



Types and *Shadows*



Sunshine
resting gently on leaves
of yellow, of red
does not judge the tree
for standing
in its own shadow.

Issue 78 Winter 2019
Journal of the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts



Featured Cover Art: Top, "Momentary Node," coil drawing © Arla Patch; see more on pages 4 to 6; Bottom, poem, "Sunshine" © Jesse White; see more poetry on pages 7 to 11.

www.fqaquaker.org

facebook.com/quakersinthearts

T & S Editor

Blair Seitz

blairseitzphotos@gmail.com

109 N 3rd Ave

West Reading PA 19611

610-223-5240

FQA Board Members

Maria Cattell, Clerk
mgcattell@aol.com

Doris Pulone, Treasurer
dpulone@comcast.net

Bonnie Zimmer,
Membership
sandbox33@gmail.com

Sandra Cade
sandralcadephd@yahoo.com

Chuck Fager
chuckfager@aol.com

Phil Furnas,
pbfurnas@gmail.com

Christine Cameron,
South Jersey FQA Chapter
scissorsdoodles@gmail.com

Types and Shadows is published quarterly by the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts (FQA), 7805 NW 28th Pl. M209 Gainesville, FL 32606 Membership is \$30/yr
T&S Submission deadlines are: Sept. 15, Dec. 15, March 15 and June 15.

FQA is an art ministry for Quakers and others under the care of Trenton Monthly Meeting.

Our Clerk Speaks...



Maria Cattell by editor

Dear Friendly Artists,

Please read about the 2019 FQA National Project, "The Arts for Peace and Justice," in Doris Pulone's announcement below this column. Which isn't a column this time, but best wishes from me and all the FQA board for a happy and creative new year for each and every one of our members.

Yours for the Arts,

Maria Cattell

FQA is excited to announce the theme of the National Arts Project for 2019: "The Arts of Peace & Justice"

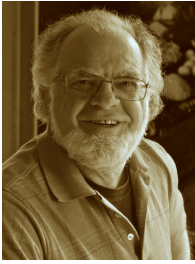
We envision dozens of Quaker and other artists and art supporters around our nation hosting art events around these most important issues in May (or close to May) of 2019. We would hope that any programs planned inspire organizers and attenders to delve into them, as well as the connections between art and these themes.

Programs which have proved successful in past years are art shows, performances--song, music, drama, poetry--art discussions or combination of the above. Events can be as small, short, large or long as you find suitable for you and your people and locale.

The Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts has some funds available (up to \$100/event as funds last) to help with the organization and implementation of your local programs. Please contact Doris Pulone at dpulone@comcast.net for more info, idea sharing, discussion about this project and your (hopefully!) involvement.

Here are some queries developed in hopes of assisting you and your group as you think about an event:

- 1) As William Allen White says, "Peace without justice is tyranny". **Is justice necessary for true peace? How do we see that playing out in our family, community, nation, world?** (continued next page)



Blair Seitz, Editor
© Judy Ballinger

Do I need to say anything about the art and story of **Ar-la Patch**? It's just remarkable, isn't it? In its imagination, its creativity, its meaning for women (and men), the works shown on the cover and on pages 4-6 speak volumes. We sent out a request for poetry and were rewarded with responses from six poets. I have published poems from each of them and I'm happy that I now have a few poems to publish in upcoming issues. Enjoy this *T&S*. And a blessed 2019 to you. Blair

Recommended Art Retreat (also writers & music retreats at Centre Quaker de Congenies)...



Vineyards and Villages

2019 Artist Retreats in the South of France

At Centre Quaker de Congenies, located in a lovely valley between the Cévennes Mountains & the Mediterranean Sea

Friday 10th May to Monday 20th May and
Friday 20th September to Monday 30th September



- 6-10 days of creativity and camaraderie in an inspiring setting
- Tranquil garden and surrounding village
- Transport to other interesting venues to paint
- Artist in residence to facilitate sessions from Saturday evening to Friday morning with 4 additional optional days to complete projects or sightseeing
- Spring Facilitator Kath Humphreys is a teacher and artist used to working with a wide range of abilities in both 2D and 3D media
- Autumn Facilitator Kate Hale, art teacher, advisor and community artist in a range of media
- Flexible programme: There will be opportunities for guidance, sharing of ideas and independent work—your choice.

