



# Types and Shadows

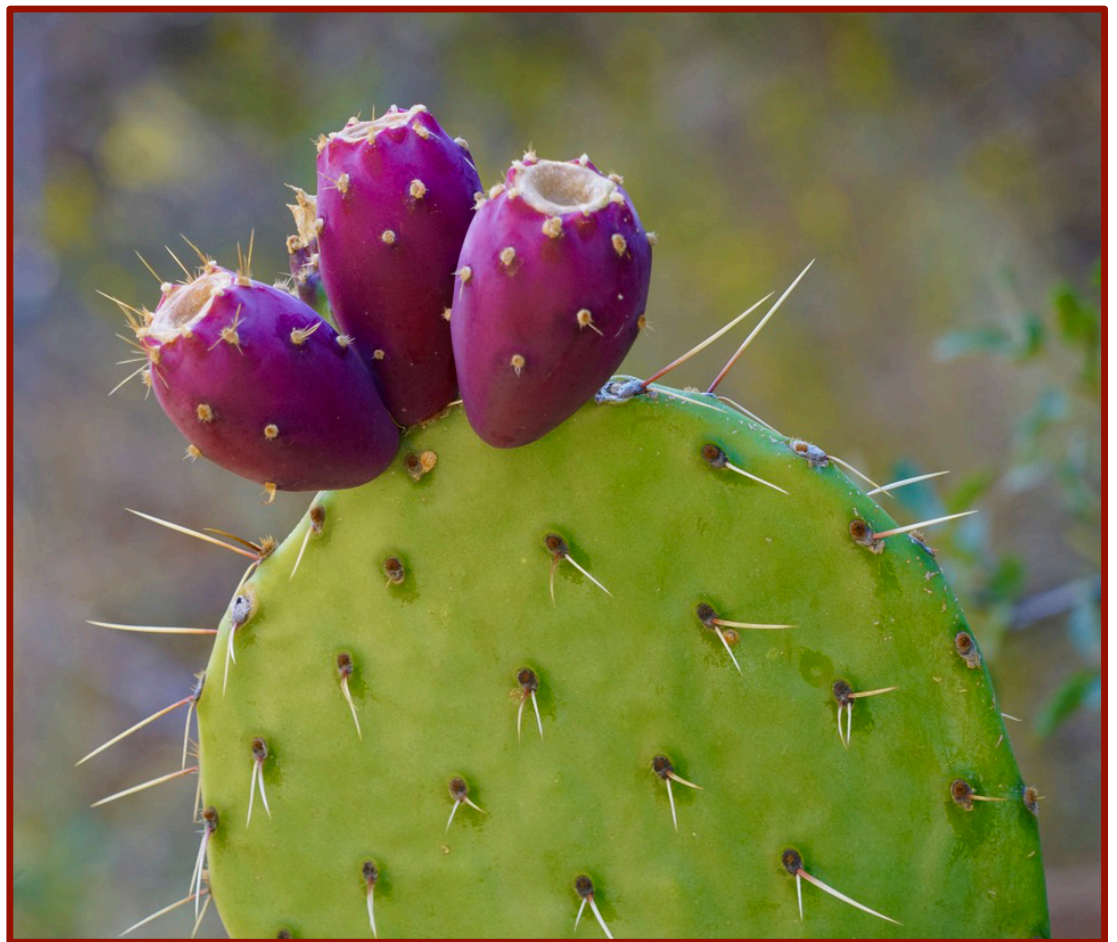
*How wondrous to be acutely aware  
of every moment.*

*How free to know that now is  
when I must do*

*Only what is most important,  
must shrug away  
The superfluous the dross the unneeded*

*Here that I plunge into the fire*

*Unknown depths* from "Lookin for God" by Bonnie

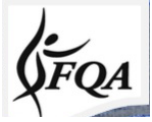


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Winter 2020-21

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**www.fqaquaker.org**  
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**Featured Cover Art:** "Prickly Pear," photograph and poetry from "Looking for God" by **Bonnie Zimmer** (see story on pages 8 and 9)

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# **What is art? And who is an artist?**

by Doris Pulone

We can think of the usual of art genre suspects--music, poetry, painting, photography, handiwork. There are more.

But, how about...

The art of cooking? The art of teaching? The art of convincing? The art of loving?

And who's to say that what I feel when I make the plans to produce an event is not art just as it is when I'm playing a piece on the piano?

