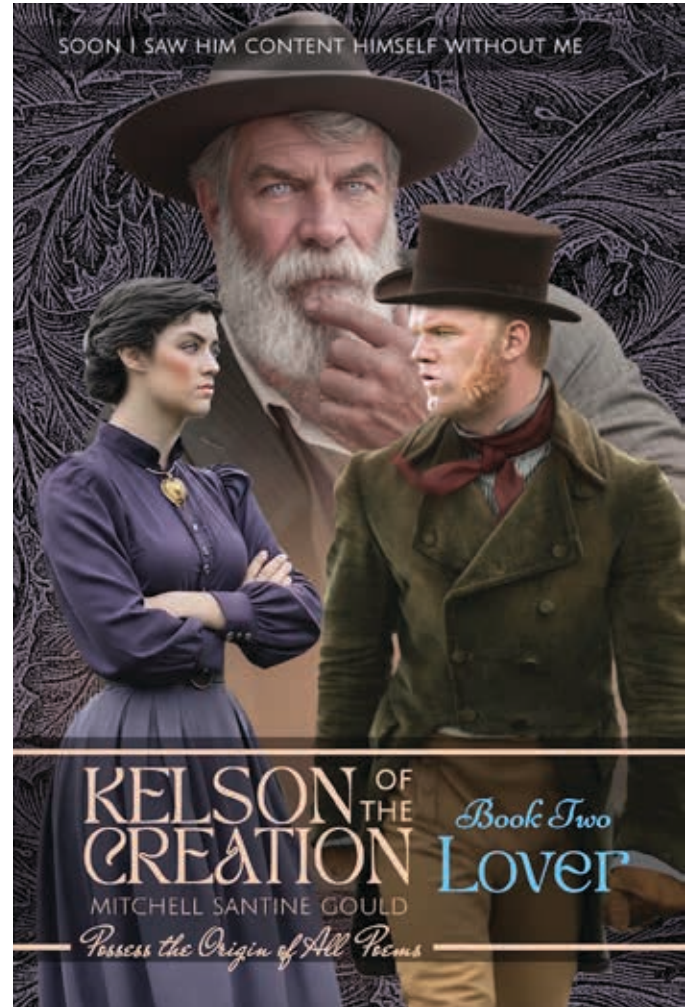
Mitch Gould concedes all these factors, but has long been convinced the key to this paradox is theological: Whitman's poetry, he contends, was inspired by, gives the purest voice to, and the life behind it best embodies the "gospel" of Long Island's most notable (yet also most scorned) Friend, Elias Hicks (1748-1830), and his so-called "Hicksite" (he did not call it that) version of Quakerism. Or at least, Whitman's and Mitch Gould's versions of this Hicksite gospel.



Graphic by Mitchell Gould

Mitch put his developing thesis into scholarly papers; he wrote and performed a one-person play about it; he has endured the cold shouldering of it by various Quaker meetings and other groups. He also wrestled with finding a suitable form for this saga.

But he never gave up or stopped his research. And now he has been refining fictional ore from the rich layers of Whitman's life and times – after all, Walt lived (1819-1892) through religious upheaval, social-political conflict, civil war, industrialization, and many personal ups and downs.



His was a life path trudging by millions then, but Whitman left us a unique legacy--- a (New, poetic) New Testament, his *Leaves of Grass*, first issued in 1855. Many of his growing band of followers and disciples felt it was almost biblical. For Mitch Gould, it ultimately was raw material for epic fiction.

The result of Gould's long labor is a trilogy of vivid novels. The series is titled *Kelson of the Creation*. (A "kelson" on wooden ships is a structural beam that holds the entire hull together and stable.) The trilogy is due for publication on -February 14, in paperback, E-book and audio editions.

>> *Mitch Gould, from page 4*

The volume titles are simple: *Sailor; Lover; and Quaker*. The first two are narrated by Fred Vaughan, a real person who is Gould's pick as the love of Whitman's life (there are other contenders, but no proof of any.) The third is told by a Quaker, Eliza Leggett, another real person. She conceived a lifelong attachment to Whitman, though she had to look elsewhere for a conventional mate.