Other Activities:

Evening activities, include music, French for fun and we offer bicycles if you would enjoy riding through villages with their fountains, churches, cafés and picturesque squares; wonderful subject matter for paint brush, pen or camera. Combine or extend your stay to continue creating and be taken to local sites such as market day at the medieval village of Sommieres. Or go off on your own see the Pont du Gard, Roman Nimes, the walled city of Aigues-Mortes or Van Gogh's Arles. Enjoy walking, cycling, bird watching, horse-riding etc.

Cost:

The programme cost will be 695€ (575€ for shared occupancy) and includes 6 nights' accommodation, all meals and transportation to local painting spots. The optional days are 92€ (68€ shared) per day and include accommodation, some transportation, breakfast and dinner.

All are welcome, Friends and friends

Getting Here is Easy: See our website or email us for details.



Contact Marie, Nick, Judy or Dave at:
Centre Quaker de Congenies
<http://www.maison-quaker-congenies.org/>
11 avenue des Quakers, 30111
Congenies
Centre.quaker.congenies@gmail.com
+33 (0)4 66 71 46 41



Member Exhibit...

T&S Editor **Blair Seitz** currently is exhibiting 30 photographs titled "Women of Our World: Photojournalism with Love" at the Pendle Hill Gallery, Wallingford, PA. The art is from his travels as a photojournalist in 14 countries and can be viewed through April 24, 2019.



Two photographs included in the Pendle Hill exhibit are: left, "Boat Restaurant, Bangkok, Thailand; above, Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi. (1917-84)

(from previous page)

- 2) The inaction of those who could have acted, the indifference of those who should have known better, the silence of the voice of justice when it mattered most has often impacted the peace that could be. **How best can the artist act, make a difference, give voice to that injustice?**
- 3) Peace and justice are intertwined. Can there be peace without justice? Can there be justice without peace? **How can our art help move all of us toward peace and justice?**
- 4) For those living in some urban areas, long established negative attitudes of the police toward racial minorities lead to violence and disharmony. **How, as artists, can we encourage and demand more tolerance and peace within the police and justice system?**

Arla Patch: Reclaiming GodBody

Healing art for self and others

600 years ago I would have been burned at the stake. I see visions and hear messages. I'm grateful to have been born in this time period and to have found the Society of Friends when I was 12.

My family of origin created a rich tapestry of trauma that generated a need for healing: alcoholism, violence, and sexual abuse.

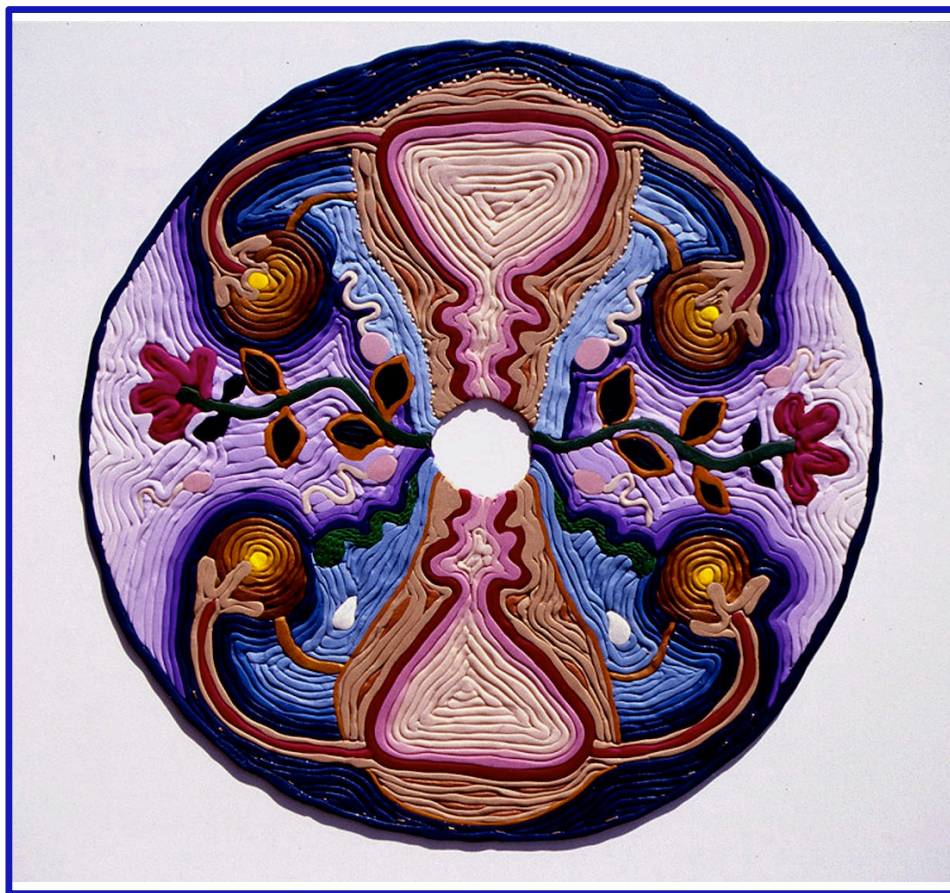
All I knew was that Nature, especially in the form of trees, was my savior. And then at the age of perhaps 11, I experienced a mystical moment in a field (on the way to visit my tree friends) that has informed the rest of my life. It was as if time stood still and I had the sensation of being "planted" in the earth. I felt my feet buried deep in the freshly plowed field, felt all the layers of earth and