To me, experiencing creativity is art, and that makes me an artist.

So, who is an artist?

Is an artist only someone who anytime, in any way, makes something that can be seen or heard or felt?

What if an artist makes something that does not make someone feel something...feel an emotion...is that still art? I know I've been led to believe that art makes people think, feel, appreciate,

But, what if it doesn't?

What if it only makes me feel happy doing it, but doesn't affect others?

Or what if it is art that makes someone else feel the grandeur of love or beauty but I, the artist, don't enjoy the process of making it?

Am I still an artist?

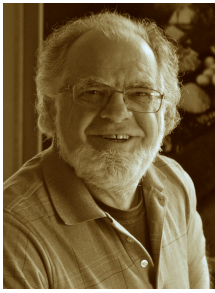
Am I an artist if I've only felt like an artist in this second or last week? Am I still an artist? Do I need to feel as an artist all of the time?

I don't think so. I guess these are questions I can't answer, they are good to think of. I am one who calls myself an artist. Yes, it's hard to say that because I am an amateur artist who indulges in many different "creativities." I'm not a professional at any one. I do not make any money at it and don't care to.

But I do enjoy creating, so that's what makes me feel like an artist. And I hope you have the joy of feeling like an artist too, because whatever you do, you create, in some or many ways, you are an artist.

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



**Blair Seitz**

©Judy Ballinger

### *From the editor...*

I am sending this "Types and Shadows" to the printer during the resurgence of COVID-19 when nearly 4,000 persons are dying daily in the U.S. It's two days before Joe Biden will be sworn in as President. Of our authors in this *T&S*--**Bonnie Zimmer, Chuck Fager, Skip Schiel, Jonathan Talbot, John Holliger, Gary Sandman, Doris Pulone and Keith Calmes**, only John writes directly about the trama. However, you may find other truths that are appropriate for this time. Are we looking for god in the US Capitol insurrection? In the COVID-19 impact on Palestinians crowded into refugee camps? Let's hold one another in the Light at this time. -Blair

### *Chuck Fager's new book...*

In mid-2014, a blast of church schism fever blew into the three-century old North Carolina Yearly Meeting community like a line of summer tornadoes. At its annual session, a purge was suddenly demanded to "purify" their ranks of meetings deemed theologically "liberal" or friendly to LGBTQ persons. The same wave had already shattered Quaker groups in Indiana, and would soon roll west into Oregon, Ohio and Washington state. But the targeted groups in Carolina stood up eloquently in their own defense. They issued cogent rebuttals to the doctrinal charges, and stood firmly for the integrity of recognized Quaker decision making. The purge attempts repeatedly stalled. Yet they continued. For two years the question was, how far would the crusaders go? Were they, like U.S. troops in Vietnam, ready to destroy their Quaker "village" in order to "save" it? "A house divided against itself cannot stand!" was the insurgents' refrain, citing the gospels and Abraham Lincoln. Something would have to give. And ultimately, it did. At the end of 2017, North Carolina Yearly Meeting went out of business; dead after 320 years. Murder at Quaker Lake unpacks this dead-serious true story. It is now available, in inexpensive paperback & e-book form at this link: <https://tinyurl.com/yy2j5fdy>.

*Our arts partners in Britain-- Quaker Arts Network-- announce a new book...*

*7 Days to Kiss the Earth*



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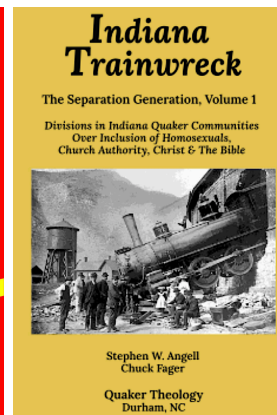
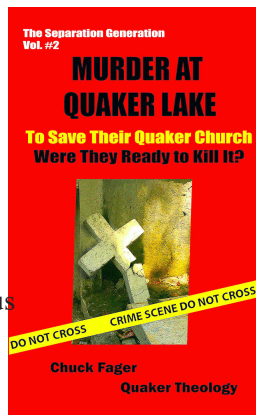
### *Also from Britain's QAN...*

Become involved in QAN's *Loving Earth Project*.

Join the email list for up to date information at:  
[lovingearthproject@woodbrooke.org.uk](mailto:lovingearthproject@woodbrooke.org.uk).

