FQA

Types and Shadows

Issue ***#101*** Autumn 2024

Journal of the *Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts*

Types and Shadows
Issue #101

Cover Art: *Photo by Sarah Blackburn Kehoe* ©2024
"Poppy, Anchorage, Alaska in summer. Reminds me of the Center we go to for protection, peace, prayer."
(More photos by Sarah on pages 3, 6 and 10)

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Editor's Message

Friends,

We don't usually do "theme issues" for T&S. But when looking over the items at the top of our "IN" box, an unwelcome but unavoidable motif appeared: We were emerging from a summer marked by disasters, past, present, in fact and fiction, image and word, and with portents of future upheavals.

Like this present one: near Asheville, North Carolina, this meeting-house, new in 2003, was swamped by the floods wrought by Hurricane Helene. As we were going to press, inspectors were coming to town to see if it, and many other buildings could be salvaged at all, if it would ever again resemble this quiet pre-flood image.

In the same week, a federal emergency relief crew near there hastily stopped work and took cover in the face of credible threats that an armed "militia" group, succumbing to deranged anti-government conspiracy theories, was hunting for them, stalking the mountains like some lingering dry ghosts of Helene.

Fortunately, we have some pieces of beauty here, as you will see. Life, Light and art go on, along with loss and recovery.

Chuck Fager

A fine meetinghouse, now buried in mud.

Featured Quaker Artist

Sarah Blackburn Kehoe

Granddaughter of Baptist Ministers, my Quaker days began at age five among Settle Friends in North Yorkshire. Meeting was vibrant, influential on my life, and I benefited also from Yorkshire Friends Holiday Schools and Young Friends gatherings. A parental dream to farm necessitated a move to Wales at age 15. There, kind caring Quakers asked me to represent them at World Gathering of Young Friends [in Greensboro, North Carolina USA] in 1985, and so began my journey with international Quakerism.

After a gap year with *Quaker Peace and Service* in Alsace, university days allowed time with Paris and European Friends, an internship with Quaker House Brussels, and wardenship at Bradford UK Meeting. I married upon graduation and moved to Hidden Hill Friends Center, an intentional community near Fairbanks, Alaska. There, aged 23, among Chena Ridge Friends, I joined the Society. In 1999, a move to the small "town" of Talkeetna gave the opportunity to start Three Rivers Friends Worship Group, now Meeting, while working as a Physician Associate at the local community health and raising a son and twin daughters.

My journey with art began with the gift of a camera for my 18th birthday and particular encouragement from my Dad. Photography accentuates my vision, and captures memories of the still small Voice "speaking", of Nudges to see splendid sights that fill me with awe and deepen my faith. I've felt increasingly led to write for the last eight years and appreciate the support of Friends in this.

Sarah Blackburn Kehoe
Dyffryncefnfaes, Tegryn, Llanfyrnach, Cymru (Wales)

Photo by Sarah Blackburn Kehoe

Wild Roses, Talkeetna AK

In 2023, children grown and flown, heartstrings tugged me back to Wales to spend lost time with my father. In essence I have turned full circle back to my roots, and worship now with Preseli Friends. So has been my 52 year journey so far with Friends.

Photo by Sarah Blackburn Kehoe

Cornflower, Birch Creek Farm, Talkeetna AK

Featured Quaker Artist

Henry Taylor, Poet

Intro by Chuck Fager

In 1986, the winner of the Pulitzer Prize for poetry was Henry Taylor, a professor of literature at American University in Washington (D.C.).

Probably few readers know that Henry Taylor is a Quaker: I did not when I first heard him read his work on a local radio show that year.

But something about the artful directness of his poems and the plain way he spoke of them was so striking that soon I strongly suspected he was a Friend, a suspicion soon confirmed by his answer to a caller's question.

In fact, he was not just a member, but then Clerk of Goose Creek Meeting in Lincoln Virginia, where three of his Taylor forebears, two of them named Henry, also served as Clerk.

Lincoln is a historic village about 50 miles northwest of Washington D.C. First called Goose Creek in the 1750s by its Quaker settlers, they opposed secession and slavery, and tried to be neutral in the Civil War. When Union forces came to burn out Confederate guerrillas in late November 1864, Quaker farms and mills were burned as well.