atmosphere up my body, and felt my head open to the cosmos above. But in addition to these sensations, I felt a Presence who saw me; a powerful sensation for a child with two narcissistic parents. And this Presence not only made me feel seen, but intensely loved.

As the years passed, I realized how unique and profound that mystical moment was, and wanted to memorialize it. When I was 22 and in art school, I created a life-sized monument, a "self-portrait earth

core," to honor it. I still have that sculpture today. My art making practice has been and continues to be, a way of working through the events of my life, both celebratory and transformational. Maybe it was only natural that, with my degrees in sculpture, I would be drawn to body casting. My first mask was revolutionary in terms of revealing its healing power. My mask

partner unintentionally covered over my mouth with a solid piece creating the sense of having no mouth. Later, alone in my studio decorating the mask on my lap, as I rubbed charcoal around the edges of the eye openings, a deep well of sadness rose in my body until my whole being was sobbing. The truth of not having a voice in the midst of so much



childhood abuse came crashing through the mask. I made an entire costume to go with the mask, and a "performance piece" acting out its title "Silent Scream." Later I made another mask called: "Finding my Voice." A series of masks and breastplates have supported my recovery. As a teacher, I take what I've learned and what has worked for me and pass it on to others. (cont.)

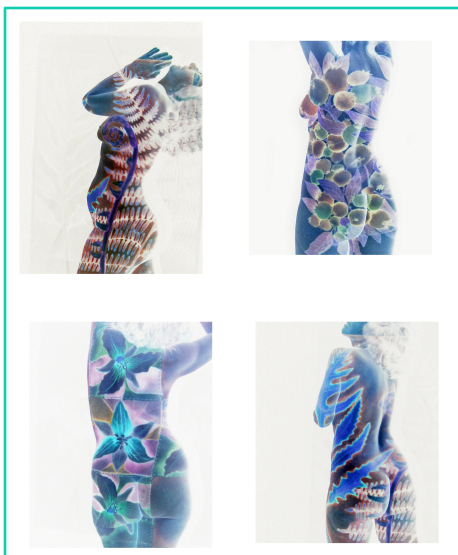
Center: "Uterus," coil drawing, 20" X 20" © Arla Patch



Quakerism has been my spiritual family, a container within which I have felt the freedom to follow my leadings, without judgment or a need to fit a particular dogma. When I had a leading during Meeting for Worship to offer breastplate casting to women who'd had mastectomies, it was a Quaker grant that funded that work. When I wanted to create a book for my work with incarcerated women and at-risk teen girls in a therapeutic boarding school, it was a Quaker grant that funded that publication. The Friends belief that we are all ministers has empowered my leadings to work in service to the first Truth and Reconciliation Commission in Maine for what happened to Native children in the child welfare system. And it was a Quaker grant that funded two art and healing workshops with Indigenous tribes in Maine, the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy.

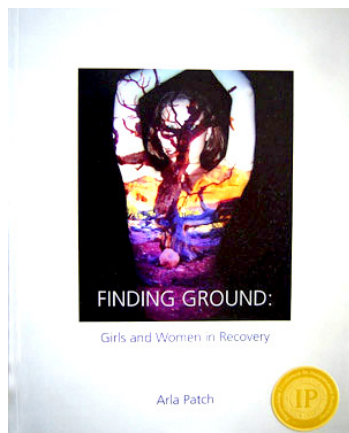
On one hike up the mountain I lived on in Maine, I was stewing over all the concerns in my relationship. When I got to the top, I heard the statement: "put yourself first." This was heresy for women and my life's training to always take care of others. I opened to the idea and stepping forward the image of the "Godbody" I wear under my skin blossomed in my mind. That piece has laid the foundation for a series of pieces involving embodiment. I'm currently working on a piece called "Patience Organ with Gratitude Gland."

