

May/June 2021

# CAMP HILL CORRESPONDENCE



*"Winter" by Richard Neal, acrylic on canvas, 2016.*

*"For me, painting has always been best compared to a journey. Something catches my attention: a shaft of light, a shape in the landscape, it could be almost anything that serves as a starting point."*

*Read more about Richard Neal's artistic and community contributions inside.*

# Richard Neal: An Artist in Community

*From an interview of Richard Neal by David Schwartz*

Richard Neal has been connected with Camphill since going to Camphill Village Copake (“Copake”) in 1971. He currently lives in Copake and has had a long and rich journey in community life with people having intellectual and developmental disabilities. He has been a gardener, householder and administrator. He has lived in the United States and Germany. He will be celebrating his seventieth birthday on July 31 this year. To honor his birthday we have included pictures of some of his paintings and will share a little of his life story as a painter and Camphill community member with our readers. For fifty years Richard has been an artist in community. Please enjoy these pictures of Richard’s art.

Richard was born in Louisville, Kentucky, on July 31, 1951. Here are his words describing a defining early moment of self-realization:

*When I was 15 years old I came across a reproduction of Monet’s painting, Impression: Soleil, and received the first important recognition of what my biography would be – I knew immediately that I would paint, even though I knew nothing of art.*

He went to an art supply store soon after this experience, bewildered by all that he saw. When he was sixteen he met Robert Logsdon, an American anthroposophist and painter also from Louisville. With that meeting he was on his journey as a painter. He and Robert drove up from New York City to visit Copake so that Robert could be interviewed by Harmut von Jeeze to do his civil service requirement there. Out of that visit Richard also was interviewed

and decided to come as a co-worker. He realized that he had a personal calling to live in community with people with intellectual and developmental disabilities. He also lived in Camphill Special School (Beaver Run) for a year at this time in his life.

By the age of twenty-one he had realized the three fundamental interests of his life: Art and Painting; Anthroposophy; and Community. These interests led him in 1974 to go to Germany and join the effort to establish a community with people having intellectual and developmental disabilities that was not part of Camphill on the Lake of Constance, near the Camphill places there, called Laudenbach. This initiative was started by a man, well known to many of us, Hans Dackweiler.

Richard lived in Laudenbach for twenty-three years. He married his first wife, Rosemary, there and was father to three children. He gardened. As the community established itself he moved into teaching and administrative work. Always, he painted. He was involved in building projects such as the hall and chapel projects. Through the chapel he became involved in creating stained glass windows.

In 1996 he experienced a life crisis. He had just been carrying too much, which many of us know can happen in community life. His life was out of balance. His marriage ended and he left Laudenbach on a sabbatical. On this sabbatical he met his current wife, Elvira.

Richard had maintained his connection with Copake all these years away in Germany. In 1998 he and Elvira moved to Copake. About 2006 he became the executive director of Camphill Village Copake and got involved in regional adult education. He always continued painting, no matter what was happening in his life. He did say that probably he is still involved in too many groups!

After fifty-five years as a painter Richard does not see his paintings as representing a particular style. His paintings depict “experiential projects,” showing what he is seeing at a given time in his life. Through painting he is always learning something new. He sees three things in painting: color, light and form. He says that his art emphasizes color and light. He also sees his painting as exploring inner questions. He moves on in his art if it starts to become too comfortable. Here are his words for his process as an artist:

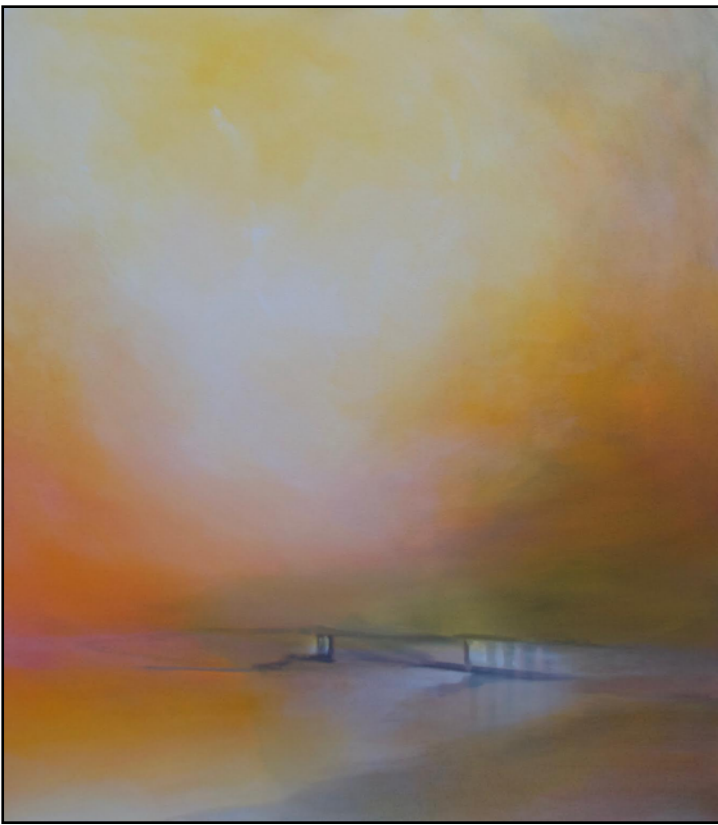
*For me, painting has always been best compared to a journey. Something catches my attention: a shaft of light, a shape in the landscape, it could be almost anything that serves as a starting point. From there on it's new territory that takes me somewhere different. So I have always tended to work in a series that has a starting point, a process and an end. Until something new comes along...*