And what is this "gospel" of Elias Hicks, that Whitman took and put into original poetry? He sought to encompass, sanctify and give a Quaker seasoning to all the kaleidoscopic maelstrom of 19th century, New York, via a view of **"That of God in every one. It would nurture a tolerant spirit"** in which, as Whitman wrote in his last years,

...the ideals of character, of justice, of religious action, whenever the highest is at stake, are to be conform'd to no outside doctrine of creeds, Bibles, legislative enactments, conventionalities, or even of the emotional soul. In this only the true Quaker, or Friend, has faith; and it is from rigidly, perhaps strainingly carrying it out, that both the Old and New England records of Quakerdom show some unseemly and insane acts....

Indeed, of this important element of the theory and practice of Quakerism, the difficult-to-describe "Light within" or "Inward Law, by which all must be either justified or condemn'd," I will not undertake where so many have fail'd—the task of making the statement of it for the average comprehension.

While Hicks's core Inward Light-centered message shocked the Orthodox (it still does many), and his spreading influence provoked a historic schism (which he did not want), Gould's saga argues that such a freed spirit, in the fullness of time (and after much struggle, even in liberal Quaker circles) could expand to affirm that love which did not then (nor for most of a century after) "dare to speak its name."

Walt himself was only half-able to speak of this, through poetic euphemisms, circumlocutions. codes and even hypocritical denials. (But remember his shrewd escape line: *"Do I contradict myself? Very well, I contradict myself."*)

He did the same thing in other matters: emitting effusive love for all men and women in verse, while being working class racist in many of his recorded comments. Yet among his fans were Black master poet Langston Hughes, and Cuban revolutionary Jose Marti.

Maybe they and others knew how to open *Leaves of Grass*, and sift out the wheat from the chaff.



Excerpts from Sailor:

Fred Vaughan, with Walt in Manhattan, 1850s:

You ask of Walt Whitman, and so many remembrances come crowding to my mind that I cannot tell them all. No matter how many I could recount, any attempt to accurately convey his effect upon me would be hopeless.

Anything I might write of him — his conversation especially, when deprived of the magnetism of his presence and voice — will be poor compared to the way things really were.

During the last few years, books have been written about my Walt, but none reveal his secrets, mysteries, and miseries. Well, here you may trust that our spokesbard will be quite boldly and truthfully unveiled. Every light and dark phase of his checkered character will be disclosed.

And yet, when I look at these words I've scribbled, all I see are black ants crawling blindly across a white page. To try to truly convey his essence is to chase a dream, in a coach made of moonlight. Indeed, even before his leaves unfurled, his warmest friends looked upon him as a hero waiting to be born, carved from America's very heartwood. A man who should make a mark in the world. His singular coolness was seldom ruffled.

And sure, how he listened: the best listener I ever knew; that pool reflecting one's very soul. He spoke little, perhaps, measuring each word as painstakingly as old Bob Cooper counting out individual grains of morphia. Walt uttered his words slowly, as if they were precious, and so he hated to part with them.

He was quite grey at thirty, giving him a look of age in his youth. Soon thereafter, he took on a look of youth in his age. He somehow bent Father Time to his will.

Please understand fully: this was the middle range of the Nineteenth Century. We all sensed that we lived in quite a strange, unloosened, wondrous time. In the early 'Fifties, Walt Whitman had a small printing office and book-store on Myrtle Avenue.

>> *Mitch Gould, from page 5*

The street outside resounded with the rumble of wagons and the gossip of immigrant housewives, and the rooms inside with his own whispered dreams of rebellion: I will say what I have to say, by itself. *I will escape from the sham that was proposed to me. I will sound myself and comrades only. My call is the call of battle — I nourish active rebellion. He going with me must go well armed — he going with me goes often with spare diet, poverty, angry enemies, desertions.*

And I was indeed going with him, as far as I could. But alas, as you'll see, it could not be far enough! Brooklyn, a hive of dreams, hugged him in tight embrace. His whole family lived in tight, rude accommodations above the shop, until the house was sold.

