“We have laid the foundation for new friendships far and wide; new friendships that can be seen as seeds for a future bearing impulse that unites us in a common vision of faith, love, and hope for all mankind.”
Can you describe Raphael Village’s origin story and how it’s come to the point at which it is now?
The impulse for Raphael Village began when Mark Redding and I realized there was no place in New Orleans for our son, a young man with autism, to live a full life where he would be engaged in meaningful work and community. Our son attended The Waldorf of School of New Orleans in his early educational years, however it became clear by the fourth grade that he needed a holistic academic setting where he could focus on his individual challenges and gifts. It was out of this inspiration that the seed for Raphael Village slowly matured and set down its roots. Raphael Academy began in the spring of 2012 as an after school program for middle school students with Autism Spectrum Disorder, Down Syndrome, and other developmental differences. Over time our program offerings have expanded to include a K-12 school and an adult day program. The Guild was established in 2013 to provide post-secondary education and vocational training opportunities to young adults. In 2016, Raphael Village was established to reflect our vision of providing an all-encompassing life-sharing community for differently-abled people throughout all stages of life.

How would you describe Raphael Village’s role in the local community in New Orleans and what impacts are you seeing in the students and Guild members and in the community?
Since its inception, Raphael Village has been in a constant state of growth. This year we began construction on our new Town Center which will serve as the hub for all of our activities and programs and is only two blocks from the Academy. Construction will be complete in the spring of 2021 and we look forward to welcoming the Guild home to the Irish Channel neighborhood. As we emerge from the global pandemic our focus will soon return to the planning of our life-sharing community. We continue to explore all funding opportunities, including Medicaid waivers, and could see our first homes as early as 2022. Our intention is to preserve the nurturing home-like setting, interdependence, and social inclusion that is essential to Camphill life.

Can you share a bit about the history of your New Orleans neighborhood and how you have added to the living history of the neighborhood?
Like many inner cities during the early to mid ’70s, the historic Irish Channel neighborhood bordering the Mississippi River had fallen on hard times. In the year 2000, as architects, contractors, and realtors, Mark and I, along with immediate family members, set out to renovate the 45,000-square-foot abandoned Bond Bakery building, adapting it into a multi-use building that today includes both commercial and residential use, and our home. The Waldorf School of New Orleans found its home
here for fourteen years after flooding in hurricane Katrina. Over the years, we have renovated Soraparu Playground and established several gardens for use by Academy students and Guild members. With over 20 residential and commercial renovations completed within walking distance of the new Town Center, the Irish Channel is a thriving community with countless possibilities for future generations. Raphael Village aims to continue weaving itself into the fabric of the neighborhood for individuals who are differently-abled.

**How has Covid-19 challenged your efforts and have there been any silver linings coming from the impacts of the virus this year?**

This is from our annual report that we just issued:

While the start of the 2019-20 fiscal year began as so many have in years past, we stepped into 2020 with change and uncertainty. The thread that has run throughout this year is one of ‘Strength and Courage.’ How, in this brave new world, do we welcome this opportunity to learn and grow as an organization and how will we see the silver linings as a guiding force for days ahead. Through technology we have laid the foundation for new friendships far and wide; new friendships that can be seen as seeds for a future bearing impulse that unites us in a common vision of faith, love, and hope for all mankind. We know that with courage and conviction, we open the doorway to an unlimited source of abundance and prosperity.

**Please touch on your current numbers: How many students, helpers; how many properties?**

Currently, there are 10 students enrolled at Raphael Academy and 40 at The Guild over the next 12 months. Raphael Village employs a three-member Administrative team that oversees all programs and operations at both the Academy and Guild. We employ three lead teachers and two assistants at the Academy, including Megan Riley, our founding teacher and school Administrator. The Guild is fortunate to have two Camphill Academy graduates, Caroline Finck and Laura Mooney, who serve as the Guild’s Program Director and Program Coordinator respectively. They are supported by five full and part-time employed co-workers who fill a range of roles including: pre-vocational and daily living skills, yoga, movement and drama, and artist-guild training. Our facilities include a 3,500-square-foot school building and the new 5,000-square-foot Town Center which will also include a community cafe and catering kitchen. We are always looking for experienced Camphill co-workers who may want to join us in our pioneering efforts down south!

**How do you see your community growing in the years to come?** With the addition of our life-sharing community, we see a thriving community that is home to approximately 30+ differently-abled individuals. Over the next five years, Raphael Academy will need to add additional classroom space and the Raphael Village community will need a ‘great hall’ for community gatherings and school plays.

**Lastly, is there anything else you like to add?** Besides those specifically named in this article, there are countless other dedicated members of our community including board members, staff, sponsors, donors, and parents who work tirelessly to ensure that #GoodMayBecome.
The Ultimate Iron Rule for Community Living

While visiting friends in Stourbridge in England recently I became aware of a collection of community papers and
documents which had belonged to Marianne Sander. Marianne has moved to new accommodation and the
papers had been passed on to someone else to sort out.

As an enthusiastic member of the Camphill Archives group I thought I should look through them and I am very
glad I did. Among treasures such as letters from Peter Roth and handwritten documents by Anke Weihs there was
a page I would like to share with more people.

Although the message is familiar I had not seen this page before. This message is expressed so beautifully in the
striking way that Thomas and Anke were able to convey things that I think it needs to be widely known.

