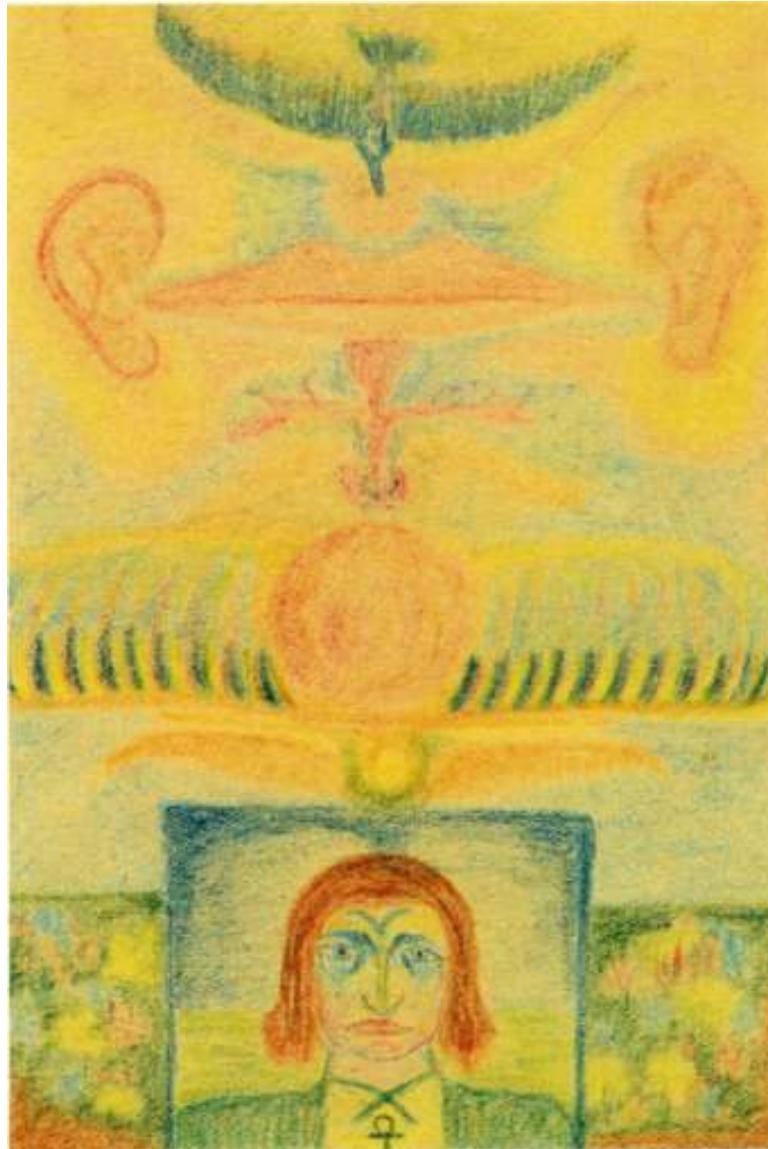




May/June 2020

# CAMP HILL CORRESPONDENCE



The radiant beauty of the world  
Compels my inmost soul to free  
God-given powers of my nature  
That they may soar into the cosmos,  
    To take wing from myself  
    And trustingly to seek myself  
In cosmic light and cosmic warmth.  
St. John's Tide, Calendar of the Soul

## 1940 - 2020 : 80 Years of Camphill Call for Submission

The Camphill Correspondence is seeking articles for the September/October 2020 issue which will be dedicated to the 80th year anniversary of the Camphill Movement. The theme of the issue is **“Paths to the Future: What’s Next for Camphill.”**

We are looking for articles where you can tell us about your experiences, stories, and perspectives in response to the following questions:

- What are some of the new ways that you have expressed Camphill ideals in your community life?
- How do you assure that your community thrives through the transitions and changes of the times?
- What steps are you taking in your community in response to the constant changes?
  - How does your community maintain continuity and viability in these changing times?
  - What are some of the changes that your community experienced and how did you adapt to it?

There may be other themes or questions that you want to explore. Please don't be limited with the questions outlined here. The main thing is that we share with each other stories that we can carry into Camphill's future.

We are also hoping that each region is represented: England/Wales, Middle European, Asian, African, Northern and Southern Ireland, North American, Scotland. I hope I did not forget any region, if so, my apologies.

We hope to receive lots of articles from everyone. **Deadline for submission: August 15th, 2020.**

On behalf of the Camphill Correspondence Team,  
Onat

### Contents

The Queen's Award for Camphill Clanabogan.....	3
Reflections on Camphill Dialogue 2020.....	4
80th Whitsun Birthday .....	6
Letter to the Editor .....	7
Homeless: A Poem .....	7
St. John's Story .....	9
The Camphill Copake Ensemble .....	12
In Memoriam.....	14

We welcome your contributions! Stories, photos, poems - life in Camphill.

Submit your articles to  
[editor.correspondence@camphill.org](mailto:editor.correspondence@camphill.org).