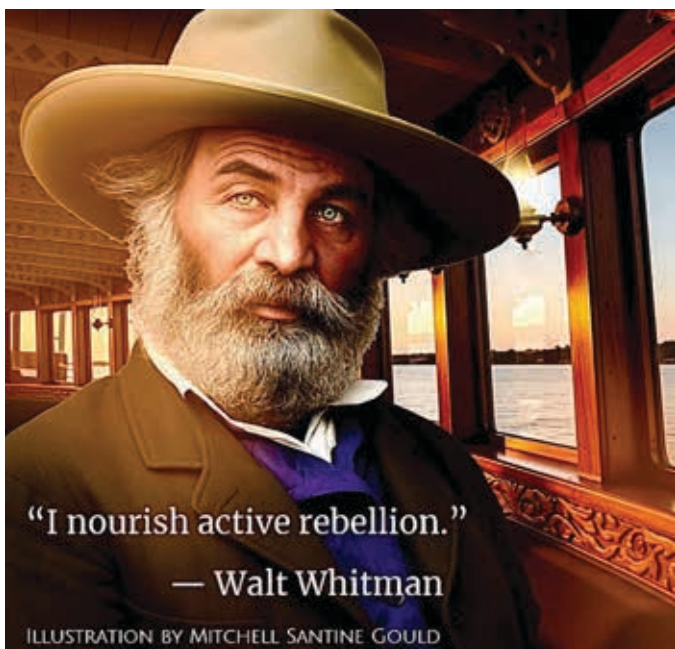


Illustration by Mitchell Santine Gould

He became the sales agent for the mystical, radical reformer publications of his dear friends at Fowler & Wells. These were daring works on phrenology; octagonal homes, health and hygiene; sex and marriage. He stocked other books about mesmerism; clairvoyance; Swedenborg's flamboyant visions of angels; spirit knocking, and manifestations. His bookshop attracted readers ... deeply interested in Woman's Rights. Of course, he stocked the book on Charles Fourier's scandalous Free Love communism.... Meanwhile, there on Myrtle Street, he also hand-cranked his own press, a mechanical heart beating out his Free Soil newspaper *The Freeman* — first weekly, then daily, continuing for about a year.

But the superficial opinion about him was that he was somewhat of an idler, a loafer.

But everybody knew him. Almost everyone liked him....

And that brings me to what he told me one day. Although we were huddling as far away as feasible from The Vault in Pfaff's restaurant, volleys of laughter still invaded our cozy corner....

Nevertheless, I ignored all that as I studied Walt's ruddy face, and in the cellar's candles, his eyes sparkled.... And then, suddenly, this: "Why is that when I'm near you," he whispered archly, "the sunlight expands my blood?"

Surprised, I rolled my eyes good-naturedly at the innuendo. But he wasn't finished. "Why is that when you leave me do my pennants of joy sink flat and lank?"

Affectionately, softly, I bashed his hairy cheek in mock punishment. Then he mused, to himself as much to me, "What is it I interchange with you, when I ride beside you?"

"Happiness?" I suggested, with a smile.

"Precisely, darling son. The efflux of the soul is happiness. Here is happiness...."

Before Walt, my heart played dissonant notes in a minor key, yearning after some scrap of harmony. Then, he swaggered into my life. When he took my hand, he led me into a New Creation, an exhilarating kosmos, resplendent in color and power. Every sunrise shining on our bed promised forever.

Above all, he saw me. His attention vindicated me more deeply than anything I'd ever known. Aye, the key — the life-saving medicine — was that unmistakable validation. All my life, I had been looking into a scratched and dirty glass.

For the first time, I could finally see myself — as reflected in Walt Whitman's beautiful eyes: I own publicly who you are, if nobody else owns... and I see and hear you.

I thought it would last forever.

Ordering information for the trilogy will be available starting 2-14-2026 at:

<https://kelsonofthecreation.com>

Friends can also find more about the trilogy's timeline, characters, and historical findings via links on:

<https://kelsonofthecreation.com/about.html>

Mitchell Santine Gould has been a member of Multnomah Meeting in Portland, OR (NPYM)

Featured Quaker Event

FQA Tri-Quarter Art Show

From New Jersey: FQA Art Show at Tri-Quarter Gathering 2025 a Success!

FQA, in cooperation with the Tri-Quarter Gathering, held its biggest Art Show and Reception with Performances ever this year.