It is also an example of the thrills which can come when we explore the past, and a demonstration of the value of
the work of the Karl König and Camphill Archives in discovering and preserving our history and treasures like this.

I find it moving that 49 years after it was written we have an opportunity to affirm again that this is the task of
Camphill.

And on Community Day, 30th November, we can remind ourselves and each other of that.

–Cherry How
Camphill Clanabogan
N. Ireland

SOME ASPECTS OF COMMUNITY LIVING

One essential is not to fall into the trap of regarding and reacting to another person in terms, as it were, of his
constitution, for this creates a vicious circle. Not only does a person’s physical as well as emotional constitution
inflict itself on others; it inflicts itself to a far more existential degree on the person himself. This is indeed our
lasting struggle – the dichotomy and contention between what we feel we really are or could be, and the
burdensome features of our physical, emotional and, to some extent, our mental constitution.

When one physical-emotional constitution regards and reacts to another physical-emotional constitution, both are
captured in the wheel of given circumstances, and both lose sight of the essential means of release, which is the
other person’s potential being, something that in rare moments can be perceived and experienced by others, and
hardly ever of the Self by the Self. When the Holy Spirit descended on the heads of the disciples at Pentecost,
none perceived the tiny tongue of fire that hovered over his own head, but each saw it hovering over the heads of
the others.

This is the ultimate iron rule for community living – the constant reference to the other person’s spiritual potential,
even if it remains hidden, for the question must be put: Do I not see the other person’s spiritual potential because
he has none or because he hides it? Or: Am I perhaps inhibited by some blindness of my own that does not allow
me to confess to the other’s potential?

Basically, there is a profound fear of loving the spiritual potential of our fellowmen, for if we would do so unreservedly, we would re-enter Paradise, and life on this stricken, precious, terrible and beloved earth would lose its purpose. Our mutual antipathies, irritations, misunderstandings, inquisitions are a plea to the Ultimate Reality to allow us a little more time.

– THOMAS WEIHS, 1971

A father’s reflection on ‘Beloved Community’

By Michael Green

I cannot adequately express my appreciation and gratitude for my daughter Annie's very good life as a member of the Camphill Hudson community in New York. See picture below from Annie's 39th birthday from this September 2020. I am fully aware of the challenge and opportunity of being a direct support coworker living with and supporting Annie or our other friends day by day. I have been Annie's temporary interim roommate during changes of her coworker roommate in the past years. I have lived the daily life of Camphill Hudson for some weeks which was both eye opening about the challenges of supporting Annie and the other friends and a lovely gift for me to participate day by day.

This present time with the COVID-19 virus is painful for me to be so far from Annie. I live in Colorado and each day worry about Annie's well being so far from her family. We all live with so much uncertainty about the virus and the future.

I knew from the first day Annie visited Camphill Hudson six years ago that this was to be her lasting home. Annie had lived in several Camphill communities starting in 2000. Annie chose to move to New York state from Colorado (after the Colorado Camphill initiative did not work out), living at Triform for a year while we worked out Annie's funding and resident status in New York. It was uncertain if it would work out. Annie took a great risk but it always was clear that the Camphill life was her chosen life. It was also certain that Camphill Hudson was committed from day one to support Annie in her journey to a permanent life with Camphill.

During this stressful and confusing time of COVID-19 now, I am amazed that the Camphill Hudson community has remained safe and secure with everyone so connected to each other. We talk to Annie almost each day and participate in Camphill Hudson events remotely. I see the discipline and care and kindness of coworkers and friends supporting each other. As challenging as the time is for Annie and for all, it is clear people see even more deeply the value and love they have for each other. I am so touched by the efforts and good heart of so many to hold the community together.

Our daughter Annie is very happy. I am 73 years old and have been having cancer treatments so am at very high risk for the virus. So I sadly don’t know how soon
I will see Annie and see Camphill Hudson. But I do know each day that Annie is happy with a life worth living. Annie knows she is home with her beloved community. Even if Annie got sick with COVID-19, I know she is in the company of what Martin Luther King called the beloved community. What more could a parent ask.

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. said, "But the end is reconciliation; the end is redemption; the end is the creation of the beloved community. It is this type of spirit and this type of love that can transform opposers into friends. The type of love that I stress here is not eros, a sort of esthetic or romantic love; not philia, a sort of reciprocal love between personal friends; but it is agape which is understanding goodwill for all men. It is an overflowing love which seeks nothing in return. It is the love of God working in the lives of men. This is the love that may well be the salvation of our civilization."

Camphill life is rooted in tradition honoring friendship in community and celebrating beauty with a reverence for all life. I love that the Camphill Hudson community is not trying to return to the past before the pandemic, so much as listening for the voice of the future. What is Camphill Hudson called to become? What is our destiny as a Camphill community? It is so clear that the world needs healing and reconciliation and a kind of generous love and spirit of forgiveness. Camphill Hudson and all Camphill communities will be this healing energy I know in many ways.

I am very grateful for Annie's life in Camphill and happy that I get to be a little part of the Camphill Hudson community and their journey towards the future.

House Coordinators needed to join energetic, life-sharing community

Glenora Farm (www.glenorafarm.org) is a residential community on southern Vancouver Island where caregivers and companions with developmental challenges share life and work in extended family-type houses, in a variety of craft workshops and on our 100-acre biodynamic farm. We are part of the international movement known as Camphill, and a member of the Camphill Association of North America (www.camphill.org).