**Congratulations to all the amazing past, present and future volunteers of Camphill Clanabogan. We are proud to have received this award!**

2 June 2020

For more information about Camphill Clanabogan and how you can volunteer or donate visit [www.camphillclanabogan.com](http://www.camphillclanabogan.com), go to our Facebook page or email us at [office@camphillclanabogan.com](mailto:office@camphillclanabogan.com).

# Camphill Community Clanabogan receives the Queen's Award for Voluntary Service

By Cherry How



The Queen's Award for Voluntary Service aims to recognise outstanding work by volunteer groups to benefit their local communities. It was created in 2002 to celebrate the Queen's Golden Jubilee.

Camphill Clanabogan will receive the Award from the Lord Lieutenant of County Tyrone Robert Scott, OBE, later this year and in May 2021 two volunteers will attend a garden party at Buckingham Palace along with other recipients.

The citation for the Award reads:

*"Working out of love for people and the earth as a sustainable and inclusive life-sharing community."*

We are thrilled and honoured to receive this prestigious Award for our efforts. It is the highest award a voluntary group can receive in the UK. We are very proud to have been chosen and have all the hard work recognised.

It is particularly gratifying to receive it in recognition of our core values. Significantly it comes at the very moment that we celebrate 80 years since the founding group of coworkers

Since 1984, when Clanabogan began, it has been based on the contribution of volunteers sharing their lives with residents. Volunteers bring more than their work and abilities, they enrich the place with new ideas and positive change.

The Award also pays tribute to the large numbers of our supporters who have given their time and energy voluntarily over the past 35 years: the Friends of Clanabogan, Trustees, donors and fundraisers, parents and families and all our local volunteers and international coworkers from the past years. We would like to thank them for their dedication and support. Without all these people we would not have achieved everything that exists today.

Last but not least we must include our residents who together with us enthusiastically help build up and maintain the community by their work and participation.

Camphill was founded on volunteering and it can be a lifechanging experience for a person. We hope that this Award will inspire a new generation of people to try this way of community life.

# Reflections on Camphill Dialogue 2020

**By Aideen O' Malley**

*Hermanus is a pretty coastal town about 120 km east of Capetown, with a stunning seafront with glorious views along the coast and a reputation as the best place in the world for land-based whale-watching.*

But even Hermanus has its dark side in the shabby shanty towns around its perimeter. The contrast was stark between the beautiful homes of the comfortable middle classes in Hermanus and the rickety tin shacks with minimal amenities where the bulk of the population lives. Relations between the races seemed relaxed and friendly but economic segregation seems to have replaced the racial segregation of older times.

Our first day of Dialogue was also our last. As the morning progressed, with delegates actively reconfiguring their travel plans, it rapidly became clear that continuing with the conference was simply not possible

and it was unanimously decided to declare the Dialogue over at the end of the first session. Not, however, before the keynote speaker, Christo Brand, had the opportunity to deliver his address 'Mandela, my prisoner, my friend'. Christo began his long friendship with Mandela when he started work as a prison guard on Robben Island at the age of 19. Behind the many anecdotes of prison life lay a strong theme of the power of mutual respect in laying the foundations for the future of the country.

With Geoffrey Wear of the AoCC at the wheel of a minibus we had the opportunity to visit Camphill Hermanus once the school had closed for the holidays. To reduce the possibility of inadvertently transmitting the CV19, we toured the Community

by minibus, keeping our distance from staff and residents.

We could see the remarkable recovery from the bushfire that roared through the campus last year and the results of the huge effort made to prepare for the arrival of the Dialogue conference. It is a beautiful site, with attractive buildings dotted across a wooded hillside, now surrounded by a high fence and electrified gates in response to the need for increased security.

Camphill Hermanus was founded in 1952. During the apartheid years, the community was not permitted to take in black or coloured residents and any black or coloured staff had to leave the premises every evening. Now the school educates 100 black pupils every day from the shanty towns around Hermanus, collecting them from their homes by minibus and providing meals that might otherwise be missed.

**By Peter Bateson**

The Camphill Dialogue 2020 programme was cut short almost as soon as it began due to the Covid-19 emergency. While many of the participants choose not to travel to South Africa others returned home as soon as they could.

Approximately thirty people chose to stay comprising a cross section of Co-workers, managers and external board members.

The following days felt like a retreat, with conversations developing organically. In order to protect the Camphill Community at Hermanus we remained at the hotel in the small town of Hermanus nearby.

There was a carefully managed visit to Camphill Hermanus and trips to see African penguins at Betty's Bay along the spectacular coast road and the town of Stellenbosch. In various interchangeable groupings during the day we shared regular meals, walks, swimming, an evening barbecue and a gala dinner in a beautiful mountain-top restaurant. All of these activities were accompanied by continuous conversation, sharing, learning and reflecting, both in relation to our own personal lives and our involvement with the Camphill community worldwide. Friendships were renewed or made new and through our prolonged and in-depth exchanges one could experience that the constituent parts of Camphill were speaking to and learning from each other through the window of the individual.

