

November/December 2017

CAMP HILL CORRESPONDENCE



The march of the children,
Emil Nolde

*When we are no longer able to change a situation—we are challenged to change ourselves.
Between stimulus and response there is a space. In that space is our power to choose our response.
In our response lies our growth and our freedom.*

Viktor E. Frankl, *Man's Search for Meaning*

Keeping in touch

My apologies to Henriette Wehrmann who wrote two lovely pieces about Ballytobin for the last issue which were wrongly attributed to Jutta Gevecke. They are the poem: 'Trusting wheelbarrows', and the letter which begins 'I left Ballytobin 25 years ago'. Many thanks Henriette. The Ballytobin photograph was taken in 1991.

After having received the recent compliment that *Camphill Correspondence* is keeping us up to date with what is happening in the movement, I hope we will be forgiven for including a re-print of material from a booklet produced for the 50th anniversary of the St John's school in this issue. The school was the fore-runner of all the Camphill schools which were established later, but it did not exist at the very beginning of Camphill.

We are delighted to be able to hand over the production of *Camphill Correspondence* to Onat Sanchez Schwartz and the team in America, and trust that we will continue to send news and views from Europe and elsewhere to the editors there.

Betty Marx

Hello readers:

The US Editorial Team is busy preparing for the transition of the *Camphill Correspondence* to North America. Our goal is to offer both print and online subscription to our readers. Yes, we want to assure you that the print version will continue alongside the online news.

The website has been created and you can visit us at www.camphillcorrespondence.net

We have also created a Facebook Page and you can like and support the page by going to

www.facebook.com/camphillcorrespondence

We also want to send monthly news updates via email. Some of you have already signed up to receive the monthly e-newsletter beginning January 2018. We have heard from people from Switzerland, United Kingdom, Germany, Norway and the USA. We hope many more of you will sign up for the newsletter so that we can reach as many people as possible. Go to

www.camphillcorrespondence.net/subscribe to sign up.

We would like to invite people from each region to be a regional Correspondent. If you would like to write articles; ask someone to write articles; take photos from your community events to share with the Camphill Movement – we would like you to be a part of the *Camphill Correspondence*. Please contact editor.correspondence@camphill.org to express your interest.

We welcome your suggestions and we hope to hear from you. Thank you.

US Editorial Team

- Adam Hewitt (*Camphill Soltane*)
 - Aroon Kalsi (*Triform Camphill Community*)
 - Laura Mooney (*Raphael Academy*)
 - Onat Sanchez-Schwartz (*Camphill Ghent*)
 - Ralf Homberg (*Camphill Village Kimberton Hills*)
- Adviser – David Andrew Schwartz (*Camphill Ghent*)

Celebratory Birthdays November – December 2017

Becoming 92

Jean Surkamp, Ochil Tower..... November 24
Brigitte Köber, Rütthubelbad, Switzerland... December 7

Becoming 91

Christiane Lauppe, Rowan, Glos. December 11
Barbara Kauffmann, Perceval, Switzerland..... Dec. 27

Becoming 90

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

Becoming 80

Marianne Somme, Überlingen..... November 7
John Bickford, Oaklands Park November 23
Horst Beckmann, Nuremberg December 13

Becoming 75

Eleonore Kralapp, Berlin..... November 2
Jennie Tanser, Devon December 31

Becoming 70

Erich Müller, Nuremberg November 29
Roy Polonsky, Hermanus Farm, South Africa..... Dec. 2
Sherry Wildfeuer, Kimberton Hills, USA .. December 14
Anne Martin, Berlin December 26
Jill Reid, Hermanus Farm, South Africa December 26

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A Sense for Community

Reaching out and inviting in – the challenges of a Camphill community

Panel contribution to Camphill Dialogue meeting, Newton Dee, May 26, 2017

Birte Miereczko

Introduction

I live in Camphill Le Béal, a Camphill community in the south of France, a small land-based community situated between Lyon and Marseille, and home to 23 villagers. We are approximately 23 long-term employed co-workers, some of whom live in with their families, and we welcome several short-term co-workers every year. The life of Le Béal revolves around four house communities, three main workshops (a vegetable garden, a small farm and a herb workshop), and a rich social and cultural life.

When Tom Marx approached me last year asking me to be on the panel I asked him what he thought I could contribute that would be of interest to all of you? He described how Le Béal is perceived by the wider movement, a perception of which we were unaware. He said: "I think you can give an interesting presentation under the heading of 'How Camphill can survive and even thrive despite official policy being counter to Camphill', because Camphill communities CAN become part of their local community in the way that you are in Le Béal."

What is it that we do in Le Béal that makes us an integral part not only of the local community, the village of Taulignan, but also of the care provision for adults with special needs in our region? How do we do this in a way that is not in contradiction with Camphill values and ethos?

Synopsis:

The challenges of a Camphill community that is the only one of its kind in the country. Making community means reaching out, inviting in, transparency and openness.

Being isolated from the wider movement has worked in the community's favour. The necessity to work with others has become a driving force in the thriving of our community.

Reaching out and inviting in

I will not give you a recipe to be applied in any context, but an account of what is possible for us. Le Béal celebrates its 40th anniversary this year. To begin with, at the end of the seventies, Le Béal was perceived as being weird, associated with sects. Anthroposophy has never found a firm footing in France. There are less than ten Steiner Schools in the whole of this country of sixty million...this shows on which ground the seed was sown.

The perception of us as strange was changed

through building relationships with the local community, eg, by our children going to the local school and by us showing respect to the neighbouring farmers and the work they are doing. We also had influential support. In the early eighties, a renowned person in the social work field wrote a dissertation about 'Social Innovation' which included Le Béal, thus putting us on the map.

Today Le Béal is considered to be like any other institution in terms of service users' rights, funding, rules and regulations, employment law etc, and at the same time it is known for its originality. We present ourselves as professionals, and we create community, but the community is OUR business. For us, Community is not a concept limited to place. Le Béal has 23 villagers. This has been a stable number for the last twenty-five years. The institution itself does not get bigger, but the community continues to grow – with all the people who came, went, stayed and returned...young co-workers, colleagues, villagers, their families, friends, visitors...

I. Inviting in

In many ways, we regret not having a Steiner School nearby but as far as local integration is concerned, this has been a blessing. Co-worker's children go to the local primary school and children come with their parents to visit their friends in Le Béal. Our small farm with four cows (in an area where cows are otherwise never seen) provides a good reason for a class outing. Two teachers who have a music project with their pupils come to Le Béal to rehearse songs with the villagers, which are then presented at the annual music day of the village.

II. Reaching out and openness

This aspect is related to the field of professionalism, and involves co-workers doing training courses, and obtaining official qualifications in care work at different levels.



Lavender harvest in Le Béal



Birte Miereczko

Obtaining qualifications is not just an obligation, it is also an opportunity. It is one thing to do training courses via correspondence or open university courses and another to actually sit in a classroom with other students talking about our work, responding to their questions and finding a way of presenting what we do in a 'digestible' way. To defend a dissertation in front of a jury, we have to catch their interest through a language that explains, shows enthusiasm and motivation, but does not give the impression that we think we are better or know better than everybody else—because we do not!!

The whole realm of training is an important factor in 'reaching out and inviting in': we have people going out on training courses and we have many people coming in on practice placements. Every year between 15 and 20 students do placements with us which last between two weeks and four months. Some students are French, some come from abroad. Some live in, others do not. They are accompanied by a tutor from Le Béal as well as by a person from their school, training centre or university. The people from the training centres see our work and they in turn invite us to their schools to tell their students about our project. We collaborate regularly with two local training centres.

III. Transparency

With regard to transparency, I think of the work with the board members. Our Board consists of eleven people, including two people who work in Le Béal. The registered manager and myself are invited to the meetings. Previously the board has included family members of the villagers but there are none at present. The Board meets four times a year, twice to look at the budget and the accounts and the remaining two meetings are dedicated to governance issues. A working group that consists of three Board Members, the accountant and the management team meets seven times a year and prepares the Board Meetings.

Our manager and I recently took part in a four-day training course on investment planning and negotiations with local authorities. The course facilitator, M. Dallo,

was intrigued to meet us, –two people from such a tiny institution! In France, all small institutions are pushed to regroup with larger entities so that the authorities have fewer budgets to deal with. How could we still exist and stand on our own feet? After a few questions, he found his answers: Le Béal is in good financial health, the accounts have been well taken care of by a qualified accountant, and we have a well-functioning Board. According to M. Dallo these are the most vital ingredients for an autonomous existence in today's French social work context.

What is a well-functioning board? Many of our board members had a connection of friendship with Le Béal before becoming a member of the Board. They did not necessarily express the wish to become a member of the Board, but were asked if they could imagine joining. Many of them reacted by asking. "What could I contribute that would be of interest?"

Humility and the wish to help seem to be the common starting points. Our board members come from various backgrounds. They are: musicians, teachers, a physicist, an architect, a clinical psychologist, a care home manager, two staff members, an entrepreneur, an accountant, a university lecturer. About half of them are retired, and all of them are friends.

Le Béal lived through a crisis in 2009 when a villager died in an accident. Everything was scrutinized by the local authorities. The management team, the Board and especially the Chair Person were under pressure to ensure that all rules, regulations and laws were abided by to the letter. The process of making sure that standards were met, which had begun several years earlier, was speeded up. Change was imposed and not questioned, as it was vital for survival. The Board trusted the management team's competencies and this trust continues today after the transition from the former management team to the new team. This trust is built in the meetings, where a culture of listening to each other is fostered. In these meetings, fundamental issues are addressed: Where do we come from, what is our history and where do we go? What does the team of co-workers think? What are the preoccupations of the villagers? What does society ask of us and what can we contribute?