**Lake 34 x 30 Acrylic/Canvas 2017**



**Seeds 12 x 12 Acrylic/Canvas 2020**



*Bridges Series 34 x 32 Acrylic/Canvas. 2007*



*Children 9 x 12 Pastel/Paper 1980*



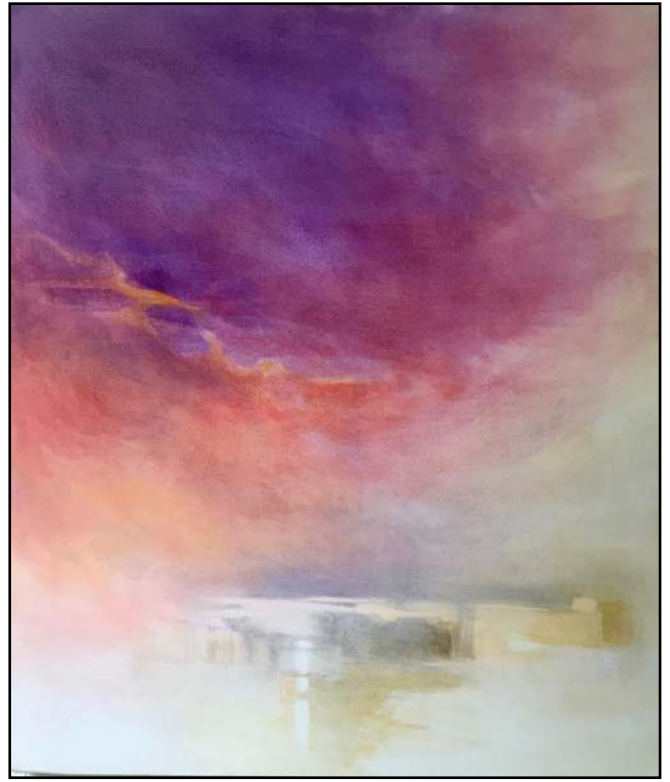
*Birth 36 x 32 Acrylic/Canvas 2015*



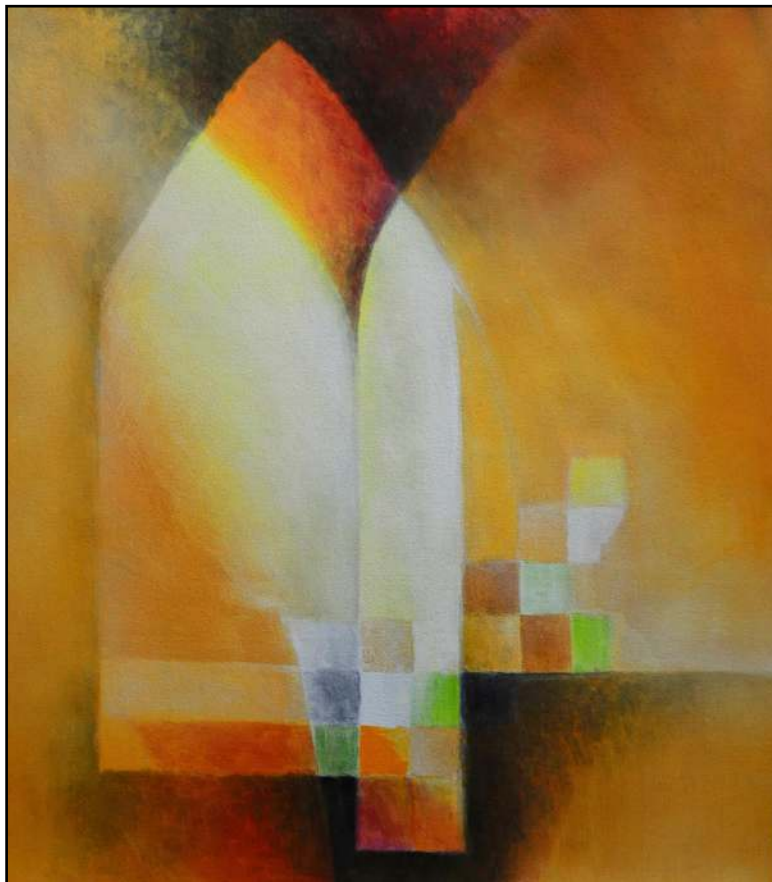
*Winter 30 x 28 Acrylic/Canvas 2016*



*Canyon Series 16 x 16 Acrylic/Canvas 2019*



*Bridges Series 34 x 32 Acrylic/Canvas. 2007*

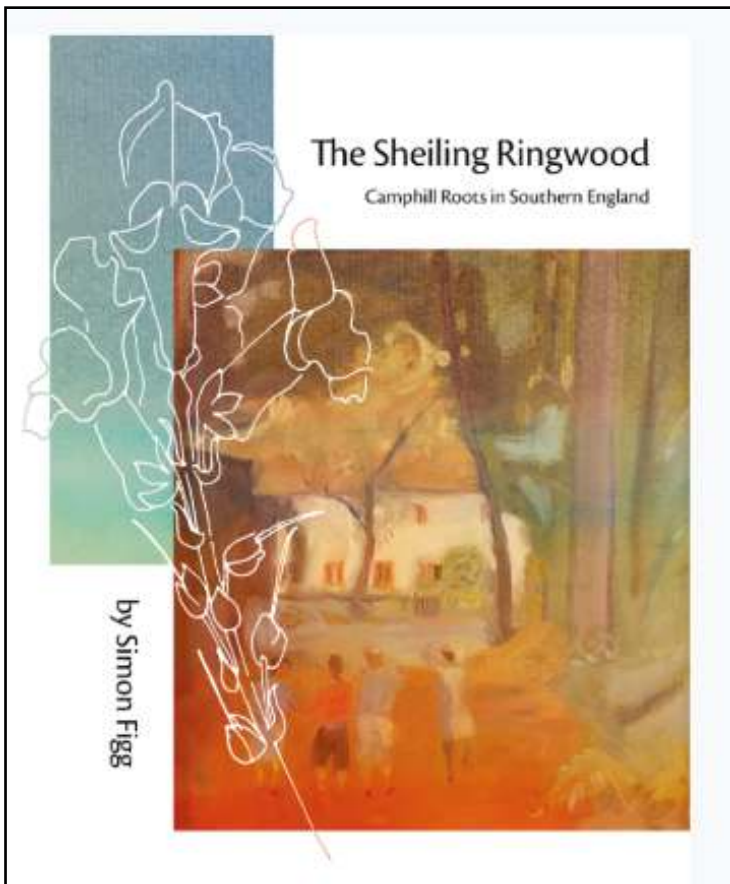


*Barcelona 36 x 32 Acrylic/Canvas 2003*

# The Sheiling Ringwood

## Camphill Roots in Southern England by Simon Figg

Book review by Peter Bateson



**W**raxall House, situated in Somerset, 6 miles west of Bristol, was opened as a Camphill venture on the 29<sup>th</sup> April 1950, as a hostel for St. Christopher's School. Tilla König, Ann Harris, Robin Martin and Ruth Borchard went south together, joined later by Karin Herms and Charlotte Baumert." "Ursula Gleed had shown her family home, The Sheiling in Ringwood, to Karl König in 1948, but it was too early then for Camphill to begin in England. Now the leap, as it must have been experienced, to another country and far, far away from the thriving community on Deeside, had been ventured."

In these two short extracts from an appendix by John Baum we are transported back 70 years to the very beginning of Camphill in England. To most people the names above will mean little or nothing; to some, mainly much older Camphillers, they are familiar and remind us that the Camphill Movement as we know it today was forged and fashioned from pioneering efforts by so many inspired, committed and hard-working individuals over long periods of time, all of whom were once as young and fresh as any new coworker arriving today.

One's first impression of this book is that it is a weighty volume both physically and in its content. It is a visual treat, with exquisite line drawings of plants by Dorette Schwabe, a striking cover painting by Rose Hilton and a great wealth of colour and black-and-white photographs, maps and diagrams charting the entire history of The Sheiling Ringwood. Simon Figg has done a great deed, which was obviously a labour of love, in putting together this sweeping and detailed account of Camphill's first major community in the south of England. Wraxall House was the temporary footstep which gave rise to the long-term development of both Ringwood and Thornbury as Camphill communities. The book offers a breath-taking panorama through the decades of development of the community in its physical forms and the innumerable stream of people who gave it life. It is in fact so panoramic, kaleidoscopic and detailed that it could easily