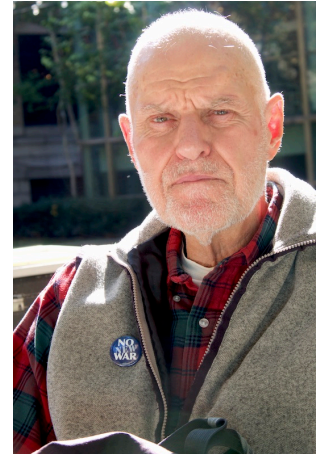
### *Keith Calmes wins two awards...*

Keith's composition "Amen" won first place in the trio group at the XIX International Composers, Belarus, competition for guitar. Also, the work that he wrote for our Tri-Quarter gathering, "Pastorale," earned a third place in the 4-line category of compositions.



*Chuck Fager's book, Murder at the Quaker Lake (left) is the 2nd in his planned trilogy. The 1st volume, written with Stephen Angell is Indiana Trainwreck*





## **"The Ongoing Nakba"**

photographs and text by Skip Schiel

*Skip Schiel © Shola  
Friedensohn*

In the 1948 war, 750,000 indigenous Arabs fled or were expelled leading to the founding of the state of Israel. These Palestinians were never granted their right to return. Their homes and land were confiscated for the Jewish state. The expulsion became known as *Nakba* (in Arabic), or *Catastrophe*. With generations of growth, five million Palestinians now live in camps in several countries and in the occupied territories of the West Bank and Gaza,

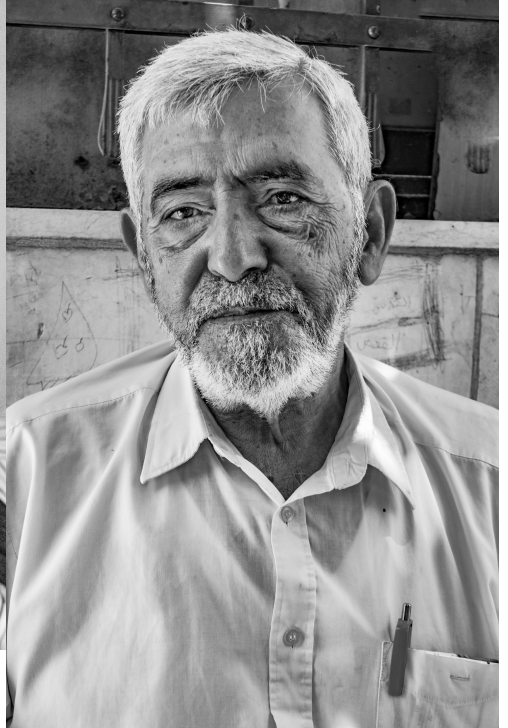
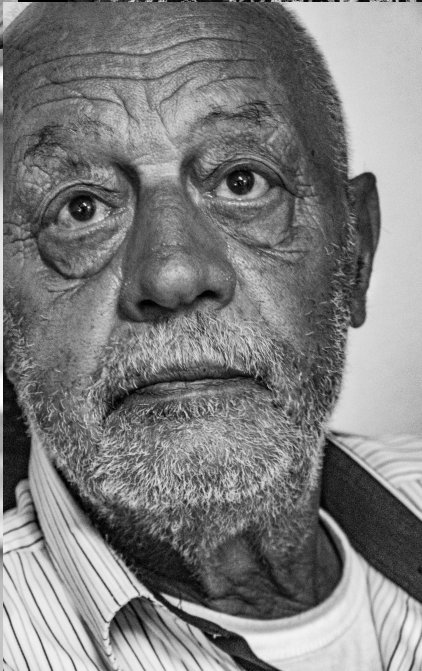
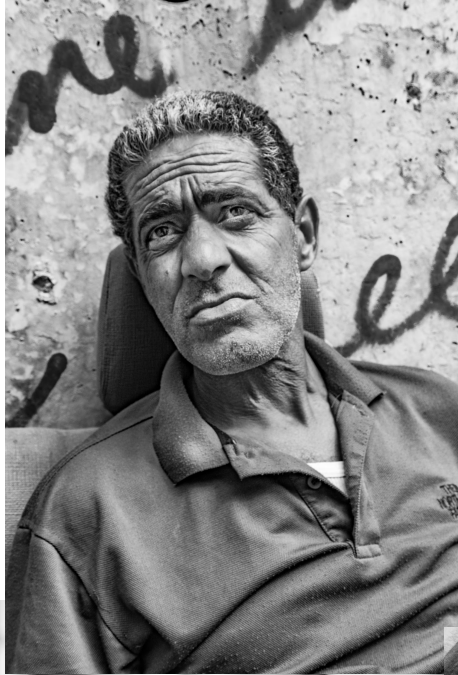
I meet the refugees, mostly among the one million who live in refugee camps in the West Bank. I interview and photograph them, then return to their ancestral homes now in Israel to photograph these areas. I include photos of where and how they live currently in the refugee settlements to show the contrast with their earlier, often pastoral lives. I have found destroyed homes and villages— Eventually, I'll add archival photos of their villages before the expulsion.

