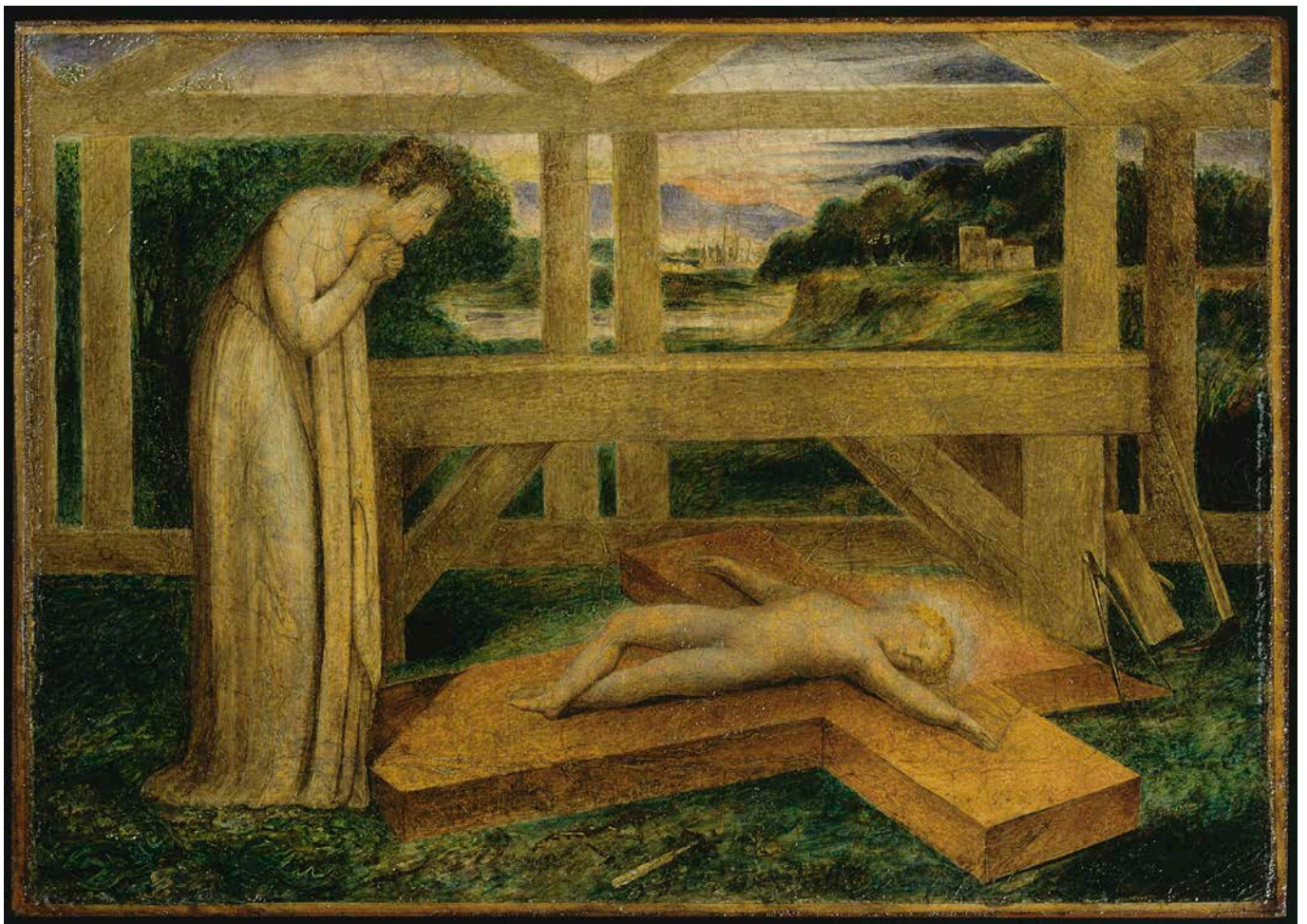


January/February 2017

CAMPBILL CORRESPONDENCE



The Christ Child Asleep on the Cross, William Blake

*Love seeketh not itself to please,
nor of itself hath any care,
but for another gives its ease,
and builds a Heaven in Hell's despair.*

Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience, William Blake

Keeping in touch

Last editorial words from Maria

A very warm welcome and thanks to Betty, who has already diligently taken over from me at the helm of the *Camphill Correspondence*.

My 'final words' will be short and sweet—I have loved working with the *Correspondence* all these many years, and I owe much gratitude to you readers and writers and subscribers for all your faithful support and interest, your feedback and your subscriptions. My deep thanks also to Deborah, the assistant editor, who has loyally worked with and supported the *Correspondence* in one form or another as long as I have.

May the *Camphill Correspondence* thrive and grow, retaining its idealism and love of anthroposophy in a new era of Camphill.

My warmest appreciation and gratitude, Maria

Greetings to everyone

Greetings to everyone

Very many thanks to Maria for editing *Camphill Correspondence* in such a wonderful way for all these years. She has not been able to say 'goodbye' completely to the task as she is still answering innumerable enquiries from me. Eva Heathcock has taken on the task of editing the articles and I am endeavouring to draw everything together to hand it on to Christoph Hanni to work his wonderful layout magic.

Many thanks also to Sandra Stoddard who continues to collect the celebratory birthdays, and to Deborah Ravetz who contributes the cover pictures and quotes.

I have been a co-worker at the Camphill School in Aberdeen since 1971, apart from a year spent in Mourne Grange, and have always found *Camphill Correspondence* an invaluable source of information, enabling me to connect to other places in the movement. At the present time,

when the substance of Camphill can sometimes appear to be under threat from different sides, I believe it is important to remember that there is strength in working together. The first condition for being able to work together, is to know of what is happening elsewhere. So please do continue to send your wonderful contributions, by the date requested (see back of *Camphill Correspondence*).

This issue was compiled in November, the month when some of us turn our thoughts especially to those who have died, so it is perhaps fitting to have an edition containing so many memories of those on the other side of the threshold, even though you will be reading it in January.

Betty Marx, Editor

Dear Editors,

In her editorial in the Nov/Dec 2016 issue, Maria Mountain is, as always, self-deprecating, playing down her role as 'not a huge job.' As a former editor and colleague of Maria, I would like to disagree!

Yes, it's not a full-time job, but the degree of care, attention to detail and social tact that Maria has given to the task is no small thing. She has been involved with the journal for 30 years. As subscriptions editor for over 20 years she built, with financial conscientiousness and attentive personal contact, a foundation for the journal of goodwill and awareness among its world-wide subscribers. As editor-in-chief this extended to the community of readers and subscribers and has enabled the journal to weather many storms and even changes of climate.

Camphill Correspondence is now 'returning home', to be produced from within Camphill communities. For more than 20 years, without a break and, I think, without a single late issue, it has been produced by former co-workers, for whom it was a precious link with the movement and often a thankful source of income.

Thank you, Maria, for three decades of faithful and skillful work and good luck to the new editors as they take *Camphill Correspondence* into a new phase of life.

Peter Howe

Celebratory Birthdays January–February 2017

Becoming 93

Elisabeth Patzich, Simeon House30 January

Becoming 80

Sonni Chamberland, Copake Village.....7 January

Angela Beckman, Nuremberg6 February

Becoming 75

Susan Burgess, Grange Village14 February

Becoming 70

David Adams, Cascadia, Vancouver.....7 January

Gerlinde Kreise, Heiligenberg.....8 January

Heike Eckhart, Liebenfels11 January

Christopher Kidman, Ringwood.....26 January

Tim Palak, Triform.....27 January

Oyvind Auset, Vallersund Gard.....7 February

Aimo Kuusisto, Myllylade.....23 February

Congratulations to Caroline Ann Yetimer from Clanabogan who celebrated her 70th birthday on 22nd October. Apologies that she was not included in the last list.

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Facing the history of intentional communities – A personal view – Part I

Vivian Griffiths, Graythwaite, England

A group of North of England Camphillers met at Fulneck, the Moravian Brotherhood settlement near Leeds in October. In this 18th century settlement setting we found ourselves reflecting on the question of community as separate and apart from the world's endeavours versus community in service to the world's endeavours. What forms do these communities take to save themselves from the corruption of the world or to involve themselves in the world's affairs and serve their needs?

The answer is partly in the story of the evolution of the community as a phenomenon – whether monastery, nunnery, settlement or intentional community. Starting as an enclosed entity, does it finish by being swamped by the world which it serves, or overrun by war as was the Moravian settlement at Herrnhut in 1945, or by irrelevance, or even by suppression, forced extermination or similar? Where does Camphill fit in this scenario?

We were in Fulneck one of the very few communities to be set up after the dissolution of the monasteries. What happened to the shared life after these mighty institutions were closed down? For many, especially the poor, these communities held society together providing hospitals, schools, farms and industries.