Tri-Quarter is an annual weekend retreat of Friends and their friends and family which happens in late September in the Pine Barrens of Medford, New Jersey.

About eight years ago, FQA proposed an Art Show and the rest is history. This year, seventeen artists showed their visual art, while eight entertained with singing, music and poetry.

For the first time, there was featured a table for Quaker Writers to display their books. Sixteen books were sold and the visual artists brought in over \$300 in sales.



But that wasn't the neatest thing. The theme of this year's Art Show was Growing in Compassion, and the musical performances and support of all of our artists was very touching. We all needed compassion this year in particular, some more than others, and we gave it to each other, not only through our art but through our friendships.

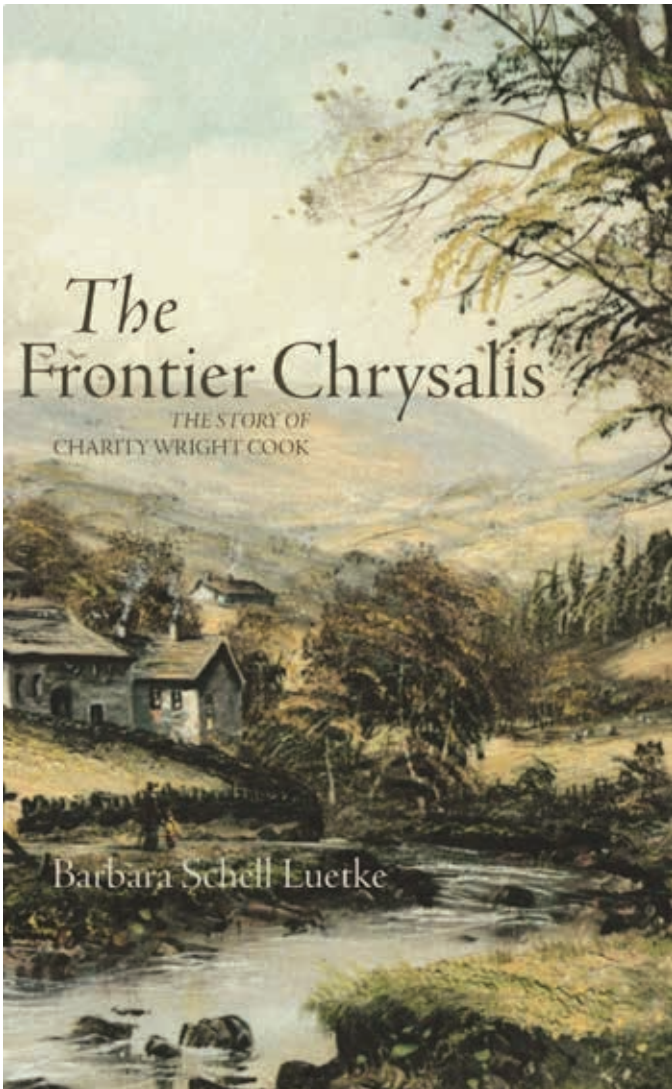


Featured Quaker Artist

Barbara Luetke: *The Frontier Chrysalis*

A Convincement Written in Flesh:
A Review of *The Frontier Chrysalis: The Story of Charity Wright Cook*,
by Barbara Luetke. Barclay Press
Review by Jeanmarie Simpson

This novel offers a sanctified artifact — a woman's body inscribed with theology, trauma, and the desperate hopes of a faith still trying to believe it loves its daughters as much as its doctrines.



Charity Wright Cook — itinerant Quaker minister, born in 1745 (died in 1822) — burns with raw inspiration, a figure of blistering witness. The novel reaches for her but sanctifies her instead. And sanctity is no substitute for humanity. It excuses nothing — not the smoothing of rough edges, not the soft-pedaling of rage, and certainly not the erasure of cost.

8

What emerges is a richly researched, spiritually saturated portrait of a woman formed through suffering and obedience. But the scarred flesh is missing. The fury. The fatigue. The failure. The price of becoming a minister in a world determined to silence her.

This is spiritual imagination lit with archival rigor — and tethered by reverence that blunts its own blade.