The Board gets a glimpse of what life is like in Le Béal when they come for meetings or cultural events. They are in tune with the project, and they take their role seriously. In French, the Board is called 'Conseil d'Administration'. The word 'conseil' means advice. The Board has an advisory role, which it fulfills in a very constructive and benevolent way.

IV. Reaching out, inviting in, openness and transparency

Last but not least: I would like to turn to the role of the villagers. Their actions combine all these important aspects: reaching out, inviting in, openness and transparency.

The art of welcoming guests in Le Béal has been nurtured since day one, and the villagers play an active role in inviting in. They welcome guests at their table almost on a daily basis. On Monday evenings, every house community prepares for the events of the coming week. Every visitor is mentioned, every visit is prepared, and whoever comes is welcomed by everyone. The act of sharing a meal is often a transformative experience for someone who has never met a person with special needs.

In Le Béal we call the villagers 'compagnons'. The word derives from the Latin word *companiono*, the one who shares the bread.

The *compagnons* reach out, they take part in life in the local community. This may be by weekly wall climbing sessions at the village's sports centre or exhibiting their art work at different art venues; relying on local resources like the hairdresser or the pharmacy or being present at the numerous events of the village's very active cultural life.

In addition, the *compagnons* have a very important role in the work we do with the young co-workers. It is they who open the doors to their homes every year anew. They make space for the young. The *compagnons* teach these young people about life in Le Béal—about living together, respecting each other and helping one another. Everyone contributes to the household, the workshops, to the community. Giving and receiving becomes a reality for the young people, and the *compagnons* are role models for them—a meaningful and important task!

In many ways, the *compagnons* are the most important ambassadors of the work we do together—within Le Béal, and by being part of the local community. By inviting in and reaching out we create transparency. There is an authentic feel to Le Béal which is often remarked upon. The *compagnons'* openness and interest in the other make it possible for real encounters to happen that leave lasting impressions and contribute to developing openness and acceptance in the other.

Conclusion

We are not, yet, under the same pressures as are our friends in Great Britain for instance. I often hear that France is ten to fifteen years behind in regard to developments in the Anglo-Saxon world. The French do not even have translations for the words 'empowerment' and 'care'. These concepts seem to be just arriving.

The examples I gave are examples of what I would call 'outer work' and we are equally aware of the need for inner work. Inner work is a reality for us. Being professional does not mean we turn our backs on the spiritual elements of our work that are so often difficult to talk about. I would love to elaborate, but this would be a different talk.

It has not been my intention to give you a recipe, but there are some ingredients which hold things together for us, namely: time, trust, and clear governance.

Our collegial way of working allows us to involve all co-workers. We set aside time for governance. Twice a month we meet for an hour and a half for information sharing, and participation in decision making processes. We take time to let decisions ripen, slow down the pace, and clearly identify where and when decisions are to be made. This can seem time-consuming at first, but the ensuing decisions are adhered to in the long-run, which is evidence of clear governance. Of course, all is not rosy all the time. When difficult issues arise, we decide who is best suited to deal with the situation and move on from there.

When discussing this year's Dialogue themes with our Board Members, one of them shared an interest-



Le Béal, Foyer de Vie, Taulignan, Provence

ing experience. As a student, she received a very good mark for a paper she had written, and so did her study colleague. In the comments, she read: "Well done, very academic work." Her colleague's comment read: "Well done, very non-academic poetic work". This situation got her thinking. One can do very good work by following the guidelines, and one can do very good work not following the guidelines. An unconventional answer can yield a very good result! For her Le Béal does very good work in an unconventional way with a lot of poetry. The poetry is what makes the difference. The poetry is where life happens despite or maybe alongside the rules and regulations. In her perception, we are not pushing rules and regulations away but we work with them in an intelligent and creative way.

Reaching out and inviting in The challenges of a Camphill community

Being isolated from the wider movement has been in our favour. The necessity to work with others who are different from us has been a driving force in helping our community to thrive.

The challenges that present themselves are consciously transformed into opportunities. These opportunities enable us to meet new people, help us move forward and hopefully be ready for what is to come.

Following a year in Le Béal, Birte Miereczko went to the Camphill School Aberdeen where she completed the BA in Curative Education in 2005. In 2009 the Miereczko family moved to Le Béal where Birte is part of the management team. The day-to-day challenge in her work is: to how to apply Camphill values in the ever-changing landscape of social work in France.

70th Anniversary celebrations of St John School

On October 13, 2017 we celebrated the 70th anniversary of St John's School, which started with six children here in Camphill School Aberdeen and eventually spread all over the world. Thousands of children and young people have attended the various St John's schools during these seventy years. You might think that such a school had a grand beginning. Well it did not. Morwenna Bucknall who started the School together with Anke Weihs and Norah Brown recalled in 1997:

Although I had been to Michael Hall Waldorf School for three years, I did not come to Camphill to teach in a school. But knowing that to every class belongs its teacher and there was a class waiting, and no teacher in sight, I said if no one comes by Monday week, I will do it—and nobody came; so on October 13 I took it on.

The school was formally opened by Dr Schubert in 1948. In 1951 Karl König wrote a Memorandum for the teachers of the St John's School which for many years served as an important and helpful document.

The impulse of the St John's School spread throughout Britain, to Germany and other European countries and as far away as South Africa, Botswana and the USA. The work and research of class teachers and others connected to the school is astonishing. One only has to look at the talks and lectures given at the various International Teachers Conferences to appreciate this. The first conference was in Sylvia Koti in April 1981 and the last in the Camphill School Aberdeen in April 2005. Some of the terminology used in the various talks might sound strange to some teachers today but the meaning behind it stands firm. There was also ongoing work in the In-service Teachers Training in Britain which lasted for many years, and in regional conferences all over the Camphill Movement. An increasing attempt was made to work together with teachers from Waldorf Schools and indeed other interested teachers and to attend each other's conferences.

Already In 1997 Friedwart Bock, who was so strongly connected to the John's School, wrote that he was concerned about the fast changing climate in education. Inspections were on the increase and more and more qualifications were needed. This trend has dramatically increased and the various Camphill Schools had to adjust to the national climate. In some places this meant to give up some of the ideals of the St John's impulse but in others it provided opportunities for new initiatives.

Perhaps this celebration of the St John's school will inspire some teachers to find a way of getting in touch with the various schools again and exchange ideas and research.

Let's see what the next ten years will bring

Bernhard Menzinger

Bernhard has been a class teacher for 23 years and the Education Co-ordinator of the Camphill School Aberdeen for 25 years. Today he concentrates on working with parents, Social Workers and Psychologists and delivering autism training in the UK and other countries.

On October 13 we had a simple celebration in Carnelian Hall, Camphill Estate, Aberdeen. The parents of some of the young co worker children, who once again attend St John's school (following the closure two years ago of the Aberdeen Waldorf School) performed two beautiful dances which were choreographed by Anke Weiss. Class 3 performed a poem explaining the workings of Mr Hour and Miss Minute, and Class 9 performed a 'trailer' for *The Wizard of Oz* which we look forward to seeing in its completed version later in the year. Laurence Alfred told us about the beginning of our school.

We will have a more extensive celebration in summer 2018, and look forward to seeing some friends from further afield who we hope will be able to join us for the occasion. Please get in touch with us in Aberdeen if you would like to join us, if you have any memories which you would like to share or any contributions which you would like to make to the occasion.

What follows are some extracts from the 50th anniversary booklet which was published in 1997.

Betty Marx

In 1997, **Friedwart Bock** wrote:

Half a century ago, St John's school opened its doors to a few children from Aberdeen, pupils from Camphill, and co worker's children whose parents wanted them to receive Waldorf education. Karl König offered to help and the little school began on October 13, 1947... By the time of the official opening the following summer, it had become apparent that it would be a school offering Waldorf Education with curative education and community life as its foundation. St John's school gave practical expression to the conviction of its founders that it is the birth right of all children to receive education, and in particular, Waldorf education. This was at a time when the distinction between 'educable' and 'ineducable' children was still made in Britain. Which did not change until the early 1970s.

The teachers of the early St John's school had completed the course in curative education. Some came with teaching qualifications or a Waldorf training, and some had been Waldorf pupils themselves.

In his last lecture on curative education, Rudolf Steiner said:

In our talks we have been endeavouring to delve a little more deeply into Waldorf school pedagogy in order to find in that pedagogy the kind of education with which we can approach the so-called abnormal child (Dornach, July 7, 1924).

May the contribution of St John's School be seen as part of this endeavour.

From a former teacher:

It is not easy to subtract the work as a teacher in those early years from the total communal experience of my six years in Camphill. Bountiful seeds were sown into the ground of my life during this time, which have grown and sustained me ever since. For this I will remain forever grateful.

The most important theme which has developed for me in the past years through my experience in St John's school has been the conviction that every human spirit

has a right to learn as fully as possible, according to his capabilities and needs, about the full potential of the universe, earth and man, based on the science of the spirit as presented to us by Rudolf Steiner and through his educational ideas.

At Camphill, I taught a small class of children with special needs and co worker children. During this time, Dr König began his first seminar for curative education. This instruction was an invaluable aid to understanding the needs of the children.