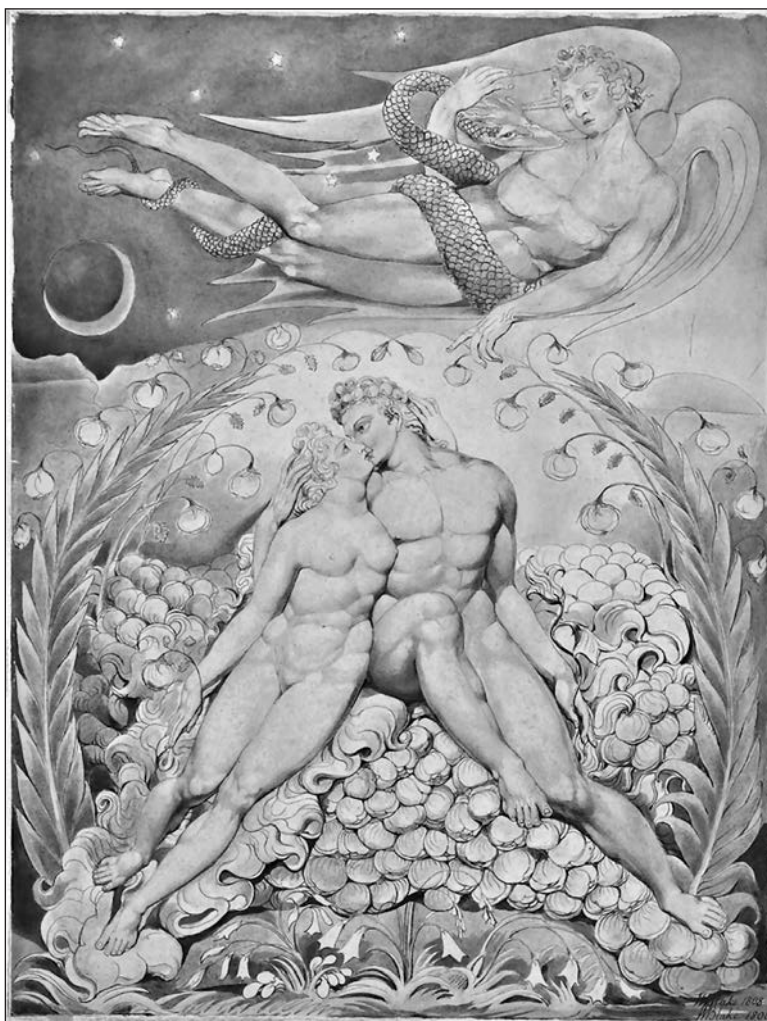
There was Little Gidding in the 17th Century, Nicolas Ferrar's attempt at an extended family community saying the psalms in the little church in the Huntingdonshire countryside as well as looking after the spiritual and educational needs of this isolated rural wider community. Little Gidding is now a place of pilgrimage, partly because it is the subject of the last of TS Eliot's Four Quartets. This very hopeful poem had special meaning to generations. It appeared in *The New English Weekly* at a very despondent time in the Second World War in 1942. It was not so much a call to arms; rather it dealt with hope in a much deeper sense and in the process even mentioned the pigsties on the farm at Little Gidding!

There were of course the Luddites who were against mechanization, and the various sects who cast themselves outside society. Historians try to document these movements in relation to society's cultural, social and economic development. Some even see these sects acting as a kind of conscience to the ills of society.

Fulneck's model of community with its textile workshops, farming and baking was always looking to serve a need. This form of community settlement, rooted in the protestant tradition, interested in other forms of religious practice, and with marriage and strict vows, seems to have formed a model more or less valid until our own time. Count Zinzendorf's model of community religious practice finds its place in Dr König's Three Stars in the Camphill movement together with Comenius's educational ideals and Robert Owens's humane economic model and forms a picture of community living from the 17th century to the present day if you include the Little Gidding extended family model.

The picture of local people queuing up for the bread at Fulneck's gates 'because it was so good' is a potent one for it shows community at service to the world and this is a thread which runs through community ever since. What was once praying in your cell or singing the vespers on behalf of your patron, evolved to encompass practical activity such as making bread and cloth to sell and doing these things with love. A cornerstone of the Moravian Brotherhood is the 'Lovefeast' and behind the creation of Zinzendorf's community model was the human heart and its influence on the human being.

Up the road from Fulneck, in Saltaire, is Titus Salt's 1850's massive wool mill on the River Aire surrounded by neat rows of workers' and managers' dwellings set against gardens and parks but with no public house! A settlement formed by the practical needs of the mill and far better than the Leeds back-to-back terraced houses. Then there was Port Sunlight a 'Tudorbethian' 1880's factory village in the Cheshire Wirral created by Lord Leverhulme to house workers in the soap factory. At the centre was (and still is) an art gallery for the appreciation of beauty. Indeed beauty in housing and in setting is a key to what became the factory village, of which Cadbury's Bournville and Rowntree's New Earswick are examples. This model was taken up by



Satan Watching the Endearments of Adam and Eve, William Blake

the garden city movement and developed by Ebenezer Howard at Letchworth and, later in the 20th century, at Welwyn Garden City.

These inspiring villages were in turn inspired by the arts and crafts movement. Behind this reaction to the hard capitalism of Victorian industrialisation are such figures as William Morris and John Ruskin who in different ways railed against the ugliness of cheaply made goods in dingy factory surroundings.

A return to using head and heart and hand in a balance of human activity with an awareness of beauty underpins the arts and crafts movement and it has been pointed out that there is of course much parallel with the creation of Camphill communities. It is a pertinent question: Did Camphill communities just spring up or are they a vital continuation of a movement which represents another way of living in our materialistic acquisitional society: a society which is by its nature hierarchical and unequal in wealth and opportunity? What about an inclusive society that through an economic, social and cultural life tries to give everyone opportunities and 'wealth' in the wider sense than just money for all.

This can be answered in a strange way in Ruskin's appreciation of Turner's paintings. Turner had read Goethe's works and also Blake's poems and developed an

acute sense of observation. Ruskin and Rudolf Steiner share a deep appreciation of Goethe's works. Writing in the 1890s became part of this movement that was restoring a spiritual dimension to the materialist religion of the time. Ruskin picked this up in his *Modern Painters* praising the emerging Pre-Raphaelite movement painters like Millais. There was a lot of reaction to this different approach to living, more paternal perhaps more 'odd' than before. This is illustrated by the garden city movement being never conventional in religious practice: Titus Salt's chapel was a Greek temple, refugees from Russia had their own church in Bourneville, Letchworth had its Theosophical Hall, New Earswick its Folk Hall and the political commentator and novelist George Orwell in the early 20th century ridiculed the sandal wearing, allotment keeping, and theosophical leaning Fabian Socialists, with their cooperative approach and vegetarian tendency!

Forward to the inter war years for after the First World War the carnage pointed to a new world order which I shall cover in Part 2!

Vivian has lived in a number of Camphill Communities including Botton, Larchfield and Stourbridge. He and his wife Lesley currently live in the Lake District in England.

Home economics

Frances Hutchinson

Reprinted from 'The Social Artist' autumn 2016

One of the tenets of classical economics is that tasks undertaken in the home, and therefore lying completely outside the economic system are of secondary significance and of no intrinsic value. Such thinking fails to appreciate that considerable areas of work have supported the economic system and added directly to material value, whilst remaining outside classical economic calculations for no better reason than pure historical accident. It further fails to account the non-economic values which motivate a large proportion of human social actions.

Economists point to the three factors of production—land, labour and capital—as the sources of all wealth. The combination of the three factors is said to result in increases in the total material welfare of human beings, bringing corresponding increases in well-being.

If we consider the factor of labour we will see that labour never did, as economists tend to assume, spring from nowhere, fit, adult, male and healthy, rattling the factory gates and raring for employment. All human labour initially emerges on the scene as a human infant, speechless and helpless, requiring several years of carefully nurtured physical and intellectual growth before it is even ready to embark upon the first leg of its years of training and preparation as a unit of labour within the formal education system. This early production and preparation of 'labour', and the later tending of its needs outside school and working hours, the preparation of its food, washing of its clothes and maintenance of the domestic quarters generally, has never been included in the complex of calculations devised by economists. It has been estimated that roughly as much unpaid work

takes place in the home as in formal, paid employment outside the home. The entire economic system would collapse if this work were to be withdrawn, or came to be dependent upon an appropriate economic reward within the existing system.

Global finance rests upon the assumption that only prestige male roles, male tasks and male achievements, dignified by the award of cash payments, and therefore capable of inclusion within the classical economic system are worthy of note. Female tasks, traditionally undertaken in the home are, in this view, seen as merely supportive of the main male enterprise. This is to put the cart before the horse. For in human life, caring has been the true cement between the human bricks of the community. Industrial society has been built upon the destruction of these human qualities in the living community. Increasingly expensive remedial social measures are necessary to shore up the system. Highly paid experts fight a rear guard action in social, psychiatric and health care to patch up the results of inner city deprivation, drug, child and alcohol abuse.

Household management

As the First World War was ending, the Labour Party was formed to provide economic justice for the labouring or working classes. The leading figures in the new political party, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, who drew up the first Constitution, came from the upper classes and gained their unearned income from inherited wealth. Through the process of economic growth, it was believed, Labour would provide for the poor and destitute out of the economic surplus. But where the workers came from,

how they emerged from the miserable households of the urban poor, was not even recognised as a valid question.