Goose Creek became the first community in the post-Civil War South to be renamed for assassinated President Abraham Lincoln.

Henry Taylor spoke at Baltimore YM in the summer of 1986, and read several of his poems. Three of his poems are included beon this and the following pages, along with excerpts from his talk and a later interview in the Roanoke Review.

Henry Taylor, 2021

Bernard and Sarah

[Ed. note: The Bernard in this poem was one of the previous Taylor clerks of Goose Creek Meeting.]

"Hang them where they'll do some good,"
my grandfather said, as he placed the dusty
photograph in my father's hands.
My father and I stared at two old people posed
stiffly side by side--
my great-great-great-grandparents, in the days
when photography was young, and they were not.

My father thought it out as we drove home.
Deciding that they might do the most good
somewhere out of sight, my father drove
a nail into the back wall of his closet;

they have hung there ever since, brought out
only on such occasions as the marriage
of one of his own children. "I think you ought
to know the stock you're joining with," he says.
Then back they go to the closet, where they hang
keeping their counsel until it is called for.

Yet, through walls, over miles of fields and woods
that flourish still around the farm they cleared,
their eyes light up the closet of my brain
to draw me toward the place I started from,
and when I have come home, they take me in.

Taylor on being a "Quaker poet"

"I have avoided linking 'poet' and 'Friend' in any adjective-noun combination because, to me, terms like 'Quaker poet' suggest kinds of work that I rarely do.

As a writer, I suppose I have been more keenly aware of my Southern heritage than my Quaker heritage, though the tensions inherent in being a Southern Quaker have been rewarding, since the values and attitudes of Quakerism have sometimes been at odds with the values and attitudes that shaped most of the rural South. So, I have what seems to me a usefully schizophrenic reaction to such things as tradition, ceremony, form and change….

I have tried to avoid being fancy even when some subtlety was unavoidable; in a state of patiently active waiting. I have been a seeker for the phrasing, and the world view, that would seem truest and most nearly unrevisable."

Nevertheless, a recognizable few of Taylor's poems are at least Quaker-inflected; for instance, My Sister Hannah, excerpted on the next page.

More Henry Taylor on page 5 >>

<< Henry Taylor from page 4

From: "My Dear Sister Hannah"

Henry Taylor:

Okay, let me just say by setting this up, this is a letter written in 1864 [during the Civil War] from a woman named Carrie Taylor, who lived in Purcellville, Virginia, to her sister Hannah Stabler, who lived over around Sandy Spring, Maryland. And there is such a letter…. This poem is a versification of that letter. It draws heavily upon it. And the Quakers did not use names of the days of the week, so second day is Monday.

This is about a burning raid that was conducted in western Loudoun County in December of 1864 by some Union troops that were trying to destroy the provender that could be supplying [Confederate raider John] Mosby's troops. Mosby was that guerrilla warfare guy that hung out in that Fauquier and Loudoun counties [in Virginia]. And he would strike in the middle of the night and make off with a colonel, or something like that, from a Union camp. And they wanted to deplete his supply sources, so they burned up barns and drove off livestock and so on. This woman is writing to her sister about how that happened.

Second Day morning. I am ashamed
to write so bad a letter,
but time is too scarce to write it over,
and I might not do it better,
for the subject makes me so nervous
I can hardly write.

Since I began this, another loss
struck us Seventh Day night,
when our good blind mare died suddenly.
William had ridden her a day or two.
She had the colic, he thinks.
One thing is sure,
he has lost his last horse, poor man.
He is down to one colt now.
One of our cows came home this morning—mine.
Alice's pretty cow is gone.
Whole flocks and herds are loose along the moun-
tain road,
and people are busily taking them up
by stealth and force and fraud.

We have hogs, and would butcher tomorrow,
but there is still the threat
of soldiers returning, for we have heard
they are not done with us yet.
I despise the rebels more than ever
for causing this awful mess.