become overwhelming, and some readers might prefer to dip into it from time to time to really immerse themselves in the thorough accounts of particular phases of development and specific impulses which were born and thrived in Ringwood. All in all it is a magnificent celebration of Camphill experience, brought to vibrant life by the innumerable individual portraits of children and young people, co-workers, teachers, houseparents, therapists, doctors, nurses, parents, relatives and friends.

The bigger picture chronicles the unfolding and development of major long-term impulses at The Sheiling: the origins with Ursula Gleed and her family, the School, the Land, Folly Farm, The Lantern, Sturts Farm, the Sheiling Trust, the Ringwood Waldorf School and not least the Ringwood-Botton Eurythmy School which had such a special character and quality of a training embraced by Camphill community life and helped to bring great artistic riches to many social and community settings.

The beauty of the book is in the constant interplay between the big picture and the small, showing how the fascinating kaleidoscope of lives and personalities weave together into the great fabric of community striving for high ideals and impulses which serve the real and pressing needs of humanity.

For anyone who has had a connection with Ringwood in their life this book is a real joy. Although I never lived in Ringwood, but in Thornbury for over thirty years, I myself have known very many of the people in the book and remember them with great respect and fondness. It

was a delightful and moving trip down memory lane and I can only imagine the full impact this marvellous volume would have on someone who actually lived and worked in Ringwood for any length of time. For those who have no connection with Ringwood at all it is an extremely valuable archive resource depicting a whole era of Camphill development which deserves to be documented and remembered in all its beauty and complexity.

To purchase the book and for further information please visit **[www.thesheilingstatebook.info](http://www.thesheilingstatebook.info)**

# Karl König's Stories, Poems and Meditations

*A review by Paulamaria Blaxland-de Lange*

In this dark time, it was with great pleasure that I received the request to review the publication of Karl König's Stories, Poems and Meditations.

The last verse of a poem for the children of Lake Farm on the cover reads:

"We love the Earth below  
And the Heaven above  
We adore the brilliant Stars  
Who shine  
And the Mother Earth  
Who carries us."