At the time when Beatrice Webb was in her forties, an *Encyclopaedia of all Matters relating to the House and Household Management* was published by Gresham Publishing Co. in London. Edited by H.C. Davidson, assisted by 'over one hundred specialists', *The Book of the Home* ran to four volumes of roughly three hundred pages each, including illustrations. This remarkable document is described in the Prefatory Note as being the complete work on the subject, comprising contributions from specialists 'entitled to speak with the highest authority on their several subjects'. The document provides an intriguing glimpse into the home lives of the upper classes and their servants.

The fourth volume is perhaps the most fascinating and, of the four volumes in my possession, it is the most well-thumbed. It 'gives sound systematic and practical counsel on the management of children from their earliest infancy to the time when they are started in life on their own account'. Subjects include the first baby, management of children, children's dress, amusements, health and sickness, invalid cookery, education (of boys and of girls), home gymnastics, music, recreations (outdoor and indoor), choice of a career, holidays, Christmas and other festivals, coming out of a daughter and a wedding.

Instructions on the selection of servants is particularly revealing of the conduct of the bourgeois household into which the vast majority of public figures of the twentieth century were born. Of particular interest in the fourth volume is the care with which the children's nurse should be selected. The mother was expected to supervise the care of the newly born very carefully until the competence of the nurse is established. But she was not expected to breast feed. The prospective wet-nurse should be thoroughly examined by 'an experienced doctor'. She should be between twenty and thirty years old: *and should be a strong, cheerful and healthy-looking person, with a healthy-looking child. Her hair should be glossy, her eyes bright and teeth sound, as these characteristics are signs of health. If her child is puny and peevish, it hardly needs to be said that she ought not to be engaged.*

The author of this section further notes that a 'peasant woman makes an infinitely better nurse than a town-bred woman', and comments in detail about the characteristics and treatment of suitable wet-nurses.

About the same time as *The Book of the Home* was published, Robert Tressell, author of the working class classic *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists*, was working in a team of painters and decorators employed in the houses of the rich in return for a pittance of a wage. He lived in poverty and constant fear that he and his daughter would be consigned to the workhouse if he fell ill and was unable to earn the wage they lived on to keep a roof over their heads. The book was a detailed, scathing and at times humorous discussion of the relationship of working class people to their employers. The 'philanthropists' of the title are the workers, who acquiesce in their own exploitation as they work in service to upper class households.

The capitalists and upper classes do not work, wrote Tressell: they set the propertyless workers to work on the land and in the houses and factories that they, the capitalists, own. And the propertyless workers fall into line,

accepting their apparent powerlessness whilst resignedly accepting the meagre wages they are paid in order to feed their families. Although he does not use the terminology of Social Credit, early in the book the author sets out the case for a National or Social Dividend, i.e., the inalienable right to an income by virtue of citizenship.

What we call civilization—the accumulation of knowledge which has come down to us from our forefathers—is the fruit of thousands of years of human thought and toil. It is not the result of the labour of the ancestors of any separate class of people who exist today, and therefore it is by right the common heritage of all. Every little child that is born into the world, no matter whether he is clever or dull, whether he is physically perfect or lame, or blind; no matter how much he may excel or fall short of his fellows in other respects, in one thing at least he is their equal—he is one of the heirs of all the ages that have gone before.

Tressell 1914/89, p28–29

Deprived of the ownership of the means of production, the labourer in household, farm or factory becomes powerless. But, as Tressell observed so shrewdly and despairingly, his fellow workers succumbed to the overwhelming temptation to accept the status quo. The line of least resistance is to take what is on offer, on the principle that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Taken as a whole, household production forms the primary economy of humanity. The household works directly for the satisfaction of essential human needs—material, social and cultural needs—in ways which can be duplicated by no other institution. It produces 'goods' that are not available on the market and cannot be purchased for money, 'such as the feeling of being somebody, closeness, encouragement, recognition and meaning in life. All this is realized in connection with living and doing things together; cooking, eating, cleaning, playing, watching TV, sleeping, sharing joy and sorrow, and transferring human traditions. In this sphere, every man, woman and child is a subject, recognized as a person; everyone is indispensable.' Attempts to calculate the hours of work involved in household maintenance in terms of money value or opportunity costs have been made in abundance, from Marilyn Waring (*If Women Counted*, 1989) onwards. But when all is said and done, one can no more put a value on caring for a sick loved one or a new born child than one can value a glorious sunset.

Based on extracts from Chapter 10 of The Economics of Love. The Social Artist is a quarterly journal dedicated to breaking the boundaries between Christian social teaching, anthroposophical social renewal, and the institutional analysis of money as presented by the Social Credit movement.

I loved Arild Smeby's nice long article about Margit Engel. I lived at Solborg in Norway from 2004–2007 and visited Vidaråsen several times. I was friends with Phyllis Jacobsen, so I'd heard a little of her history, but I see that Margit really had quite an extensive Camphill history. Thank you Arild.

(P.S. I knew Arild & Anna Rose too—I miss you all)

Cathy Luke Chow, Oregon, United States

The World Wide Weave in Pennsylvania



Visitors from Beaver Run

The World Wide Weave Exhibition in Pennsylvania in June-July 2016 brought many people from the three neighbouring Camphill communities together to celebrate the show, either in overlapping group visits or separately during the month that the exhibition was hanging at the Lincoln Galleries of Historic Yellow Springs. George Washington in person founded a hospital on the site in 1776 and it has been both a civil war hospital and an orphanage in subsequent times. The present building dates from the early 20th century.

There are many impressions of the exhibition which stay with me. The bright gallery lights seemed to bring the show to life when we got them all switched on each day. There were some wonderful and surprising contrasts and juxtapositions of communities worldwide which had their pieces hanging side by side. The show flowed naturally from room to room and there was a strong feeling of discovering treasures at each place along the way.

In the afternoon the sun bounced off the white plaster of an adjacent section of the building and illuminated the very striking piece of woven raw wool skeins from Maartenhuis, Netherlands, which we hung in front of the window. While sitting in the quiet of the building on a weekend I had a nice surprise of a group from the local area come in to enjoy the show, and to hear all the exclamations of surprise at what they were seeing as they went through the show room by room.

It took me five visits to feel like I had seen everything there was to see. Each time I discovered something new! Then I had a few more times to look and enjoy the pieces that were my favourites!

It was a great pleasure to work with Eileen McMonagle of Historic Yellow Springs to bring this show about. She is a great neighbour and appreciates the work of Camphill and so we were able to collaborate on this historic occasion. The

people there at the Lincoln Building were all so helpful! And it was very fortunate that they were having their own members' show early on in the month, bringing in many more people to visit both shows.

The publicity for the event was very good, including a full page in the Philadelphia Inquirer, syndicated to all the many local newspapers in South Eastern Pennsylvania. Thanks to that, people came from near and far specifically to see the exhibition, including many from the city of Philadelphia itself.

Mimi Coleman

Mimi is a long-standing member of Kimberton Hills community, active in many spheres of life-sharing and culture, and as a weaver and art therapist.

Two things impressed me most about the World Wide Weave exhibit: the variation of styles and materials and the common themes. The artistic expression, using so many different fibres and other materials, was obvious across all the works. None of the artists let any limitations of 'weaving' limit the vision they had. It was clear that many of the works were inspired by the locales of the weavers, as images of the countryside, farming, and nature—distinct or implied—were present in many of the weavings. It made me happy to view them and think of the beautiful places that the artists live and where their talents are nurtured.

Laura Grablutz

Laura is a weaver in Kimberton Hills.



The exhibition was housed in the Lincoln Building in Chester Springs.

Obituaries

Christoph König

8 February 1933–13 September 2016

It was Christoph's destiny to be the son of Karl and Tilla König and therefore to be part of the beginnings and development of Camphill from the earliest time and, by choosing to live in Camphill, until the end of his life.

He related to this with an attitude of respect for his heritage and the achievements of his parents and their young friends, but he didn't take himself too seriously and was modest and reticent about his special biography.

He was born in Pilgramshain curative home in Silesia where his father was medical superintendent and had a medical practice. He was named Bernward but on his tenth birthday he began to be called Christoph. His older sister Renate was very dear to him. She described her brother as a happy, placid, cheerful and comfort loving child. He himself said he was a dreamy child who wasn't really aware of things going on around him. He also had a younger brother and sister. (Anna) Veronika, the youngest, died first and Andreas now lives in Canada having spent part of his life in the Camphill movement.

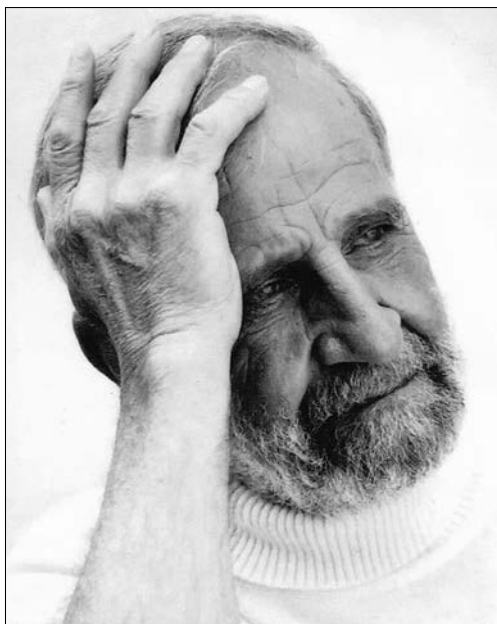
When the Nazi threat grew the family moved to Vienna in 1936 and the seeds of Camphill were planted through the work of Karl König with the youth groups. However these young people were some 20 years older than Christoph and indeed Sali, who became Barbara Lipsker, helped look after the König children. She maintained a deep bond with them and she and Christoph were lifelong friends.