House coordinators oversee the safety and well-being of everyone in their household, coach new coworkers in their duties and responsibilities, and work together to create a balanced, caring environment. They also participate in the overall functioning of the community through involvement in group/committee work, seasonal and social events, and bring their own ideas and creativity to the process.

Applicants should have Canadian status or a visa that allows them to work in Canada, and be open to a commitment of two years or more. Further details and a full job description can be found at https://glenorafarm.org/current-openings/ or by emailing us at admissions@glenorafarm.org.
A Note about The Rowan Community in Dursley, Gloucestershire, UK

My name is Susan van Overbeek and I would like to tell you a bit about where I live, The Rowan Community in Dursley, Gloucestershire, U.K.

The Rowan Community was started in 2008 and a small group of us moved to Reine Barnes House, Dursley in 2012. Currently our 8 members occupy 2 of 4 neighbouring houses owned by the Stroud Harbour Community – a housing cooperative. Most of us have had Camphill Community experience.

Individual circumstances vary, with some working in the surrounding area whilst others are more involved with tasks within our community. We share life, with all its ups and downs. We have one meal a day together and there are possibilities to join in with study groups, musical afternoons and other cultural endeavours. We explore the festivals together and this year read the Karl König plays for Holy Week and Easter.

We all pay rent to Stroud Harbour Community which is calculated according to private space, i.e. single flat, 1 bedroom or shared cottage. We equally share our living expenses.

Our community has had many changes over time, especially over the last year and we are now actively looking for new people to join us. We would welcome interest from people who want to live in a small community and are willing to work together and help to carry some of the responsibility.

We have space in the large main house, which means an upstairs bedroom and sharing of generous communal spaces – dining room, kitchen, sitting room and garden. Dursley is a small market town, 10 miles from Stroud. We are surrounded by woodland and have good bus and train access.

Personally, I cherish this "new way of community," having experienced Camphill village community in the past. We have had many special "retreat" meetings where we endeavoured to truly listen to one another. These have brought an openness, kindness and willingness about. It affirmed my choice to be here.

If you are interested in meeting us, please write or email, to arrange a phone call and/or a meal which may lead to a short stay for initial (mutual) assessment.

—Anton Christian, Catherine Hollis, Chris Lay, Jane Abel, Jeff Hill, Paul Abel, Phil Page and Susan van Overbeek.

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We will Hear Ourselves Grow
A Profile of a Co-Worker
By Kahren Ehlen

My name is Kahren Ehlen and I currently live in Murtle House in the Camphill Schools, Aberdeen. I have been lucky to have lived and worked in Murtle Estate the 51 years I have lived in Scotland, albeit in different house communities over the years. I was born in New York City, but now am a British citizen. I grew up as a young child in the States, but then was moved and went to school in Canada, for 1 year in Toronto and the rest in Ottawa; returning to the U.S. for my final year at school to Sterling, Illinois.

At the age of 16 years (1965), I met the Camphill Community in Copake, N.Y., where I initially lived in the Bungalow where Carlo Pietzner and Renate Sachs lived and afterwards, lived with a co-worker family at Omaskas House for nearly a year. When not at school I helped in the household with the residents, and worked in the big vegetable garden and on the farm. This was a very important time in my life as it consolidated a lifelong wish to help others which I had already done since being inspired as a young child. This came from my first encounter, at age 4 years, with a child carrying a disability, when visiting this little preschool boy’s family. He taught me how to draw using crayons held between his toes, making a picture on paper because he had no arms or hands. I was so impressed and challenged to match his ability.

This led me through life, even though mine was a challenge, to help others less fortunate or able when I had spare time at school and in other situations. Meeting the residents of Omaskas finalised my decision to help people with mental health and other more physical conditions as a life task.

This encounter with Copake as a Camphill Community also nourished me as a person and led to my decision to return to this ‘Community way of living and working.’ I applied and went then to Camphill Schools, Beaver Run in Pennsylvania in 1967 to live, work and do their 3 year Seminar to learn about Curative Educational approaches and understanding. Initially I stayed in the flat of Carlo and Ursula Pietzner and their children, but later moved into the various households I was working in. Senior people like Christal Bender, Janet McGavin, the Schwabes, the Macwilliam, the Hoys, and others taught me the fundamentals of Curative Education and Community living from a Camphill inspired perspective. Though very hard work it was both inspiring and fulfilling to my wish to help others through an empathic and mindfully practiced approach.

To complete the Seminar, I and the other co-worker students had to come to Europe for the final third year as at that time it was mainly taught by doctors and Beaver Run had no resident doctor. The plan was to come to Aberdeen for 1 year and return to Beaver Run to take on a house. For me the plan changed as I felt deeply connected to this Camphill school and community in Aberdeen, and to Scotland as a place. My 1 year here starting in August 1969, has turned this year into 51 years living and working here in Murtle Estate.

I completed The Camphill Seminar in 1970 and in later years when we linked to Northern College and later with Aberdeen University I graduated with the BA in Curative Education. Over the years my tasks have been many: initially I was a House Parent (now called house Co-ordinator) which I continued working at from 1971 until stopping in 1996 when
my other duties needed more time. In addition to this I helped as a therapist. First, I helped support our physiotherapist (Karin Herms) as I had always had an interest in movement due to being a sports athlete and ballet dancer when younger. Then under the influence and guidance from Sigrid Hansmann (in the ’80s) I became interested in Play Therapy. When she retired from this, she asked me to take the responsibility to keep this therapy going as it was vital to our pupils to have this available. I have kept this promised responsibility until my retirement at the age of 70 years and passed this now to my colleague Fatima Godinho. Over the years I was supported to get formal qualifications and diplomas as a Play Therapist and as a Person-Centred Counsellor. The support to pupils and residents from these two therapeutic fields has been vital to the well-being and development of many over the 30 years.