Perhaps the most dramatic vision I've been gifted happened in a half-sleep state upon waking: a vision of a woman made out of ferns. I wondered if I took a slide of ferns, projected it onto myself and then re-photographed that in the dark, it might look like I was made out of ferns. It did! This "Nature Fusion" process led to my first book of 19 such images and my second book sharing this process with incarcerated women and at-risk teen girls.--Arla Patch



Above: "GodBody," coil drawing; Below: "Water," Left: "Body and Nature Fusion," photograph; Below: "Water," photograph, all © Arla Patch





Above: Book cover; Right, "Hidden in Plain Sight," coil drawing, © Arla Patch; Above: Arla (right) at the Maine Indian truth commission with Geshikganaquay (Cheryl)



One can hardly exaggerate the service and achievements of Arla Patch. Arla's exhibits of healing art, her magazine exhibits and books have all won awards. It would take a couple pages to list her exhibits. Arla can be an inspiration to all of us. She is an artist (sculpture, photography and multi-media), writer and "creativity midwife." Her solo exhibits have appeared in Taipei, Boston, San Francisco, Portland, ME) and her hometown, Quakertown, PA. She recently exhibited and held workshops at Pendle Hill, Wallingford, PA

Using art as a tool for healing and her own transformation, she has facilitated many groups and individuals over her 40-plus year career. These have included cancer survivors, at-risk teens and those recovering from sexual abuse, domestic violence, and substance abuse.

Arla received a 2006 "outstanding book of the year" nomination for her first book, *A Body Story*, as "most life changing." It was honored with finalist status by Independent Publisher (IPPY) Award. Her second book, also award-winning, is *Finding Ground: Girls and Women in Recovery*.

Arla grew up in Quakertown, PA and has moved back "home" after living in Maine for thirty years. Her studio and gallery is on Mechanics Street in Quakertown and is open by appointment. She graduated from high school in Bangkok, Thailand, studied at Tyler School of Art in Philadelphia and in Rome, Italy, and did her graduate work at Indiana University, Bloomington, earning her MFA.

Her interest in healing led to her involvement with the first truth and reconciliation commission in the United States for what happened to indigenous children in the child welfare system, the Maine Wabanaki-State Child Welfare Truth and Reconciliation Commission. She is continuing to work on Indigenous rights education in Pennsylvania and gives a talk about our shared history with Native peoples.

Arla is a member of Quakertown Friends Meeting and serves on their Peace and Social Justice Committee. Go to www.arlapatch.com to enjoy more of Arla's art and experience. -editor

shining bright shepherd

if quakers had godfathers
you would be mine
a man with a marvelous open heart
just like my father
in more ways than one
you joined a slow vacuum
in joys untold
sharing the right way
at breakfasts of old
fashioned by friends
who'd fairly frequently
gather to dine and
dance in a square
the shape of the digital learning tools
you helped develop for an ngo
fostering projects
to end festering poverty
while enlightening students
in the new arc of life
or seeing us off
at the roundabout
where lands were crossed
by the innermost light
pouring so brightly
out of your soul
which ever will shine
like your spirit now spanning
a sparkling space in the sky

martin I parker 2017

in loving memory of Robert Shaffer

lift

love flows around and in
then eases up
while lulling me to dream
slowly growing
brings me to cool brooks
that ripple over like a bubbling water
with another surge
am taken through surface
into timeless pool of energy
high in free
where souls sky flyly
on peace of calm wings
from always absorb wavings of feel
and let them to suns shine
in light of circle
as begin to sink
along pool pull
passing through such stream
ever softly
water spillover
with tender caress
and i bathe in comfort til dawn

martin I parker 1986

***Martin I Parker lives in Washington
D.C. His website and e-mail
address is martin@parquillian.com
www.parquillian.com***

In conversation with a poem by Frank Sherlock, 2018

Revolving

You crafted language
about watching the sun
in your cereal box.

I couldn't afford
the special glasses
to see the moon
slip over the light –

the moon, so new,
couldn't know what to say
to the yang to her yin

and despite their sudden introduction
she maintained her movement
back into the balance of things.