With the enforced isolation I have been able to reflect widely. I became increasingly aware of the challenge for myself to be extremely cautious and scrupulous in trying to see things as clearly, coolly, objectively and openly as possible, especially as I am now retired and involved at a slight distance to the daily life.

Socio-economic developments in the past decades have increased the sense of urgency for most people to have clear financial security and independence, which for those of us who joined Camphill in earlier times was not a priority, or even a concern. This has led to the most notable shift in the make-up of Camphill Communities in the past few years in the UK with the majority now operating with a predominantly employee led model.

But this raises the fundamental question, how can the culture of living according to the Fundamental Social Law survive and be resurrected, or must we consign it to history? As a matter of choice, free will, and conscience I believe it is still possible for people to commit themselves to a non-salaried co-

worker economic circle and where it is wanted to continue to operate this as a sub-system with the overall financial structure of a Camphill center. I have heard fellow Camphillers say the Fundamental Social Law is something for the future. I would dearly love to understand how this might be possible. For many, the challenge is and has been to maintain the momentum of the spiritual, cultural, social, and economic principles of Camphill within the prevailing organizational structures. While embracing a multiplicity of relationships that committed people can have to Camphill in wanting to share its ideals and aims. It was clearly articulated by everyone present that Camphill has an urgent task to continue to promote the value of meaningful, creative, and productive work in the lives of supported people and to help wider society to understand how essential this is for individual and community wellbeing. This urgency also applies to Camphill's fundamental mission to maintain its stewardship of the land caring for the environment, a task in which supported people are equal partners. Hearing Tim Davies' presentation on the final day I was heartened to discover that a new sense of shared responsibility can actively be created and cultivated by renewing the vision of what the individual can bring in their commitment to community regardless of their role.

Reprinted with permission from **Camphill Pages**

Published by the  
Association of Camphill Communities  
UK and Ireland

# An 80th Whitsun Birthday for Camphill

By Vivian Griffiths

Eighty years ago this Whitsun, Camphill moved from Kirkton House to Camphill Estate where Dr Konig's colleagues and the first group of Children moved in 1940. There were many birthday celebrations planned for this June, giving us part of the theme for this edition of Pages. Sadly these have been cancelled or delayed for the time being.

This includes the festival at New Lanark, the site of Robert Owen's remarkable working, education, social and cultural Mill Complex, that was such an example of good practice at the birth of the Industrial Revolution. Owen became one of the 'Pillars' of Camphill's endeavour along with Amos Comenius and Count Zinzendorf from the central European religious community builders of the 16th and 17th century, figures that inspired Dr Karl Konig when the idea for a community grew from idea into reality that would work where the image of the human being was threatened.

The New Lanark site with its remarkable facilities of meeting rooms, accommodation and hospitality in the glorious setting of The Clyde Falls south of Glasgow were a fitting backdrop to a number of inclusive conferences that took place in the new century which began with a modest remark by a co-worker at Newton Dee at a Summer Conference marking the centenary of Dr Kong's birth.

He mentioned he was taking adult education groups from the Newton Dee to New Lanark to

learn not only more about the personality of Robert Owen and the birth of the Cooperative Movement but witness the rebirth of the semi derelict mill and housing site through imaginative Job Creation Projects in an area of high unemployment as mines closed and social deprivation threatened the local community.

The rebirth of the New Lanark site with its Camphill 'Owen Connection' thus became more than just a place to meet, it represented a response to this threat to the Image of the human being.

It would be remiss if I didn't mention the part played by partners of Camphill and friends who quickly formed a working group to bring about the first gathering in the early summer of 2003. Jack Reed and Garvald were central and carried much of the organisation. The Iona Community were eager participants at the first conference as was the L' Arche Communities and social service departments were also represented, a truly inclusive attempt to share good practice, learn about each other's approach and have, it has to be said, a very good time together. Birthday Celebrations will be happening locally within many Camphill Communities and we look forward to a return to New Lanark in the future when we can all come together to celebrate.

Meanwhile A Happy 80th Birthday Camphill wherever you are in these lock down days!

Reprinted with permission from **Camphill Pages**

Published by the

Association of Camphill Communities

UK and Ireland

## A Letter to the Editor

Dear friends:

I said to a friend of mine this past week that I don't want the Pandemic to be over. I still have so much to learn from the experience. It came to me just now what it is that I need to learn: how to be a refugee in this Corona land we find ourselves living in.

I was reminded this weekend that Camphill's theme for the Bible evenings this year was the life of the refugee, in order to bring our homemaking impulse out to the world to shed light on the plight of the more than sixty million refugees in the world.

At first I didn't see the connection to our experience now, because I was just thinking of a refugee as someone who has physically lost their home and been displaced from their community. Thankfully that hasn't happened to many of us as we are all staying in our actual physical homes and have not had to relocate to a new community.

But we have.