In between I married and had a family. In olden days often co-worker children were sent off to boarding schools, but I and other younger co-worker colleagues didn’t wish for our children to leave this environment. So, I together with a few others, in between all other things, established and created the Aberdeen Waldorf School in Aberdeen (1977), which provided Waldorf Education for our co-worker children and others from the surrounding area.

Here in Murtle Estate, I also supported my husband to run the Murtle Workshop which built many important buildings in Murtle, like the schoolhouses Mica and Tourmaline, but also helped manage the employed workshop team who cared for the repairs in all our estates. At the same time, I helped my husband build up and develop the Riding Therapy work which was so vital to our youngsters over the years. My tasks were more administrative and doing fundraising for this.

Since 1988, I also was very involved in many areas of teaching for our Foundation Course, earlier Curative Education Seminars, and later helping to develop and teach in our BA Course in Curative Education (Social pedagogy). In between I was out lecturing and attending National Conferences including giving public presentations and conventions to promote Camphill’s work.

Camphill, and especially Murtle Estate, is for me like a “Spiritual home.” In the early days after the Camphill Hall was built we held a conference every 2 years. Co-workers from all the newly established Camphill communities world-wide came “home” here to share their developments, knowledge, and learning which included ups and downs. What was important to all was that the dedicated commitment to build “living shared community life” was all done to support the needs of those individuals; children or adults to have a life in our Camphill Communities where they would be respected, could develop, flourish and be understood and supported as a genuine person. My whole life has been dedicated to this cause. As a main focus we were not earning a wage or salary, but working in such a way to put those we cared for first and which did not focus on earning money. We made sure to provide all with the remuneration they needed to have their needs met. What this was called by tax people changed over the years from volunteers to non-employed to in the last years being called self-employed.

Many things have changed over the years. My first group of children included 6 girls sharing a room. Today that is not possible as each person is allocated their own room. For some when the sharing idea changed, they struggled not to share a room as it was too scary on their own. At that time, we only had a day off in a 7-day week and worked from 6:30 am. until 9:00 pm. unless there were official meetings that needed to be attended which took your day up to 10:30-11:00 at night. And of course, we were all on night cover/call as there were no waking night staff at that time. I feel it is a good thing this is different now-a-days. What is also good is, the fear that the community would be damaged by bringing in more externally employed people, was proven as wrong. We have benefited greatly from extending our working teams to include others who live outside the community grounds but are as dedicated as those who live within. For them I am truly grateful.

I have been one of those dedicated more than 100% to our Camphill values and Anthroposophical practices internally, but who has challenged the ways of living and working to bring positive development over time through finding appropriate ways to translate the meaning of ideas and words we use into a language which others can understand. As an educator, mentor for staff and as a Play/ Counselling Therapist, it has been important for me to ‘Play with an Idea” and also to translate meaning and words through ‘Translating what we know into a language another can
understand.’ Even attuning to the Communication that comes from ‘Silence’ is vital when helping others. These qualities are part of what makes Camphill a wonderful therapeutic place to live and work. Especially here in Murtle Estate, we can walk within these large beautiful grounds which includes houses, gardens, farm and woodland, and sits up a knoll looking into the beautiful River Dee valley. Visitors comment as they come down the drive into the main part of the estate, about the peaceful atmosphere they can feel when entering it. The mindfulness and dedication of all who live and work here, creates this special environment. It brings warmth to your heart and peace to your mind.

Camphill does not just signify a place to work, or just an organization that has grown and developed world wide, but it represents a way of life and attitude which is dedicated to serving others and facilitating them to be all that they can become.

Dr. König in those early days wrote some words in a verse which we as co-workers were asked to take to heart, which says:

Keep in mind that each of us is special because we are different
We have come together because we have our differences to bring to each other.
So, listen to the other, as the other listens to you,
And we will hear ourselves grow into the realization of expanding mutual respect.

I thank the many pupils and co-workers I have shared life and work with over my more than 50 years of Camphill life, and would still recommend this workplace to others who wish to help build a creative, understanding world for the future. Many things have changed in Camphill over the years, demanded by the world in which we live. But, its core of beliefs, ways of life and community understanding and practices are still strong and they will continue to grow to meet individuals’ needs into the future.
an American and longtime Camphill coworker. In her short essay she writes regarding Karl König's first visit to America, capturing the spirit of the book, that Karl König was aware of the opposing spiritual forces threatening to destroy America's soul. She then quotes from a letter by Karl König to a close friend:

“... As I awoke on the first morning, my head was resting on the heart of the folk spirit, and I heard the words issuing forth from it: All human beings are brothers and sisters. The feeling of joy that grew from this was truly wonderful. Through this I felt I was allowed to experience one of the mysteries of the American people.”

She then offers another quote from Karl König concerning the overarching task of America and also of Camphill in America:

“The whole time during my visit over there, I had the impression that it is a nation on trial. God is moving the American hearts. He tests the reins of a people whom He expects will lead humankind into a better future.”