From the outpouring of an anguished soul to make sense of his experience to many a stroke of descriptive power this book is a worthy compendium alongside all the other work and achievements of this remarkable man, who—born in September 1902 and passing on again in March 1966—truly was a child of his time, and who carried the sad destiny of two world wars deeply in his heart.

To be a poet or a doctor was an important question for him. We can be glad that he chose the latter, for one can be a poet while being a healer, indeed poetic insight enhances ever how one looks on the world and the other. Even at his most scientific he cannot but express himself with poetic power and social feeling.

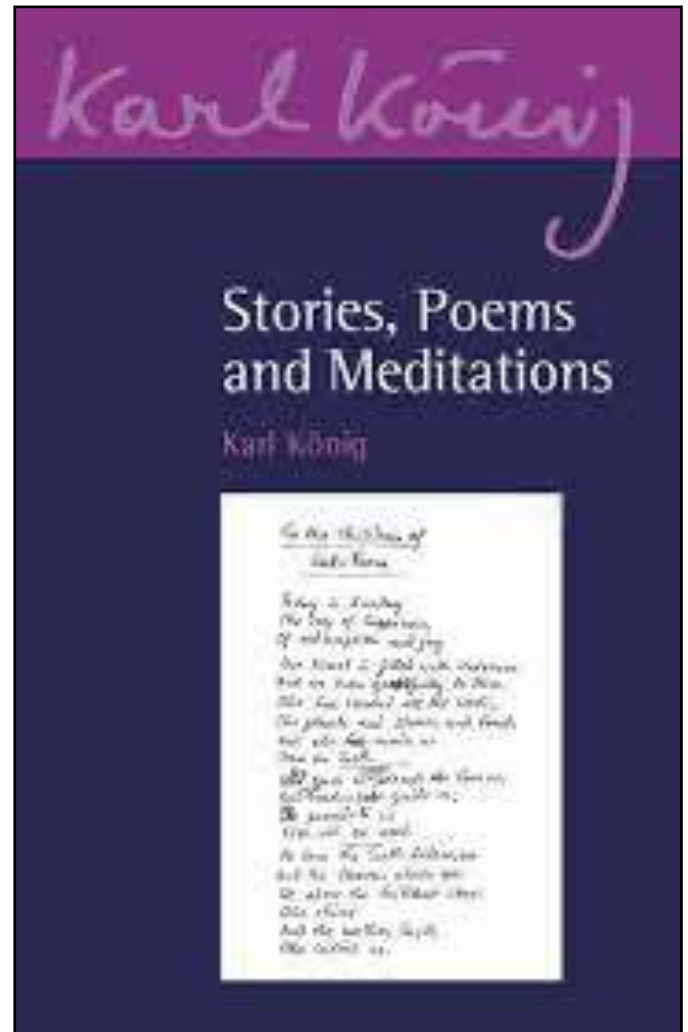
In the introduction Alfons Limbrunner writes:

"And now there is also – like the icing on the cake perhaps – artistic and literary work that was published only in small parts, in rudimentary form and mainly for his closest friends in earlier decades..."

A diary entry by the eighteen-year-old Karl König testifies to this:

"Science must be full of artistry and spirit, otherwise it will become godless and stale without truth and without grasping the world contexts. That is the great thing. Understanding the whole context, the great mystery. Everything is one."

Richard Steel chooses a poem written by Karl König when he was seventeen in which he writes:



"Give me the meaning.  
The meaning of life I want to have."  
And further on:  
"I want... I want...  
Oh, let me want! ...  
No No, we are only allowed to serve.  
And barricade my heart from others  
And thus severed with my emptiness  
Joylessly stutter to the heavens."

It is astonishing that at around the same age he makes his decision: "Now I will simply stay an artist by nature ... And out of this came my first intention to become a doctor. Perhaps I will still write poems, but they will only be for myself."

The book gives an idea of Karl König's youth, his family, his teachers, especially the poet and teacher Johann Pilz and his friends Alfred Berger and his family and his journey from Judaism to Christianity. As he wrote poems throughout his life, the book has



a biographic quality right from early days in Vienna to his last months in Lake Constance.

In his editor's note, Richard Steel writes beautifully out of his perusal of the many diaries and manuscripts and his deep appreciation for his subject's life, striving, achievements and humanity.

Many of the poems and verses were written in German, some of them already translated, some of them capably translated by the editor.

He writes of Karl König's first meetings with the destiny of Kaspar Hauser and its consequent influence on him and his work, of his studies of the Goetheanum windows, of his earliest stories and ideas for plays, ending with a line from a poem written in 1924 – "Finding strength in the midst of desperation":

"Come, brother human, let us dare to live again,  
Upright, towards new sight of designation."

The following section of Meditations cover the widest range of sense, feeling and thought, some of which bring tears to the eyes, some bringing beauty and clarity of thought and observation: the Goetheanum Windows, Goethe, from Old to New Testament, of Love and Sacrifice, of the call of the Angels, of Christ and of Lucifer, of Mary and of Peace, of the World and of Spirit.

This section also is like a labyrinth, leading to the certain goal: together "preparing the way":

"Thus we unite and strengthen

In the work we have begun  
Of which the Good shall become  
So is assigned to us in spirit.  
And may the call from soul to soul  
Sound through our working bond."

The part named "Poems" starts with König's late teens, written in 1919, full of melancholy and already Christian, the first verse beginning:

"In my breast there sits a woe  
Which haunts me day and night" ...