Some weak-minded people will perhaps
be more [illegible] after this,
but all I can say is they never had
any unionism about them.
True, these were Sheridan's orders and men,
though we could have done without them.
Alice thinks it would be nice to have
a photograph of us
around the officer, pleading for the barn,
but we looked so dolorous
I doubt we would gladly send it to you.
William says ask Robert
if there is an old blind horse about
he could trade for a bare cupboard.
I don't feel like starting over here,
but if we went away
we would be beggars. Uncle Henry
still has his barn today,
Uncle Aquilla's is not burned either,
so close to the house they spared it,
and Jonah Hatcher's is not; he bought
them off, as I have heard it.
I must close. How I wish to see thee!
Alice has much to tell,
and would write, but is too near crazy.
Do write us. Love to all.
Sincerely, thy sister.

Henry Taylor:

. . . As a person who has been called a Southern writer . . . I'm also a member of the Religious Society of Friends, the Quakers. And it's an interesting thing to have grown up being a Southern Quaker, because the values and attitudes of the Quakers are significantly at odds with many of the values and attitudes that built the rural South. The Quakers were abolitionists, and they were pacifists, so they didn't cheerfully take sides with anybody who was fighting, but they were more in sympathy with the Union position than they were with the people defending slavery. This . . . burning was in Northern Virginia, but Carrie Taylor and the people she mentions, when she says that they despise the rebels for causing all this, she's not kidding.

More Henry Taylor on page 6 >>

<< Henry Taylor from page 5

***From an interview in the Roanoke Review, 2021 about Henry's poem* Landscape with Tractor:**

Olivia Sammy: Thank you. Incredible poem. So, I wanted to talk about for this one. . . you like to focus on the . . . so what made you depart from your writing about everyday occurrences . . .?

Henry Taylor: Well, every now and then . . . violence has [a way] of coming suddenly into the mundane and the everyday and turning it into something else entirely. . . . and my thought was that this is how life is, that it goes along apparently minding its own business for a while and all of a sudden there's this thing that happens.

And this poem is written in such a way as to try to avoid suggesting that it happened to me because it didn't. Notice that it is in the second person for most of the way . . . .

A man that worked for my father had this experience on our property and it haunted me until I was able to find a way to write about it.

Photo by Sarah Blackburn Kehoe

At the Alaska Botanical Garden, summer

Landscape With Tractor

How would it be if you took yourself off
to a house set well back from a dirt road,
with, say, three acres of grass bounded
by road, driveway, and vegetable garden?

Spring and summer you would mow the field,
not down to lawn, but with a bushhog,
every six weeks or so, just often enough
to give grass a chance, and keep weeds down.

And one day —call it August, hot, a storm
recently past, things green and growing a bit,
and you're mowing, with half your mind
on something you'd rather be doing, or did once.

Three rounds, and then on the straight
alongside the road, maybe three swaths in
from where you are now , you glimpse it.
People will toss all kinds of crap from their cars.

It's a clothing store dummy, for God's sake.
Another two rounds, and you'll have to stop,
contend with it, at least pull it off to one side.
You keep going. Two rounds more, then down

off the tractor, and Christ! Not a dummy, a corpse.
The field tilts, whirls, then steadies as you run.
Telephone. Sirens. Two local doctors use pitchforks
to turn the body, some four days dead, and ripening.

And the cause of death no mystery: two bullet holes
in the breast of a well-dressed Black woman
in perhaps her mid-thirties. They wrap her,
take her away. You take the rest of the day off.

Next day, you go back to the field, having
to mow over the damp dent in the tall grass
where bluebottle flies are still swirling,
but the bushhog disperses them, and all traces.

Weeks pass. You hear at the post office
that no one comes forward to say who she was.
Brought out from the city, they guess, and dumped
like a bag of beer cans. She was someone,

and now is no one, buried or burned
or dissected; but gone. And I ask you
again, how would it be? To go on with your life,
putting gas in the tractor, keeping down thistles,

and seeing, each time you pass that spot,
the form in the grass, the bright yellow skirt,
black shoes, the thing not quite like a face
whose gaze blasted past you at nothing when the
doctors heaved her over?

To wonder,
from now on, what dope deal, betrayal,
or innocent refusal, brought her here,
and to know she will stay in that field till you die?