The annexation of Austria in March 1938 meant the family had to flee, first Dr König then Mrs König and the children who made their way to Scotland, arriving in Kirkton House in March 1939.

Initially the König children joined the schooling provided by the young 'co-workers' for the group of children with disabilities, making this education truly inclusive, then later they went to boarding school, first the Steiner School in Edinburgh then two years later Michael Hall in Sussex. Christoph had many friends and was more interested in socialising than learning from books.

Christoph did his military service in Northern Ireland and regarded this as a formative time in his life. Afterwards he worked on farms in England and Sweden then helped his mother in the hostel for school children she had started in Gloucestershire and worked at The Grange.

There he met Annemarie and they married in 1959. They spent a year in Zimbabwe, where for a time there was a hope of starting a Camphill village, until political trouble there led to their return to Britain.



Christoph König

They moved to the Camphill community at Glenraig near Belfast and they were part of the village life, Christoph working on the farm, Annemarie running the house and Kindergarten. By this time Christoph and Annemarie had two sons Markus and Thomas.

In the early 1970s the Camphill impulse was ready to expand and develop in Ireland and in 1971 Christoph and Annemarie and a small group of co-workers and villagers founded Mourne Grange Community near the Mourne Mountains in Co Down. A third son, Cornelius, was born in 1974.

Christoph's energy and commitment were well used in this pioneering work and Mourne Grange was transformed into a beautiful and productive place with a strong land impulse. Despite an absence

in the years 1991–1994, which he and Annemarie spent in the Mount and the Grange in England, Christoph's heart was always centred in Mourne Grange and the villagers who lived there.

Christoph was a father figure to the whole community, not because he was Karl König's son but because of his love for Camphill and its people and the example he showed.

He was able to convey an inner authority at the same time as an essential modesty and humility.

He always expected the best of himself and others and when disappointed he could be demanding, harsh and critical. Christoph was single minded, even stubborn, and it took him time to warm to new ways or ideas. But once he had grown close to someone he was loyal and faithful.

To generations of young co-workers Christoph was taskmaster, mentor and friend.

Christoph was very down to earth and practical and through him the daily work, on the land, in the houses and workshops, became the heart and strength of the community.

The villagers were his dear friends and they adored him. Through his example the person who needed support was at the centre of the community just as Karl König had intended.

He was also a great joker and tease, irreverent and mischievous, active in social evenings, and he wasn't afraid of being laughed at which indeed happened when he followed some of his idiosyncratic ideas such as collecting seaweed from the local beach and prawns from a local factory for use as manure and discarded food from local hotels for pig swill!

But Christoph was also completely committed to the spiritual and cultural life of Camphill: he produced and

took part in Karl König's plays, he was a Service Holder and later took responsibility in the local group of the School of Spiritual Science and was active in festivals and celebrations of all kinds.

At the beginning of Mourne Grange Christoph established a reading on a Saturday evening which turned to people who had died. This well-loved space endures to this day. He also carried in his soul a very long list of departed friends who he thought of every day.

In later years Christoph was part of a group who arranged and led the coworker retreats which for years took place regularly throughout Ireland and drew a new generation of co-workers towards Camphill as the work expanded with the founding of many new communities in the 1980s and 1990s. He also travelled throughout the UK and Ireland facilitating Inner Community meetings and increasingly participating in the forms and groups of the Camphill community. He carried the whole community inwardly and also many individuals who he supported and encouraged.

In 1975 Christoph became ill when he developed severe arthritis and he stepped back from regular manual work around the age of 50. He gave up the farm and



Christoph as a boy

established and worked in the new craft shop and café at Mourne Grange's entrance.

However until the end of his life he kept himself active on the estate, pruning, clearing, tidying and every day faithfully collected litter from the roads around the community.

The last phase of Christoph's life brought change, sorrow, failing health and struggle.

For their well-deserved retirement in 2006 Christoph and Annemarie moved into a new house which they loved.

In 2011 their eldest son Markus died from an acute autoimmune illness. He was 47 and lived with his wife and three children in Sturts Farm in England where he was the farmer.

In 2012 Christoph had a stroke from which he recovered but it impaired his speech and ability to read. However it nevertheless seemed as if something was freed in Christoph. The hindrances and grief brought out a tremendous courage and faith in the reality of the spirit. He continued to try to speak (sometimes Annemarie had to translate), to drive the car and to support others.

Positivity and gratitude shone out. His watchwords were "It is wonderful!" and "We are so lucky!"

His final illness was accompanied by his family, the community, beloved village friends and people from near and far. He was able to spend the last week at home, as he had wanted, surrounded by singing, flowers, prayers, messages of love and support.

Christoph is remembered as a devoted husband, father, grandfather, godfather, friend and colleague who had the deep impulses of his parents in his heart but who made them his own and was able to let them shine in a real and true way around him.

As the funeral service in Mourne Grange Chapel began the sun broke through and altar and coffin were bathed in a sudden outpouring of golden light, a sign of the transformation of this earthly life into something moving and radiant.

As Christoph himself often used to say:

"It's a blessing!"

**Cherry How, Clanabogan,
Northern Ireland**



From left: Amy, Chloe, Leila, Jenny, Christoph, Tom, Annemarie, Kate, Markus, Cornelius and Brendan

Freddy Heimsch

11 March 1927 – 5 March 2016

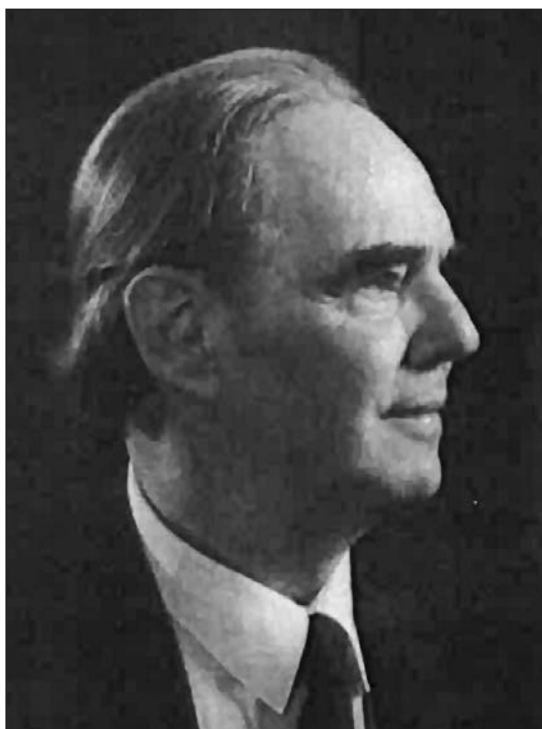
Freddy Heimsch crossed the threshold to the spiritual world on Saturday evening March 5, 2016. He had been unwell and was in hospital. He enjoyed spending the late afternoon with his grandchildren and encouraged them to enjoy the evening with the words "...let the dancing begin." Freddy's own, beautiful dance of life on earth lasted almost 89 years. Freddy's birthday was March 11. His dance had a northly choreography; a childhood in the Greek islands, teen years and early adulthood in central Europe, and then north to Scotland, and further north and east to Finland.

Freddy's life was multicultural from the beginning. Friedrich Ernst Heimsch was born on March 11, 1927 in Greece. His father, a businessman, was German and his mother, a musician, South African. Freddy and his younger sister spoke English at home; playing with friends in Greece he spoke Greek, and at school he spoke German.

Freddy spent his first 12 years in the warmth and sun of Greece. In 1939 the family moved to Germany, where the next 11 years offered much colder and harsher experiences. School, the war, prison camp, meeting anthroposophy: these were major steps in Freddy's life during these years. I am sure that both the discipline and strong will of his father and the sensitive ability to 'tune in' and create harmony from his mother were essential qualities and resources to draw upon in these years, helping him to maintain his humanity.

Like so many others of his generation, who lived through the war, Freddy wanted to live and work together with other people in a way, that gives life. Anthroposophy and the anthroposophists he met were a bridge towards this. Freddy became interested in curative education. So the next steps led him to Scotland and Camphill. Freddy arrived in Camphill in the autumn of 1950 and soon joined the second curative educational seminar group. In Camphill, Freddy soon discovered dynamic, demanding and meaningful community, and also a profession, which worked hard of behalf of the good and of peace. The Camphill movement provided a place which Freddy could call home.

And constant movement it was! Freddy took on more responsibility; got married and started a family; moved to Ringwood, separated from the family, and moved back to Scotland. Kaarina Koistinen's appearance in Camphill Scotland in the early 1960's introduced new steps into the dance. Freddy and Kaarina married, started a family and began preparing to start Camphill work in Finland, Kaarina's homeland, whither they knew their destiny was leading them.



Freddy Heimsch

In 1964 they moved to Finland and set up home in Riihimäki, a small town in southern Finland, where Kaarina had grown up and where she had secured a teaching job. Freddy began teaching languages, particularly English, to adults in a larger town about 60 km from Riihimäki. Freddy made the journey daily by train, throughout the year—in the bright cool light of the spring and the sometimes bitter cold and dark of winter. I am sure he pondered many times how someone who had spent the first 12 years in the sun and warmth of Greece could stand day after day in -20C weather waiting for a train!