We teachers had to get up early to light old smoky stoves, which were the only source of heating in the old huts which served as classrooms in Murtle. Teaching the class was one of the most wonderful adventures of my life. My teachers were the children, who appealed to the child in me. The more they taught me, the more I understood them, and the more time I spent on preparation, unwittingly becoming a specialist in education for every man, which became my ideal.

Dr König provided a wealth of instruction concerning spiritual science and Waldorf education, which was supported by community life. For me it was an ideal situation.

Shirley Griffin

From former pupils:

I was at Murtle House and Newton Dee for three years and went to St John's school. I was always happy there and enjoyed my lessons, although you would not have thought so from my behaviour. I remember being in class with Morwenna and learning poems such as 'The Cloud' and 'The Windmill' which gave me a long lasting interest in English Literature. Reinhard taught me how to tie my tie and also geography and maths. I never went to another school for so long or anywhere where I had the opportunity to learn so much. I met three languages in my lessons and made many friends. I felt robbed when I was withdrawn at Christmas 1953, although perhaps I did not help myself.

I think Sundays made the most impression on me, when I went to the children's service and would meet someone who took me by the hand and asked that I should seek the Spirit of Christ.

Without this time, I would not have been able to have the very meaningful relationship which I have with my wife, Margaret.

David Franklin

I attended St John's School from September 1968 until July 1974. It was a very good time. I had mid term breaks every term and we went to Braemar and other places. I enjoyed all the lessons as well and subjects in school. I enjoyed gym, eurythmy and history, geography lessons and physics.

The warm relationships with people in my class as well as with my teacher were such a strong gift to me too. Being at St John's school was strange for me in the early days, but I soon overcame that. I can look back on my time at Camphill clearly and with joy.

Robert Manning



The school huts of the early St John's School on Murtle Estate.

My memories of St John's school which I attended in the late sixties are warm and fondly treasured. I had a great time there, care free and fun filled, surrounded by friends, secure in a safe world.

A vivid early memory is of Dr König walking to the front of the Hall in Murtle, and climbing on to the platform in front of the stage, to address the whole school during a school festival. I have no idea what he said, but the warmth and care that he exuded remains with me. When I was a little older, I remember being awe-inspired by Thomas Weihs in a similar role. I also have fond memories of Christof Andreas Lindenberg bringing the whole hall to life with joyful singing – what a master he was at this!

In the classroom, the first lessons I recall vividly were the 'Just So' stories, taught to us with much humour and life by Graham Calderwood. I can still see him drawing with swift assurance on the blackboard. This eight year old was most impressed. In Class 3, Friedwart took on our class, and main lessons are remembered from then onwards with great clarity and joy. I still draw inspiration from these lessons and I was in awe of my teacher.

I have many memories of Class 4: the Norse Myths as they came to life through Friedwart's re telling; the visit of Jonathan Stedall and his film crew making the first Camphill film; Joseph from Class 3 rushing in to our classroom and hitting Helen; Ian chasing the hens while we waited for the bus back from Camphill to Murtle Estate and my unsuccessful attempts to stop him. It was a joyful, carefree year, my last in St John's school and precious for it.

It was also the year when it gradually dawned on me that my class mates and friends were in some way different from the 'norm'. The word 'handicapped' was bandied about and discussed. Of course I knew Alison was blind, which was an obvious disability, and I was aware that some of the others had various difficulties. But they were my class, my friends. We played and fought and made friends again, as young children do. To me they were the 'norm'. They were quite simply my friends and my classmates.

It came as a shock, when years later, I came across a class photo from this time, and realised that the special nature of my classmates is very obvious. Twenty nine years on, I my turn have taught the Norse Myths and hope I have done them as much justice as Friedwart did. I realise that what was so very special about the class I was a pupil in all those years ago in the St John's School was the teacher's ability to truly recognise each one of us as a unique human being, to look beyond our difficulties, our disability, our 'handicap' to the individuality beyond. This is why in my memory my class was just the norm, and my classmates were simply my friends.

Peter Hansmann

Peter was born and grew up in Camphill. He was a Waldorf teacher for many years and currently specializes in remedial education.

From The Mount Camphill Community:

The Mount Camphill Community began as the Mount School in 1970. Young people of twelve years and upwards were admitted to this fledgling school. In the first years, the majority of the fifty or so pupils were in the 12–16 years age group. The curriculum was presented according to chronological age from Class 6 to Class 10. After Class 10, pupils became trainees, working in houses, garden and workshops.

In 1981 at the International Teacher's Meeting in Finland entitled 'The Curriculum as Healer', Thomas Weihs stressed the importance of continuing the curriculum through until Class 12. The teachers at the Mount were enthused and inspired by this conference and soon

discussions took place on how the ideas might be put into practice. All co workers prepared for the new step by studying the Upper School Curriculum together. It was a very important development when the Class 11 and Class 12 curriculum was introduced and the pupils responded with enthusiasm.

Later, the students at the Mount asked for some further time for education and training, and the two year (later extended to three year) College course was begun.

With the help of Birte Hougard, (from Coleg Elidyr in Wales) a regional study group was formed with other training centres in the region in an attempt to increase our understanding of further education and our ability to meet the varied needs of the young adults in our training centres. The Youth Guidance work provided further support and inspiration.

Our inspiration for the College has grown out of the strong St John's ideal which flourished in the Mount. The sharing of experiences of Upper School teachers and College tutors is vital to both and enhances all aspects of our community life. It is wonderful to look back and recall that the extension of school from Class 10 to Class 12 provided the fertile ground out of which, at the pupils own request, the College course has sprung. It is a source of strength when meeting the demands of today's educational climate.

Cynthia Hart

The above accounts were written twenty years ago. We look forward eagerly to being able to print current news from any places which feel connected to or have begun out of the St John's school impulse.

editors

A different dispensation: the question why?

Vivian Griffiths

Why have we in Camphill Communities been the subject of so much probing, scrutiny and even attack over the last seven years? Why is the Intentional Community Movement and its friends in schools and colleges becoming undermined, under scrutiny, misunderstood (at best) and actively pursued to its possible extinction (at worst)? What is happening to a way of life which was once seen as remarkable, interesting, life transforming and beneficial to all parties involved, that it should now be the subject of such suspicion?

Is it all the fault of figures who have brought the work with children's and adult care homes into disrepute or is this part of another dimension as yet not really understood, which has something to do with political knowledge, class distinction and communication issues ranging from media wrong labelling (hippy commune!) to religious misunderstanding (is it a sect like The Moonies!); or from perceived lack of opportunities from an urban centric viewpoint (miles away from anywhere and not able to be observed!) or simple envy (enjoyed your three week holiday in Greece, did we?).

Perhaps in these days of a divided society with its polarised opinions on subjects as far apart as Brexit and Home Schooling we shouldn't be surprised that Intentional Communities bring up debates between professionals with responsibility for the safeguarding of vulnerable

adults and those looking for a new way of living, where regulation and procedures are non-existent, which can be seen in the rise of the 'off the grid' environmentally orientated self-sufficient communities. These communities, despite their nurturing potential, may be perceived as less safe places for the care of the learning disabled.

The picture of what is considered good practise in Social Care at present in Britain is confusing. An NHS General Practice may approve of a prescription of three hours of gardening instead of pills, which has its inspiration in our work. There is the ongoing proof that parents are happy to see their offspring thrive in an intentional community, in an extended family house where the family and their growing children accompany the persons with special needs on a life journey, which includes support and encouragement of their growth towards independence.

However, the following example demonstrates how vulnerable we may be. A social worker recently visited a Camphill adult community household for lunch, where one of the teenagers of the co-worker family had just returned from college. This social worker was so appalled with what she witnessed when she thought that the teenager in question was the inappropriate centre of attention at the table, thus marginalising the residents, that she reported it as an incident. She had completely

misunderstood the situation as the people with special needs themselves were looking forward to hearing how the college student daughter of the co-workers had got on, eager to share her story and to enjoy the experiences. After all, these residents have seen her grow up and feel very connected to the whole family.

In such circumstances, we may despair of any proper interaction taking place where trust is involved between human beings, and are tempted to retreat into the safety of our flats and keep the experiences of our offspring to ourselves just in case it gets misunderstood.

The Intentional Community Movement is so vulnerable it is surprising it exists at all in the context of work with the learning disabled, yet it can also be remarkably resilient to critics if we are brave and understand where the opposition comes from and what it feeds on. The fight for the recognition of the learning disabled is a surprising story which leads us to the arena of United Nations Disability Groups, grappling with the problems of Romanian Children's Homes, and to the corridors of The European Parliament sorting out accusations of Catholic Institutional misdemeanours. We can see just how effective lobbying for a truly supportive environment for work and living for physically disabled people has been. However, instead of equal support being given to workplace opportunities for the learning disabled, Intentional Communities (which have been traditionally been very work based) have been mistakenly marginalised. Work is no longer considered a priority for the learning disabled, and the benefit system increasingly doesn't want to support them, as many distressing reports indicate. It has left many people with learning disabilities in the situation of having to opt out of work altogether, and to live semi independently with ever decreasing levels of support, watching day time television and eating dubiously sourced food which in turn can be the cause of obesity and depression.

There is a social justice question here to do with rights and responsibilities, and Intentional Communities with their integrated systems of social, cultural and economic life have something special to offer which is not recognised because it is misunderstood. The European Co-operation in Anthroposophical Curative Education and Social Therapy, or ECCE, has tried to make the case for the Anthroposophical Intentional Communities to EU Social Policy Groups but has got itself into complex places trying to support the individual disabled person striving to make a life for him or herself over and against the life and work of an Intentional Community as found in Camphill adult communities. It is a complicated state of affairs.