We are making our home in a unfamiliar land. We can't rely on our usual habits. We can't visit familiar places. We can't see many familiar people. We are in a new land. We are tasked to

physically make our home a place of comfort and safety now that we have to spend so much time in it. We have to find new foods as some are missing from the grocery stores. At a minimum we have all had to find new ways to get food. We have to establish new rhythms of relating to the people that share our physical space. New ways to stay committed to the people who aren't sharing our physical space. Meeting new people that we are coming across because of our new routines and such. Everything is different in our new Corona Land.

The founders of Camphill were forced on to an island, banished because they were Jewish. They had to stay put. They could no longer move about freely, just like us! So many of us our trying to imagine a new and better world because of this pandemic. Well we have role models. Camphill was birthed from a group of refugees stuck together to figure out their new lives.

This has given me a new spark to work with going forward.

Thanks for walking this road with me.

Take Care!

Love, Ann Marie Constanza (Camphill Hudson)

### Homeless

I saw that homeless man  
Sitting stranded on the busy city street  
As dirt decorated his cold unwashed feet  
And endless despair was firmly stamped  
Across his unshaven face

Because never in the very worst  
Of his ceaseless nightmares  
Did he ever contemplate  
That home would become  
Such a cold and lonely place

So as unkind people  
Swiftly filed past him  
Without even exchanging a second glance  
Inside his broken mind  
His tragic vision of reality  
Was reduced to that of an unfair trance

*By Peter Brown, Loch Arthur Village 2016*

Dear Camphill friends,  
On June 1st 2020 it will be 80 years since the little group of pioneers moved into Camphill House!  
I know some of you are planning to have events for this and some will probably now be moved into Autumn or to next year - whatever, we will gladly help you with this and have prepared plenty of interesting new material - please see the attachment for details and let us know what we can do for you or send to you.

It is a good opportunity to reach out and to let friends, neighbours, parents, coworkers, business connections and maybe the press get to know more about the history and background of a movement that was started by a few refugees!

With very best wishes,  
For the Institute team  
Richard Steel

## 80 Years of Camphill Movement 1940 - 2020

**Offers from the Karl König Institute**  
for the 80th anniversary of the move that became a Movement -  
The move to Camphill House

For the 80th anniversary of the move by the founding group into Camphill House in Aberdeen - the move that started a Movement - we have designed **an exhibition** for you especially for this pandemic year with 20 posters depicting the birth of the Camphill Movement. There are plenty of historic photographs and short texts to tell about the history, the idealistic background and the idealistic pioneers, and the growth of Camphill to become a world wide movement

To download your exhibition to print out the way you want it, please send us a contribution of €100 or more and in addition we can send you flyers and info-material as you wish or help you to display and sell the 19 volumes of the New Edition of Karl König's works

Please contact us also to prepare events, talks or seminars

Or you would like to celebrate the 80 years before an exhibition could happen?

Because of the restrictions for travel and events we have also put all this material into a booklet for you:

**„80 Years of Camphill Movement“**

**40 large pages**

with dozens of photographs: €10 / \$12 / £8

and to go with it a little booklet about the cultural impulse of Camphill:

**“Art in Community - Community as Art“**

36 pages with plenty of illustrations  
€6,50 / \$9 / €7,50



and don't forget - we have already published the essential volume:  
**“The Spirit of Camphill - Birth of a Movement“**  
and can still supply the Anniversary-CD to let you hear Karl König's voice:  
**“Camphill - A Social Experiment“**

Contact us with any questions or requests: [office@karlkoeniginstitute.org](mailto:office@karlkoeniginstitute.org)

# A Saint John's Story

## by Sherry Wildfeuer

Once upon a time, there was a royal family that wisely ruled a large land that had two high hills. On one hill the royal family lived comfortably in a beautiful castle, with forests and rich farm fields all around it. Farmers and gardeners worked busily, foresters cut firewood, and crafts people made useful and beautiful items for all to enjoy.

But the royal couple became aware that the people in the neighboring land were suffering from a terrible illness. They had too little to eat, and no land to grow food or even flowers. With this knowledge, the king and queen could no longer be content with the good life in their own land. They knew they must do something to help their neighbors.

On the far border of their realm, on the second high hill, there was a spring of healing water, but no one had climbed the hill for many years because the way was long, and those who set off stopped and stayed in the villages along the way.

So the king and queen called together their seven children and asked if they would undertake the journey to reach the healing spring and bring back the water of life that could heal their neighbors.

The seven children agreed to the adventure and promised their mother that they would care for one another on the way. So, with a mixture of sadness and hope, the royal couple packed up all that would be needed for the journey and sent them on their way.

It was not easy for the children to be away from the comforts of the royal castle, to walk long hours each day, to cook for themselves, and sleep on the hard ground at night. Especially the oldest prince missed the sweet treats that the royal baker had made for them each day, and his own favorite hunting dog and horse.

