FQA

Types and Shadows

DO's & DON'Ts to Get a Great Picture

DO wade into the pond up to your neck.
DON'T scare mom away.
DO Press the button.
DON'T trip and drown.

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Journal of the *Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts*

Types and Shadows
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Cover Art:

*Top photo - Featured Artist **Mary Waddington** from YouTube.*
*Middle - Mary's **Do's and Don'ts to Get a Great Picture**.*
*Bottom photo - Duck and Chicks, photo by **Mary Waddington.***
Despite looking like it must be enhanced by AI, this is a live master photo taken by Mary as she describes at end of the article on pages 4-6.
More of Mary's photography can be seen on pages 3-7.

The Clerks' Column:
A Note of Transition

Dear Friends,

After a recent and serious fall that left me with three broken bones, I have been led to step down as Clerk of FQA. It has become clear—both physically and inwardly—that I must lay this responsibility down.

Serving as Clerk offered its own kind of learning. It asked much of me in ways I hadn't expected, and in that space, I was reminded of how essential it is to recognize and nourish the creative gifts each of us brings. I carry forward a deeper appreciation for the many forms that service can take—and for the importance of honoring the artist's path, even within structures that ask for organization and oversight.

My own work centers the voices and visions of artists with disabilities, and I find myself, more and more, walking alongside them—not only in solidarity, but through lived experience. This unfolding identity invites me into deeper listening, greater patience, and renewed creativity. It also sharpens my sense of how vital it is for spaces like this Fellowship to lift up those whose expressions may be shaped by pain, difference, or limitation—and yet are no less radiant for it.

I remain on the board of directors and continue to hold the Fellowship in the Light. My commitment to the transformative power of art within Quaker witness has not changed. What has changed is how I am called to serve.

May we all grow in our awareness of the many ways the Spirit moves through creativity, and may we support one another with tenderness, clarity, and care.

In Friendly Solidarity,

Jeanmarie Simpson, Outgoing Clerk, FQA

Notes from the Incoming CoClerks

Dear Friends,

The transition from summer to winter often feels like a time for other life transitions. ***Jeanmarie Simpson***, who has skillfully clerked FQA for the last two years has decided that the time has come to lay down those responsibilities.

The Fellowship has prospered with her artistic energy and guidance. We are sad to lose Jeanmarie's talents in the role of Clerk and thank her for the work that she has done. We are fortunate and grateful that Jeanmarie will remain on the board of FQA.

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>> Clerks' Column, from page 2

In response, the FQA Board has enumerated and determined ways that some of the numerous clerking responsibilities can be shouldered by other individuals. In addition, instead of a single Clerk, we will be experimenting with CoClerks, with each individual having primary responsibility with specific clerking duties. Clerks Doris Pulone and Bonnie Zimmer have agreed to act as CoClerks during this period.

Doris: "I recall sitting at the table at Trenton Friends Meeting in the Fall of 1991, as Minnie Jane Ham, Mary DeAngelis, Louis Lefevre and other Trenton Friends first envisioned a Quaker artists' group. I've never been able to walk away since that afternoon. I've seen FQA grow in the hundreds and then almost dissolve.

FQA has given me a lot over these last thirty-three years: inspiration, support, challenges, joys and knowledge.

Most importantly, the courage to call myself an artist and meeting friends for life. I am honored to act as CoClerk of this cherished organization."

Bonnie: "I first heard about FQA sometime in the mid-1990's when Elke Muller and I were making photos on the beach near my home and she told me about FQA and that I should get to know this group of Quakers who were serious about art as a spiritual expression. Since then I have learned and grown, dared to think of myself as an artist and writer as well as a scientist.

There have been days of boundless joy and deep frustration as I have tried and sometimes failed at new skills. But I also developed deep friendships, been stretched as an artist and inspired by the work of others.

Although I have played several roles for FQA throughout the years, stepping into this role of CoClerk is both an honor and a new challenge.

It is an important time for FQA. We are in times that, though upsetting in the extreme, need and are ripe for the bravery of artistic expression. We can be part of making that happen. FQA is increasing in membership, providing platforms and opportunities to share art through our website, *Types & Shadows*, digital exhibits and in person shows.

But above that, what we find most important is helping our fellow members to connect, network, share, and befriend.