Where are we now with our relationship to community and to the individual as 2017 draws to its conclusion? At the moment, the struggle seems to occur because recognition of the needs of the individual is foremost in the minds of those in social policy and care management, and a community like Camphill is seen as a threat to this. Surely the two should be able to go hand in hand. In fact, this struggle is happening in a world where state running of care facilities has been increasingly replaced by private ownership. Behind this move has been a wholesale transfer of property devoted to care into the hands of private companies with duties to shareholders and where the property is a land investment, much of it is very valuable and liable to be sold in a change of circumstance.

In the Autumn Winter Edition of *Camphill Pages* there is a quote from Marcello at The Esk Valley Garden, part

of the Esk Valley Camphill Community emerging out of the changed situation at CVT Botton. He speaks of "light at the end of the poly-tunnel!" as the hopes of this little community project in Castleton, Danby and Whitby are beginning to be realised. The recent Camphill Dialogue met in Aberdeen in May, and the Camphill Foundation which helps Camphill places with grants and loans had its AGM also in Scotland. Earlier in the year there was the very joyful and creative Festival of The Association of Camphill Communities at Ballytobin in Ireland and to add to that The Movement Group of Camphill all around the world met in Mourne Grange.

From a British perspective, there seems to be a gathering up of experiences, a pause to look at what has happened to our life and work, and a readiness to learn from experiences and go forward in a diverse way into the future. From the meetings, there is a sense of pleasure that Camphill is still here, feeling stronger in some respects in that we have come through something. The result is a diversity of provision with income sharing communities, managed communities, and salaried communities all working under the umbrella of The Association of Camphill Communities in a way that does not carry the element that one is better than the other. There is even a sense of pride in our diversity and in The Dialogue, a sense of celebration that we might have weathered the storm and set up situations that are more suited to the present generation of those who live in our communities.

While we may breathe a sigh of relief, we are certainly not out of the storm yet. What about the unfinished situations that still pose questions about how we have been treated as Camphill places in the recent past? How is it for some communities where knowledge of the elements of true working together for inner transformation, once a hallmark for Camphill communities, has been lost?

Robin Jackson's excellently researched article out of The Camphill Research Network entitled 'Back to Bedlam', (printed in the latest *Camphill Pages*), shows how the cuts in benefits have affected the learning disabled out of all proportion. Turning his ire on this situation he singles out the charitable sector as deeply flawed, for instead of standing up to the government and being original thinkers putting forward new ideas and protecting the poor and vulnerable, he sees this sector as puppets of government social policy eager to obey the next raft of legislation with no questions asked. He is very disappointed and asks society in general why the so called Third Sector has been so complicit in causing so much distress to the learning disabled.

Similar situations are happening in the business world. The take-over of Cadbury's by Kraft in 2010 has resulted in the complete loss of the company's reputation as an ethical concern through its ill treatment of its employees (see *Daily Telegraph* article: 'The Many Ways Cadbury is losing its Magic' 2016.) Fortunately, any danger to Bournville Village, the famous factory garden suburb has been avoided by the original owners separating the land assets from the manufacturing processes, thus protecting the inhabitants. Perhaps there is a lesson to be learned here.

Philip Pullman (author of *His Dark Materials*), has published a new work: *The Book of Dust*. It is the story of Lyra and the fight against ideological intolerance which cramps imagination and makes us full of fear and is topical in a subtle way. Are we being ground into dust

by stealth as we chase an outstanding grade in an Ofsted Report? It may seem like sacrilege to suggest this, especially when you hear of the great efforts these inspection bodies make to take in all sorts of qualities a school or college might have, as if we didn't want to join in the way the world is going. Nevertheless, we should think about who we are in the context of the story.

We would do well to remember Dr König's inspirational call to uphold the Image of the Human Being, as described by Rudolf Steiner. This has a strong dimension of social justice, and many who have come to Camphill over the years have learnt that it can be a spiritual path to make the world a better place, as well as a political matter. We are in danger of losing our creative edge, as we have to remain neutral on religious and other issues of orientation, including a reduced engagement with our fellow human beings. It is a challenge to maintain community in these circumstances.

A Camphill Memorandum for the 21st Century

Angelika Monteux

About three years ago a newly appointed manager at Camphill Blair Drummond asked a very important question: "Where can I learn what Camphill is about?" She explained that quite often she was asked by volunteers and employees to explain Camphill to them and felt unable to do so, which left her concerned for the future of Blair Drummond.

This question led some of us to offer the 'Discovering Camphill' course for anyone who wanted to find out more about the background of Camphill traditions, practices and important aspects of the Camphill ethos. This started two years ago with three one-day workshops which were held in different Scottish communities to give the participants the opportunity to see different places and meet people from across Scotland. There was no financial commitment and people could choose to come either to all or only one of the days.

This was taken up with great enthusiasm. Each day had some forty participants—newcomers, people with more experience preparing to take on or already performing responsible tasks and managers wanting to learn about Camphill. There was also a good mix of traditional co-workers and employees. Each day included some creative activities, presentations, group work and also a tour of the host community. The feedback was always very positive, and many people asked for more in depth content and longer sessions.

So we decided to add an extra day in the second year which would give the opportunity and time to turn to topics in more detail and depth which again was well received and most participants were able to stay on for both days.

The main content for the three sessions was

1. *History and Ethos of Camphill*
2. *Anthroposophy and Camphill*
3. *Being Human*

Participants were introduced to some essential aspects of these subjects to find out about the origins and history of Camphill. Part of that was to learn about the anthroposophic understanding of the Human Being and to study historic documents such as *The Three Pillars of*

This is a personal account without the rigours of academic research and I take responsibility for its views. These views stem from a lifelong connection to Camphill beginning at Botton Village in 1971 where I went for a visit. I am greatly indebted to Simon Burdis, Trustee of Rescare, for his journey to discover some possible answers to my questions, and also to Anita Bennett, parent and part of Rescare, for important conversations.

It has been a somewhat painful exercise to write this piece. The people who run some of our newly managed and salaried Camphill places are not bad, and some of the care is exemplary. However, the understanding of community as a 'we together' has been dropped in favour of a New Dispensation, – one in which it can be a challenge to uphold community ideals.

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

Camphill by Karl König and his 'First Memorandum.' We discovered together how they have informed many attitudes and practices in Camphill and it was always important to discuss and share with each other which elements of the past are still relevant today, how they can be appreciated and applied in new ways, and to understand how Camphill continues to change and develop.

After turning to the 'First Memorandum' in a recent session in September the participants worked in groups on suggestions for a New Memorandum and this is the result of the combined effort:

We will strive to:

- *Create a supportive, nurturing living and working environment for all those who choose to be part of Camphill, including respect and care for the land, recognizing the therapeutic value of nature.*
- *To be working with our hands to create meaningful work, having a shared mission through mutual respect for each other and the soil.*
- *To develop our understanding of anthroposophy, its contribution to Camphill and its wider application to the world, recognizing the interconnectedness of all things.*

It is important to us to work out of devotion and love for the development of humanity and for the betterment of society, the environment and the earth.

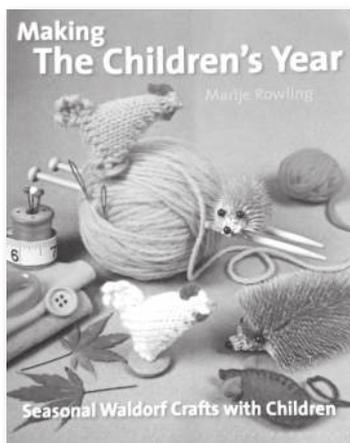
We want to be a welcoming community, where strong relationships can be developed, based on mutual support in the spirit of empathy, respect, collaboration and dedication for the dignity and spiritual wellbeing of all its members, celebrating differences, and nurturing creativity.

All this can be supported by awakening inner and outer awareness through a process of mindfulness.

The course will run for a third year and will hopefully continue to attract as many interested people as it has done so far.

Angelika is a retired Co-worker living in Camphill School Aberdeen. She has spent many years teaching co-workers—helping to design and deliver the BA course in Curative Education, and the BA in Social Pedagogy.

Book Reviews



Making the Children's Year
Seasonal Waldorf Crafts with children

Marije Rowling
Hawthorn Press,
Gloucestershire,
September 2017
ISBN:
978-1-907359-69-9

paperback
240 pages

Review by
Petra Dearsley

This craft book is the new edition of *The Children's Year* which has been in print since its first publication in the early 80s.

It is a wonderful new edition, with both new and old projects which promise hours of fun and craft-work, to be done either alone or with your friends and children. I really appreciate that there is something for every ability. Some of the crafts can be done with young children, such as the stick streamers or the folded paper cup for catching a ball. There are also plenty of ideas for the experienced crafter, for instance, crocheting slippers or sewing a baby's sleeping bag.

Making the Children's Year has been newly illustrated with beautiful paintings by the author. The paintings complement the line drawings, which are useful for following instructions.

This edition is very pleasant to read and easy to use. Seasonal projects can be found, as the book follows the cycle of the year. The instructions are written in a clear and straightforward way. As a Kindergarten teacher, I found the book especially useful for my work as I always need new ideas for craft projects, or 'worn out' toys and decorations which need replacing.

The projects vary a lot and require the use of many different materials eg, paper, wool, felt, nature treasures, beads and tissue paper.