When they came to the first village at the bottom of the high hill, he was happy to find a bakery shop, a soft bed to sleep in, and a dog and a horse he could care for. Although his sisters and brothers tried to remind him of the neighboring land in need and of their promise to their parents, he was not willing to travel on with them the following day, and they had to leave him behind.

The oldest princess was now the leader, but she was missing all the entertainments of their royal life, and the pretty dresses and hats and shoes she had left behind. When they came to the second village, she was delighted to find musicians on every corner and shops with all the latest fashionable clothes. In the morning, her sisters and brothers could not convince her to continue the journey, for she was content to stay in the village.

Now the five children went on, led by the next oldest prince. He was a social fellow who was always friendly. But in his heart, he always wished for people to like him best and to be the favorite prince. At the next village, they learned that its leader had just died. The people were happy to greet the children from the royal family, and it was not hard for them to prevail upon the prince to stay and become their leader.

The next morning, only four children set off on the winding road up the hill, led by their sister. For her, this was a long time to be away from the comforts and routines of home life in the castle. She missed the safety and security of her life there, and although her parents had really provided everything they needed, she was a creature of habit and didn't like the discomforts of life on the road. When they came to the next village, there was an Inn where everything was provided to make her feel at home, and in the morning, she was not willing to leave.

Now, only the three youngest children were able to remember the reason for the journey and their promise to the queen that they would take care of one another. The road grew steeper now, and harder to climb. But the air was clear and fresh. In the next village, all the people were bright with interest in their quest for the healing water. They knew about it and could point out their further path. From a high ledge, they could look back on the villages down the hill and see their own castle on the hill in the distance. They could even see the region of the neighboring land, which was darkened by suffering. The older boy was fascinated by the wisdom and breadth of vision of the people in this village, and he could not bring himself to leave it in the morning.

Now, only the two youngest princesses were willing to climb on higher. They kept recalling to each other how hard it was for the people in the neighboring land to suffer from the stress of hunger and poverty and illness. They kept the vision they had gained on the rocky ledge, and clambered further ahead. At last, they reached a small group of simple huts where people lived in constant devotion. From the power of their souls they directed loving strength to all below them on the steep hill and beyond. Here the sisters were welcomed and could join them in their evening prayer.

In the morning, only the youngest sister was willing to seek further for the healing spring. Tearfully, the girls said good-bye. As the youngest child walked up the hill alone, her heart was filled with love for the neighboring people, for her dear parents who had sent their beloved children in search of help for them, and for her sisters and brothers who had stayed along the way. She was filled with hope that the clear, glass bottle, which it had been her task to carry, would soon bring the water of life back to them all. That evening, just as the sun was about to set, the girl came to a small pool fed by a crystal-clear spring. Beside it sat a large, bearded man, clothed in animal skins, who greeted her kindly.

His name was John. He shared his meal of berries and nuts and herbs with her. And together they drank of the water of life.

John spoke to the child about the loving Source of the healing spring, who had been sent from heaven to give his life for the healing of all people. She treasured his words in her heart. He told her that the healing of the neighboring people must begin with a change of the ways in her own land.

In the morning, they filled the glass bottle, and the girl began her long journey home. When she reached the small settlement, the first one she met was her sister, who had been actively praying for her. The youngest princess spoke about John and the Source of the healing spring. Then she put a drop of its precious water into a bowl of water, and with that she washed her sister's feet. This gave her the strength she would need to part from her new-found friends and undertake the journey back to the castle.

In the morning, the girls left the devotional community and re-traced their steps down the hill. As they approached the village with the clear view, their brother saw them coming and greeted them joyfully. The three of them spoke late into the night about John and the Source of the healing spring. Then the youngest princess anointed her brother's eyes with a drop of its water, and to his far-seeing was now added a depth of inner vision. Now he knew that he too must travel back to the castle to help the people in the neighboring land.

After days of walking, they came to the village where their dear sister had made herself at home in the Inn. She welcomed them warmly and prepared beds and food for them all. Then they sat by the fire and the younger ones told about John's call to change their ways. The youngest princess put a drop of healing water on the heart of her sister, and suddenly she felt that her own comfort was no comfort at all as long as the people in the neighboring land did not have good homes as well. So she willingly joined the

others on their way back to help.

When they came to the next village, their brother was giving a stirring speech in the center of town, and the people all applauded at the end. He was glad to see his siblings and hear about the higher regions of the hill, about John and the Source of the healing spring. Then the youngest princess placed a drop of its precious water on his lips. At that moment, the prince could understand that words were to be used to help and heal, and not merely to draw attention to himself. He realized that he would be needed at home to teach people how to change their ways. And so, he began by speaking with the village council to find a capable leader to take his place, and he set off with the others for home.

At the next village, they found their sister out and about, enjoying all that the culture had to offer. They shared with her what they had seen and learned on the top of the hill, and then she received a drop of healing water on each hand. From this moment on, her one desire was to create art and beauty and practical things for all those in need of them, and she joined her siblings on their way home.