Destiny called them to Finland, but did not immediately direct them to the work they longed to begin. After some years the anthroposophical doctor Kari Krohn (father of Seija Zimmermann) introduced them to Carita Stenbäck, who had founded and

faithfully maintained a curative-educational home mainly for children with severe developmental disorders. An aged Carita was looking for help and successors in her home, called Sylvia-koti: Sylvia's home. She quickly recognised that Freddy and Kaarina were these people and generously invited them to take the lead. Destiny was calling, the year was 1967. But there were many challenges and hurdles to face to transform Sylvia-koti into a vibrant school community.

And so the work began to find new children, more children of more varying capabilities; to find a location, where Sylvia-koti could resettle and begin to grow, with a school, residential buildings, workshops, a place for cultural and social activities; to find funding and support for all these steps. These were very new ideas in Finland in the late 60's; it was not an easy task. But many of the people, to whom Freddy taught English, were in helpful positions of municipal and regional responsibility in Lahti, and so Lahti offered a place for the idea of Sylvia-koti school community.

Destiny landed! In early 1970, some 30 children with staff moved to the newly built houses, school-building and workshop of Sylvia-koti; a formal opening was held on September 7, 1970. More children began to come, Sylvia-koti's reputation spread, a Finnish-language curative-educational seminar was started, the elements, processes and pillars descriptive of a Camphill community at that time became central parts of the choreography. Younger children grew older, and new needs appeared. In 1974 a village community, Tapolan kyläyhteisö, was started. In 1975 Sylvia-koti expanded with a new round of houses, workshops and farm buildings. Sylvia-koti celebrated its 10-year anniversary with public performances of Carlo Pietzner's Kaspar Hauser



Freddy and Kaarina

play in the town theatre. In 1980 a Choro workshop, home to the harp and lyre, was built. In the early 1980's Freddy and other curative-educators began teaching in the teacher training in Jyväskylä University. During the years 1983–1986 Sylvia-koti built six new residential houses, the hall, and expanded the school. In 1984 the Art seminar began alongside the curative-educational seminar. In 1987 the Werbeck Singing School began in Sylvia-koti; Sylvia-koti hosted the Camphill movement Easter conference that year. In 1988–1992 Sylvia-koti had an extensive collaboration with work with and education of children with developmental difficulties in Estonia. In 1990 the village community Myllylähde began.

This long list includes a few of the things of which Freddy was a driving force. At the same time he exercised a lot of curative-educational, organisational, anthroposophical and community leadership in Sylvia-koti: plays, festivals, seminars, conferences, lectures, etc. He also connected with the international Camphill movement and Camphill community, their rhythms, new steps and new tunes.

Freddy was a clear, demanding and strong, even authoritarian, leader. Part of this leadership was organizational—he could inspire and organize new impulses and initiatives. He knew how to engage political, financial, public and legal support as well as internal co-worker efforts. Part of the leadership was professional/cultural: Freddy had a leading role in the seminar, in choosing and exploring themes for the life of the community. He could bring and apply thoughts and concepts of anthroposophy to everyday practical life, into the daily pulse of life. Freddy was a demanding and shining example of life: how we could work with the three pillars of the Community, what meditative contents and movements could inform our individual, professional and community life. There was a rich and ever-transforming collegial life.

Freddy was a true curative-educator. It was moving to be part of Sylvia-koti's therapeutic clinics, conducted by Freddy; to see and experience his openness—the warm, embracing attitude permeated by the question: who are you? It was amazing to see how so many

children, upon entering the room, were drawn towards Freddy like a bee to the flower; and the moment of no talking, just simply meeting, sensing and presencing, person to person. Freddy met the person with both a trained and intuitive reception. What an understanding of the child, his or her situation! Freddy knew, described and instructed very practically what could be done with this child to support development.

All of the above, in my experience, were steps in Freddy's dance of peace and of working for the good in the world.

There are of course at least two sides to a strong and demanding leadership. On the one side it is extremely effective. It is still amazing to me, what a relatively small group of very young people managed to do, maintain and develop in Sylvia-koti. Without Freddy's, and also Kaarina's,

direction, inspiration, commands, charisma and example not even half would have been achieved. On the other hand this leadership is lonely and sometimes isolated. For many years Freddy did not have peers near to him in age, with whom to create, struggle, be in conflict, resolve. This led to a growing tension in Sylvia-koti, with the needs of younger people to take real responsibility, to make their own experiences of successes and mistakes sometimes in conflict with the wise and capable leadership of Freddy, who knew many answers and was experienced in holding all the ropes.

Freddy and Kaarina moved in 1994 from Sylvia-koti to Helsinki. A partly painful extraction from the home of their life's work grew into a phase of sharing Freddy's experiences in a wider arena: Waldorf schools, Camphill communities, anthroposophical groups. Freddy and Kaarina travelled as lecturers in Europe and Brazil, where they were friends, and advisors in many places and to many people, where they were welcomed and appreciated. Freddy had more time to pursue themes and questions, and many people benefited from the fruit of his work.

Freddy and Kaarina both took a lot of joy in time spent with their grandchildren. This became increasingly meaningful over the past years. Over the last years reading became increasingly difficult for Freddy. There were plenty of health challenges, distances traveled became shorter and shorter. One thing that remained and deepened was the warm, open, interested embrace in meeting another person.

The words of the Grand Master from The Soul's Probation come to mind when I think of Freddy:

*Es muß sein Sondersein und Leben opfern,
wer Geistesziele schauen will
durch Sinnesoffenbarung;
wer sich erkühnen will,
in seinen Eigenwillen
den Geisteswillen zu ergießen*

Eric Kaufmann

Gerda Holbek

18 June 1930–15 October 2016

Funeral address

In the Grimm's Fairy Tales that Gerda loved so well, we often encounter little beings of the forests and of nature. They are sometimes called gnomes, imps or 'Heinzelmaennchen'. They are diligent beings, who understand the necessity of order and form—and they love and intuitively respect the good in their human neighbours. But woe betide, if a human soul is lazy or scheming! This they cannot bear, and react with all sorts of mischief themselves!

One might say that Gerda knew and loved this realm of nature beings. She recognised them in nature—and in us. Her own fiery temperament had mastered them. And she brought that mastery of the mischievous to bear in her life's task as a curative educator of children.

Gerda Holbek was born in 1930 in Germany. She was the oldest of three siblings. Her father's work as an engineer made it necessary for the family to frequently move about in Germany. When the war broke out in 1939, the family of five were living in the German speaking Sudetenland of Czechoslovakia. This was a quiet pocket of Europe, and Gerda was able to play and live out her childhood in relative peace.

However, when the war came to its ferocious climax, when Gerda was 15, the family were caught up in the chaos. Her father was arrested by the Russians and narrowly escaped being sent to Siberia, because he was not young and fit enough for the labour camps. Like all other Germans, they were expelled from the Sudetenland by the Soviets, and they became war refugees, journeying across central Europe. They owned only that which they could pull along in a handcart and entered into a life of utter necessity and sheer survival. Gerda and her family travelled a couple of thousand kilometres. Today, we also travel much—but by air, train or car. Gerda went by foot much of the way, as trains were overloaded and tracks mostly destroyed. This intensive walking of the earth must have left a deep impression on her. She was not traumatised by it. Rather, she recalled it as a great adventure. Gerda walked into her very being, a firm and healthy connection to the earth and to its nature forces.

Her long childhood, filled with play, allowed her to retain childlike qualities through her long life. She loved dancing, and songs that were filled with vitality. She was direct and forthright, but had a childlike innocence that precluded her from being underhand, a quality she could not tolerate. Like a child, she could be open and flexible, accommodating the new. Like a child, she could also be obstinate and headstrong. She sometimes gave the impression of being intimidating, but she was shy and modest of soul. She loved humour and fun and good natured teasing. Her soul was simple and unspoilt.

All these qualities gave her a natural proclivity towards children, and working in the Kingdom of Child-



Gerda recently

hood became her life task. Out of her long wanderings and extended childhood of relative innocence, Gerda's destiny brought her into contact with many significant personalities at that time who were working quietly at the re-building of Europe. She had decided that she wanted to complete her schooling at the Stuttgart Waldorf School, and there Johannes Tautz was her class teacher. She had eurythmy lessons with Lori Smit Meyers, the first eurythmist. She made contact with Karl König, and was accepted into his new venture in Scotland, Camphill. But above all these fairly famous names, one quiet figure stands out. She worked with Trude Amann, who was a solid pillar of Camphill in its early days. It was she who helped Gerda to find and unfold her own talents in working with children.

Gerda herself had, by her own estimation, been quite a tomboy as a young girl. She was able to keep up with and even surpass the boys in pace, strength and audacity. And so she found she had a natural talent for helping children whose behaviour was challenging. She was able to keep up with them and even be a step ahead. She brought her sense for order and form to them through the application of her fiery will, which was tempered by a deep love for them. For she knew that she had a profound affinity with them, and she knew that she learnt much from them.