The Shadow at the Pride Festival

Chuck Fager

A year ago, on the first Saturday in October, the Friends Meeting I'm part of took a big step: we rented a booth at the Alamance Pride Festival, held in a large park in downtown Burlington NC.

Photo by Chuck Fager

Alamance Pride, October, 2023

Outwardly, our booth was not particularly eye-catching. Amid the fluttering of a thousand floating rainbows, the yellow table banner we made for it is about as gaudy as we get. (Is a table banner art?)

Spring Friends Meeting has been what many call an "affirming" congregation for more than a dozen years, and we've paid our share of dues for that. But we didn't do it for publicity, and we haven't done much of what many others call evangelism, which we'd rather name "outreach." We have lots of opinions about things, but are mostly quiet about them.

Spring Friends Meeting's booth

Maybe too quiet. Spring has been gathering for Quaker worship in southern Alamance County for 251 years, but we soon found out at the booth that hardly anyone we talked to knew we were there. Which meant that Pride was a great opportunity for our outreach aspirations, but it also brought home the suspicion that maybe we had been a bit too ready to "hide our lamp under a bushel," for much of those two-and-a-half centuries, which is something the gospel says not to do. There's a false modesty which at bottom is mostly a mix of snobbery and pride.

Bayard Rustin

A special handout was by Bayard Rustin, a key but neglected figure in the 1940s-70s civil rights movement. In 1947 his peaceful but militant protest against segregation got him arrested and sent to serve time on a North Carolina chain gang. Rustin was also a Black gay Quaker, whose story and witness is less well-known than it should be. We reprinted his account of the chain gang experience to give out at the booth to help fill this gap in Carolina and Quaker history.

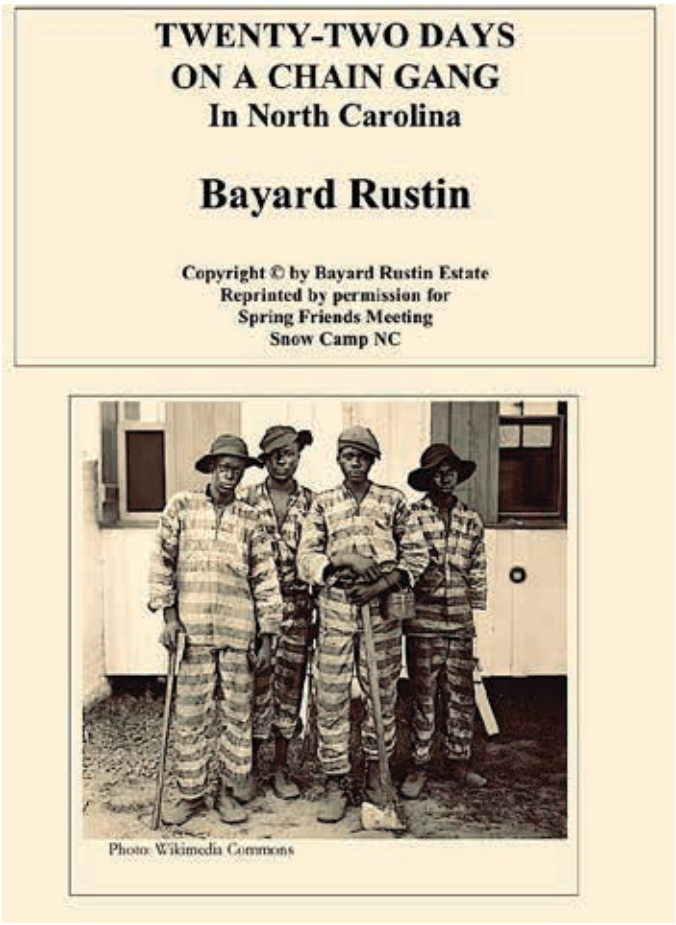


Photo by Chuck Fager

More Pride Festival on page 8 >>

<< *Pride Festival from page 7*

We weren't bothered when some local preachers appeared outside the park fence, and decided to preach the Queer out of all of us, even the hetero sympathizers like me.