At the base of the hill, the oldest prince was now very familiar with all the best bakers and cooks in the town, and he had the best dog and horse to accompany him wherever he went. But he was glad to see his sisters and brothers and be reminded of the reason for their journey and to hear of their adventures. He received a drop of healing water right on his belly, and suddenly he knew that as long as some people had no bread or nourishing food, no special treats would ever taste so good to him again. He felt called upon to use what he knew about food to share with others in the neighboring land.

And so, all the seven children travelled back to their parents, who received with gratitude their stories and new-found wisdom. The king and queen each received a drop of the water of life on their brow. With this, they could remember

that long ago, their land and the neighbors' had been one land. But the best part had been stolen by their ancestors, and what was left for the neighbors was far too poor. For this reason, their realm had thrived and the neighbors had not. The king and queen understood that healing would require sacrifice of their crowns from them, and for all in their land to share the bounty that came from their unfair advantages. They declared that the two lands must become reunited.

Then, each of the princes and princesses brought forward their gifts to help. They spoke and planned together, and invited their neighbors to ask what made sense to them. Through their long suffering, deep wisdom, strength and vision had developed in many of their neighbors, and they brought these gifts to the planning. But others had grown faint and weak and angry from the long waiting, and these needed the most care. The youngest princess was ever ready to share out the drops of healing water. As long as it was given away, it continued to replenish itself. She met others in the poorer land who had also made the journey to the healing spring, and they learned together how best to use its water to help the people and the land.

In the rich land, many were ready to join forces with the neighbors. But others had grown attached to their comforts and sense of superiority, and these people needed to be taught by the prince with the gift of speech why changes were needed.

The full reuniting of the two lands and their people will take a long time, but those who are working towards healing light bonfires on the night of June 24th each year, so that St. John, who guards the healing spring and welcomes those who climb to the top of the hill, can see and take confidence that the work is being done. He knows, however, that no human effort can suffice to undo the harm that has been done. Only the loving Source of the water of life can, over lifetimes, compensate for the pain endured, and bring meaning to the injustices suffered.

# The History of the Camphill Village Copake Ensemble

by Channa Andriesse Seidenberg



It all started in the Camphill place Beitenwil in Switzerland where I lived for six years. I had a group of fifteen or sixteen adults whom I was allowed to create with. In Switzerland the school children still have instrumental instruction, so there were some of my group who played violin and flute. I used bells, of course, and we played some wonderful pieces. We gave our performances for the community – it was a very musical community. The Goetheanum asked us to perform, so we all trooped to Dornach, and we played there.

Shortly after that, in 1980, I returned to Camphill Village Copake with my family.

I wanted to start a group of people with an octave of twelve bells, but this would cost \$1000 – an even more enormous sum then than it is now. In the summer of 1981, it was suggested we give a benefit concert in the Fountain Hall. I agreed, and we prepared an amazing concert. I had borrowed four bells from the salesman and wrote a song for those four bells so that everybody could experience what the bells sounded like. (Such fun!) During the concert we pleaded that each house would make a contribution. In three days we had \$1000, enough to buy the bells! Ah – that was such a joy!

From the beginning the name was the Village Ensemble – because there were many instruments

involved. Every year we were allowed to buy some new bells. Over the years we added chime bars, kantaliers, and Bordun lyres. We were fortunate over the years to have musicians with us who played violins, flutes, cello, clarinet, and even a trombone for a while! These musicians carry the melody lines of the music.

So we practiced and performed in the Village. We played for weddings, Family Days, Brothers and Sisters Days and many other occasions. It was totally new. Many guests had never seen such a musical group before.

On October 14th, 1986, we played in our first New York City concert in Alice Tully Hall in Lincoln Center. This whole idea came from a Camphill Foundation USA initiative.



We needed to get everybody dressed up sort of the same. No one in the audience knew we were going to play. So when it was time for us at the end of the program, there walked out all of our villagers, and the audience was in tears. Nobody knew this was happening and they were so moved. When we were finished, there was more crying and a ten-minute standing ovation. So that was our debut!



Fifty-seven of us went for our next concert, which was in Carnegie Hall in 1989 to perform for 2,000 friends. In the next years three of the other communities – Triform, Soltane, and Kimberton – began this musical work, taking our lead. I helped the Triform Bell Choir get started. At the second Carnegie Hall concert in 2000, you could see the whole stage filled with people from the four communities.

That went on every three years or so. We did NYC benefit concerts with many famous musicians. I always chose music for the Ensemble that was challenging. We had a wonderful time, a wonderful time! There were nine NYC concerts over 23 years.

Performing in these halls wasn't just the on-stage time; we had to really be disciplined. It took me some weeks to line everybody up properly in our Hall, so that people would know how to go on stage, where to sit, etc. The concerts, of course, were also fundraisers, sometimes bringing the Camphill places a great deal of money. The Alice Tully Hall concert in 1997 made over a half million dollars!

We played at Columbia University in 1995 for a benefactor's birthday. That occasion was even more special because I met the famous Russian pianist – Evgeny Kissin – with his parents and teacher. We played for many more events in the Village. We also played at the grand opening of Camphill Hudson in 2007.