I'm attempting to answer several questions: What happened during the expulsions? What were the lives of the refugees before the *Nakba*? How did the refugees get to sites of refuge and what did they bring with them? Have they ever returned to visit? How do people forced from their homelands presently live compared with Israelis in those former Palestinian homelands? If ever given the right to return, how could that work for the Palestinian refugees?



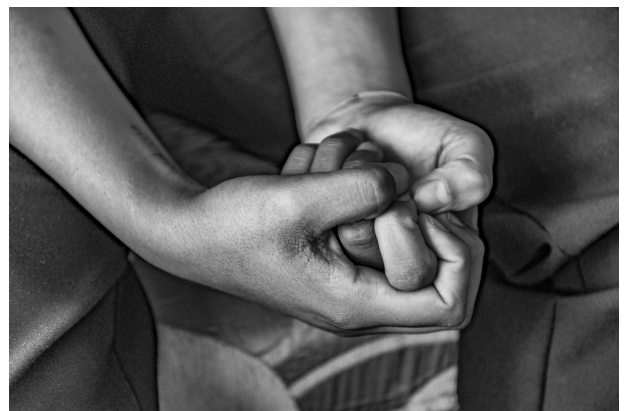
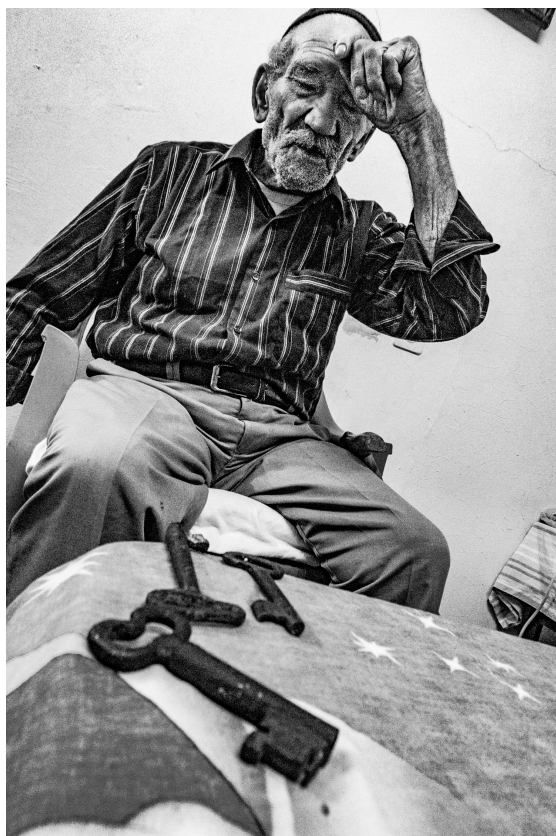
*The remains of a  
Palestinian family house  
inside Israel. Palestinians  
escaped or were driven  
from the area during the  
1948 war. © Skip Schiel*





Portraits of Palestinians living in refugee camps established after the 1948 Nakba © Skip Schiel





*Clockwise from top left: Aida Camp, West Bank refugee settlement established in 1950; Refugee in his refugee camp store; Palestinian refugee in Balata Camp, population 30,000; Young refugee hands; Refugee in Aida Camp, all in the occupied West Bank; photographs © Skip Schiel from his Nakba series.*





Above: "A Farm by the River,"  
 Right: "A View of the Sound," both paint on canvas covered panel, 12 x 24," 2020, © Jonathan Talbot