As a child, Gerda had had the idea that one had to be cheeky in order to survive in life. As she grew up, she abandoned this idea, but there remained something in her which was ineluctably drawn to the brash and bold. She liked those children the best. There was something in her which responded positively to their audacity. She loved naughtiness in a Manichean way and was able to confront it and help transform it to the good, healing it.

Her greatest strength was her will and she brought this to bear on all her work. She was intelligent, and also enjoyed artistic activities and crafts, in which she was not untalented. However, Gerda's being expressed itself primarily in her will, and she was able to help those children whose wills were unbridled and beyond their own control. She was a servant in the mysteries of the will; one might say, a willing foot soldier for Michael, in whose season she now passes from this world.

Gerda strove to harness her will to a higher purpose. She was consequent and hot-tempered. She was always ready to say things as she saw them. But once she had said what she had to, then a fresh start was always possible with her. Choleric of temperament, she could fight 'like the blazes' as she put it, for what she stood for. She was impatient, but could cut through all dithering and get straight to the point, a quality which earned her colleagues' appreciation in meetings! She had seen in her own choleric father how his leadership qualities had got them safely through Europe directly after the war,



Gerda and Jens on their wedding day

and she knew that in life one had to be clear, decisive and to the point. Life was too important to procrastinate.

She was stoic and willing to endure the consequences of her decisions. Her beloved husband Jens often helped temper the fire of her will. But her will was also the offering will of a mothers': she was a loving mother of five children, a housemother, a proud grandmother, and a godmother many times over! She took on and embraced all the manifold facets of the archetype of the mother, and offered up her best will forces to that task.

She loved to sing, particularly in the choir. A choir is a picture of the harmonious working of a community. Each individual chorister serves the higher being of the choir, which is a vessel for the spirit of music. As they practice together, the pronounced individuality of each singer dissolves, and the musical piece becomes ever more manifest—the harmony ever more apparent. So stood Gerda in the community: she was not a soloist, but an integral part of the greater whole.

In later years, after she left the day to day running of a house, she turned her loving attention from the kingdom of childhood to the quieter realm of nature. She became a keen gardener. She brought her sense for form, order and regularity to the elementals whom she knew to be a reality and who would benefit from the fiery imprint of her human Ego. If neglected, elementals or gardens tend to react like naughty children, and Gerda knew all about them—and loved them! And so she loved her garden.

She also took up painting and painted festivals and fairy tale motifs as seen through the eyes of a child. In this way, she upheld the vision of the child, the holy inner life of the child, and guarded it. She stood up for being upright and true and fought to protect values that she felt were truly Christian, truly human.

She guarded the dying embers of those central European values of the old world

that had finally burnt out after the War. She guarded them and brought them safely stowed away in her heart over the seas to Scotland, where these values might arise anew, translated and transformed into something that could be part of a common future.

Gerda's name means 'the one who guards'. We are grateful, Gerda for that which you so strongly protected, and gave to us to take further.

Rev. Luke Barr

Appendix

It is interesting to note that Gerda's path to Camphill might not have happened had her parents not been subject to religious intolerance. Coming from different backgrounds, their families were vehemently opposed to a union which would inevitably have meant one of them marrying in the 'wrong' church. Thus the couple opted for a third way—The Christian Community, not merely as a simple expedient but as the pathway to an anthroposophical outlook on life and a natural inclination to Waldorf education with all that that entailed for Gerda's future. It is also noteworthy that their Christian Community connections provided the family with sanctuary in various locations during their long and arduous journey as refugees from Czechoslovakia.

Marc Peter Holbek

Gerda came to join our class in autumn 1946, one year after the re-opening of the Stuttgart Waldorf school. At last family Masukowitz could settle for a while after having to traverse the Sudetenland in West Germany towards the end of the Second World War.

As the daughter of anthroposophists, Gerda easily became part of the class and very much enjoyed the content of the lessons. One could experience her artistic nature through her eurythmical abilities, her joy of singing and of playing the side flute.

Our friendship grew during the summer of 1947 to the extent that I was invited to join the family in Laufenburg on the Hoch Rhein and they welcomed me warmly into their midst. I joined Gerda, her brother Wolfgang and sister Helga in some eurythmy lessons given by Lori-Mayer Smits, the first eurythmist. It was a very happy time for me.

During the following years of Class 11 and 12, the lessons were given by the first Waldorf School teachers which gave great fulfilment to those of us who had experienced the bleak war years. One day Karl König came to give a talk to all the pupils. After this, many of my best friends decided to go to Scotland to join the Curative Education Seminar there.

My musical studies began in 1950, and at the first opportunity I travelled to Scotland to visit my friends Friedwart Bock, Eva Sachs, Dorothea Rascher and Gerda Masukowitz. Apart from the homes in Scotland, I also got to know Ringwood and Thornbury where Gerda



2014, gardening in front of Fedelma

was working. My friendship with Jens and Gerda found fulfilment at Easter 1956 when they came to visit me on their honeymoon during my studies in Paris. Together we visited Chartres Cathedral.

As a result of my growing friendship with Jens, he arranged for me to give a concert tour (with my cello) every autumn, performing at different Camphill places in England, Scotland and Northern Ireland, which I did

for many years. Latterly I performed together with my violinist friend Karl Heinrich von Stumpff. We were the known as the 'Kodaly Duo'. During these visits I was able to form a lovely connection with my god daughter Christina, the first of Jens and Gerda's five children.

My last visit was in September 2008, when I gave a concert for the 80th birthday celebrations for Friedwart Bock and Jens. My friendship with Gerda continues to this day.

Christoph Killian

Joan Iris Makarie Holbek née Lindenberg

12 February 1962 – 10 August 2016

As her father pointed out in a message read out at her funeral before the music he composed for the occasion was sung, Joan's life was bookended by rare astronomical phenomena. Days before her birth, eight of the nine planets were aligned for the first time in 400 years, while her death was accompanied by an alignment of five of the brightest planets. These events resonate with her third name, Makarie, who, as Goethe's wise astronomer in *Wilhelm Meister's Journeyman Years*, has been described as 'a cosmic potency of the beautiful soul'. And what a beautiful soul Joan was; her heart-stopping, elegantly unadorned natural beauty was manifestly complemented by her inner radiance. The children in her Kindergarten at York Steiner School referred to her as Golden Joan and sometimes Lion Joan, partly in reference to the mane of golden hair that distinguished her from her similarly named colleague but also in unspoken recognition of her intangible qualities. Many have referred to their perception of the vibrant warmth she radiated and the quietly exuberant inclusiveness which touched most who encountered her. On occasion her namesake Joan of Arc might be invoked, forcing the lion to roar when faced with injustice or intransigent officialdom (or a contrary spouse) but she avoided getting involved in personal conflicts. Gossip, intrigue and 'office' politics held no interest because she had no wish to take sides and thus compromise her all-encompassing affection. She was, however deeply concerned by the ongoing strife within Camphill communities such as Botton. She was baffled that what she saw as oppressive, ruinously interfering external management, which has driven out the consensual ethos which created and nurtured the villages' (highly successful) existence, has been allowed to prevail.

Joan started life in the Camphill community of Glenraig in Northern Ireland, the fourth of six children born into the very musical family of Christof-Andreas and Alona Linden-



Joan in 2011



At Hunmanby Gap

berg, and spent most of her childhood in Camphill Scotland. After leaving school she spent time as a co-worker in Aigues Vertes, Switzerland; Vidaråsen, Norway; and Copake, USA. The tragic death of her sister Janet in 1981 had a profound effect on the whole family and led to seismic changes in its constellation.

After moving to Leeds and then York, during which time she married me, her childhood sweetheart and fellow Camphill staff child. Our four children were born and she became involved with the York Steiner School. Here she discovered a gift for effectively revitalising school fairs, which were important both for the social fabric and the financial wellbeing of the school, before finding her true role as a Kindergarten teacher. She was intuitively attuned to the needs of the children in

her care while quietly applying the tenets of Waldorf education. Her 20 year involvement with the school saw a rapid expansion of the Early Years department but was interrupted by the intrusion of breast cancer. This was, of course, an earth-shattering blow but she rode the storm and after extensive treatment returned to a fully active life, with the cancer seemingly in remission. Six years later a trip to visit our two Australia-based children, accompanied by the rest of the family, was blighted by a sudden severe bout of back pain, which was found to be caused by metastases in the spine, with the collapse of two vertebrae. Despite this she recovered sufficiently to enjoy life until a year later, when she was once again struck down by debilitating illness. Like a slow-moving but inexorable tsunami it ruthlessly overwhelmed her fragile defences until on the 10th day of August, still a very youthful 54, in a candle-lit room surrounded by all her family, she crossed the threshold.

Despite the immeasurable pain of loss one can at least be grateful to have had the immense fortune to exist within the orbit of her love.

Mark Peter Holbek

Susanne Steinke

17 November 1933–21 October 2016

Susanne died on Friday October 21, shortly before her 83rd birthday. During the course of this last year, she suffered from various diseases of the heart which necessitated surgery and lengthy periods in hospital. During a journey to Norway, which she had been looking forward to for a long time, she again became seriously ill, and needed to be taken from Oslo back to Berlin for a last operation which she did not survive.