In 2013 we had a celebration for the retirement of the Ensemble. For a time we tried to meet in different groups with different goals and tasks. But this didn't last as everyone wanted - and still wants – to play in the whole Ensemble. It wouldn't be easy to begin the Ensemble again – but perhaps one day another musician will take it up again. It has been a most gratifying experience for me. I loved the decades of work with all the villagers, plus renowned musicians, co-workers, staff children, and friends. It gives me a lot of pleasure to think back on those years.

I would like to thank everyone who joined this work all these years – it was amazing to work with all of you.

Written by Channa Seidenberg



*Channa passed away on March 14, 2020. See her obituary in the In Memoriam section.*

# In Memoriam

**Channa Andriesse Seidenberg**  
July 20, 1939 – March 14, 2020



A musician, composer, anthroposophist, and loving human being has crossed the threshold. After three separate struggles with cancer, Channa has passed on,

joining her husband Leon who died in 2005.

Channa's biography again and again demonstrates her strength and resiliency – in the death of her father at the hand of Nazis, her "adoption" by a Christian family in Holland during World War II, her testing of her Orthodox Jewish background, her recognition of anthroposophy and the care of those with developmental differences as her life's path, and her life-long passion for music. Channa knew the traditional path she was born into was not her individual path, and she searched for her teachers with resolve. If she was convinced that someone was a teacher who could help her along her path, she didn't let "no" dissuade her.

Music was the soul of Channa's life in singing, playing, composing, directing, and music therapy. When the "red threads" of her life – music and anthroposophy - joined together, Channa recognized her work. She was the creator and director of the Camphill Village Ensemble which played in many venues, including Lincoln Center and Carnegie Hall, and she was a collaborator with renowned musicians.

Channa's devotion to her path was consuming. When asked recently where did her path now lead, she responded, "to find my father."

Channa leaves behind much-loved sons Andreas and Julian, their families, and two sisters, one in Florida and the other in Israel.

**Benedict Luckham**  
August 7, 1941 – April 28, 2020

Benedict was much loved by everyone who knew him. He had a lovely outgoing, giving character. He was curious, loved to explore and travel, was passionate about history and the past, particularly the romantic past. He was fearless, creative, enthusiastic, stubborn, with a fantastic memory, sometimes shy but above all gleeful, meaning he loved to enjoy himself. He loved family events and celebrations, including his own birthday, which he always anticipated weeks and sometimes months in advance. He had his own pantheon of historical heroes, who stayed with him until he died, including Robin Hood, King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.

He was born on August 7th, 1941 in Singapore. His father Harold Luckham worked as a colonial administrator in the Malayan Civil Service and his mother Christina had been trained as an artist at the Slade School of Art. Around six months after his birth his father was granted compassionate leave and his family (Benedict, his elder brother Robin, his parents and his Chinese Amah) left by boat for New Zealand. Just after leaving they learned that Malaya had been over-run by the Japanese army. Benedict's mother used to claim that Benedict had indirectly saved his father's life. In fact the whole family had been saved, including his Amah, because Benedict was born with a condition that was considered to be a terrible misfortune in those far off days.

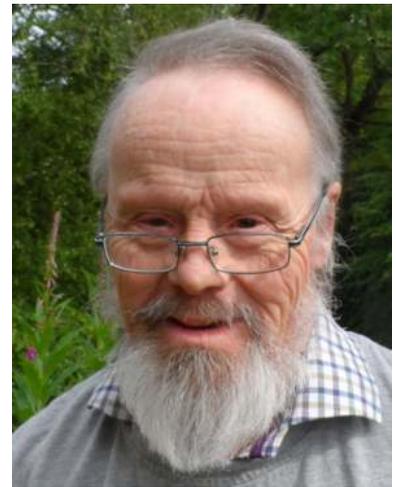
Benedict always loved to travel. His first eight years were spent on the move. First there was New Zealand, then Australia and from there the family continued via Durban, South Africa to Nairobi in Kenya, where his father had been temporarily assigned. Soon afterwards his father was recruited into the British army as a staff officer in Colombo, Sri Lanka, joining a task force planning the reoccupation of Malaya from Japan, leaving the family in Kenya. One of Benedict's mother's stories describes her anxiety when Benedict wandered off with their pet dachshund. She, then heavily

pregnant with Ben's sister Claire, went in search of them and found them sitting in the middle of a log bridge over a ravine, staring down into the water below. His mother couldn't risk going on to the bridge so she called him and both he and the dog got up and made their way to safety. When the war was over, the family were able to return to England, where Benedict became very ill with whooping cough and pneumonia. To assist his recovery Benedict and his mother spent six months at the Bircher Benner clinic in Switzerland, and was introduced there to a natural diet, including the famous Bircher muesli. His sister remembers him having to eat a spoonful of raw onions chopped up with brown sugar on his return. After Switzerland, the family returned to join Benedict's father in Malaya, where they stayed until the Malayan Emergency made Benedict's parents consider their safety and they were sent back to England to go to boarding schools.