Of course, they thought they were doing us a big favor, saving us from burning in hellfire. But I long ago signed up with Mark Twain's sage judgment that you look to heaven for the climate, but hell is where the good company hangs out. Besides which my brand of Quakers don't really believe in hell; that's because we have committees instead.

The response of the Pride organizers and attenders was impressive: they avoided shouting or cursing back. Instead, an impromptu chorus gathered on the other side of the fence, and spearheaded by a guerrilla guitarist named Daniel Ayers, they started singing affirming songs with a lusty verve which made the sermonizing all but inaudible.

So all in all, this old Quaker was well worn out by the day's exertions, but when we were folding the tent and packing up, the conclusion was that Alamance Pride had been a valuable and rewarding venture, a full, fine day.

That upbeat mood lasted maybe twenty minutes, til I was in the car headed home, and turned on the news.

I think you know the rest.

Another festival that same day, with ties to another religious group, and pursuing an ambience of peace and music, turned out cataclysmically different while we were frolicking in the Carolina sunshine. That was 6000-plus miles away, but the echoes of its screams, and the pall of the smoke and fires spread to cover much of America as well.

That was then. But this past Saturday, it was still now.

Was? Is.

Our booth looked much the same; our handouts were the same. The spirit of Pride was still strong.

But this year, Pride was different. Shadowed. At least for me.

News reports, October 7, 2024:

Israel: Memorial gathering at the site of the Nova Music festival where the Hamas attacks began, October 7, 2023.

Today: Massive destruction and death in a wider Middle East war continue, no end in site, October 7, 2023.

NBC News

A New Quaker Historical Novel

To Every Season

by Nancy Learned Haines

Book Cover by Melissa Bourbon

When a young woman moves her family to the North Carolina wilderness, she needs all her spiritual strength and compassion to become the leader her Quaker community needs.

In the mid-1700s, Mary Jackson, a lively young Irish wife and mother, emigrates with a large group of Quaker settlers from Pennsylvania to the North Carolina wilderness. She and her husband, Isaac, have a loving, joyful relationship. Life is hard, but also exciting. The Jacksons clear their land, build their home, and raise their growing family. Mary answers the call to lead the women in her Quaker meeting, a role she struggles to fulfill with sensitive insight and loving care.

Years later, their peaceful community is shattered as farmers rise in rebellion against the British government's increasing corruption. The rebellion is crushed, but the unrest continues to fester.

The Quaker community dwindles as the leader of their meeting moves his family and followers to Georgia. Despite her efforts, the remaining pacifist Quakers are unable to stop the violence. As she works to bring the community back together, the drumbeats of the American Revolution reach the Piedmont, and Mary needs all her spiritual strength to help her small Quaker meeting survive.

Nancy Learned Haines did extensive research into the early years of Quaker settlement in central North Carolina. Her book is available on Amazon.

To Every Season, an excerpt:

The war eventually came closer to the Eno Friends. In 1781, General Cornwallis and a large army marched across the western Piedmont. He and his men briefly occupied the town of Hillsborough and used this as an opportunity to recruit Loyalists to their cause. In March, they headed toward Guilford County. There, the Patriot army under the command of General Nathanael Greene was able to defeat the British troops, who suffered great losses. Greene's troops were able to drive Cornwallis and his men into Virginia.

The third colonial governor, Thomas Burke, was installed at the state capital, which was now located in Hillsborough.

Unlike his predecessor, Burke encouraged the militia and their resistance to the British and Tory forces. On a foggy fall morning on the twelfth of Ninth Month, the Loyalist army, led by David Fanning, was able to enter the town undetected and quickly overpowered the local militia. Fanning's men secured the town and captured over two hundred prisoners, including Governor Burke, Several former Quakers were among the imprisoned. The raiding army ransacked the government offices and looted the supplies. Many of the men got into the liquor stored in cellars and drunkenly loaded up the wagons with their booty. By noon, British troops left Hillsborough, heading back to Wilmington.

When he heard what had happened, the Patriot General John Butler immediately rode with his men to the ford on Cane Creek, near the mill owned by the Quaker Thomas Lindley. They ambushed the British attackers to rescue the prisoners, and killed several of the leaders.