Richard Steel, the editor of the book and the director of the Karl König Institute, provides an introduction to the book, drawing on his extensive knowledge of Karl König and Camphill. This introduction provides an initial view of the history of Camphill and the founding of Camphill work in America. He describes how a group of Camphill coworkers came to America and pioneered the Camphill School in southeast Pennsylvania and the Camphill Village in upstate New York. He explains that Karl König felt a call from the spiritual world to found Camphill in America.

The book includes the transcript of a lecture given by Karl König on his return to Scotland from his first visit. In this lectures he says:

“... And somehow it seems that what did not happen in Europe might come about there. One can definitely have the feeling, and perhaps more than the feeling, that what was missed here still has a chance to come about there. Perhaps altogether this wonder of America was developed in order to give to the Europeans the possibility to achieve what in Europe was not possible due to continuous quarrel and fighting: the element of Brotherhood.”

This quote is deeply connected to important statements that Rudolf Steiner made in a series of four lectures given in Dornach to the first group of English members to come to Dornach after the end of World War I (see Ideas for a New Europe, GA/CW 194, 12/12-15/1919). In the third and fourth lectures Rudolf Steiner explains that the task of Middle Europe to bring about the threefold social order for the sake of humanity’s social future was betrayed and destroyed by World War I. Now this task falls to the Americans who will gain world dominion in the Twentieth Century. He explains that if Americans do not take up this task from Middle Europe, they will bring death and destruction to the world. These lectures and Karl König's words shared in this book create an image of a spiritual bridge between Europe and America regarding the responsibility for humanity’s future. It is clear from the reading of this book that Karl König experienced that Camphill was part of the building of this bridge and was deeply moved by this experience.

Karl König already alluded to the passing on of the “true” destiny of Middle Europe to the west when he arrived as a refugee in London at Christmas 1938. He described sitting alone in a room lit by a candle, feeling the doom of the beginning of war in Europe, and how he could carry a morsel of the true Middle Europe with him in his new life in England. He considered this moment the inner birth of the community impulse behind Camphill. This book tells the story of the bringing of this morsel of the true Middle Europe cultivated in Camphill to America to join the already established anthroposophical work in America. As Carlo Pietzner, one of the founders of the Camphill work in America, once wrote to me, it is still an open question if this morsel will be received by America and the spiritual bridge between Europe and America will grow and develop. This matter of destiny is an essential question for the anthroposophical work in America that includes the Anthroposophical Society in America and the established daughter movements (Biodynamics, Waldorf Schools, the healing practices — doctors, nurses, therapists, Eurythmy, Camphill). In regard to this question of destiny, the book provides a window into the reality of the inner task of anthroposophy in America.

For information regarding the purchase of the book, inquire at office@karlkoeniginstitute.org or visit karlkoeniginstitute.org.
Kenneth John Luxford  
March 31, 1943 – July 24, 2020  

by Michael Luxford

John, my older brother, known as Kenneth in his Camphill days, died on the 24th of July, following a short illness and during a period of self-isolation which affected him badly.

He was born during the Second World War in the South of England to a pilot officer father and a nurse mother. I was born in 1946. In 1948 the family moved to the North of England as our father was a CEO and his job was to build up a group of hospitals at the start of the UK National Health Service.

Prior to this move, John, who had a normal birth and was a well child, had measles. In conjunction with the measles he was administered the whooping cough vaccine and also then developed encephalitis which caused him to have frequent seizures and unpredictable, problematic behavior. His mother gave up professional nursing to look after him 24 hours a day. Our father was convinced that his condition was caused by the administration of the vaccine but was unable to convince anyone of this despite strenuous efforts.

In his early years several schools were tried for John but nothing worked out. He always ended up back at home, and this was difficult. However, father heard about Camphill and an appointment was made for John to see Dr. König at his clinic in London.

Mother and John found their way to the Harley Street Centre where he was seen by Dr. König. His view was that John was too ill to be a pupil at the Camphill Schools in Aberdeen, at which point mother broke down in tears. She described how Dr. König reached up, put his arm around her and said, “It’s all right mother, bring him up to Aberdeen and leave him for two months and we will see how it goes.” This was an act of compassion on Dr. König’s part indeed and a relief for her. This was in 1954. Later, she made the long journey to Aberdeen and the first thing John did on arrival was to kick the first person he saw on the shins. Mother reckoned this was not going to go well.

We found out that this co-worker was Nina Oyens and mother said that Nina did not react when he kicked her but looked him calmly in the eye and welcomed him.

After a month mother could not wait any longer and went to Aberdeen. When she saw John she said a miracle had taken place, as he was different, calm, happy and had fully embraced his school life. She could not understand how this was possible and took him out for the day, checked into a hotel, took off all his clothes to see if he had been ‘beaten into shape.’ She was deeply ashamed about this, as he was spotless. He was clearly in the right place at last.

To put it mildly, John’s school years in Camphill were transformative, literally ‘giving him a life’ including an education and a number of practical skills of which he made good use.

Father wanted him to move to Botton, the first Camphill Village. It was near to our home town and he thought Botton would provide him with security, work and a social life. John would not hear of this as he wanted independent life and father found him a job in one of his hospitals.

He worked in the supplies department and later single handedly ran the printing workshop producing all the paperwork for the group of hospitals. He had always been good at math and English, had a keen interest in current affairs and...
sports and was conscientious to a high degree. This conscientiousness could annoy some of his less precise colleagues.