And ending:

"A longing for happiness,  
And joy for great and noble love."

And at Whitsun 1921 ending with:

"Everything is shed from my self  
Far away are the grounds of my past  
Gloriously awakened, I look to the sun,

Looking upward I bestride the road,  
That leads anew to eternal life  
To you, O Lord."

And from his dedication to Albert Steffen's Pilgrimage to the Tree of Life in 1926:

"The Christ himself will near  
To greet your journey's end  
And in the highest dance of spheres  
You to his very feet commend."

The poem "Calling Up" seems written even more for our present time:

"Angel, you who watches at my side,  
O you, I call you  
In the immense need of our time.  
Find unhindered, O you my angel  
The way into my heart.  
Wrestle unceasingly, O my angel  
With the chains of my earthly bondage" ....

Or the extra-ordinary verse he writes in 1938 in London, which could also well have been written now, reminding me of Rudolf Steiner's and Sergei Prokofieff's description of the Philosophers in Athens who wore the Palla in reverence to the Divine Sophia or Christian Morgenstern's verse of gratitude for the elements of Earth and the washing of the feet, a verse without name: "Untitled," starting with:

"In the quietness of the heart,  
In the peace of the world" ...,

and ending with:

"...Mary arises

Once more in her blue cloak.

She holds the child in her arms,

And the soul sings the unending song  
Of the ever-returning rebirth of the rose."

It was the Palla or veil of the Sophia that protected Middle Europe, so that it could become the ground in which the first shoots of esoteric Christianity could come to the Earth.

The poet's aching cry "To Germany," describing poignantly what Rudolf Steiner also said about the German people becoming wanderers in the future, like the wandering Jews, carrying the idealism, love and strength of their folk in their hearts in service of the whole world rather than their own nations; poignant as Dr. König was born into both these folk souls, which so despairingly and disastrously met during the century of his life.

The meditations appear not as if written for edification or instruction, but as the outcome, the result of meditation itself, which gives them the power to strike and move us and bestows on them their freshness and immediacy and also their universality.

One can sense in the background Rudolf Steiner's Philosophy of Spiritual Activity and some of his meditations given to doctors.

There is much beauty in these meditative verses, and the profound sense for esoteric Christianity and the penetration of Rudolf Steiner's Anthroposophy sounds through these especially, sometimes in pure intimacy, sometimes loud and clear.

Richard Steel speaks in his chapter "One Last Poem" at length and nothing needs adding, suffice it to say that both the poem itself and Richard's intimate reading and writing about it give it an added joy to read. König's love of music, his experience of listening to Mahler's Second Symphony, his work on his "Animal Brothers", his struggles with his heart, his work on embryology and the Raphael Madonna show something of what this remarkable man felt and achieved, his sheer humanity and breadth of vision. Despite the darkness surrounding his allotted span, love and light jump off the page alongside and even despite it.

Stories such as the Monk's Dream written in 1943, sound like true Imaginations in the telling. Also, as child of his time König was steeped in the philosophical thinking that was the Middle European precursor and gift to esoteric Christianity, in the scientific writings of Goethe and the poetic German Soul as expressed in Schiller, Goethe, Novalis and Christian Morgenstern.

In A Highland Story (1959), König describes his soul's journey from King to Shepherd written under his pseudonym A. Shepherd.

Late in his life, and also under this name he publishes One Morning 1352 BC, written as if describing an experience of being the niece of the Pharaoh and Royal Keeper of the Herons who sees a Cross added onto the image of the kingly heron's crown and which König himself then adds to the reproduction

from the tomb of Inkerkha in Luxor, used to accompany the story in the Cresset in 1964. In a dream she hears the Pharaoh speak after his death:

"The cosmic Word has vanished  
The Logos does not speak  
Within the holy space" .....  
"The time has come and is at hand  
When gates and doors of our  
Holy Mysteries  
Have to be closed forever."

Dr. König continues to write in a most intimate way of his own inner experiences in "Also a Christmas Story", the story written in 1946/7 which has come to mean so much to those committed to Camphill, in which during his accustomed walk to find inner peace, he crosses the threshold in the woods, where he meets friends and children whom he knew in life and who now lead him to their 'house' in what he thinks must be 'the land of the dead' and which they call 'the land of Truth and Life into which the paths of all people lead.' He meets the ten women bearing a cross which becomes a cloud to carry souls to their next metamorphosis and the grey women's transformation to the rainbow substance of the ten Goetheanum windows; he sees the image of the Child of Europe on the wall, and witnesses the preparations for the building of the Bond.

"Oh, have faith, my heart!  
Oh, have faith.  
Nothing shall you lose,  
Yours is, yes yours,  
Everything you experience,  
All your suffering too!"

May all of us hear it, now.

I would warmly like to recommend this book for all readers, not just for those familiar with the subject.

# Udo Steuck

1928 - 2021

*By Johannes Steuck*

Udo Johann Hermann Steuck, the first of five siblings, was born in what was then East Prussia, now Poland on May 18, 1928. His father was a teacher, but almost without exception, his ancestors, stretching way back into the remote past were farmers. A deep connection to the soil was something he carried within him all his life. Udo's childhood was idyllic, rural, physically unfettered, companionable and guided by the loving and the instinctive wisdom of his parents.