The early chapters sear. They render as crucible, rape, disownment, and spiritual exile. This is a Quaker community laid bare: fragmented, patriarchal, capable of cruelty. Women tear one another apart. Men vanish behind procedure. The body of Friends becomes a machinery of violent silence.

These scenes ring with truth. Charity's voice breaks through — "I'll not change my telling."

Then the story softens. The prose shifts to the familiar language of Light, leadings, obedience. Charity's voice, once jagged and embodied, drifts into devotional haze. The psychological struggle dissolves into spiritual generalities. What was once testimony hardens into catechism.

This novel starts in fire, then reaches for balm. And that's where it disappoints.

The language of Light is sacred to Friends, but this book drowns in it.

Oceans of Light. Inward motion. Arms raised to the sky. Mysticism turns to liturgy, then to lullaby. Charity becomes trapped in a loop — ecstasy or endurance, never friction, never collapse.

Where is her hunger? Her anger? Her contradictions, her grief, her ache for escape?

The prose offers transcendence when what's needed is incarnation. Charity dissolves into a symbol swaddled in soft light.

That's where devotional fiction invariably fails. It prefers symbol to body, serenity to rupture, metaphor to blood.

And yet the author's command of literary style is undeniable. Her prose is elegant, often lyrical, finely tuned to rhythm. She weaves archival detail into the narrative with a deft hand, letting it glimmer through gesture, landscape, and silence. At her best, she evokes the texture of eighteenth-century life with startling clarity: mudslicked roads, cold meetinghouse benches, the bone-deep fatigue of faithful travel.

More Barbara Luetke, page 9 >>

>> *Barbara Luetke, from page 8*

She has mastered the quiet turn of phrase that lingers like prayer. But that mastery also becomes a kind of velvet curtain — softening brutality, veiling rupture. Style, in this case, is not neutral. It becomes theology. It comforts where it should confront.

The novel claims feminist ground. And in its bones, it holds some of it.

Charity's ministry stands at the center — preaching, praying, bleeding. Women like Abigail Pike and Rachel Wright form a fierce counterhistory to the patriarchal lineage of Fox and Barclay. They carry the weight of spiritual authority with clarity and power.

But the foundation is cracked. Charity's authority is still built on suffering. Her rape becomes her convincement. Her trauma becomes sacrament. Her scars become her license to preach.

This is a theological slippery slope. When violence becomes the door to spiritual voice, pain is weaponized. It's ritualized. It's made necessary.

The book flirts with that logic. It stands too close to the altar of redemptive suffering, and in doing so, risks turning a woman's devastation into narrative currency. The research is exacting. Quaker culture — meeting minutes, clearness committees, travel documents — is rendered with authority and care. The transatlantic journeys crackle with physicality: hard ground, bitter weather, aching feet.

But this same fidelity becomes a leash. The novel clings so tightly to the archive that the characters stay pinned in place. The historical record dictates the narrative's range. Dialogue flickers without surprise. The story feels authorized, not alive.

John Woolman's fictional appearance should challenge Charity — clash with her, awaken her, disturb the order. Instead, he arrives like a relic, reinforces the myth, and leaves. A staged visitation in a book already tipping toward veneration.

The novel names injustice — gendered silencing, racial violence, the divisions that led to the Hicksite split. But it still seeks to exonerate the community. Meetings betray but mean well. Patriarchy wounds but lacks malice. The body errs but remains sincere.

Quakerism — like every faith — sanctifies its own violence, when it prioritizes harmony over truth. Charity was disowned. She was cast out. That wasn't earnest misjudgment. It was punishment. Her community failed her.

Yet the novel tries to absolve them. It asks us to love both the betrayed and the betrayers, and that feels lazy.

This is an important book. It resurrects a woman erased by centuries and places her in the center of a tradition that denied her full authority.

But it doesn't let her live.

It wants her to be luminous, not furious. Beloved, not dangerous. It cradles her voice, then edits out the scream.



Barbara Luetke

Still, the book matters — to Friends, to survivors, to anyone who has ever dared to answer a divine calling in a body the world marks for silence.

But this story deserved more blood in its mouth. More bruises in its theology. More risk in its voice.

If you're going to write about a woman who was raped, disowned, exiled, and still rose to preach — then for God's sake, let her rage.