The Writers' and Artists' group meets provide additional information, energy and support to a swath of FQA artists across the country, and the world. Local in-person art shows in the name of FQA connect people together real time.

If you have interest in producing an art show, performance, workshop, etc. in your location, let us know! FQA wants to help however we can.

Bonnie Zimmer & Doris Pulone, Incoming CoClerks, FQA

Photo by Mary Waddington

Featured Quaker Artist

Mary Waddington: Mystic Traveler in the Deep Interior

Mary Waddington (1937-2024) lived her 87 years close to home in Salem County, southern New Jersey, near where the Delaware Bay meets the Atlantic ocean, an area where her Quaker ancestors settled in the 1680s. After decades as a medical secretary and a busy mother, she turned to a passion (a leading/vocation) for photography, mainly of subjects in her home area.

Mary Waddington, photo from PBS

From scattered interviews, the integration of her life and art with her Quakerism, becomes unmistakable.

Her niece, *Kindred Gottlieb*, recalled:
"I once asked Mary how she recovered from childhood polio, which was fatal for many then.

She told me that when the public health people came to their door to take Mary to a sanatorium for paralyzed kids, my grandmother, being the wise Quaker that she was, and believing in a child's ability to follow God and discern their path in life, turned to Mary and asked her if she would like to go with the men to stay with the other children in the sanatorium.

Mary said she had a bad feeling about leaving home. At home, she was surrounded by her three siblings, who would crowd into her room, jump on her bed, keep her entertained, and make her laugh. She knew on some profound level that this was vital to her recovery, so she told her mother that no, she did not want to go stay at the sanitorium.

The health officials, as you can imagine, were quite upset by this and insisted that my grandmother was being irresponsible– that Mary's only chance of survival was to come with them and that she needed to protect her other children from catching the disease.

But Mabel stood firm, saying, "You heard my daughter. If she wants to stay, she will stay."

Mary told me that without being surrounded by all of the laughter and fun, and fresh air, that she may not have recovered. She actually went back to ballet after her recovery to dance in a concert, but her foot turned a little wrong and she accidentally kicked her slipper into the audience. She was mortified and after that, she left dancing forever."

In a PBS video interview, Mary spoke of her artistic "evolution." Like her mother, her interest in art began with painting:

Mary: I did basically oil painting until I was married and had my first child. And then... the paint got dry on the palette and things got kicked over and it just wasn't the same. So I picked up a camera, and I realized that all the rules that apply to painting also apply to photography as far as I could see: the texture, the negative space, the lighting, you know. So I loved it and it was instant.

Photo by Mary Waddington

Going digital was also a big advance.

Mary: Being the frugal Quaker that I am, I really never liked using up all that film and printing things that maybe I never really wanted them either. And now I have control over the editing from the very beginning to the end. I love that part.

Oh yes, Quakers. Mary's Quaker ancestors came to New Jersey more than 300 years ago, when New Jersey's territory was under Quaker control, even before that young whippersnapper Willliam Penn got hold of what became the larger Quaker stronghold of Pennsylvania.

More Mary Waddington, page 5 >>

>> Mary Waddington, from page 4

Photo by Mary Waddington

Mary: There are two kinds of Quakers in this neck of the woods. One is called birthright and the other is called convinced. And I'm both.

I'm a Birthright – now they call it "lifelong" – member, because both of my parents came from a long lineage of Quakers. And so growing up, I had all of that, my relatives and my parents as examples of living Quakerism. And so that was very, very instrumental in who I am today.

Photo by Mary Waddington

But I'm also convinced, because in my teens, at George school (a Hicksite Quaker boarding school north of Philadelphia) I studied world religions and I was fascinated. I considered what they did for their congregants and what they didn't do. And still, I came back to Quakerism, because that was the fit for me as a contemplative.

I'm a Quaker because the meeting for worship suits me perfectly. I prefer to be an active part of the worship rather than a passive one. I prefer getting my inspiration and my guidance from the Source, rather than from intermediaries. Those are important points. I'm a Quaker because of the mysticism. I've always known how to empty my mind, being a contemplative.

So when my mind is totally empty, for instance, and meeting for worship, that's when the messages come. I think that's the whole charm and pull of Quakerism is that we have a direct connection with Source. We're guided by it, we're fed by it, we're inspired by it. And once you begin to have that working in your meeting for worship, you find that you can have it working in your daily life....