Like so many of his generation, the war brought this ideal to an abrupt end. At age fifteen he was drafted into the navy, becoming a navy helper, the modern equivalent of a 'powder monkey.' Barracks were in Swinemünde on the Baltic Sea near Stettin. The boys were on anti-aircraft duty. It was a tough, regimented life; marching, roll calls, lugging heavy ammunition about and midnight sirens wailing the alarm.

In December 1944 Udo enlisted as a naval engineer in Gmunden in Austria. Schooling somehow continued and he received an Abitur substitute qualification. Study was another important strand in my father's life. His interrupted and compromised schooling incentivised him to keep learning throughout his long life.

The German population of East Prussia fled before the advance of the Russian troops. The family, (mostly the women folk and children) managed to cram themselves onto the last train heading westwards. Huge farms, houses and possessions had all to be hastily abandoned. They reached the island of Rügen in the North Sea. My father made an epic trip across

Austria and Germany to reach them. No easy adolescence for him, immediate needs propelled him into teaching and by age eighteen he was running a small school with an older woman called Herta Peters.

She was an Anthroposophist and opened a window for him into the realm of Rudolf Steiner's Spiritual Science that would become the source of inspiration for life. Between Easter time 1949 and Summer 1950, Udo did a Steiner teacher's training course in Stuttgart. He was fortunate enough to have excellent tutors such as the artist Max Wolfhügel and the universal genius Herbert Hahn as tutors. He took on a teaching job in a curative home in Lauterbach and encountered Dr König in Eckwälden, a home school for special needs children.

Many people have described their first encounter with Dr König, how the course of their life was redirected, how they were pointed towards a goal that somehow, they had always known. Thus, it was with my father and he began working in Camphill in September 1951. Sharing the responsibility for a dormitory in Heathcot House with my mother Lisa, they married in February 1955. After a few years away from Camphill teaching in the Hanover Waldorf school they moved to Sheiling School Thornbury in the late summer of 1962.

Udo took on class one, which in those early Camphill days included a clutch of staff children, I being one of them. He had immense pedagogical skills and devised novel and creative ways of

guiding and teaching. One story, told to me in later life, unrelated to his teaching work, demonstrates his insights very clearly. Like most children, I was given a dummy, a post mammary substitute to content me and keep me quiet. Then at a certain point my parents sought to wean me from this need to suckle rubber but, realised that the unconditional removal of this much coveted object, would only result in temper tantrums or worse. Being good Anthroposophists they knew that the incarnating self was as-yet a very ephemeral thing and should not be challenged. My father thus cut a tiny piece of rubber off the dummy every day. When the thing had become a nasty flappy thing, I threw it away, liberating myself utterly from the need to suck.

In 1965 Udo took on the farm in Thornbury. This consisted of some twenty acres and would eventually include a small herd of cows, pigs, chickens, and an extensive field garden. His uncompromising creativity built outbuildings and shaped the landscape. There was something of an almost mystical nature in my father's relationship to the land. Of course, this was informed by Anthroposophy—but it went far beyond mere knowledge. It was something more akin to the feeling of the Russian peasant for his beloved earth, a deep sense of belonging. He once told me as we walked across the fields: "Every tear, drop of sweat and blood, shed in human effort on the earth, transforms it." With love and creativity came thoroughness, the need to do and understand everything totally and completely. Udo put himself through a farm management course, with all its emphasis on mechanisation, resource exploitation and profit.

In 1974 my parents took on the Hatch-Cottage venture, a part of Camphill Thornbury but set up as a kind of college for older pupils, a halfway house

between school and village. The emphasis was on practical skills and further education. As well as running a market garden, teaching basketry and classes for reading, writing and arithmetic, Udo put himself on an open university course, qualifying with a degree in craft teaching. His passion for beekeeping stems from this time.

In 1982 my father began a Christian Community priests training, first in Shalesbrook and then in Stuttgart. Challenging for an older man, particularly one who had lived life practically, was unworldly, naturally humble and informed by a loving heart. After a year as a priest in Braunschweig in northern Germany Udo and Lisa moved to Mourne Grange Camphill community in April 1986. His many-sided and multi-faceted career reached fulfilment in the priesthood. Unlike most of us who blunder about and are thrust into a new job or work situation through some crisis, Udo always anticipated the next step, took it willingly and consciously.

It was largely through the manipulations of Baruch Urieli that my father ended up in Mourne Grange. Baruch had become a priest some years back and between them they shared the parishes of Northern and Southern Ireland. This meant a lot of travelling around for my father, sleeping on uncomfortable beds in unfamiliar rooms, eating unfamiliar food and meeting loads of people. Challenging, but on-the-whole a happy time, he retained his extraordinary physical strength, still gardened a bit, made a few baskets and kept bees, lots of them. At one point he had seventeen hives and supplied the Community with honey. He continued his collation of Biblical themes, creating little booklets, *Animals of the Bible*, *Jewels of the Bible*, etc., and managed to publish a collection of proverbs—One Thousand and One Animal Proverbs. His life was full and busy,

confirmations, weddings and funerals, not to mention religion lessons for the school and Bible studies for the Villagers.