That, too, is the sound of the Spirit.

*Barbara Luetke is a member of
Salmon Bay Meeting (NPYM)
in Seattle, Washington*

Featured Quaker Artist

Tom Fox & the Art of Memory

Chuck Fager:

On the night after Thanksgiving in 2005, I left Brooklyn New York, headed for home in North Carolina. It was dark, and there were kids in the car. It wasn't late, but already dark, and they were restless. They quieted down and craned their necks toward the windows when I called out: "Hey, look! We're *in The Night Kitchen!*"

Maurice Sendak's most famous children's book was *Where The Wild Things Are*. I read that to my kids many times. But I liked even better another one of his, called *In The Night Kitchen*. In that whimsically surrealist tale, a young boy wanders around in a large strange kitchen. There he, and some peculiar chefs and oversized utensils cavort and float through the air. All this happens against a dreamscape backdrop of the nighttime Manhattan skyline: large rectangular buildings, many in dark silhouette, their inner depths spilling from a scattering of illuminated windows.

And there we were, wide awake on a nighttime Brooklyn parkway just across from lower Manhattan, and looming across the wide river was that same skyline, but real, except minus the levitating chefs.

The effect that scene had, at least on me, was a fine mix of magic and mystery.

The kids, who knew the book, also seemed into it, and I was anticipating several more miles of the glittering tableau before we crossed a big bridge into the overbright wilds of New Jersey. And then my cell phone rang. Or buzzed.

A F/friend, John Stephens, was calling from Virginia. It was always good to hear from John, but that didn't apply to his news: Several time zones east, he said, in Baghdad, Iraq, which the U. S. had invaded two years before, our mutual F/friend Tom Fox had been kidnapped. Taken hostage. Threatened with death.

So much for the magical night kitchen. I didn't tell this to the kids; let them savor the mood.

But all the way home that night, and for more than a hundred nights after, John and I were in touch daily, along with a handful of others scattered over several countries: keeping vigil, helping make broadbased appeals to the kidnappers to free them, searching the web for any and all scraps of news about Tom, and the three others who had been taken.

The four were part of what was then called the Christian Peacemaker Teams (CPT), volunteers to bear unarmed peace witness in war-torn, U.S.-invaded Iraq.

They were snatched while visiting various mosques, hoping to establish their peaceful bona fides. I was not enamored with the CPT idea: kidnappings of foreigners were common occurrences, and often the hostages were killed.



Not only dangerous, I thought it was foolhardy. But they were adult volunteers; Tom had long grappled with finding the right way to bear his Quaker peace testimony; his call, his choice was surely risky; but hardly rash, or uninformed. Cold comfort. Suspense and anxiety were still our constant companions.

In mid-March, a British commando team ambushed the house where they were held: but the kidnappers had fled; no weapons were fired. The hostages were free and safe.

Three of them, that is. Tom's body had been found on March 10, 2006 in a small park. Murdered.

Why was Tom culled out and killed? There were no explanations, but much speculation; I won't go into it here.

I'm thinking of this episode now for two reasons: first, because I was jolted a few weeks back by the realization that Thanksgiving last month marked twenty years since Tom was taken, as I was about to pass through the Night Kitchen. Twenty years.

And that realization sparked a second, which has been recurrent, but increasingly intermittent: how much of that time I and so many others have spent forgetting about Tom, how it happened, the hard years in which his life ended, and how all that echoes in the new hard years we are in now.



More Tom Fox, page 11 >>

>> *Tom Fox, from page 10*

One Friend who remembers Tom is Jennifer Elam. This is an example of the art of memory:

When I learned from Chuck about Tom Fox's death in 2006, I had recently completed certification training in Godly Play, (later called Faith and Play among Quakers) along with Melinda Bradley. I was taken with the possibilities in this new tool for teaching. And I was also absolutely unable to think of about anything besides Tom Fox in that moment; how could such a peace loving, gentle person end up being kidnapped and killed? I was baffled and had to learn more. I studied his life as well as his death and wrote a Godly Play story that Chuck later published.

[The full text of this presentation is in a collection,

Tom Fox Was My Friend; Yours Too,

edited by Chuck Fager, available on Amazon.]