Quakerism is to be lived. It's not to be talked about or sampled on occasion, but is to be lived daily. That means that we must walk our talk. We must know what we're aiming for. You must believe in it....

(Mary accumulated a list of concerns and connections familiar to active Friends: prisoner support, a program for women in transition, using her camera to document social and cultural changes in her once almost exclusively rural farm county, under the pressures of modernization and urbanization. But she mixed all these with her attentive listening.)

Mary: I can think of a story that has to do with listening and following that still small voice within. I was making a trip down to Cape May [about 70 miles away] and had an appointment. But on the way, as I got down there close to the Bay, I was given this –it was almost a command. It was so strong, the urge to turn off my road and onto a dirt lane.

And I did it. And I thought perhaps it was a bird sanctuary (nearby where) I was meant to see a certain bird. And I got all the way to the end of this long dirt road, abruptly at a sand dune. And I thought, well.

I looked in the sky and I looked around and I thought, I haven't seen anything unusual. Why was I called to this spot?

I got out of my car and climbed the sand dune and what I saw in front of me was, a beached dolphin.

This dolphin had been fighting for I don't know how long to get himself back in the water, and he had dug himself a hole and the tide was receding.

Photo by Mary Waddington

More Mary Waddington, page 6 >>

>> Mary Waddington, from page 5

I rushed down and the first thing I did was to calm him. And I got down on my belly and I looked in his eyes and he looked in mine. And that was the connection. And I said relax, we're gonna do this together. And it's – it's very emotional to this day. It was such a mystical, beautiful, beautiful happening. And there was still occasionally a large wave or two that would come, and they sometimes came in threes. And these big, big waves actually filled his hole like a tub. And once I had removed the sand in front of him, there was a trench to the ocean.

I said now, when the wave, big wave comes, you lift and I'll push. And I said, here comes a big one.

And his body was all tense and the water came in and he somehow was able to lift himself up and I pushed him a little bit forward. And when the next wave came, I didn't have to tell him it was coming. He knew. He sensed and he was there and he was pushing up and I was pushing out to the ocean and we worked him out into the high tide.

Otherwise he would have been there all day while the tide receded and came up again, and it was hot summer, and it was sunny. He was dry, his skin was dry and his belly was abraded. And then we were going out together into the deep water and then it was him being able to swim away. We celebrated it together, and he dove under and I watched for where his trail was and when I saw his backfin flip up in the air two or three times, it was as though it were a hand, waving goodbye to me, and saying, "Thank you."

Photo by Mary Waddington

Photo by Mary Waddington

I came out of the water and I realized that I was weeping. And it was for the success of the story, but it was also for that deep connection with another person.

I called it a person, with eyes that were human and a brain that was working and emotions that were feeling. We were one entity working on this project, and I've never had quite such a powerful experience as this.

But I've had many, many mystical experiences, and this one was maybe my favorite.

Mary spent her whole life in South Jersey, and it provided most of her mature artistic material.

In another brief video interview, she spoke of her artistic outlook:

Mary: I'm inspired by water. Sunlight. Gentle people. Hard work. Authenticity. My concentration is on the simple life. I'm drawn to contentment. Self-sufficiency. Meaningful work. Harmony....

Also by a duck and chicks.

Mary: This shot is one of my challenges. My Muscovy duck lived on my pond and one day she hatched 12 chicks. And I couldn't resist her. So I rushed in and got my bathing suit on. I grabbed my camera. And what I had to do was doggy paddle with one hand, with the other hand holding the camera, and make it across the pond without scaring her away. And when I got close enough that I thought she was going to be angry with me, I treaded water and I focused my camera, quickly made the shot and got out of there fast.

>> *Mary Waddington, from page 6*

A 2017 interviewer asked: What is it that you look forward to when you grab your camera? What do you hope to see?

Mary: Well, I can't not do it. It's my life.

I like harsh weather, different weather, fierce weather I love to photograph in rainstorms and snowstorms. And fog. That draws me out. Anytime of the day I leave, I drop my work and I do that. Because that's my – that's my life.

Mary's work has been widely exhibited regionally. It ought to be better known. It brings to mind a stanza from the English mystic poet William Blake:

"To see a World in a Grain of Sand
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour."

William Blake

And maybe if you have some really good luck,
You can glimpse the Source in the chicks of a duck.