Right up into his early eighties he visited us in our rustic shack in rural Stroud and spent his time sawing firewood—loads of it, to appease our ever-hungry wood burner. His physical strength and stamina were awesome. Udo held his last Act of Consecration of Man on the day of his 80<sup>th</sup> birthday, May 18' 2008—he was beginning to feel his age. His retirement was a slow and steady withdrawal from earthly life. Like everything he did it was done consciously and conscientiously. From as far back as I can remember, my father never took life for granted. Each day was a grace, a gift from the spiritual world and had to be perfectly crafted, lived positively from its beginning to its end. He never compromised in perfecting any task he set himself, was never rushed or stressed or worn out, allowed himself a brief siesta after lunch and slept deeply at night. I envied him his capacity for sleep, he always emerged from his slumbers fresh and invigorated.

In his last years, my father spent much time and energy looking after my mother. This was done with much love and humility. In fact, humility was one of Udo's outstanding qualities, a quality that is almost despised in our time. He once said: "When I die, perhaps my greatest achievement from the perspective of the spiritual world will be that I kept bees." He was very accepting and accommodating, taking on board the increasing infirmities and disabilities of old age with courageous fatalism. Although old age is no longer officially recognised as a cause of death, one could say Udo died of it. His failing body could no longer accommodate his vital spirit. The last weeks of increasing agony, were not so much overshadowed by a clinging onto life and a reluctance to let go, far rather, modern medication had

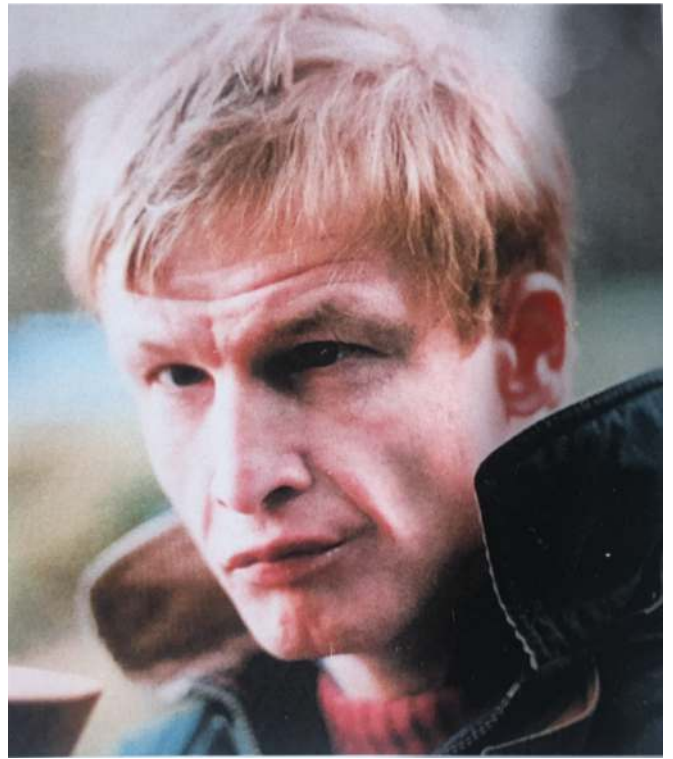
granted him an extended life but trapped him between worlds. Thus, it was with great relief that his gentle being easily and gently detached itself and he was able to cross the threshold in the early hours of Saturday the 27<sup>th</sup> of March 2021.

The thing that he will probably be most remembered for is goodness. My father was a very good person. Goodness radiated from him and was experienced and cherished by everyone he touched.



# Matthew Bell

1962 - 2020



Matthew Bell was the first child entrusted to my care in Camphill. He was then nine years old, a little boy with a round face surmounted by pale blonde hair and distinguished by piercing blue eyes. Smitten with cerebral palsy, he found it very difficult to walk. He was frequently overwhelmed by sense impressions, or by the emotions of others around him – or indeed by the power of his own feelings. He would then drop to the floor and either refuse to rise or find it impossible to do so. On the other hand, he could absorb strength from the confidence or will of certain people around him as if gaining fuel from their mental and physical energy. The summer before I met him, he had travelled with his parents to Norway, and surprised everyone by walking on the boat with untypical ease, as though the unsteadiness of his limbs had been matched by the unsteadiness of the boat or the sea beneath it, and he had therefore achieved some kind of balance between two instabilities.

Generally, however, his movements were wildly elastic. If he wished to retract his limbs, he would shrink into something between a slouch and a ball. If he wished to extend them, let us say to take hold of a cup, he would frequently overshoot his target, or find that having successfully grasped it his fingers would not let go. He was almost always in the bewildering and frustrated state of wishing to perform some act, however simple, only for his body to distort, confound or pre-empt it.

There was one exception, however, and that was when he felt great joy. Then the elasticity of his limbs seemed unforgettably to describe a much more positive emotion. If something gave him immense pleasure, especially if it took him by surprise, an enormous smile would light up his face, his eyelids would scrunch with delight, and his arms would reach to the heavens in a uniquely ecstatic gesture. This movement may simply have been an exaggeration or distortion of a much lesser feeling that he wished to express, but never was joy so perfectly or so memorably portrayed.

Matthew could not really speak, but would sometimes emit a distinctive compound of sounds “de-GAH,” with an interrogative lilt. This phrase was most often employed after considerable mental and physical effort, as though he had been wrestling with some mighty question and had come to some equally mighty conclusion, only to have it depressingly channelled through this hopelessly inadequate phrase. Or so it appeared from the expression on his face and the look in his eyes. He was the child of two highly articulate parents to whom language was a feast, a delight and a passion. It was easy to believe that he had inherited their articulacy but simply could not bring it into the world. I never had the slightest doubt that he understood everything that was said to him, and it must have been terrible to have his own expression through gesture and speech so radically twisted and blocked.