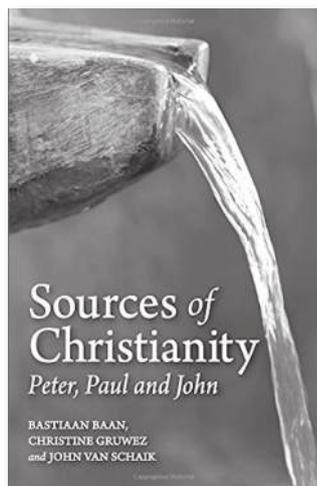
The author also gives beautiful ideas for the seasonal table : a place in your house, Kindergarten, school or nursery where you can display what is happening in nature and help children to appreciate the cycle of the year.

I found that even just to sit with my woolly blanket dreamily reading and enjoying the lovely illustrations is very therapeutic.

I love this book, and am looking forward to making the long woolly hat, a new autumn lantern and many more items during the coming years.

Thank you Marije, for your inspiration and I love your illustrations.

Petra is a craft enthusiast who has shared her hobby with many in Camphill during the last twenty years, both in Corbenic and Camphill School Aberdeen, where she is now a Kindergarten teacher.



Sources of Christianity:
Peter, Paul and John

Bastiaan Baan, Christine
Gruwez and John Schaik

Published by Floris Books
ISBN: 978-1-78250-429-0
£14.99

Review by Luke Barr

There is a wise saying : 'In order to know your future, you have to know your past'

For the last century or so, we have become increasingly fascinated by our past, individually and collectively. The importance of our individual past has come to light through the work of pioneering psychologists. Now it is becoming commonplace for the average person to share their past with a carefully trained therapist. Similarly, we stand at a point in the development of the anthroposophical movement where we scrutinise the past afresh. Thereby, we may gain new perspectives on its impulses, and understand our own direction anew.

Likewise, the Camphill movement is experiencing severe identity problems today. Might it be beneficial to fully feel one's way with empathy into the circumstances in which Camphill came about? Might one be able to do this without glorifying that particular time, but by considering the superhuman efforts of those pioneers with esteem, whilst acknowledging the inevitable shadow side that accompanied their spiritual striving?

In this vein, it is vital that we learn to perceive, as objectively as possible, all of the concepts, images, ideas and inevitably, the prejudices that live in our souls. Particularly with regard to religion and Christianity, we are susceptible to the pull of prejudice. Many of our ideas about religion are undeveloped, perhaps based on experiences that we once had. We may erect a wall in our soul against religion—or we may accept it unconditionally without question, because of experiences that are perhaps no longer valid. If so, we do religion, ourselves, and the world, a disservice.

To be human is to carry a responsibility to constantly question the validity of our deeply held concepts. Without this, our soul life stagnates. To do so is of course, an exhausting and sometimes dangerous undertaking. But it is the difficult life-task of the human 'I am' to attempt this—to try and 'make all things new'— whilst retaining a peaceful stability in oneself for the sake of one's fellow human beings.

In that spirit, this book will be justifiable if the reader is aware that in reading it, they are in the act of entering the layers of a human collective unconscious in which they will meet humanity's past. To use a simile, it is a little like being able to experience events and significant personalities from the first three years of your life, things otherwise forgotten. They have nonetheless determined to a large degree the person you are today—for better or for worse. To be able to

consciously experience a reconstruction of that time again can be a great personal revelation. It may help to create fresh perspective and clarity, and to give back direction in life.

The three authors combine academic thoroughness with a lively capacity to enter imaginatively into their theme, be it the personality of leading figures in the early Christian milieu, or the socio-religious circumstances of those times. The text is accessible and at times has the power to evoke clearly that period of our collective past, which has fashioned us so particularly to be the types of human beings we are today.

The book introduces us to the unique Hellenic world of the Mysteries: the enigmatic Essenes or Therapeutae, and those remarkable personalities whom we would today call martyrs. By calling them 'martyrs', we create a completely false picture of who they were. For 'Martyr' does not mean a self-destructive religious fanatic, as we might suppose today. This Greek word actually means a 'witness'. The martyr had undergone a spiritual process—an initiation—which was best described by the act of 'witnessing'. As a result of the initiation, an axiomatic truth lived in the newly initiated one's soul as a tangible experience. They were able to testify to the verity of the experience. It was impossible to doubt it. Their witnessing resonated within the core of their immortal self. They then *knew* of their immortality.

However, the human soul has evolved and changed since that time. In our times, doubt is very much a necessary component of soul experience, one which we are charged to transform and use. Doubt now resides deep in the soul, in the *etheric body* of the human being, and affects us in ways that we are mostly unaware of. Doubt is a hallmark of the tremendous difficulties of the age of the Consciousness Soul.

When we read of these earlier forms of human consciousness, un-plagued by doubt, we may find it irrelevant to our experience. However, it was necessary for the human soul of that time to feel the experience of being sure of the overcoming of death. This is something we simply cannot re-create today. This experience evolved in the development of the Intellectual-Mind Soul. I suspect that by virtue of the fact that humanity collectively experienced this in its Intellectual Mind Soul, it has made a difference to our souls today, even if we are unaware of this. Without it, we may have been unable to enter the age of the Consciousness Soul. We would have been unable to endure the bleakness and deathly doubt of the Consciousness Soul. Human feeling would have been so undeveloped that the world would already be destroyed by some man-made catastrophe.

Perhaps in our age today, we are experiencing something similar to the early manifestations of Christianity that this book refers to. I believe that something of similar import is happening in the etheric world, and that we are called to become witnesses to it. The sheer extent of psychosis and neurosis in the modern age points to a momentous 'crossing of the threshold'. The existence of Camphill as a therapeutic community of the 21st century, in some respects resembles the communities of those astonishing first decades of Christ-in-the-world. Just as those communities provided the initiate witnesses to the event of Golgotha, so our therapeutic communities today may provide the new witnesses to the new event.

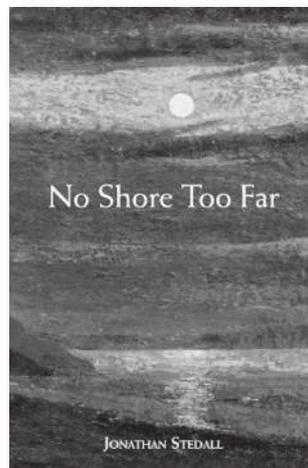
Perhaps it is for Camphill to ponder whether the purpose of its existence is to create a culture of a new form of initiation. The therapeutic community could be the cradle of a new form of seeing or witnessing. It could fashion human souls to become witnesses to the impulse of love and freedom. Somewhere a start has to be made to create the new initiation culture. This has to be very much an everyday, down-to-earth culture, and nothing occult. Goethe drew a picture of such a community of 'renunciants' in his novel, *Wilhelm Meister*.

Without this possibility, we face a dire future. As the psychologist William Berto has put it, "either we will have a culture of initiation, or a culture of mass psychosis."

This book is not a cosy read to entertain us. Rather it should draw forth the question in the reader: 'What is the event of our times to which I am called to be a witness?' Perhaps it may help us to grasp that we stand at a point in time when the sources of Christianity are once more beginning to flow.

Luke is the Christian Community priest in Aberdeen. He has been a Camphill co-worker in Germany for many years before entering the priest seminary.

Jonathan Stedall, a renowned documentary film maker, whose work includes films about Camphill and Rudolf Steiner, has published a book of poems inspired by the death of his wife. The poems in this issue of Camphill Correspondence are from the book:



No Shore Too Far

Jonathan Stedall

147 pages

Hawthorn Press Ltd

ISBN: 978-1-907359-81-1

Reviewed by John Ralph

Jonathan Stedall is a kind and gentle man. His book of poems, *No Shore Too Far*, records kind and gentle outpourings of a heart bereaved but not entirely bereft after the death of his wife, Jackie. The verses ride on rhythms that

sweep along into reflections and backwaters of oneself. Each poem seemed to address me personally, so here I will address the poet directly in return.

Dear Jonathan,

I opened your book and began with 'The River Wye' (see inside back cover). It is a river I know well. Eerily, I could hear the resonant voice of your bygone friend John Betjeman speaking the poem, flowing through the rhythms, catching his breath at occasional lines. Is the poem a collaboration?

You are giving voice to heartfelt thoughts. How many souls inhabit your heart? How wonderful that you can hear yourself healing. I hope your book finds its way to many souls whose hearts can hear you on behalf

of souls no longer able to read for themselves. Robert Lord called them the Invisible Community. They are the too-seldom heard community who invest their spiritual forces, mostly unnoticed, in our visible deeds espousing a kinder and gentler future.

Do I know you better from your poems than I did from our brief encounters in Aberdeen? Or am I rather getting to know those souls who have indelibly touched

your life's unfolding, and who are speaking through the rhythms of your words?

Thank you for opening the inner portals of your heart, and for inspiring questions in mine.

John is a eurythmist and teacher who lives and works in Camphill School Aberdeen.