Susanne grew up in Stuttgart as the third of four sisters, who lost their father during the war. After graduating from school with her 'Abitur', she studied social work and spent time at Camphill in Scotland as one of her practical placements. She returned later in order to participate in the Camphill seminar in Curative Education. Susanne lived in the same house community as Dr Karl König. Michael Steinke came there in 1963 to join Dr König for a practical training in his medical training. The two met and it was the beginning of a deep connection which led to their marriage in 1964.

Susanne asked Dr. König to free her from a previously made commitment to be part of the founding group of a village community in Germany. The couple moved to Michael's home town of Berlin, where their three sons were born. In 1974, together with five other co-workers, they worked to prepare a new Camphill centre: Thomas-Haus. This Camphill Day Centre for Curative Education and Speech Therapy for pre-school age children with special needs was opened on 1.4.1975. Michael's Medical Practice where he worked as a psychiatrist and a neurologist was attached to the centre.

Susanne cared lovingly for her family and at the same time, she dealt in a competent and caring manner for all kinds of needs in Thomas-Haus. She participated in all meetings, day courses and college meetings. She faithfully and modestly took on responsibilities and various tasks such as those connected with season festivals and festivities. For years she looked after groups of children so that their co-workers could attend the clinics for the children. She taught in the Foundation course for those on practical placements; represented Thomas-Haus at the national meetings of the Anthroposophical Association and also within Camphill: and attended the regular meetings of the Camphill Nurses who met regularly at Thomas-Haus in the mid 1980s.

At the end of the 1980s, Susanne was actively involved in the founding of the Camphill Life Community at Berlin Alt-Schönow. After great differences, a separation of Thomas-Haus and Alt-Schönow became necessary. Until the end of her life, Susanne was unhappy about this separation.

During her last few years Susanne greatly enjoyed taking part in the meetings of the Camphill Community Group which had formed in Berlin in 2008. She was always concerned to keep her worldwide connections to Camphillers alive, and she was sad that so many of her peers had already crossed the threshold.

In the last few years she had passed on most of her tasks, and had great pleasure in looking after her grandchildren and also her beloved plants, animals and birds. She was always aware of the present constellations of the planets and stars.

For many years Susanne was actively engaged in the life of The Christian Community, being a member of their council and visiting those in need of care.

Susanne was appreciated and loved by those around her for her loving concern for even the smallest of things. We will miss her warm and loving presence and hope that she will accompany Michael, her family and us from the spiritual world.

She was followed over the threshold by her eldest son Christopher who died eight days after her, on October 29, of a sudden, severe illness, at the age of 51.

Anne Martin, Thomas-Haus, Berlin

Jean and I share some memories which might be of interest to readers of *Camphill Correspondence*.

The first memory goes back to the early fifties of the last century, the second to 2002.

It started either in Newton Dee, or Murtle Estate. Our pupils were all teenagers. It was half term, which was an opportunity for going on excursions. Young medical doctors came frequently on visits to meet with doctor König. Once there arose the question: who would join the competent nurse Susanne to take a group of pupils on an excursion to the Highlands, and one of the visiting doctors offered. (At that time no police check was required.) His offer was gratefully accepted. The doctor and the nurse with their caring and medical experience were entirely trustworthy. The group was well equipped and we waved good bye and they caught a bus in the direction of the Highlands. Nothing should go against expectation.

But as evening approached, there was no sign of the group, nor any message. In spite of our trust in their competence, you can imagine our worry. It was autumn but without rain; mists can, however descend unexpectedly. The mystery was solved on the following morning. They had missed the last bus and were still in open country (it was a time when mobile phones were not yet invented). The whole group had set out to gather bracken (a kind of fern) and built a cosy camp under the starry sky. All the children had settled well under the watchful eyes of two responsible adults.

There was great joy when the first news arrived by telephone and later all the pupils were safely reunited.

What became known only later on: Michael and Susanne had become engaged!

Second story

Jean and I always remained friends with Susanne and Michael through the many decades. Now we harboured the wish to combine a visit to Berlin and the Steinke's with a performance of 'The Ring Cycle' by R. Wagner. The invitation that came showed their generosity and trust. Our friends wrote to us that they would be on holiday in Mexico, and had arranged for a friend of theirs to meet us and open their house for us. They would see us upon their return. Everything went according to plan and it was a great joy to meet each other again after so many years.

We had the privilege of being introduced to what remained of Old Berlin. Michael had experienced the

post war blockade and the airlift of essentials from the West. Also other sightseeing was enhanced under the guidance of a native Berliner. Susanne's warmth and genuine friendship to us Camphillers was a wonderful bonus! We also went to visit the Thomas House (was it named after our mutual friend Dr. Thomas Weihs?) We

witnessed some of the therapeutic work that is offered there to the children with special needs.

These two episodes demonstrate some of the generous spirit and love cultivated by Susanne and Michael Steinke.

Johannes Surkamp

Liv Helene Geelmuyden

22 March 1975–5 October 2016

Liv Helene was born in Vidaråsen at a time when it seemed as though the heavens opened and a 'deluge' of co-worker children were born, weaving into the life of Camphill in Norway and contributing to its development in a way that is difficult to define. St. Johns School in Camphill Scotland owed its beginnings to the needs of the first co-worker children and quickly developed into a school that included all the children living there. Co-worker children have always been an integral part of Camphill, growing up, sharing life with special people and a vast variety of co-workers. Later, many established themselves outside Camphill, some returning after some years and others devoting their whole lives to Camphill. Although Liv Helene lived some years in Sweden and, as a youngster, was in the Pennine Community in England, most of her life was devoted to Camphill in Norway.



Liv Helene

Liv Helene contributed in her own special and individual way, carrying a life-load that demanded courage and determination. Born on the Saturday before Palm Sunday, the third child and first daughter of Karen Nesheim and Jon Geelmuyden, she soon fell ill and her life-long journey of illness, hospital and recovery began. Periods of good health became shorter in recent years and, much against her own will, she became increasingly dependent on help. She had 'chosen' her family with care, and with their support, she learned to walk, swim and to undertake many activities that are normal for many but an achievement for others. In the last years of school, she learned to weave, and later weaving was her profession.

As a young adult, Liv Helene joined Jøssåsen Landsby. For her it was a big step and she asked her mother "Do you want me to be a villager?" What this transformation from 'co-worker child' to 'villager' really meant for Liv

Helene is not easy for anybody to fathom but she took on the challenge and became a spokesperson for 'us villagers', at the same time never forgetting her double role.

As I sit here and think about Liv Helene, I see her smile, hear her laughter and experience again her lively sense of humour and hidden wisdom. In contrast, she could sometimes creep into her shell, rejecting friends and family, filled with pain and questions: "Why me?"

Vidaråsen and Camphill in Norway and the whole Northern Region are celebrating their 50 years jubilee this year, the highlight being the festival in Oslo at Michaelmas. Between 350 and 400 people from the whole region spent almost five days living and celebrating together. At the same

time, the World Wide Weave exhibition opened in the Town Hall in Oslo. Liv Helene took part in the festivities and was happy and filled with joy. On Michaelmas Day at lunchtime, she suddenly collapsed and lost consciousness, and a few days later she died in hospital with her mother and some close friends present.

At her funeral in Vidaråsen, the priest, John Baum, held the address where he gathered the threads of Liv Helene's life in the image of a huge warp, into which Liv Helene had woven her life. The image of the warp, which we all prepare before birth, and the patterns and colours we weave during life, are an inspiring picture to ponder. Liv Helene, born at the threshold of Easter week, a weaver by profession, chose to finish her life at Michaelmas, a festival that celebrates courage and points to the future. Now that her masterpiece is finished, we can look and begin to appreciate all that she has contributed.

Thankyou Liv Helene.

*Angela Rawcliffe
(Liv Helene's godmother)
Hogganvik*

Other friends who have died

Chas Bamford passed away suddenly and unexpectedly at home, on December 9, at 2.30 pm.

He had been ill with flu and recovered, but a few days later he began to feel under the weather again, and became out of breath after exertion. The GP checked his lungs and said they were clear, and advised that he needed a bit more time to recover from the flu.

Yesterday in the middle of the day his breathing became difficult. I called the ambulance, but before they came, Chas passed away gently and lightly. The ambulance crew could not revive him.

Chas was 64. He and I recently celebrated 40 years of marriage. Born into a Staffordshire engineering family, his first training was as an engineer. He met Camphill in

Patience

*An earth-filled chalice
Bears in its palm
A white quartz stone and bare
Branches of winter.*

*The seed for their growth
Once was dropped like a pebble
In earth (which is rock
Ground to dust),*

*But by grace of sun and rain
It burst its shell
And grew and branched
Into light.*

*Now in the season of frost
The branches look dead
And the stone bears a calm
Sparkle of light,*

*But come Easter, buds will
Break open, leaves will unfold
Green life, breathing
Compassionate shelter*

*For the squatting stone
Which by artistic licence
Brightly will dream
On.*

JENS-PETER LINDE

Ringwood in 1974, and he spent most of the following years up to 2014 in Camphill centres, the Sheiling School Ringwood, the Lantern Community and Botton Village and Delrow. He taught in the Camphill eurythmy training in Ringwood and Botton for 21 years and took part in many eurythmy tours. At the same time he was active in running our households. One of his greatest joys has been our three sons, and their partners, and now three little grandchildren.