That year Baltimore Yearly Meeting invited me to come and present this story for the children. I went, but when I got there, it was not the children, but Tom Fox's meeting, the adults of Langley Hill (Virginia) Meeting that wanted me to lead the story for them, with Chuck and John Calvi from Vermont as elders.

I led the story as I would have with the children. We often become as children in these situations--like Jesus said!

There were many tears. Grief was palpable and difficult! There was also healing happening as people held and consoled one another, allowing the tears to flow and the pain to be felt, seen, and heard.

I have spent my life as a psychologist and have had many difficult stories of grief and trauma to deal with, both in myself and others. This was one of the most powerful. I will be forever grateful to have been called to follow Spirit's leading into this difficult situation and to have had the tools as well as the elders to make it a very healing experience for all of us.

Here is a small piece of the Godly Play story:

Sometimes Tom lived in a tent and sat by his tent and read books to people that would help them to be more loving and forgiving. Sometimes he cooked them delicious food. Sometimes he just listened to their stories and they felt loved by him. His voice made the people less afraid. He might say, "I am glad I am here to help." Or he might say, "You keep taking care of yourself now." And his friends felt less afraid.

When people are hurting and killing one another, many people feel mad and afraid. Tom prayed for all of the people, those doing the hurting and those being hurt, and that helped him not to be mad at people. Being afraid was even harder to overcome than feeling mad. Almost every day he prayed, did yoga and welcomed the sun as it came up in the morning. He said thank you to God for his life and all that he was given. And that made Tom feel less afraid.

One day when Tom was sitting in meeting for worship, an image came to him about Iraq. Tom saw that Iraq was "a land of shadows and darkness."

But within that land candles were burning; not many candles, but enough to shed some light on the landscape. Some candles disappeared and it was my sense that their light was taken away for protection. Other candles burned until nothing was left. And a small number of candles seemed to have their light snuffed out by the shadows and darkness.

Tom said, "there are many people willing to die for war. There must be more people willing to die for peace."

Tom Fox lived as he believed was right. And he died. BUT THAT IS NOT THE END OF THE STORY! Tom saw that when one candle goes out, many more get lit. Others will become peacemakers and follow Tom as an example, just as Tom and George Fox followed Jesus. Set up more candles.

Sit quietly for a moment.

In silence, light the candles and leave them lit while doing the wondering questions.

Wonderings

- I wonder what part of the story you liked best?
- I wonder how you might be a peacemaker in your life today?
- I wonder if you have ever been a peacemaker?
- I wonder what you might do as a peacemaker when you are a grown-up?
- I wonder if it was hard for Tom Fox to forgive people that hurt him?
- I wonder what the candles in the story represent?
- I wonder what is the most important part of the story for you?
- I wonder where you are in the story. I wonder what part of the story is about you?
- I wonder where is God in the story?

I am going to put the story of Tom Fox away. These lights are burning for peace. Even when I blow them out, in our hearts, they are still burning for peace.

Jennifer Elam lives in Berea, Kentucky. She works as a psychologist and does writing, painting, leads retreats in arts and spirituality.

A decade ago she felt led to listen to people's stories of their experiences of God and write about those stories.

Her books are available on Amazon.



Types and Shadows, Journal of
the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts
FQA c/o Bonnie Zimmer
17211 Friends House Rd. - Apt 201
Sandy Spring, MD 20860

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.

In this issue...

***New Quaker fiction, poetry, paintings,
photography, book reviews and Art Show News!***

***Cover: Kelson of the Creation
by Mitchell Gould***

***Page 2: The Co-Clerks' Corner:
Remembering Joanna
Lippincot Patterson***

***Pages 3: Lucretia Mott Quote
& Featured Artist: Bonnie Zimmer***

***Pages 4-6: New Trilogy:
Mitchell Gould***

***Pages 7: FQA Art Show at
Tri-Quarter Gathering***

***Pages 8-9: Review of
The Frontier Chrysalis,
by Barbra Luetke***

***Pages 10-11: Tom Fox
& The Art of Memory***

***Back Page: Artwork
by Jennifer Elam***



Jennifer Elam – Remembering Tom Fox