The Stork

*In olden times,
so it was told
to little girls and boys,
a huge white bird –
a stork in fact –
had brought the newborn child.*

*Why was this so
when what was clear
to old and young,
and all with eyes to see,
was mother's tummy getting large
and there this baby grew?
And children saw,
far more than now,
how cats and dogs,
and cows and pigs
had babies just like us.*

*It's hard for us
perhaps to see
how children understand
that stories about storks and
gnomes,
and reindeers in the sky,
do not conflict with simple facts,
but tell another tale.*

*So was this bird
with great white wings
an image of a different birth,
where soul arrives upon the Earth
to take on shape,
a name and genes,
to live with us as welcome guest,
and learn what's still to learn?*

*Meanwhile that stork,
perhaps he stays,
but carefully out of sight;
and there he looks
and waits, and waits
like angels also do.
They want to help*

*but find this hard
if we believe,
like grown-ups do,
they really don't exist.*

*It's harder still for those who care,
but from this other realm,
if what they see
and what they hear
are cries of pain
and cries of woe,
and sorrow in our hearts.
For well we know how many lives,
as childhood falls away,
don't feel this welcome from the
world –
it's not what they had hoped;
they notice, too, it's seldom asked
from whence they came
and what they bring,
or what they're here to do.*

*And yet we cope
and live in hope,
just like the Earth itself;
and some may moan,
and some are brave,
but all are here awhile.
Most do their best
to do no harm,
despite the fact
that what they find
at times feels far from home.*

*Then in the twilight of our lives
perhaps that bird is waiting still
to take us whence we came;
not to a heaven somewhere else,
but to the heart of life itself –
a source of hope that's always there,
which longs to see,
and longs to make
this Earth of ours divine.*

Johnathan Stedall

Not worth repairing

*'Not worth repairing',
so they say –
my faithful toaster
and the mower in its shed.*

*But what of me?
One tooth is cracked;
I need a coat of paint;
I don't hear all that's said.*

*One day they'll say the same –
'Not worth repairing' –
forgetting that great workshop
in the sky,
that's not that far away,
where I myself will one day toil
to make a brand new model,
an improvement on the last –
or so one hopes –
mistakes and faults observed,
some lessons learnt:
a kinder heart, perhaps,
and bigger ears
and smaller mouth,
to listen more
and say much less.*

*Let's try again
to never burn the toast
or cut the grass
when stones are on the lawn.
Let's have another bash
despite that one big snag –
I come without a guarantee!*

Johnathan Stedall

Obituaries

Margaret Colquhoun

May 10, 1947 – August 3, 2017

Overview of Margaret Colquhoun's work

Margaret Colquhoun's death on August 3, 2017 marks the end of a significant era within the field of Goethean Science in Scotland, and to some extent also within the UK as a whole. Margaret had been active as a valued contributor to a number of adult education trainings for nearly thirty years, including masters' programmes at Schumacher College and the Scottish Institute of Herbal Medicine, as well as to other specifically anthroposophical training programmes in various locations, especially in the field of biodynamic studies. She was an occasional keynote speaker at conferences of the Medical and Scientific Network and initiated several events in conjunction with the Botanic Gardens in Edinburgh, most recently with Johannes Kühl, leader of the Section for Natural Science at the Goetheanum, Dornach. She was also regularly engaged by many institutions and communities, including Emerson College, Findhorn, Park Attwood Clinic and several centres within the Camphill Movement, either to hold courses or as a consultative advisor on landscape design and questions related to on-site development. Many will also recall her memorable contributions to 'wandering' seminars such as the 'Hibernian Way' and the 'New Hibernian Way' some ten to fifteen years ago, which were dedicated to experiencing landscape in its wider spiritual and geographical context throughout the British Isles. Margaret's relationship to the Hebridean Islands and the Celtic boundaries and Western coasts of the British Isles was a particularly intimate one; she also felt an especially deep connection to the individuality of Daniel Nicol Dunlop. Margaret was lead a seminar to explore and research his biographical roots on the Island of Arran.

Since 1996, Margaret had been pioneering a land-based project as a centre for Goethean Science, landscape studies and ecology. Its buildings were originally

designed in outline several years earlier in collaboration with the architect Professor Christopher Day, as has been well documented and highly acclaimed in his book *Consensus Design*. Bordering on the Northern face of the Lammermuir Hills in East Lothian, this project, known as Pishwanton Wood, has been owned and managed under the auspices of the Life Science Trust, originally founded to be the charitable vehicle to hold this property. Margaret was its entrepreneur and co-founder in 1992 and subsequently its chief executive. The purchase of Pishwanton Wood was finally made possible through fundraising and two substantial gifts in 1996. This project has evolved into Margaret's most publicly visible achievement, on which her energies had increasingly become focused, especially, though by no means exclusively, in her latter years.

Courses in Pishwanton Wood that Margaret has co-facilitated spanned a wide range of themes, her core impulse having been to nurture, encompass and integrate both artistic and scientific faculties. Her approach was notable for embodying a methodology that combined Goethe's approach to Natural Science with her deep understanding of the Seven Life Processes, as originally outlined by Steiner. For Margaret these became instruments for enlivening sense perception, and cognition, and for acquiring a deeper appreciation of the laws underlying metamorphosis. It is no exaggeration to say that over the decades, literally hundreds of individuals from diverse walks of life have been deeply influenced by Margaret's style of teaching and mentoring, which was at its best unique, empowering and inspiring, as well as by her love for life and her spiritual relationship to the kingdoms of nature. This she was able to communicate both cognitively and by osmosis—and for many individuals, such encounters have been positively life changing, most notably and originally through experiencing her methodological approach to landscape and plant study. Her only book, entitled *New Eyes for Plants*, written in collaboration with Axel Ewald in 1996 and published by Hawthorn Press, is still in print in its fifth edition. For Margaret, landscape became a living manifestation of the activity of spiritual beings, whose legacy she experienced as having become the Body of Christ—and she related this deep conviction to every blade of grass, every spade of compost. Perhaps it was this experience of the sacramental nature of work in general—and on the land especially—that brought Margaret into such a deep and lasting connection to the impulses underlying the Camphill community, of which she had become a member.

Margaret will also be remembered as a valued guest contributor to some significant anthroposophical conferences, notably at Stover in South Devon (1994), (marking the 70th anniversary of Steiner's Torquay



In the Glashaus in at the Goetheanum on the occasion of her last visit (approximately three years ago) when she gave a lecture on her favourite topic, as can be seen behind her on the blackboard.

lecture cycle *True and False Paths in Spiritual Investigation*), as well as to several other memorable events in the anthroposophical world. These events took place over a decade from the 1980s and were sponsored by the British carrying group of the Medical Section of the School of Spiritual Science. These included an especially inspiring conference in Penmaenmawr. Throughout the last thirty years, Margaret has cultivated and maintained an active relationship to the Natural Science Section of the School of Spiritual Science at the Goetheanum, Dornach, Switzerland initially through its then leader, Dr. Jochen Bockemühl, from whom she received part of her original training in Goethean Science, and more recently through this Section's current leader, Johannes Kühl. She visited Dornach to attend events there at least every two years. She has also mentored a significant number of students who have undertaken formal trainings in Goethean Science within this Section in Dornach. Margaret's link to the Goetheanum was an expression of her deep connection to the impulse of the Christmas Foundation Meeting of the Anthroposophical Society in 1923/4, especially in its structural and cultural expression through its various departments or Sections.

Biographical aspects

Margaret Colquhoun (nee Kelsey) was born on May 10, 1947 in Ripon, North Yorkshire, where she received her school education. She attended Edinburgh University in 1965, where her main undergraduate subjects of study were agricultural science, zoology and population genetics. After some years as a research associate, she gained a PhD in evolutionary biology. Through her active interest in climbing, Margaret met many world-class mountaineers during her university days—including (later Sir) Chris Bonington, and her future husband David Bathgate, trekking with them up to Everest base camps and often engaging in some challenging climbing herself. She was to join the British expedition to Mount Everest in 1972, collecting specimens for the Royal Botanical Gardens in Edinburgh on this occasion. David Bathgate and Margaret were married in 1970. They divorced in 1978, but subsequently remained firm friends. Margaret never re-married and following her divorce, she assumed a new family-related surname, Colquhoun. The following year was spent working in a pioneering Camphill village community in Austria, which kindled her deep empathy for individuals with learning disabilities. Later this commitment found positive expression in a provision of day-care activities for individuals with special needs in Pishwanton Wood which she supervised, as well as in her striving to build community there. This Camphill experience also furthered Margaret's interest in anthroposophy and after returning to Scotland she was soon to become involved in initiating anthroposophically related outreach activities in Edinburgh, e.g., Helios Fountain in the Grass Market. Between 1980 and 1982, she also initiated and ran several social enterprises in the Edinburgh area, based on the sale and distribution to retail outlets of biodynamic produce, crafts and books relating to alternative life style; her influence also figured positively in the conception of the Peter Potter Gallery in Haddington.

However, it transpired that a head injury in 1982 was to become the most decisive turning point in Margaret's professional life and destiny. Following a protracted stay at Park Attwood Clinic, Worcestershire, and a subsequent



Margaret's 70th birthday, May 2017 at the opening of the new chalet at Pishwanton, with Michael Williams, Lord Lieutenant Governor of East Lothian.

conversation with her friend Reverend Pearl Goodwin, she decided to relocate to Southern Germany to study Goethean Science. Starting in 1984, she initially spent three years at the Carl Gustav Carus Institute in Öschelbronn, studying under its director Thomas Göbel, later transferring to the Section for Natural Science at the Goetheanum under its director Dr. Jochen Bockemühl. She returned to Scotland in 1988, a decade or so later moving closer to the Wood, to a much larger modern bungalow in Gifford, remaining there for the next decade. Nine years ago Margaret made a further home relocation which was to prove to be her final move—but now to a substantial, stone built former manse, Craigie Lodge, this time situated on the southern border of the Lammermuir Hills in Longformacus, a tiny village just north of Duns. Margaret felt completely at peace in her new home, although she never entirely relinquished a dream of someday moving to the North-Western coast of Scotland in order to pursue her own professional writing. It is in some respects unfortunate that life didn't offer her an opportunity to do this, since documentation of her work and its methodology would have provided a valuable recourse.