Benedict went with his sister to a school in Goudhurst in Kent. There the headmistress loved him and took good care of him, but he missed his mother terribly. There was another school in Wiltshire which he went to by himself. There he was miserable. His mother returned to England and Benedict became a pupil at Larkhill School in Kent then run by the Jacksons. This was his first involvement with the Rudolf Steiner movement, which later became such a major part of his life. Benedict was happy at the school. He remained there until his father retired in 1959, not long after Malayan Independence. From then on the family lived in the house his Grandfather had built in Salisbury. Here Ben was able to discover a love for the theatre which went alongside his love for castles and history. His sister Claire particularly remembers him performing his own plays in the garden.

When Benedict was old enough, he became part of the Camphill community at The Grange in Gloucestershire. Benedict lived in the Grange for 45 years. He worked at different times in the laundry, the pottery and the basket workshop, as well as helping in various households and becoming the village postman. Alongside his working life Benedict had a full social life. He ran

his own history group for many years. There were painting classes, Bible reading, participation in the seasonal plays performed by the community as well as a more general social life. And in the Grange Benedict was able to continue his



love of travelling. He went on numerous group holidays both in England and Scotland and abroad notably to Greece, France Italy and Norway. Benedict also enjoyed exchange visits to other Camphill Communities in Germany, America and South Africa, where his brother Robin visited him and took him on a holiday to a safari park, whale watching and the Cape of Good Hope. He much enjoyed featuring in the short film, which introduced the play by his sister Claire, *The Choice*. And there were holidays with his brother and sister to Pompeii, on a Rhine cruise, to Denmark and several destinations around Britain, visiting castles, historical sites and theatres, including the Royal Shakespeare Theatre in Stratford on Avon. Everywhere that Benedict went he took photographs. His sister Claire has a set of photographs he took when she was living in the family home in Salisbury. Neither she nor her children had thought to take photographs, but Benedict did and he did the job thoroughly. Benedict had a great sense of occasion. When he discovered an actor playing Henry VIII in the cellar at Hampton Court he joined in. He loved to be Father Christmas and to play a central role in family gatherings. He enjoyed himself dancing so much at his niece Nana's wedding that it became almost impossible to take him home when it became time to go.

Sadly Benedict's health deteriorated slowly during the last ten years of his life. He moved from the Grange to Gannicox in Stroud in 2012, where he could live at a gentler pace and receive greater physical care. Even so, he made his presence and

personality felt and became a valued member of the community, although he was less active than in the past. He continued to enjoy outings and theatre trips in the vicinity of Stroud, as well as visits from his sister, his brother and his nephews and nieces. He slowly began to enter the dementia pathway, and much benefitted from the care and love he

received at Gannicox. When he began to need twenty four hour care he moved to Kingston House, a small Care Home in Kent, to be close to his sister. He was well looked after there until his death at the ripe old age of 78 on the 28th of April 2020.



foyer de vie  
Le Béal

Camphill le Béal, a small land-based care home in the South of France, accompanying 23 residents. We are 23 long-term co-workers, some of whom live in with their children, and we welcome several short-term co-workers every year.

The life of le Béal revolves around four house communities, three workshops (a vegetable garden, a small farm and a herb workshop), and a rich social and cultural life.

In preparation for the future of our community, we are looking for committed and enthusiastic people, either singles or a family, willing to share our life and work. We are also looking for a trained or experienced organic gardener/farmer ready to join the existing team.

Applicants need to have some knowledge of the French language and experience in working with vulnerable people. If you are interested, please visit our website [www.lebeal.org](http://www.lebeal.org) and contact us at [contact@lebeal.org](mailto:contact@lebeal.org) or + 33 475 53 55 33.

### Village Couch

When messed-up and anxious  
Carry your troubles  
Straight to the compost  
And trust in the earth worms.  
Don't trample or soak-weep,  
But cover your labour  
With care. Furthermore  
Warmth is needed and air:  
Sing! Life is fair!

### Angels

Are prepared  
To suffer human  
Inattentive frailty, but  
They rejoice when we  
Wake up and  
Chip in.

Two Short Poems from  
Jens-Peter Linde

Jens-Peter has been involved with Camphill since 1976. Now retired, he lives in Northern Germany.

The Camphill Correspondence prints six issues per year. Please submit written contributions to [editor.correspondence@camphill.org](mailto:editor.correspondence@camphill.org).

We accept written articles, announcements, photographs.

**Annual Subscriptions: \$48**

Payments can also be made online via:

<https://camphillcorrespondence.net/subscribeordonate>

**Office:** 2542 Route 66, Chatham, NY 12037 (Camphill Ghent)

Phone: (518) 721-8423 (US only).

Editor: Onat Sanchez-Schwartz

Publisher: Nathan McLaughlin  
Adviser: David Andrew Schwartz



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.