He continued to have the occasional seizure. After some years he found a medication that was able to keep these to a minimum.

In 1975 he married a woman who came from a Salvation Army background and worked in a local bus company. They did not have children, but had a good life and travelled a lot. John finally gained his independence when they bought their own home.

In 1996 his wife died following an operation. Two months later our mother died and in a further few months his job ended after 36 years of service.

He coped well with these blows. He continued to live independently, worked in local charity shops and developed a number of good friends with whom he had lunch three or four times a week. He developed an ability to use modern gadgets, phones and computers, and had a busy networking schedule with family and friends.

John visited me at the Camphill communities in which I lived, apart from Canada and Northern Ireland, and I visited him as often as I could. We watched a lot of soccer, rugby and tennis on TV.

He was religious but did not go to church. He had read the Bible from beginning to end at least three times. I would say he was a spiritual and moral person and often referred to the time in Aberdeen when he was in the hospital with pneumonia with a dangerously high temperature and experienced inwardly mounting a stairway towards a shining light. Part way up he heard a voice telling him to 'go back.' He awoke and gradually recovered strength.

In 2013 he visited me in the then Delrow Community at the time of its fiftieth anniversary.

During one of the celebration events he got up and addressed the audience and said, proudly and with emotion, “I am a Camphiller!”

John always talked to me about his time in Camphill, about what he had learned, the people he had known, of some bullying pupils he disliked, of Richard Poole the choirmaster, Donald Perkins who took him fishing, Johannes Surkamp who gave him a six hundred page book on Norse Mythology, which he read in record time. He also described the bread baking, weaving and land work he did in Newton Dee.

Looking back I see a victory over early adversity leading to a full and independent life. Without the help of others, which we all need, this would most likely not have been possible.

The determination and resilience of his parents, the compassion of Karl König, the empathetic recognition of Nina Oyens and the curative educational practice in Camphill were all part of the miracle of his life.

Many people call themselves Camphillers. All feel touched by a particular Spirit, a Spirit which can as Karl König said, “Move mountains.” On behalf of John, myself, and many others, I say to this Good Spirit of Camphill – thank you.

Michael (mjluxford@hotmail.com) is a long time Camphill community member.
In the early 1970s, Christine was a striking and unusual figure in the Grange Village, which was a community of colourful characters. A housemother in her early thirties, she was a bit older than the wave of new young co-workers who were pouring in to Camphill communities all over the world. They emerged from the pop culture revolution of the 1960s, but Christine was as much influenced by the earlier Beat generation: those dissident, somewhat lost souls, the first of the anti-establishment, protest generations, who set out ‘on the road’ and never felt entirely at home on this earth. She had travelled a lot, in the United States and a year living in Florence. Something of the Italian Renaissance seemed to cling to Christine at that time. Her profile, with aristocratic nose tilted, not arrogantly but enquiringly, evoked a Florentine portrait. With her contemplative yet purposeful walk, in ankle-length skirts of Indian print cheesecloth, Christine was elegant and modest, artistic yet restrained. With time, the fabrics changed but the style always remained.

Some time after this, she moved north to Murtle Estate to take over the Camphill Bookshop from Maria Selinger, its founder. Murtle Lodge was to be her home and the Bookshop her work, for the rest of her life.

The Bookshop was Christine’s masterpiece. Already a jewel in the necklace of Camphill projects strung along the River Dee outside Aberdeen, it really began to shine with her organisation and flair. With books, and also with art, Christine had perfect pitch.

It was an ideal situation for Christine as she grew older, living at the end of the long Murtle drive, literally on the edge of the community, supported by it, making her unique contribution to it, and with distance from it. The Lodge, as well as the shop, was immaculate, artistic and unpretentious. With its flower beds and window boxes – geraniums in the kitchen window – it was the world’s welcome to Murtle.

For us younger volunteers, and some of the older ‘staff children’, Christine’s room became a focus for social getting together. At the top of the Grange mansion house, it was lined with books and art prints, chairs draped, liked Christine herself, in Indian cotton, and there we talked into the night about ideals, politics, art, community, ecology and people.

To read this entire tribute, please visit CamphillCorrespondence.net.
Lisa, my mother, was born in Halle an der Saale in eastern Germany. She lived to the ripe old age of 93. Ageing is challenging at the best of times and ageing for a long time even more so. Not only are you becoming less and less able, trapped in an increasingly infirm body but, the world you thought you knew is becoming something quite other. Most family and friends passed across the threshold before her, and the idealism, culture and spirituality that acted as a sustaining force, found in her middle years, seemed to have dwindled away.

My mother’s early years were traumatic. Both her parents were dead by the time she was 5. The rise of Nazism meant she had to leave her home, have an interrupted education, and find a new life in Sweden. By the time she was 15 she was beginning to fashion an independent life for herself. And the three powerful strands that shaped and guided her life were beginning to manifest. These three powerful and determining factors were: care of others, a sense of community and Christianity.

Lisa found these elements in Camphill, which she joined at age 26 in 1953 where her passionate, searching soul found answers to life’s questions. There she found community and brotherliness, and an absolute dedication to the needs of others. It was in Camphill Scotland that she met and married her life companion Udo. Except for a period of seven years her life unfolded in Camphill. She and Udo joined the Sheiling Schools in Thornbury in 1962, where she spent many years, housemothering, supporting my father in his farming time and eventually helping to pioneer the semi-independent venture of the Hatch Community.