Margaret was diagnosed with a serious precancerous condition of the bone marrow in August 2016, following a period of increasing exhaustion and severe headaches. Acute Myeloid Leukaemia subsequently developed, earlier than originally had been anticipated, during February 2017. Margaret's final visit to Pishwanton Wood coincided with a dignified and joyful celebration of her seventieth birthday in May of this year, attended by around sixty friends from all parts of the UK and some from abroad. In the presence of Michael Williams, MBE, Lord Lieutenant of East Lothian, she was able to declare

the latest chalet building in Pishwanton formally open. Margaret's wish was to be able to remain in her home till the end of her life, and, with substantial invaluable help from neighbours, close friends and with considerable additional professional support, both from the NHS and independently, this proved to be possible. Her passing was peaceful and, in the moment that it took place, somewhat unexpected and sudden. She was buried according to her wishes in the grounds of Craigie Lodge. At present, it remains unclear how the future of Margaret's legacy in Pishwanton Wood will unfold. The coming year will be a time of transition and it is hoped that sustainable ways forward will emerge.

Dr. James Dyson
(written on behalf of the Trustees of the Life science Trust and the Executors of Margaret's Will)

James Dyson was a founding Trustee of the Life Science Trust in 1992, a role that he still holds together with Betty Stolk, Christian Thal-Jantzen, and Richard Ramsbotham. A retired anthroposophic physician, James is also co-responsible for the Medical Section Seminar in Mental Health, the Anthroposophical Doctors' Training in the UK, and contributes to the Anthroposophic Psychotherapy Training in Emerson College. As well as advising in a number of Camphill Communities and Steiner-Waldorf Schools, James visits the USA regularly, where he is involved in teaching psychology and psychosomatics as part of the Faculty of the Association of Anthroposophic Psychology.

Eli Röder

December 15, 1923–July 29, 2017

Eli Hansen was born in 1923, in the city of Bergen on the wet west coast of Norway to a nice middle class family. At an early age her mother contracted tuberculosis and was institutionalised for some years before dying when Eli was ten. Despite this, Eli seemed to have had a happy childhood with her busy father, younger brother and housekeeper. When the war came to Norway, the family evacuated to the countryside. There she met and fell in love with a German soldier. She wanted to marry him, but her father did everything he could to thwart this liaison with the enemy. Ullie was later sent to the East Front where he was killed towards the end of the war. The result was that Eli at the tender age of nineteen was left with a broken heart and a young son, Ragnar. A few years later while she was studying to become a kindergarten teacher, she attended a lecture in Bergen by Dr Karl König. He talked about Camphill, which appealed to Eli, and she and Ragnar were invited to join once she had completed her education.

In June 1952 she went to Cairnlee House, Aberdeen, Scotland, where at first she slept in the same dormitory as the six or eight girls she cared for. Life was not easy for young-ish volunteers at that time! Although there was much love and concern from those above, discipline was strict and there was not much scope for personal freedom. She attended the Seminar, where she met Johannes Witte. They were married in 1954, and during the next few years they lived in Heathcot, The Grange, and Thornbury. I was born in Bristol in 1955. In about 1957 we moved back to Norway, where perhaps my parents were looking at establishing Camphill in Norway, or perhaps they were on a sabbatical. My father attended



Eli about 15 years ago

agricultural college in Norway, and worked part-time at the local mental hospital, while Eli, worked as a kindergarten teacher with me in tow. Eli's father was not best pleased that she had chosen yet another German partner, but Johannes was too likable to entirely despise.

The family moved back to Scotland sometime in 1959, this time to Newton Dee, except for Ragnar who stayed behind in Norway with his grandfather. Soon we were posted to Thornbury Hatch to take on the farm there. Johannes went ahead to prepare, while Eli and I had a short holiday in Norway before we were to join him. However, it was not to be. On his way to collect us from the boat at Newcastle, Johannes was killed in a car accident. Nevertheless we moved to The Hatch and soon another gentleman farmer was sent to take Johannes's place: Friedrich. It didn't take them long to hitch up, but her happiness was not yet secured. Soon after they met, Friedrich was diagnosed with terminal cancer and went off to the Lukas Clinic in Arlesheim for treatment. During their brief time at The Hatch, which seemed forever to me, they made a good home for the 6–8 teenage boys who lived there. Eli was a good homemaker, who made people feel welcome. The place was abuzz with young people from all over, and many spent their evenings in the Hatch kitchen over the ever-warm AGA. When Friedrich went away, a new farmer was needed, so we were sent to Westmount in Ringwood. For me, at least, these were good times too. This house was much bigger and more complex, but I could sense Eli's stamp on that establishment too. People came to her and found her to be supportive and a good listener. She was a mother to many.

Friedrich recovered after a year or two, and they were married in 1965, after which we went off to Brachenreute in Germany. We had a great honeymoon in Switzerland, where Friedrich had made many friends (although it might have been greater for them had I not tagged along!). After half a year at the farmhouse in Brachenreute, we went to Vidarosen in Norway.

For a while we camped with various people, but then Eli and Friedrich Røder took on the new house, Ole Bull. I had my own struggles there, especially with the local state school, which in the end I refused to attend. This may have been one of the reasons why we left Vidaråsen and went back to Bergen, Eli's home town. After fifteen years in Camphill, she was again a civilian. She got the job of Matron at a large children's home. The conditions there were pretty grim by today's standards, but Eli soon changed that. The older children lived in large dormitories, one for girls, one for boys. The beds looked like discarded hospital beds from a previous age. When she requested new ones urgently as these were virtually worn out, she was at first refused. She then invited the trustees to come and see for themselves, and before they arrived, she and the staff made quite sure that the beds were demonstrably unusable! New ones were delivered forthwith. Within a short time the whole establishment had been transformed from a cold institution to a safe and loving home.

Eli had long dreamt of going to Africa, and now an opportunity arose with the Norwegian Peace Corps. At the age of 48, she was the oldest participant of the group attending the three month preparatory course, and I was by far the youngest. Friedrich stayed behind in Norway. About half way through the course, Idi Amin's coup d'état might have put paid to our plans, but Eli decided to go as the need would be there whoever was in charge. When we arrived, I went off to northern Uganda to stay with Ragnar, who had also joined the Peace Corps, while Eli went to Fort Portal, in the west, on her own. Norwegian scouts had collected money to build a home for orphaned children but as yet there was nothing there apart from the building. By the time I arrived a few months later, the first three children had been admitted and she had employed two or three local ladies to staff the home. Somehow she acquired beds, furniture and all that was needed. Each week or so, new children arrived; one brought on the back of a bicycle by her father, straight from the maternity ward, where her mother had died giving birth. Another found abandoned on the train. They were given names, love, care and hope. There are so many stories to tell about her struggles with bureaucracy, Amin's soldiers, the lack of funds, and no doubt, her wilful, teenage son. Yet she managed it all with a force of will that took the form of warmth and kindness which won the love and respect of all. Tooro Babies Home has survived through thick and thin to this very day, which is of course due to those brave good people who followed her, but Eli set the tone.

She wanted to stay on after her allotted two years were up, but the security situation deteriorated and the Norwegian Peace Corps was withdrawn from the country. Friedrich had joined her towards the end, but I went home earlier to start high school. When they got back from Uganda, Eli became manager of a home for troubled girls and young women. Some of them were very troubled indeed, having suffered abuse, homelessness,

alcoholism, and drug addiction. Eli was warm, firm, and non-judgemental. For some of these women she was the first real mother-figure they had known. I worked there myself for a time and know how much she was loved and respected by the girls, and by her loyal staff.

Despite loving her job, something seemed lacking. I believe that Eli sought a more spiritual life, together with like-minded people. She wanted Camphill. Friedrich was perhaps not quite so enamoured of the idea. His early brushes with authority there may have disillusioned him somewhat, although he was still interested in anthroposophy and community. In about 1975, Eli heard about Paradise House in England. Various attempts had been made to form some kind of anthroposophical social enterprise there, but so far nothing had materialised. She and Friedrich decided after a visit there that despite the gardens being run-down, the house being in a state of disrepair, and they having no money, they could do something with it. So around Michaelmas 1976 they left Norway and camped out in the grounds of Paradise House. Together with a few old and new friends, and the first student, they started clearing out the house and preparing it for people to move in. Over the years, Paradise evolved from a training college for young people with learning disabilities to a thriving village community—Camphill in all but name. While Friedrich was the impressive figurehead and leader of the community, Eli was its heart and backbone. It was her warmth and will that penetrated the whole place, making it a safe and welcoming HOME for so many who lived and worked there.

For the next ten years, Eli was at the centre of Paradise House, carrying it all with apparent ease, although at times there were ructions and high drama, and at times she lost her cool. Friedrich and Eli were a hard act to follow, and they may not have left much scope for anyone to replace them. When Friedrich became unwell with some unidentified, maybe terminal, illness, Eli cast about for help, and possibly a successor. I was one of those called upon and, being available, I signed up.

Since we had spent most of my lifetime together in various institutions, and had, as I grew older, on various occasions even worked together, I felt uniquely placed to help them with the transition to a new generation. While I had a healthy respect for Friedrich, since my teens I had overcome my fear of 'speaking truth to power', and as for Eli, I could relate to her not only as my mother, but as my boss, colleague, and mentor too. While learning the ropes, I built up a transition team together with the most dedicated of my peers and the remaining Elders.