I watched the shape
of moon
eclipse
the daylight

staring in awe
at the darkening prize
hidden inside
my once empty box

and then said goodbye
to the neighbors
to whom I hadn't said hello
until that day

seamlessly transitioning
into what feels linear
into what has momentum
into the rest of the day
into the rest of my life.

Your poem ended with you
abandoning the box
and staring eyes up
into the sun,

but my poem continues
with constant revolutions
around a sun

that the moon and I
were too shy or
too steadfast
to get to know.

Sometimes the miracle
is that magic is close
and we see it.

Sometimes the miracle
is that faced with magic,
we persist.

by **Jesse White**,
Pendle Hill, Wallingford, PA
email address: pigeonarts01@gmail.com

Poem for a new friend

Like a Seeker becoming a Convinced Quaker,
I sit in wonder at your Inner Light.

Like expectant waiting at for Meeting for Worship,
We hold each other and listen for leading,
praying to never let go.

by **Keith Calmes**
keithcalmes@rocketmail.com

The Paranoid Lady

by **Jo Ann Lordahl**
Gainesville, Florida

It was a casual statement said to me
about locks and windows, bars and safety:

"WE have to take into account your paranoia."
(meaning my unreasonable fear of rape).

I gave not a sound as stones sank to my bones:
Paranoid. Paranoid. I am paranoid.

In silence that night his words came to haunt me
with the ghost of a friend, raped, and just why.

She was free. She was brave. She was young
and she jogged a neighborhood long-legged.

And owning herself, the shy poet enshrouded
in competency. Until two a.m. one morning –

Window screen slit. Eye-glasses crunched.
Knife on throat.
The voice brutal. Her wild freedom a dead dream.

Until I can walk the streets on a full moon night
Alone, with no blotches of fear – my friend, my lover,

My husband, my father: Don't call me paranoid:
Call yourself blind.

www.JoAnnLordahl.com

MOOSE RUN RIVER, NEW YORK CITY

by **Marian Shapiro**

Still
the moose chomps, unafraid,
in Macys, mindless of the mothers/pick-
pockets crushed into pie-wedges
of the revolving doors. She
stands, certain in the stony water,
harrumphing noisily. It is August.
She has forgotten about the lottery:
Come September, seven days are open
season. She will be shot standing there,
waiting for a cab that will agree

to take her to the Bronx. It's me
O Lord, canoeing along 23rd
street with my violin. On the IRT
I paddle downstream to 14th to bag
a seat on the express train up-
town. It's me, O Lord, rolling my wet
jeans, laughing at the loons
playing tag on the cross-town Pelham
Parkway bus. Left hand on strap,
I memorize atomic tables. Life

or death? A or B, O Lord? A deer
quivers into the brush. A rabbit dives
for cover under the dock. The moose
stands. She has not noticed yet
the lookout posted in the stairwell. She
has not seen the rapist in the hall,
or the mother smashing her baby daughter's
head against the wall. Any day
now, Fall begins. Meanwhile, summer
shimmers on the river. Hatpins

make the subway safe. Chlorine lets
us swim. Polio and AIDS are old
news. Bergen-Belsen was in Viet-
nam. Longer skirts are in. *Driving
home, the guide steers his truck care-
fully around a wiggling pink dot. It is
a butterfly, he says, stuck in its lunch-
time raspberry feast. Most folks round here,
he says, come for the fishing. But, he adds,
almost all of them throw the fish
back.*

Cambridge, Massachusetts
mariankshapiro@gmail.com

The Poet's Parrot

by **Edna Whittier**

His name was Charlie.

From the barn roof
he swore at wagons,
carriages, people on the road.

For entertainment.
His entertainment.

Small in size,
he squawked huge,
hollering, "Whoa!"
jolting traffic to a standstill.

On the roof or in the parlor,
he muttered or screeched oaths,
promised calamities,
afflicted visitors with blasphemy.

Was the parrot parroting his owner?
Had he learned the profanities from his keeper?

Oh Still Small Voice, no.

His owner was birthright Friend.
A poet who thundered in print
as loudly as Charlie,
condemning slavery in scriptural curses.

Shouting, "Whoa!"
Striving for a standstill in traffic.
Gaining only temporary division,
like Charlie.

A gift, Charlie came from a seafaring
friend who clipped Charlie's wings,
so he could not soar the ocean of sky and water.
Perhaps Charlie knew his loss and paid it out
to all comers in curses.