Find many more of Mary's photos here:

https://marywaddingtonfineartphotography.square.site/

Videos:

Mary Waddington in 4-minute video interview:
https://youtu.be/UfaPjdbty7U?si=ij4MuvFo-Gn6_oaI

Mary Waddington in an 11 minute video interview: "Quaker Mysticism":
https://youtu.be/zY5UDUnT8tE?si=rIRk3SNUnjbNwAaN

Here's a short video about Mary, her artist grandmother, and her sculptor daughter Debbie:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cjwvdw_sgsw

Photo by Mary Waddington
Looks like AI, or an Impressionist Master, but it's not.

Featured Quaker Artist

Lorena Caputo: Wandering Troubador

Wandering troubadour Lorena Caputo is a documentary poet, translator and travel writer. Her works appear in over 500 journals on six continents; and in 24 collections of poetry.

I have long known of FQA, having been a Friend since the mid-90s. I began worshipping with the Columbia (Missouri) Friends, and now worship virtually with the nascent Ecuador Friends Meeting and occasionally the Pasto (Colombia) Meeting.

Wherever I have journeyed in the Americas, I have worshipped with Friends (in Mexico, Costa Rica, Colombia, Peru), or met with them to know their work and lives (Nicaragua, Bolivia) — and even done volunteer stints (I was the librarian at the Casa de los Amigos in Mexico City and did a library workshop for Casa Ridgway in San José, Costa Rica).

I have been traveling in the Americas, from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego, since the late-80s. I felt called by Spirit to witness the effects of US policies on the Central American countries then embroiled in civil wars and dictatorships — and to bring the lessons to United Statiens and others through my poetry and other writings. With the years, my wanderings have extended through the entire hemisphere. With my writings, I hope to create bridges of understanding between us.

Lorena's writing has been honored by the Parliamentary Poet Laureate of Canada (2011), and nominated for the Best of the Net and Pushcart Prize. Caputo has done literary readings from Alaska to Patagonia. She journeys through Latin America with her faithful knapsack Rocinante, listening to the voices of the pueblos and Earth. Follow her travels at:

www.facebook.com/lorrainecaputo.wanderer

or

https://latinamericawanderer.wordpress.com.

Photo from Lorena Caputo

POSTSCRIPT – 1997

The light of dog days streams through
the living room window
& falls upon my journals
Hooking my barefeet upon the polished
rungs of the chair

I hold the phone between chin & shoulder

My friend's voice tells me of what
he witnessed this summer
in Guatemala & El Salvador

The communities still in resistance
against the military
deep in the Cuchumatanes Mountains

Other villages rebuilding
The Salvadorans who had created cooperatives
to survive
the war-zone years
now in struggle against the
returning rich landowners
The campesinos losing more & more land
The slave conditions in sweat shops
The return of death squads
& me, what have I been doing?

for many months now remembering
the Silent Courage of those peoples
Remembering the painting in Chajul
of Christ leading the peoples of
the Americas to liberation

I believe that was the same mural
on the church in Perquín
my friend says

I think back to my few days there
Yes, there was a painting
wrapping its outside walls
But all I took notice of was
the children's mural in the comedor

More Lorena Caputo, page 9 >>

>> *Lorena Caputo, from page 8*

POSTSCRIPT – 1997 - *Continued*

A '92 image full of
trees & flowers & suns among
houses & people & animals

Their vision of hope, of peace
a celebration of the future

How refreshing, I then thought
Remembering those children's painting
during the war years
full of
bombing planes & death & tears

My friend's voice cracks my memories
The church mural is no longer there
They say the new archbishop
ordered it destroyed

& remembering the crosses honoring the victims
silently, courageously
in Cotzal in Santiago Atitlán

The ones in Santiago now
too are gone
But the priest's heart remains
Why, I ask him, do you know why?

I can feel his shrug over the phone
I watch the dust dancing
in that beam of late summer sun

I pick up the sheet of scratchings
tuck it in a journal
& wrap its binding string around
the travel-worn cover

From MEXICAN MURALS, Mexico City:

II.

This still afternoon up in the light, airy study is broken by the sound of a strong trumpet & drum wending through the congested streets.

I abandon my work & run down the stairs, through one door & out the second.

The last strains of the blare, the last boom of the beat echo amidst the buildings & stalls.
& there, on the corner, stands the young bugle boy. The horn & tip coins shine in his hands.