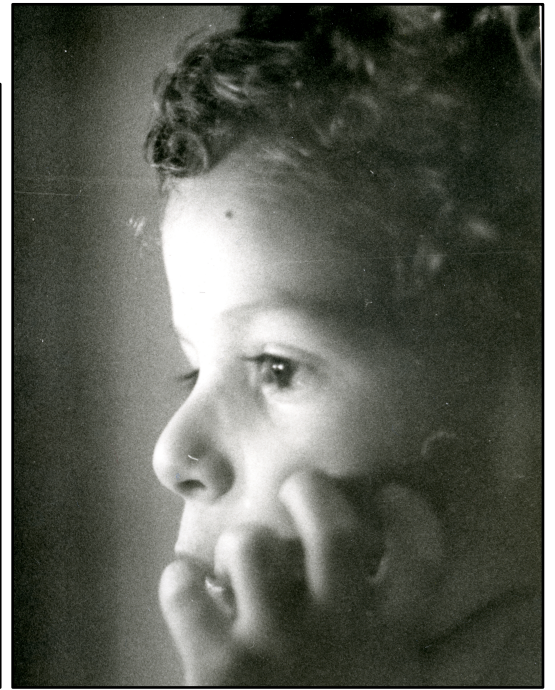


***A tribute to Jonathan Talbot-- New Beginnings website builder***

Many times FQA members have stepped up to perform extraordinary work for our meetings or exhibits. For the 2020 Tri-Quarter Art Exhibit, which was open to members across the country, FQA's long time member and internationally known artist, **Jonathan Talbot** designed the website which exhibited the works of 19 artists. See this website and excellent show of art at [www.fqaquaker.org](http://www.fqaquaker.org). Scroll and click on the line "Tri-Quarter art show....." About this task, Jonathan says, "Working on the website for the New Beginnings exhibition enabled me to escape from the isolation of 2020 and interact (virtually) with other artist/ Friends and get to know their work."

He adds, "In these pandemic times, when we have been confined more than at any other time that most of us have ever experienced, painting light and space with a touch of serenity allowed my mind to wander beyond the confines of my studio."





## ***Bonnie Zimmer--environmental scientist and photographer--embellishes her images with words***



*Top left: "Woolman Hill Meetinghouse"; Top right, "Oolan:" Above: "Canyon de Chelly," photographs © Bonnie Zimmer*

*FQA member Bonnie Zimmer* was introduced to photography when her grandmother gave her an old Brownie camera as a birthday gift at age 10. It didn't take many years to outgrow that first camera and start begging rides to the nearest camera store 50 miles distant from her rural Appalachian community. The store's owner taught her basic photography and hired her to work on Saturdays so that she could buy a quality SLR camera.

Then education, parenting, and a busy professional life as a staff scientist for Environmental Protection and a university lecturer demanded much of her time for the next 35 years. During this time she became a semi-professional photographer – winning competitions and occasionally selling a few photographs.

Much of her photographic work reflects her spiritual journey as a Friend and shows a search for that of the Spirit in everything that exists — whether it be the eyes of a child, the stillness of a Meetinghouse, or the vibrancy of creation.

# Looking for God

by Bonnie Zimmer

I looked for God in loving touch  
a child's need  
but deadened eyes and sunken cheeks found  
Only pain and sorrow oozing evil  
with angry words and heavy hand  
I turned my eyes away.

Not here. Maybe nowhere.

I looked for God in healing words  
The gentle touch and voice of one who cared  
Still the child's need but now a hint of  
Wholeness disguised beneath  
remembered terror

Maybe.

Maybe somewhere near.

I looked for god in beauty  
found her there in the yellow curl of spring daffodil.  
rushing water over rocks  
Delicate bloom unfurled

Majestic mountain. Death.

She whispers now "but there is more"  
Content, I looked no more, but found then  
That god was also in a kind word

A gentle thought, the glance  
exchanged by lovers across a crowded room  
She whispers once again "there is still more"  
I found at last that god was also in the  
darkness before the dawn

Even the raucous cacophoney -  
October's last flaming hurrah

The pregnant depth of rich loam  
waiting to nourish far-flung seeds

Was in the gush of blood and water  
and the child's first outraged cry

Even in that stillness was the doubt of soul's  
deep despair

I wallowed there, unsure

No longer knowing what to think to see to be  
and then the familiar whisper

"Wait there is still more"

Even the angry word.