But Charlie would walk John's arm,
murmur in his ear, nibble at his hair.
A daily standstill of peace,

John's spirit settled, lifted, wheeling
the soft winds of Charlie's breathing.

A long distant relative of mine,
I wonder at John's tolerance in Charlie's
curses. Was there devilish delight or simple
enduring patience at the faults of a friend?

Either answer appeals to me. Both mystical.
Both a standstill of experiential being.

And when patience will not do for me,
perhaps I can try delight in its stead.

Edna Whittier is a member of
Floyd Friends Meeting, Floyd,
Virginia. Her email address is:
egwquaker@gmail.com

NOTICE:

With apologies to Edna and her parrot, here's
your editor's parrot call, "**GET YOUR
xpxpxpx (profanity omitted) STUFF TO ME.**
It's soooooo easy. Just **DO IT!**

You may imagine that we have a backlog of art
and announcements to publish. We do NOT, not
even for the next issue. You have the art we
need.

--your 2-D or 3-D artworks,

--your poetry,

--your short stories

--whatever is happening to you--experimenting
with a new medium, an art event, a show, a new
art friendship, response to art published in **T&S.**

Please send to blairseitzphotos@gmail.com

Types and Shadows history of Quaker Artists feature

With permission of author Gary Sandman, *T&S* shares vignettes of Quakers from his book, *Quaker Artists*.
garysandman@cox.net.

HOWARD BRINTON

Howard Brinton (1884-1973) was an author, theologian, professor and administrator. His books included *Creative Worship*; *Guide to Quaker Practice*; *The Society of Friends*; *Friends for 300 Years*; *Prophetic Ministry*; and *Quaker Journals: Varieties of Religious Experiences Among Friends*. Brinton came from a long line of West Chester, Pennsylvania Quakers. He graduated from Haverford College with a degree in mathematics and physics. At Haverford he met Rufus Jones, who became his mentor. He went on to teach at Olney, Pickering, Mills and Earlham. In 1916 Brinton was appointed acting President of Guilford College, during which time he visited the conscientious objectors at Camp Jackson. He performed relief work in Germany with the American Friends Service Committee after World War One. In the 1930's he earned a Doctorate in Philosophy, spent a year at Woodbrooke, and he and Anna, his wife, became Co-Directors at Pendle Hill. In his later years he was involved in AFSC relief work in Japan, the formation of the World Council of Churches and the reunification of pastoral and unprogrammed Friends. He is buried with his wife in the Oakland Friends Cemetery.

Brinton greatly influenced unprogrammed Friends through his writings. His recommendations on Meeting for Worship, Meeting for Business, First Day School, service and vocal ministry were adopted by these Quakers. His popularization of the term "testimonies" was broadly accepted. Furthermore, his selection of certain testimonies – simplicity, peace, integrity, community and equality, known by the acronym SPICE – was commonly used. (Previously to Brinton, the word "testimonies" was almost never employed by Quakers. Such topics were referred to as "advices" and dealt with numerous concerns.) Brinton's belief that Friends is an experimental religion, grounded in experience, also appealed to these Quakers. Above all, his conviction that the basis of Quakerism is mysticism as reflected in Meeting for Worship was generally shared. (Friends from other branches of Quakerism, however, disputed this emphasis on mysticism.)

I read most of Howard Brinton's books when I first encountered Friends. They are a clear, solid explanation of Friends' principles as practiced by unprogrammed Friends.
-Gary Sandman



Types and Shadows, Journal of the
Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts

7805 NW 28th Pl. M209,
Gainesville, FL 32606

FQA Statement of Purpose

*To nurture and showcase the literary, visual, musical
and performing arts within the Religious Society of
Friends, for purposes of Quaker expression, ministry,
witness and outreach. To these ends we will offer
spiritual, practical and financial support as way opens.*

In this Issue...

**Arla Patch, photographs and coil drawing, Quakertown, PA;
Poetry: Jesse White, Wallingford, PA; Marian Shapiro,
Cambridge, MA; Martin I. Parker, Washington, D.C.; Keith
Calmes, Ocean Grove, NJ; Jo Ann Lordahl, Gainesville, FL;
Edna Whittier, Floyd, VA**



"Vestments," photograph © Arla Patch

Sunlight

Green leaves growing
Photograph fading

Hair greying
Forsythia yellowing

Turtles mating
Candlestick tarnishing

Sparrow waking
me. You sleeping.

-Marian Shapiro