The Hatch Community, founded in 1975 with Charlotte Baumert, as an educational and training place for young people, was in many ways one of the happiest and most fulfilled times of her life.

When my father’s strong vocational nudge to become a priest kicked in, she fully supported it. Eventually moving to Braunschweig in Germany with him for one glorious year in 1986. This was a time of healing and independence. The congregation in Braunschweig had been torn apart. My parents, and particularly the wise counsel of my mother, brought it together again. She discovered to her joy that in the Germany she had fled, she could find meaningful work, respect and love.

And when my father took on the priesthood in Mourne Grange in 1987, her life changed dramatically. The return to Britain and Camphill was not so easy, gone was her new-found independence, and the close proximity of her new friends. It was a bit like having to start all over again, find a meaningful life, support my father (which she did unstintingly) but retain something of her own. This she eventually did abundantly: giving many talks, running introductory courses for young co-workers, and directing plays.

Life after my father’s retirement in 2008, became increasingly restricted and physically painful. Her enthusiasm, passion, creativity, profound empathy and concern for others found fewer and fewer outlets. One of the great blessings of her last months
were the daily visits of the carers. She was drawn into the complexities of their daily lives, their families, sorrows, hopes and dreams. It was clear too that they enjoyed these visits, meeting a listening ear and strong uncompromising personality. A person, who perhaps unusually, courageously faced her infirmities and her inevitable end.

Three days before her death and a day before my father’s 92nd birthday, she helped make his birthday cake. Barely able to walk and having to clutch the furniture for support, she nonetheless ‘directed’ the baking procedure. This was typical for her. Right up to the end, she one-handedly chopped up vegetables, painstakingly put away the things and wiped the table after every meal. Nothing was going to defeat her! And she was jolly well going to master her frail body and squeeze some useful life out of it.

For if anything, my mother was powerful. A force to be reckoned with. Uncompromising, ever seeking for truth and justice. Sometimes the cragginess of the hard oyster shell got in the way, but for those who found their way inside, there was a shining beautiful pearl.

Memorial Poem by Lisa’s granddaughter Helena Power

Wake now, little one
This world is barren and needs your love
No life springs forth from the earth
And no rains will fall from above

Smile now, young one
The seeds of new life have been planted
Let them grow under your warmth
They will flourish in a future you have granted

Live now, gentle one
Life has sprung up all around you
This forest which is nurtured by your heart
Now gathers in joy to surround you

Walk now, great one
Through this land which you have grown
In which no sapling shall be abandoned
And no tree shall be left alone

Lisa and her first great grand-child Tonya spring 2010
Klaus-Peter Michael Lauppe
1933-2020

Editor’s Note: This tribute was compiled by Suzanne Pickering-McCulloch and Michael’s family. In print here is about half of this wonderful exploration of a pioneering life. To read the entire tribute, please visit CamphillCorrespondence.net.

Klaus-Peter Michael Lauppe was born on the 23rd May 1933 in Berlin, Germany. Michael’s mother Erika was an unconventional woman who chose not to be connected with Michael’s father Kurt Hofer. Erika struggled with being a young single mother. Her lifelong mental health difficulties were already apparent in the restless energy which led her to drift from friend to friend with her young child.

Erika and her child found a home for a time with her mother, Michael’s beloved Obda Oma. During this time Erika formed a connection to members of the Christian Community and the child was christened ‘Michael.’ This connection also led Erika to an anthroposophical gymnastic training. Erika and Michael shared a deep connection to the Christian Community impulse and even in difficult circumstances it was a priority that Michael attend a Waldorf school.

After Obda’s death and the start of the war, Erika and Michael again moved. They moved to Dresden so Michael could attend the Dresden Waldorf School which was the last one to close in Germany. The situation became more unstable and Erika was not able to protect Michael from the harshness of life. In 1942 Erika decided to take 10-year-old Michael to a Christian Community family in Munich. When they got to the house she handed Michael a letter and asked him to ring the bell. She said goodbye and left… The door was opened and Michael was taken in.

Michael stayed with the Lindenbergs for nearly three years. In this large family with six children of their own and also six foster children, Michael found, despite the extraordinary world circumstances of the time, a security that had been missing from his early years. Michael developed a friendship with the eldest son Christof-Andreas who he made stand with him on a pillow and promise to be his friend for life, and also to write this promise on a slip of paper. Michael kept this paper for most of his life.

During this time Erika, due to her naïve and idealistic nature, was imprisoned by the Nazis. In 1945 Erika was released and reunited with Michael. Again, they wandered from place to place through post-war Germany trying to find a place to be. However, food and shelter were scarce. Finally, in 1947 they found a place to stay in an air raid shelter in Stuttgart so Michael could attend the Waldorf School.

Erika’s years of imprisonment had taken a toll on her
and Michael, now in his teenage years, began to organise their life: finding out where to buy food, running to offices for required coupons, etc. When Michael was 16 he left for a farming apprenticeship in Switzerland. His mother’s mental health deteriorated and Michael had to return, and from this time Erika was cared for in institutions.

Michael returned to Switzerland and when he was 20 found his way to St. Prex, Villa Hollandia, which became Perceval. With this step, the next and what he considered the most important period of his life began.