After the battle at Thomas Lindley's Mill, the members of the Spring Meeting on the lower Cane Creek put out a call for aid. There were hundreds of wounded men

More "To Every Season" on page 10 >>

<< "To Every Season" from page 9

from both sides, many using the local meetinghouse as a makeshift hospital. Mary and Isaac loaded up the wagon with herbs and salves, cloths to use as bandages, blankets, and other supplies. Elizabeth, now married, was living at home while her husband was in the Kentucky County looking for land to claim for their home. She went with her parents to help, as did her brothers Isaac and John. Mary's brother-in-law agreed to look after their livestock, since he didn't feel able to travel at the time. Along the way, they stopped at the homes of their neighbors, asking for contributions of supplies and for others to accompany them.

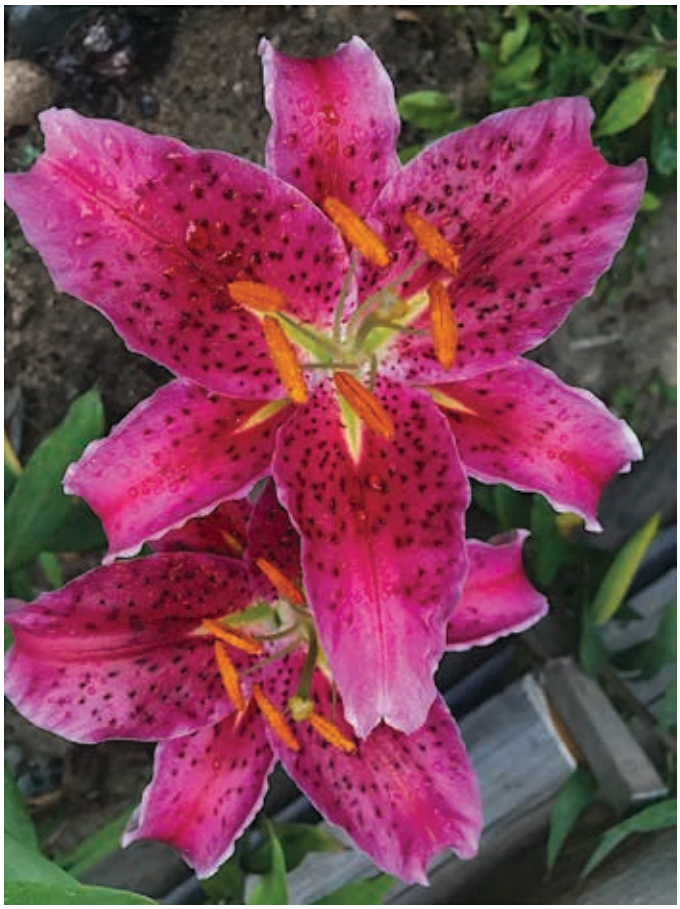
When they arrived at the Lindley mill, they looked at the chaos. Wounded men were lying on the ground all around the meetinghouse grounds. Boys were rushing back and forth with pails of water, and others were carrying buckets of old bandages to be washed in the creek. Girls were doing their best to comfort the groaning men and assist the few surgeons who were providing medical care.

Isaac and his sons went to work unloading their wagons while Mary and Elizabeth grabbed bandages and blankets to join the women in caring for the wounded. The men then went to assist in digging graves for the dead. So many had died that they were forced to bury them in mass graves with no coffins. Isaac noticed that an open grave already had fourteen bodies that he could see, and this was only one of the many graves.

The work went on for several days before all of the wounded were stabilized and the dead buried. The members of Spring Meeting invited everyone to join them in a meeting for worship and settled into silence, exhausted from the work and the grief. Several of the men and women offered heartfelt prayers consigning the dead to God's mercy and begging for relief for the suffering survivors. One elder of the meeting spoke at length about the Quaker testimony that Christians should not engage in violence, but added that they had a responsibility to help heal the results.

The Jacksons stayed in the area for a few extra days to help clean up the debris from the makeshift hospital. Mary tended to the men who were too wounded to move. Finally, they climbed into their wagons and headed home. ☙

More Photos by Sarah Blackburn Kehoe



Tiger Lilies at Takeeltna, Alaska

Unnamed Pink Blooms, Alaska

Two Landmarks

#1 Garret Talbot

Obituary

On July 23, 2024 our FQA Board Member Jonathan Talbot learned that his son Garret had died in a fire that destroyed a storage barn by Jonathan's home in Warwick New York.