And god sprang into the minutiae of common  
ordinary life.

The cracked bowl

The blighted corn, the skinned knee.

I was content, rested then on sure  
knowledge that I had found a center.  
But then again the whisper.

"There is still more."

Is this then a test or only random chance?

I stumble, fall deep  
into depth of doubt.

Pain. Death. Loss. A hundred tiny losses.

Every day. Is this too where to find god?

How can it be? I want god in the burning beauty  
In the tender love, not in this messy business of  
dying.

Then I discover how sweet is the taste  
of summer when

It may be the last.

How wondrous to be acutely aware  
of every moment.

How free to know that now is when I must do  
Only what is most important, must shrug away

The superfluous the dross the unneeded

Here that I plunge into the fire

Unknown depths

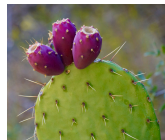
Stillness gathers

Settles in my belly

It is here that I find god.

Here that her voice comes once again:

"Did I not say that there was more?"







## **Keep Watch**

words and photographs  
by John Holliger

***Keep watch, Keep watch, dear Lord, with those who work,  
or watch or weep this night, and give thine angels  
charge over those who sleep.***

***Tend the sick, Lord Christ; give rest to the weary, bless the dying,  
soothe the suffering, pity the afflicted, shield the joyous,  
and all... all...all for thy love's sake.***



# *Types and Shadows history of Quaker artists feature:*

*With permission from author Gary Sandman, each T&S presents a vignette of an historic or contemporary Quaker artist, most from Sandman's book, Quaker Artists. Each entry is researched and written by Gary Sandman. Check out [www.garysandmanartist.com](http://www.garysandmanartist.com).*

## GRAHAM LEWINTON

In January a Friend named Graham Lewinton posted an amazing painting of his on “Quaker Artists History”, my Facebook page. It was called “Advices and Queries”.

Graham Lewinton (b. 1954) is an English painter. He is largely self-taught. Many of his works are inspired by a dislike of bullying and oppression, and these focus on pollution, Israel and Gaza, Arab Spring and the Dale Farm evictions. Some works feature portraits and landscapes. Among other places, Graham has had exhibitions at X-Church, Tate Modern, the Bird's Nest Gallery, Kunstkreis Kloster Brunshausen, the Box and Doddington Hall. He is a member of the Lincolnshire Artists Society.

Graham began attending Lincoln (BrYM) Meeting at the suggestion of a friend. After a painful childhood, he had grown up to become a very angry man. His friend felt that Quakers might be helpful with his anger. At his first Meeting for Worship Graham sat silently and looked at the parquet floor, a floor like the one in his parent's home. Painful memories of his past came flooding back. On the way home he pulled his car over to the side of the road and began to cry. Afterward, he says, “I felt clean”. He has been going to Friends Meeting ever since and became a member in 2013. He sees Quakerism as an on-going practice that has allowed him to heal.

“Advices and Queries”, an acrylic painting, depicts Lincoln Friends as pictured from above. Members and attenders sit on chairs while beneath them, on the parquet floor, are inscribed Quaker advices and queries as well as George Fox quotes. Graham jokes that he painted it “hanging from a chandelier”. Actually, he created it by leaning over a balustrade in the Meetinghouse and snapping a photograph of each Friend, one at a time, as a guide. Problems arose with perspective and structure, however, and the painting took him nearly three years to complete. The original hangs in the Lincoln Meetinghouse. (“Quaker Advices and Queries, Numbers 42 and 44”, his paintings of those words, rest on either side). The Meeting sells prints and postcards of it as a fundraiser.

I loved Graham Lewinton's “Advices and Queries”. It perfectly captures the feeling of a Friends Meeting for Worship. The color is vibrant. The detail is exquisite. (At first I thought it was a photograph). I was especially charmed by the boy in the bottom center, glancing to his left, and the nearby dog, also gazing left. (It is pictured below). For more works by this remarkable artist, go to [www.grahamlewinton.com](http://www.grahamlewinton.com)







*Types and Shadows*, Journal of the  
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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.*

## *In this Issue...*

*Text and photographs by three photographers: Bonnie Zimmer, FL; John Holliger, OH; and Skip Schiel, MA; Paintings by Jonathan Talbot, NY; Essays by Doris Pulone, NY; and Gary Sandman, VA*



*"This Day," photograph by John Holliger*