We thank you for all your kind thoughts and messages,
Elisabeth, Daniel, Francis and Chris

Rev. Peter Allan. July 19, 1933, Edinburgh–November 5, 2016, Gloucester. Peter had moved just a couple of days before his unexpected death from Gloucester Hospital where he had spent many weeks, to a nursing home in Gloucester. From 1972–79 Marianne and Peter were house parents in Newton Dee while Peter was working as a priest in Aberdeen and Newton Dee.
Carmel Iveson

Sarah Cuffe, born on August 28, 1965, passed away peacefully on All Saint's Day, November 1, at her home in Sweeney's in Camphill Community Ballytobin surrounded by her family and friends. She has been a much-loved friend to many.

Sarah came to live in Ballytobin when she was 19 and was a colourful, humorous character who brought much joy to everyone. She was a great teacher to many young co-workers and changed many people's lives. In spite of her diminishing strength she continued to participate fully in the social and cultural life of the community until the end.

Jenny Frister

My former husband **Bernd Ehlen** (born September 11, 1943), passed away December 7, around 6 pm.

He had been suffering from Asbestosis, which is caused by materials containing asbestos. He had been severely ill the last months in spite of all the various medical treatments to ease the condition over the past year.

As a young adult, Bernd worked in his trade in a joinery, Kunz & Trechslin, run by Hans Kunz in Dornach and attended the Sculpture School (Plastikschule am Goetheanum) in Dornach, Switzerland. He then joined Camphill in 1966, living first in Thornbury and from 1967 at the Camphill Schools in Aberdeen. Apart from a year out in 1968–9, he remained in the Camphill Schools, Aberdeen, until 2000. During his many years in Camphill he ran our Murtle Workshop, started and developed the Murtle Riding School, and was involved as a member of the management team for many years as well as being a dedicated community member.

He moved to Germany in January 2002, to work in an anthroposophical community in Thuringia, the Lebensgemeinschaft Wickersdorf, where he remained until this day. He worked hard for this community and also helped oversee their project work in Ghana at the Life Community Deduako in Kumasi in the Ashanti Highlands in Ghana, for which he recently was awarded the Order of Merit of the Federal Republic of Germany (Verdienstorden der Bundesrepublik Deutschland).
Kahren Ehlen

Personal memories of life with Dr. König

Sigrid Hansmann (contributed by Johannes Surkamp)

On New Year's Day 1966 Dr König was with us for the last time in St. Andrew's House. After lunch Henning and I sat with Dr. König and our talk turned towards death. Henning asked: "How will it be, when you leave us?" König: "Dear Henning, have you never heard that after death the connection will be much stronger than during life? I will never leave you, as long as you think of me. Ask me and have courage!"

Celebratory Birthdays 2017

Becoming 98

Jack Knight, Simeon Houses 9 September

Becoming 97

Hazel Straker, Stroud 6 April

Becoming 96

Marianne Gorge, Simeon House..... 16 June

Becoming 95

Monica Dorrington, Ringwood 20 June

Becoming 93

Elizabeth Patrzich, Simeon House..... 30 January

Becoming 92

Wera Levin, Überlingen..... 8 June

Jean Surkamp, Ochil Tower..... 24 November

Brigitte Köber, Rütthubelbad..... 7 December

Becoming 91

Lisa Steuk, Mourne Grange..... 7 July

Reidunn Hedeoft, Hogganvik 8 August

Barbara Thom, Ochil Tower 22 October

Caryl Smales, Botton Village 12 November

Christiane Lauppe, William Morris 11 December

Barbara Kauffmann, Perceval..... 27 December

Becoming 90

Annelies Brüll, Camphill School Aberdeen 24 July

Regine Blockhuys, Überlingen..... 1 August

Elsbeth Groth, Camphill School Aberdeen... 7 Dec.

Becoming 85

Ruth Liberatore, Kimberton Hills 29 April

Christoph Andreas Lindenberg, Beaver Run 20 Aug.

Michael Phillips, Sturts Farm..... 8 September

Eric Steedman, Botton Village 16 September

Becoming 80

Sonni Chamberland, Copake Village..... 7 January

Angelica Beckman, Nuremberg 6 February

Flo Huntly, Stourbridge..... 3 March

Lavinia Dent, Forest Row 18 May

Fiona Jane Williams, Grange Village 3 June

Georg Schad, Ringwood..... 23 August

Joan Phillips, Sturts Farm 10 October

Marianne Somme, Überlingen..... 7 November

John Bickford, Oaklands Park 23 November

Horst Beckmann, Nuremberg 13 December

Becoming 75

Susan Burgess, Grange Village 14 February

Penny Guy, Ringwood 15 March

Asger Elmquist, Osceola, USA 29 March

Regula Stolz, Basel 19 April

Kathe Stepanuk Johnson, Botton Village..... 12 May

Gretina Masserlink, Mourne Grange..... 27 May

Anne Exley, Botton Village..... 4 June

Kaarina Vahteri, Sylvia Koti..... 17 June

Joan Fenwick, Botton Village 30 June

Graham Calderwood, Tigh'o Chomainn..... 7 July

Virginia Kelly, The Croft 13 July

John Heath, Newton Dee Village 27 July

George Lissant, Newton Dee Village..... 30 August

Roswitha Imegwu, Copake Village..... 23 September

Eleonore Kralapp, Berlin..... 2 November

Becoming 70

David Adams, Cascadia, Vancouver..... 7 January

Gerlinde Kriese, Heiligenberg..... 8 January

Heike Eckart, Liebenfels 11 January

Christopher Kidman, Ringwood..... 26 January

Tim Pakalak, Triform 27 January

Øyvind Auset, Vällersund Gärd..... 7 February

Aimo Kuusisto, Myllyläde 23 February

Hilde Reigger, Lehenhof 3 March

Sandra Havernaas, Stroud 11 March

Heiner Bühler, Vidaråsen 21 March

David Street, Botton Village 23 March

Angela Rawcliffe, Hogganvik..... 30 March

Bob Woodward, Bristol, ex Thornbury 30 March

Svein Kristian Hansen, Vidaråsen..... 12 May

Inger Anonsen, Vidaråsen 18 May

Klaus Schleicher, Lehenhof..... 21 May

Danielle Benkabouchele, Le Béal 19 June

Rosie Philpot, Stourbridge 27 June

Eva Heathcock, Tigh A'Chomainn 2 July

Johannes Moora, Hamburg 10 July

Kathryn Hobson, Simeon Houses 14 July

Dieter Kruse, Vidaråsen 18 July

Maja de Haan, Jøssåsen..... 21 July

Doug Huntly, Stourbridge..... 30 July

Mary Balmer, Glencraig..... 6 August

Hetty van Brandenburg, Clanabogan 13 August

Beatrix Kunkel, Lehenhof..... 15 August

Immanuel Klote, Lehenhof..... 20 August

Melitta Furze, Föhrenbühl 9 September

Susanne Braun, Lehenhof 10 September

Anne Langeland, Rotvoll, Norway 20 September

Philip Page, Botton Village 23 September

Marija Kuusisto, Myllyläde 25 October

Erich Müller, Camphill Nuremberg ... 29 November

Roy Polonsky, Hermanus Farm..... 2 December

Thomas Williams, Delrow 4 December

Sherry Wildfeuer, Kimberton Hills 14 December

Anne Martin, Berlin 26 December

Jill Reid, Hermanus Farm 26 December

Our greetings to Caroline Ann Yetimer at Clanabogan who was 70 on October 22, 2016. Our apologies.

**Please send any additions or alterations to sandrastoddard@gmail.com or +441224733415
All help is gratefully received.**

Camphill Community Clanabogan

Modern Biodynamic Farm seeking Farmer!

Camphill Community Clanabogan is a life sharing community in Co. Tyrone, N. Ireland, supporting adults with learning disabilities.

The community provides day/work opportunities on the biodynamic social farm, estate and garden, as well as in the bakery and the craft workshops.

The biodynamic farm is Demeter certified and actively involved with the use and development of renewable energy.

Sustainability and care of the environment is promoted throughout the community.

The farm comprises 55 hectares of lands, has modern machinery and is in the process of developing new cattle housing with hay drying facilities for efficiency of work and to enable more adults at risk, to engage in fulfilling work opportunities in the setting of a modern Social Care farm.

We are seeking

an experienced/trained farmer

to share and take on responsibilities on the Clanabogan Biodynamic Social Farm.

As the workforce includes adults with learning disabilities, an interest in social care and willingness to undertake training where needed is required.

Our preference is for a farmer who will join the life-sharing community. We are open to exploring other options.

We also are looking for a home coordinator, preferably on a life sharing basis, to take on a house community, together with a team of volunteer co-workers and support workers. Applications from small families, willing to join the community, are welcome.

Vetting and references are required.
We are an Equal Opportunities Employer.

For more information

Please contact:

Hetty van Brandenburg

E-mail:

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Web: www.camphillclanabogan.com

Tel: +44 (0)2882 256100



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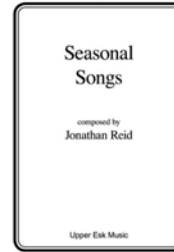
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The Creation of Adam and Eve, Lorenzo Ghiberti, portal of the Baptistery in Florence

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