There was a time, however, when he could find inner peace – and that was when listening to classical music. When a concerto or symphony was played on the record-player, Matthew was all attention, and it most clearly brought him much needed peace. I recall one afternoon when with no one about and a record had been left on the turntable with the player still on. He staggered over to the player and manually whirled the turntable round, creating to the house’s surprise a wild glissando at full volume, in his longing or desperation for what music could grant him. I mentioned above that Matthew could absorb strength and energy from other people, and now I must add that others – and certainly I – could absorb much strength and energy,

and considerably more, from him. One winter day I chose a record at random to play for the two of us. It was Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto, a piece I had never previously heard. In Matthew's presence I followed it from beginning to end, with a thoroughness and depth that I had never experienced in any classical work before. I have always been convinced that Matthew had been following it as well – and indeed that I could only follow it myself because Matthew was doing so. Whenever I have heard that concerto since, I have been transported back to that extraordinary afternoon and felt a longstanding gratitude.

In Curative Education Steiner warns us never to confuse the milk in a jug with the jug itself – however cracked or misshapen that jug may happen to be. That is, the physical body may be terribly damaged, as Matthew's was, but the real person within that body is still miraculously whole. It can be a temptation, especially when working with a non-speaking child, to project on the child an illusory personality derived from one's own wishes and imaginations. But there are times when one simply knows that the milk one perceives in the jug is completely real. And completely whole. That the real person we perceive in the body is not a projection or dream, but absolutely great – in the very best sense of the word. One cannot explain how one knows, any more than one can explain how one knows that King Lear is a great play, or that Bach's Mass in B Minor is great music. To be in Matthew's company was for me to experience a person who was truly great, a person who wonderfully transcended his every physical limitation of movement and speech.

When we engage in curative education, we learn that the soul has remarkably porous borders. Through a kind of psychic osmosis, Matthew could absorb strength from the confidence and will of others, and I could absorb an understanding of classical music – and much else – from him. For the truth is that curative education is always a two-way street. And the volume of traffic in each of the lanes is rarely what one might expect. For the carer is often the person in greater need of care. And the teacher is often – perhaps most often – the one of the pair who receives the lion's share of their mutual education. Well, that was my experience of Matthew. In the year that we spent together, I was twenty-three years old; he was nine. But I was always the younger of the two.

William Watson

Like many of our companions who cannot speak for themselves, Matthew made a great impression on a number of those who cared for him over the years. Here are some more memories from his friends :  
Matthew had beautiful eyes of an unusual greenish colour through which he spoke to me. He had an incredibly strong will and a wicked sense of humour, and was never beaten by his disability. He taught me to really pay attention to what was going on in him, to "listen" to him. As I was able to develop a real love for him, I was able to take him to potentially difficult places (shopping in town, a hospital visit) and he would not display challenging behaviour there. For me, Matthew's being is summed up by this stanza from the poem "Invictus" by W.E. Henley :

"It matters not how strait the gate  
How charged with punishment the scroll.  
I am the master of my fate:  
I am the captain of my soul".

Rasheeda Reinardy

Matthew lived in the moment. Time wasn't his concern – that was for other people to manage on his behalf. But luckily he'd learnt, like the proper Yorkshireman he was, to love tea, and the promise of a cup was as good a bribe as any. A note from my 1979 diary reads: "Matthew's evening peace at prayer time never ceases to amaze me. It is really quite touching how he sits up straight to hear the prayer and begins his evening song himself." Private evening prayer and song he loved, but not formal services and he made his views known very noisily. So he stopped going there. Sometimes on our walks along the Deeside Way, well meaning people would look at him with pity, and say with their eyes, if not their tongue, "Poor thing." Then he would squat down as if cemented to the ground, and I had to send for a wheelbarrow to trundle him back to Cairnlee House. He enjoyed the wheelbarrow rides! When Matthew moved to Templehill community, we would often spend holidays together. He especially enjoyed a very nice picnic spot where we could spend sunny afternoons by the stream. Matthew enjoyed just sitting, watching, listening...

Matthew spent the last 19 years of his life at a home in Stonehaven where he was much loved and appreciated. He had learnt an unhurried appreciation of the good things in life.

Matthew touched our lives in very special ways.

Gillian Siddons

# Birth Announcement

Congratulations and springtime blessings to Kylie & Eli Maltz of Kimberton Hills for the birth of their son, Ezra!

Ezra James Maltz was born at 4:10pm on March 2, weighing in at 7 pounds, 1 ounce, and measuring 20.5 inches long. He surprised his parents by coming almost a few weeks early and all are doing well.



HERE WE ARE

by Kristopher Varga

Well,  
we're all here.  
Here we are  
living these human lives,  
walking the crusted earth,  
breathing oxygen, drinking  
the sweet relief of water,  
enjoying pleasure and its passing,  
undergoing inevitable pain.  
Yes, all of us  
creating dreams of tomorrow,  
carrying yesterday's carcass  
underneath a bleeding sun,  
struck dumb by the shine  
of moonlight and endless stars.  
All experiencing human lives  
so distinct, so similar.  
Everyone living, inspiring,  
surviving, dying  
  
all tasting a moment  
of the infinite presence  
smiling, crying.

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: Billy Shannon

Layout and Design: Phil Balabala

Subscriptions: 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.*