Michael described himself at this time:

I was now 20. I had no social skills, misunderstood jokes and did not understand many things. I was asked to help with a group of small children with various learning problems. I was out of my depth! By now I spoke French and could sing French songs. I sang with them and slowly became enchanted by these lovely children. [This experience] laid the foundation for my later work in Camphill.

One day a small man with a remarkable big head visited. He gave us two lectures on his research into disability and mental illness. He spoke of twelve possibilities in the circle of the Zodiac: The Curative Clock. I was deeply impressed. I asked if I could come [to work with him in] Scotland?

“Yes,” Dr Karl König said. “After you have completed the year here.”

In the Autumn of 1956 Michael arrived at Newton Dee House, Camphill. He was taken to the kitchen where a big woman was stirring soup in a huge pot – this was Anke Weihs. Anke, the matron, was the centre point around which 40 boys and 10 Co-workers lived, worked and learned. Her leadership was gentle, unobtrusive, but firm. For a long time Michael went to her for guidance. The day after arriving Michael was put in charge of a six-bed dormitory with delinquent boys. There was no dull moment while getting to know them! He washed their pullovers and socks, plus twice a day took trips to the boiler house to fill the hob with coal.

He joined the Seminar of Curative Education. Thomas Weihs addressed each Seminarist at the end of the year. To Michael he said: “Your written work is good, but you lack imaginative thought and research.” The second year of the seminar Michael was put in charge of children with cerebral palsy. Eva Sachs, who he described as half an angel, was the matron. It was at this time that Michael became a member of the Camphill Community.

But after just two years the future was already beckoning. Dr. König summoned Michael to his rooms and asked if he would be willing to join the pioneers in South Africa? Michael was given one week to consider, but he already knew that this would be the next phase of his life and learning. His restless adventurous spirit was well suited to this endeavour.

On the 25th April 1959 Michael left by ship for Cape Town, South Africa. At Camphill Hermanus School Michael was given responsibility for the care of a dormitory of six small boys. He also took up Class Teaching. He found the South African plant and animal life fascinating.

To read the entire tribute, including passages from Klaus-Peter Michael Lauppe’s autobiography, please visit CamphillCorrespondence.net.
Other Deaths

Derek Edwin Austin (born July 31, 1945) died October 15 at 3 p.m. in the Ulster hospital (of a non Covid long-standing medical condition). Derek had lived his life in Camphill, living in Glencraig and pioneering in Duffcarrig and later Mourne Grange. He attended all community activities and events, memorising Karl König’s plays and the words of all the Camphill songs. He was also a faithful member of the congregation for the Christian Community. Derek lived in Mourne Grange until his health deteriorated and he moved to nursing care in Castlewellan in the last years.

Tyll van de Voort (1948-2020) passed away on the 9th of October. He was with his wife Sybille and at home in Darlington. Tyll’s departing blessing and funeral took place in Darlington on October 11. It was celebrated outside in Tyll and Sybille’s beautiful garden on a lovely afternoon with some glimpses of sunshine between the scurrying clouds with family and a few friends, due to Covid restrictions. At the end, a few members of the Darlington choir of which both Tyll and Sybille were members, sang “Forever Young,” which brought the birds into song as if to sing him on his way.

Andrew Savage, (1977– 2020) died on the 29th of September. Andrew came to the Sheiling school when he was 13 years old, and then joined us here in the Lantern Community, spending 30 years of his life in Camphill. Andrew was a skilled weaver and loved to be in the weavery with his friends and he produced many beautiful items. Andrew loved the festivals, and it seems so poignant that he passed over the threshold on Michaelmas Day.

The day before he passed, Andrew was part of a play, prepared by his house, Andrew played the old father. He loved being part of it, and all afternoon spoke of wanting “to do it again.” He was very much looking forward to singing on Michaelmas Day. As we gathered a small harvest table, we thought of this special time, a time when the fruits that have ripened to their full beauty, are harvested for the joy and nourishment they bring in the fullness of time. So, too it is with Andrew as he heeded the call to return to spirit realms on Michaelmas day, in the fullness of harvest time.

Jo-anne King died on Michaelmas Day in Wakefield Hospice. She had been diagnosed with Terminal cancer about 6 weeks earlier. During the ensuing weeks many friends had been in contact with Jo-anne and she was deeply touched by their kind messages and gifts. Jo-anne (previously Hopewell) was for many years a carrying member of Pennine Camphill Community in Wakefield. She then moved to Botton for a couple of years before moving back to Wakefield and starting her current job at Freeman College (part of the Ruskin Mill Trust) in Sheffield. Jo-anne’s connection to Camphill continued both in Wakefield and through her role as a Trustee of The Mount Community.
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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The Casting of a Glance.

my first deed in levitation that take me into a world of sound
is to allow my glance its freedom familiar to those orchestral dawns
to skip across the surface of a lake that Elgar, Grieg and Pärt envisioned
on the backs of ducks and geese with a slackening of pace and intervals
towards the reflection thrown to those painters of musical landscapes
back by the opposite shore and of worlds in which stories reappear
where I find myself weightless as echoes of resurrection and renewal
and re-enter into a former world until ultimately the effect of this lonely
I had known as once upon a time path of self-knowledge calls me back
to an innocence of childhood
where my imagination might feed
and the lazy flight of a heron
or circling of hawks and vultures
can take me on my further travels
to where my vision can expand
and where there is no longer
the boundary of horizons before me
for my other senses begin to awaken

- Andrew Hoy