Subsequently Eli drew back more and more from active participation, but was always willing to help out, advise, and support, remaining an important, central figure. In about 2002, after 25 years, responsibility for Paradise House passed to a different trust, and Eli and Friedrich were no longer formally involved. They retired to a house belonging to Paradise in the nearby village. Eli, by now almost eighty years old, had not been idle during her gradual retirement. She had visited Ragnar in Bangladesh, walked in the minefields of Saddam's Iraq, and had been to Uganda to visit old friends, including Kiiza, one of the very first children admitted to Tooro Babies' home (who was doing very well in his village, and called her Mother.)

Friedrich died in 2010 after a short illness, cared for to the last by their loving granddaughter, Christina. By this time Eli was feeling her age, although not quite enough to realise that in your late eighties you cannot run around as before. On various occasions she tripped and fell, finally breaking her hip bone and becoming increasingly unable to care for herself. This good woman, who had spent most of her life caring for others, now had to accept being cared for, which was not easy for her. Christina, with the assistance of many others over the years, took on this considerable challenge with commendable devotion. Time and again Eli was rushed to hospital with some critical condition, and a number of times we were called to her deathbed. On such occasions, towards the end, it appeared that the fight was not only against Eli's various problems, but the hospital's determination to ensure that she should not survive! However, Eli's determination was equal to the task; and thanks to Christina's care and ever watchful eye, she rallied every time.

Confined to her bed as she was, Eli's world became ever smaller, as the people she knew died or became too old to visit, or grew up and dispersed. On good days she enjoyed her family, friends and food—life—to the full. She spent hours reading, particularly enjoying a good Agatha Christie book, which she was doing the night before her last trip to hospital. After a short struggle she finally succumbed on July 29, 2017, at the grand old age of nearly 94.

Per Witte

I would like to share what became a special connection between Eli and myself, in the form of a letter to Eli remembering the special times when we lived in the same place.

You will remember, Eli, that we arrived in Cairnlee in November 1952. You had come with Ragnar from Norway, and I from Germany. We soon realised that our birthdays were in the beginning of December. I admired you Eli, for who you were. During these years in Cairnlee we grew to be like sisters, and we remained close, despite going our separate ways.

In Cairnlee you met the gardener, Johannes Witte from Germany and soon we celebrated your wedding. Next we met in Thornbury. You and Johannes were asked to move there from Scotland to be responsible for the Hatch with the older boys, the land and the animals. Having completed my weaving training I had been asked to help

out in Thornbury Park, caring for the spastic children. For you, Eli, these were happy years, and your second child Per was born. We both learned to drive at the same time, were admitted to the Class of the School of Spiritual Science, and became service holders at the same time.

Then destiny dealt you a severe blow Eli. You had been visiting your father in Bergen and Johannes had gone to Newcastle to meet you, when the news was brought to you that Johannes had been killed in a car accident. You were devastated.

Word was sent to Scotland to ask whether someone could come to help you, and Friedrich Roeder arrived. After some time, Friedrich was diagnosed with severe cancer, and given a few weeks to live. However Dr Lotte Sahlman arranged for Friedrich to be admitted to the Lucas Klinik in Switzerland where Dr Lerois introduced the mistletoe treatment to which Friedrich responded. The treatment at the Klinik had to be followed by the application of compresses which could be done in Brachenreute, and you left Thornbury to do this. Friedrich lived for another forty years! You decided to marry, and went to the Shieling School Ringwood to look after Westmount, where Baruch Urieli was housefather at that time.

Our paths separated again when you went to Norway, and later to Uganda for a time to care for malnourished babies. When you eventually returned to Britain from Norway, it was to Painswick in Gloucestershire, where you both developed Painswick House and Estate. This became a place where school leavers were introduced to work on the estate and in workshops, as well as receiving adult education and therapies.

Eventually you moved to 'Woodruff', the house where you retired, mourning the loss of Friedrich, who passed away in December 2010.

The feeling of being soul sisters had never left us, and I would like to send you part of a poem by Novalis :

*Nun weint auch keiner mehr allhie,
Wenn Eins die Augen schließt,
Vom Wiedersehn, spät oder früh,
Wird dieser Schmerz versüßt.*

*No more shall we now weep and mourn
When closed are dear one's eyes
The grief of parting is reborn
As joy in paradise*

Elsbeth Groth

Other friends who have died

After many weeks in hospital **Fabian Reuter** passed the threshold peacefully early this morning, September 26, 2017.

Fabian was the son of Andrea Reuter, who was a co-worker in Glenraig in the early seventies. Andrea subsequently went to Germany, where she married and had three children. Fabian was born with a brain tumour and was given a year to live, but he became 34! He grew up as a capable and very musical child, who was able to play the violin and hold a voice in a round, although he was a slow developer. He was very cheeky and as he grew up he became more difficult and destructive, but was still very loveable. When he came to Glenraig

with his mother and two sisters he joined class 2 and went right through school, and then joined the adult community. He loved music and singing and when he could no longer sing or hum he would enthusiastically tap along with his hand. Fabian spent the last 15 years of his life in a wheelchair. Numerous co-workers have looked after Fabian and have loved him. Fabian spent the last two years of his life in a care home in Bangor, the last year of which was in supported living in his own apartment with support workers. He is much missed by his mother, Andrea, and his two sisters as well as by all in Glenraig who knew and loved him. He touched many hearts!

Edeline LeFevre, Glenraig

It is with sadness we announce that **Kathryn Hobson** passed away on Tuesday morning, September 26, at 8.30 am after a short period of an acute illness. Kathryn had celebrated her 70th birthday earlier this year in July.

Kathryn joined Camphill Rudolf Steiner School in Aberdeen at the age of 11 and moved to Newton Dee at the age of 17.

Kathryn was always dedicated to her work, doing house chores (cleaning was her greatest strength) and later in the laundry. Kathryn liked to be able to finish a job in hand and didn't want to be told it was "time to go home" until the task was completed. Kathryn was reliable and very faithful, good with children, sociable and had made many lifelong friends.

Mary, Kathryn's Mother lived in Simeon for over twenty years and Kathryn was a faithful visitor in old Simeon House; walking up the hill at least two times a week. Then, in spring 2016, when Kathryn's mobility became more challenging she came to Simeon to live here herself. She soon became an invaluable part of our community but didn't forget her friends in Newton Dee. Kathryn visited Newton Dee regularly and joined many of their events.

Kathryn enjoyed her time in Simeon and often said, almost like looking for a confirmation, Simeon is her home now. She was very grateful for the help she received and often told that to the carers. Kathryn was always thinking of others, always asking "are you alright?"

Kathryn loved giving speeches. After every community gathering, birthday celebration, farewell celebration or concert, Kathryn raised her hand, stood up and gave her sincere thanks or good wishes on behalf of everybody. She also couldn't help herself giving good and helpful advice. On one occasion she reminded somebody who was travelling to see her Mother that her hair needs cutting before going!

Kathryn will be missed by many.

Keith Nunn, Simeon Care for the Elderly

Our dear companion **Eric Kjenslie Olsen** passed away peacefully on Saturday October 7 in the care house at Vidaråsen, after a long illness.

Born on November 5, 1953, Eric had been a villager at Vidaråsen for 42 years. He will be remembered, amongst other things, for his modesty, kindness, conscientious attention to detail in his work and his endearing smile.

The Christian Community funeral ceremony was held for him in the Andreas building at Vidaråsen on Wednesday, October 11.

We carry him in our hearts as he now makes his way into the world of the spirit.

Will Browne

Our very dear friend, **Stella Russell**, from Camphill West Coast (Alpha) passed away at 12.50 pm on Thursday 26th October after having been ill for several months. Before moving to South Africa, she had lived as a co-worker in Camphill Aberdeen. In South Africa she first worked in Hermanus with Julian and Renate Sleight. Her funeral will be on Wednesday, November 1st at 2.00pm in Alpha.

Bonnie Cohen

The River Wye

*Sometimes in haste
and sometimes calm,
you flow towards the sea,
obeying law that apples know
when time to leave the tree.*

*Whilst on your banks
the trees and flowers
point upwards to the sky;
the reeds are straight,
those blades of grass
that bend awhile with dew,
they go not where the river goes –
to what do they aspire?
Perhaps my wish to play with words
is prompted by that same strong urge:
defy the gravity that holds me back,
but draws the river on.*

*Once, long ago,
we built slim spires,
expressions of our growing sense
of other laws at work.
Now they are dwarfed
by taller towers
that really have no point,
except to keep us looking down,
our noses to the ground.*

*So quietly and not quite alone
we try to build our inner spires
that point us to a higher truth,
to what we might become.
Thus stone by stone,
and trial by trial
there slowly will emerge
a triumph over Newton's law
and all that drags us down.*

*Glide on, obedient and seductive Wye,
and maybe we will meet again
at some place further on.
I hope by then I'll understand
the wisdom of both laws –
that things grow up
and things grow down,
and I am in-between.*

Jonathan Stedall

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Getting ready for another school festival of the St John's School in the Camphill Hall in Aberdeen

The Dove Logo of the Camphill movement is a symbol of the pure, spiritual principle which underlies the physical human form. Uniting soon after conception with the hereditary body, it lives on unimpaired in each human individual. It is the aim of the Camphill movement to stand for this 'Image of the Human Being' as expounded in Rudolf Steiner's work, so that contemporary knowledge of the human being may be enflamed by the power of love. Camphill Correspondence tries to facilitate this work through free exchange within and beyond the Camphill movement. Therefore, the Staff of Mercury, the sign of communication which binds the parts of the organism into the whole, is combined with the Dove in the logo of Camphill Correspondence.

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