III.

In the great Plaza, olive-drab soldiers stand at attention, guns over shoulders, forming a blockade between people & pole.

Nearer the center, other militares, clad in maroon.
The voice of one's lone coronet rises above the others' taptap-tap of drums.

The giant bandera, green-white-red, falls slowly into the hands of a dozen men. They roll it up, then march into the Palacio Nacional.

The heavy doors shut behind them.

The setting sun reflects gold in the cupola windows of the cathedral. Stone carvings of the façade fall into deep shadows.

The volcanoes are hidden by the smog that still fills this valley. Popocatepetl's white spume is barely visible.
Silently, secretly, the flag is raised again – a twilight sleight of hand. It bends & twists in the chill wind of dusk that scuttles across the grey stones of the Zócalo

Near the Metro entrance, a woman & child huddle beneath her Chiapan rebozo that does not cover her feet, shod in open-toed plastic shoes.

IV.

Shortly after eight in the evening.

Suddenly I feel ill, a pull at my solar plexus. The man at the other side of our table also feels woozy. All around the room everyone else, too, has that unsteady look.

Someone yells, Earthquake.
I duck beneath a desk. The earth continues to roll.

A Californian declares,
We should go downstairs.

& as we descend, so does the lull. Suddenly another shock.

The lights violently sway. We are riding on a rough, stormy earthen sea. The minutes seem endless. A third shock as we push chairs out of the way & hide beneath the large comedor [dining] table.

Some hold onto the spiral-carved legs.

Finally this storm calms.

But that sense of queasiness, the memory of that pull upon my solar plexus will not recede for many weeks.

Featured Quaker Artist

Nate Crew

Introduction

Before creativity was in my life, I spent nearly a decade in the army with a couple of combat deployments, first in the infantry and then in Special Forces. Needless to say, many military experiences compounded already-existing childhood traumas (as is often the case for soldiers) and I entered civilian life looking extremely healthy on the outside but being extremely unhealthy on the inside.

Some large cracks in the old wall appeared, so to speak, when I had a few psychedelic experiences in 2019. But the big collapse was triggered (as mentioned in the article below) by a family tragedy in 2020. During a mind blowing process of healing and awakening, I was drawn to an increasing fixation on Jesus and especially on his nonviolence teachings and the Sermon on the Mount.

After long conversations including with my wife and kids, this "new" awareness culminated in us together literally smashing all my guns and agreeing to be a family committed to peace and to following Jesus. Just a few weeks later, we discovered Fayetteville NC Friends Meeting (and Quaker House). That's a whole lot stuffed into a nutshell.

Essay:
A Hard Look at Suicide and Addiction

In 2020, my youngest brother shot himself dead. His suicide rocked the world for me, nearly wrecked my life, and could easily have ended up in me taking my own life, too.

However, the Spirit moves in mysterious ways, and here I am alive. Not everyone seems to be so fortunate.

Others besides me have been profoundly shaken by suicides at some point. Maybe you, reader, have been affected, or have even felt suicidal yourself before.

My little brother wasn't the first one I saw go that way, and he wouldn't be the last. Earlier this year, I lost another friend and fellow army veteran. His death wasn't officially ruled a suicide; he'd had a long history of struggle with drug addiction, seemed to be clean and healthy, then relapsed and died of an overdose—an overdose which was apparently his own choice and not accidental.

Now, I've come to see both addiction and suicide as two intertwined symptoms of a deep spiritual injury, a growing woundedness in our souls individually and as a society.

And no wonder, really, when we seem set on collectively inflicting more and greater moral injuries on ourselves.

"Drug and alcohol addiction is a crucial social concern that feeds the parallel problems of crime, poverty, and welfare," Dr. David Hawkins wrote decades ago in his book titled *Power vs. Force: The Hidden Determinants of Human Behavior*. He went on to ask, "But what is the essential nature of addiction, and what is the addict really hooked on?" To that question I would add, "What is the essential nature of suicide, and what is the person really seeking to escape from?"

Some good churchgoers might answer both questions with a simple, "Those people just need Jesus." But which Jesus do they mean? A modern American version?

Like a proud authoritarian Jesus who wants a "Christian nation" to do things like reject, threaten and persecute immigrants? It seems to me that most churches, although good at talking about the Bible, are too spiritually dead and out of touch with the living Spirit of Christ to offer our culture any redemptive power for restoration or healing.