Besides offering our deep sympathy for this loss, we are sharing here Garret's obituary, written by his sister Loren Talbot, edited for length:

For 47 years, Garret Jordan Nathaniel Talbot walked this earth with purpose and connection. Garret was an incredibly dedicated and passionate man who deeply loved his family and friends, both near and far. Whether he met you on the street or at work, in a cafe or in a bar, while looking at art or listening to music, Garret could find the things you had in common and draw you into conversation. He was an incredibly knowledgeable polymath whose bedside table was a home to books of Greek myth and ancient philosophers, as well as graphic novels. He loved animals and had a particular fondness for cats.

Garret spent more than 20 years working as a Local 580 union ironworker for Post Road Iron Works. He took deep pride in his work and welded in some of the most iconic buildings in New York City's skyline, including the Freedom Tower and 9/11 memorial site . . . Yankee Stadium, and the Coney Island Aquarium, to name just a few. Garret was also one of the first ironworkers to go into Ground Zero on 9/11, to cut away the wreckage in an effort to find survivors.

His vision extended beyond his work, and it began developing at an early age. When he was only 2, he participated in his first outdoor art show, selling his works on the streets of Wickford, R.I. Later on, he had a zine called "Bread and Butter," which included his linotypes and writings. He was deeply interested in making sculpture, and he had the opportunity to repair some pieces by the renowned artist Frederick Franck. Garret's last show, "Shots From Above," boasted images he had taken while working on his job. He loved sharing his art, and his images hang on the walls of many people in his circle today.

Garret studied music only briefly, but he had an ear for sound. He routinely played the instruments of his friends and family more often than they did. No matter how long you worked on tuning your guitar, Garret would re-tune it. He had eclectic taste in music. His first concert was Murphy's Law (we don't talk about the Milli Vanilli one), and the last was Tool. His love of folk music ran deep, and throughout his life he sang with friends and family.

He was a prolific traveler — both in the wider world and within himself. Garret rebuilt, converted, and retrofitted many boats. One was the the 140-foot SV Kwai, on which he crossed the Atlantic and continued on to Suriname. This boat went on to clean up more plastic in the Pacific Ocean than any other ship before it. Garret was always up for an adventurous road trip anywhere.

Garret's death has profoundly impacted so many. And he has left his parents, Jonathan and Marsha Talbot; his sister, Loren Talbot and so many others with broken hearts and a deep longing for his presence. This feeling extends throughout his chosen family of friends, his fellow Local 580 ironworkers, his shipmates, his former partners, and his vast community both near and far. Garret loved deeply, and he was so deeply loved.

A celebration of Garret's life was held on September 28, 2024. His ashes will be scattered at sea.

Loren Talbot

Website: www.lorentalbot.com

Landmark #2 on back page >>

Types and Shadows, Journal of
the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts
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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...

Pride Festival News, Two Landmarks, Photography, Poetry and A New Quaker Historical Novel!

Two Landmarks

#2 Keith Calmes and Joanna L. Patterson

A Time for Embracing

In many areas, Quakers have laid down Quarterly Meetings, as obsolete in modern times.

But in South New Jersey, three Quarterly meetings of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting (Haddonfield, Salem, Burlington) persist. And no more so than at the annual gathering called “TriQuarter,” held in September (err, Ninth Month), at YMCA's delightful "Camp of the Pines," in Medford Lakes, east of Philadelphia & south of Trenton.

The program says it is “a valuable opportunity to convene with nature, participate in workshops led by members of our community, and develop new and lasting friendships.” That plus an art show and sale, hosted by FQA.

A few years ago at the TriQuarter art show, FQA board member and guitar virtuoso Keith Calmes met Joanna Lippincott Patterson, who was displaying her photography and artwork. One TriQuarter led to another, and on Ninth Month 21, 2024, Keith and Joanna were married under the care of Moorestown Meeting (NJ).

Best wishes, Friends!