But let's not get off track from the problems at hand. I've heard it said that addiction is basically a slow form of suicide, and that sounds fairly accurate.

Recently, I met Dr. Jennifer Elam, a very accomplished psychologist and a committed Christian who, after travelling and experiencing many cultures, is also involved in Interfaith Leadership. Upon conversing with Dr. Elam and reading some of her writings, I came to see more clearly a sort of two-fold journey that saved my own life. Further, I'm coming to feel that the same two-fold journey could have saved my younger brother, could have saved my other friend who overdosed this year, and can restore fullness of life to many others.

After digesting some of these thoughts, I sent the following message to a counselor and mutual friend of the veteran we lost this year.

"I know what might have saved [our friend's] life and does save others: two things in combination.

1. Absolutely free and uninhibited creating of something with deep personal meaning in an ongoing habit of creation or co-creation. Might be some art form, or whatever comes that heals.
2. Absolutely free and uninhibited raw human connection, untainted by machismo or bravado, but either a communal or 1-on-1 deep communion of total acceptance and full open connection. Those two things saved my life a couple years ago. I now see they can look different for different individuals, but it's the same two-fold journey that has power to save any desperate soul."

For me, it was essentially a journey back to God. The "creating" side of the journey looked like writing poetry and forming an orchard, while the "human connection" side of the journey took the shape of a relationship breakthrough with my wife and then us finding our spiritual home in the Quaker community, among other things.

For you and others, heaven only knows what that two-fold journey would look like. It would be as uniquely colorful and diverse as we are divergent from each other.

In both addiction and suicide, a hurting person is escaping from traumas or other lower energy states of being, levels of awareness characterized by things like rejection, fear, resentment, suspicion and anger. In the case of addiction, people sometimes find in their "high" a taste of higher realities such

More Nate Crew, page 11 >>

>> *Nate Crew, from page 10*

as love without fear, pure joy, peace and fulfillment. Like heaven.

Instead of using drugs as a dangerous shortcut to filter out lower energies and experience higher ones, what if more of us learned to surrender and let go of those negative forces, trusting God and turning heavenward for the experience of divine love in this life, or "co-creating with our Creator" as Dr. Elam puts it?

And instead of spiraling down into the ultimate escape of suicide, what if, long before our loved ones get to that point, we became real creative communities of open human connection?

In reality, this twofold journey is actually a unified growth back into fellowship with the Divine, growing into living the life we're meant to live with each other. The life Jesus taught.

Such a path may sound both simple and impossible, but it was once said, "Ask, and you shall receive; seek and you shall find; knock, and the door shall be opened to you." Jesus also gave the simple clue, "The kingdom of God is within you," which from his native tongue could just as easily translate to, "The kingdom (or nation) of God is among you."

Some of us do feel and see that every human is "created in the image of God," and that the divine spark is within like a mustard seed, waiting to sprout and flourish in creativity and blessed community. It's tragic that too many Americans have lost sight of that deeper reality, and that addiction, violence and suicide are symptoms we all now live with as a result.

If nothing else, I hope this article helps some of us have more sympathy and understanding for suicidal people or those wounded by others' suicides. I also hope we can find within us more grace and compassion with any addicts we may encounter in life, and with ourselves, too. If you're a book reader, I want to note that, while I don't fully agree with or recommend everything in Dr. Hawkins' book, I do highly recommend at least two books by Dr. Jennifer Elam. The first was a solidly researched and informative book titled Dancing with *God Through the Storm: Mysticism and Mental Illness*. The second is a more intuitive and personal book titled *Dancing Through the Fires of Grief & Trauma with Co-Creativity*.

Both can be found online at

https://pendlehill.org/campus/bookstore

My prayer is that we, individually and collectively, move less toward isolated dependency or escapism and more toward the higher states of being that come with giving up our inhibitions and giving in to God's love, which is waiting for us to surrender to it through paths like active creation and better community living. I encourage anyone with thoughts on these things to keep the conversation going and growing. Please feel free to reach out to me, at the following email:

nate@wagramorchard.com

POEMS
by Nate Crew

EXPLORER ITCH

Oh, to be a wanderer in
A world not conquered by concrete;
To be an explorer, but without
Empire's tentacles following in the wake.
Oh, to be untethered, light and free
And young and naïve forever,
Tending gardens of fleeting discovery.
But the world is heavily captured.
Rules and empires smother it all,
And knowledge encumbers adulthood,
And Adam and Eve repeatedly fall.
That's how it plays for a season.
Oh, to see the seasons change.

SIMMER

Come dip a tin pot
Sit and sip with me
Soup never came from a
Rootless tumbleweed
Look how the Big Dipper evokes
A Johnny Appleseed
And wandering's a real itch
Feels oh-so-good to scratch
May orbit your whole 20s and 30s
Before sore hunger sits down to
Simmer with this melting pot
Slow-cooking out all thought
See constellations rooted
To this one spot.

Photo by Wagram Orchard

SKYSCRAPING ASSUMPTIONS

It wasn't easy reading between
The logic lines of Saint Augustine.
He stacked his castles, scraped the sky
So bravely that I wondered why
So many of his answers leaned
Too hard on high assumptions, it seemed.

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Lindenwold, NJ 08021

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...

Artist Interviews, Photography, Poetry, and More!

Cover: Duck and Chicks by Mary Waddington

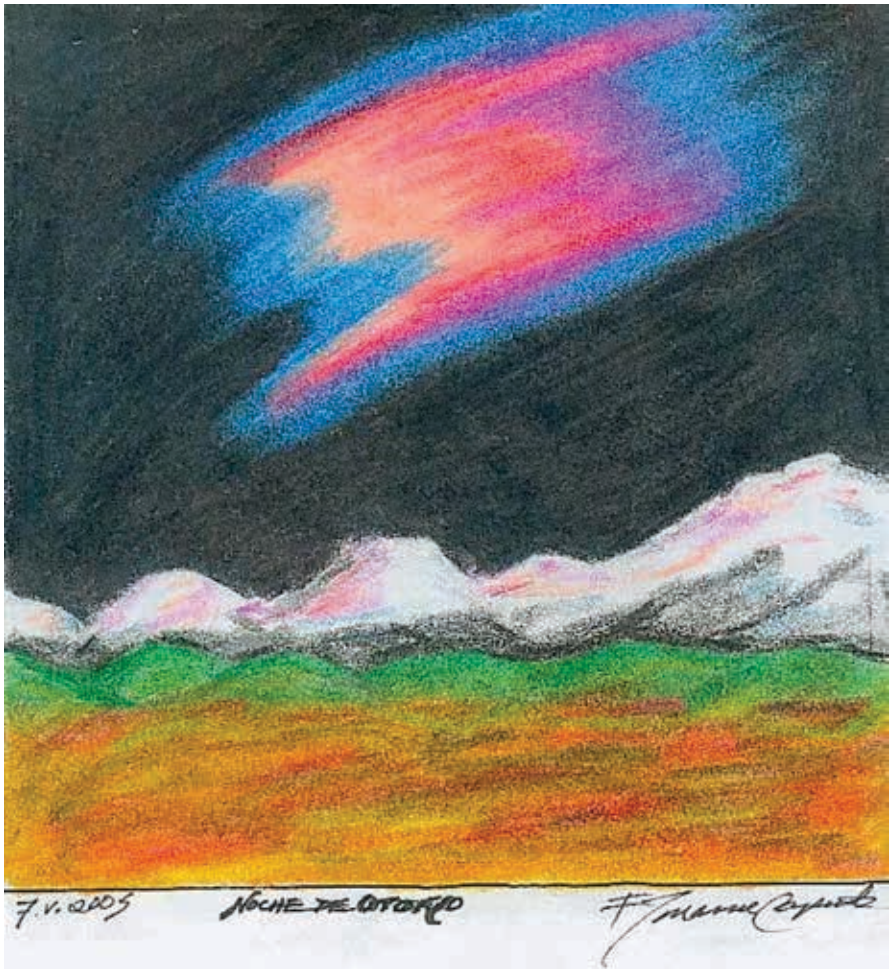
Page 2-3: Clerks' Corner: A Note of Transition

Pages 4-7: Featured Artist: Mary Waddington

Pages 8-9: Featured Artist: Lorena Caputo

Pages 10-11: Featured Artist: Nate Crew

Back Page: Artwork by Lorena Caputo



Noche de Otoño - Lorena Caputo