

# THE GAZETTE

*“a news-sheet, a periodical publication giving an account of current events”*

West Falmouth Religious Society of Friends

**OCTOBER 2022**



## Excerpt from Wendell Berry's "The Art of the Commonplace"

"...the care of the earth is our most ancient and most worthy and, after all, our most pleasing responsibility. To cherish what remains of it, and to foster its renewal, is our only legitimate hope."

*The Art of the Commonplace: The Agrarian Essays of Wendell Berry.* Berkeley, CA: Counterpoint Press, 2003.

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## **Officers**

**Fran Lightsom, clerk**

**(508-548-9186;**

**fran.lightsom@gmail.com)**

**Molly Cornell, recording clerk**

**Clyde Tyndale, treasurer**

## **Regular Events**

### **Adult Discussion Group**

*Sundays at 9:00 a.m.*

### **Peace and Social Order**

*2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday at 12:30 p.m.*

*Erica Adams, convener*

### **Empathy Practice (NVC)**

*Usually 1<sup>st</sup> Saturday 9:30–11:45*

*Brenda Nolan, convener*

### **Restorative Circle Practice**

*Usually 1<sup>st</sup> Saturday 1:00-3:00*

*Brenda Nolan, convener*

### **Ministry & Counsel**

*Cynthia Rankin, clerk*

*(508-360-7536)*

*Sunny Davidson, co-clerk*

### **West Falmouth Meeting for Worship with Attention to Business**

*Usually 4<sup>th</sup> Sunday*

*October 23*

## **October Birthdays**

Fred Wheeler, 6

Molly Cornell, 7

Erica Adams, 21

## **Upcoming Events**

### **Sandwich Quarterly Meeting**

Meeting for Business -- Saturday, **October 22** -- at Westport.

Worship and business meeting will be followed by a discussion of public witness at our meetinghouses. *How is witness discerned? What have been the effects of public witness?*

New Bedford -- Sunday, **October 9** -- Work party after worship followed by lunch (every second Sunday).

Smith Neck -- **October 15**, Meat Pie Sale, \$20 each. Pickup between 3:00 - 4:00 p.m. **November 22**, Thanksgiving Apple and Pumpkin Pie Sale, \$15 each. Pickup between 1:30 - 4:30 p.m. Call Anne Lopoulos to order: 508-994-5816.

### **Sandwich Monthly Meeting**

Meeting for Business -- Sunday, **October 2** -- at West Falmouth.

### **West Falmouth**

#### **Peace and Social Order**

Sunday, **October 9**, 12:30 p.m. Steve Gates of WFPM will speak on *An Invitation to Help Save Our Planet*. Steve has served on the board of the Cape Cod Climate Change Collaborative and as clerk and co-clerk of NEYM's Earthcare Ministry Committee. He is currently completing a book on the climate crisis from which this talk is adapted. See the next page for further information on this presentation.

Sunday, **November 13**, 12:30 p.m. Margaret Olin, Scholar, Photographer, and Senior Lecturer emerita, Department of Religious Studies, Yale University, will speak on *One Day in the South Hebron Hills*. She will describe how her work shifted from scholarship to activism and her means of expression from the pen to photographic text as a result of time spent in 2014 in the occupied West Bank with an NGO dedicated to non-violent resistance to the Israeli occupation of Palestine. Flyer attached.

**Note** that videos of previous 2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday presentations can be found at <https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCLcvmlRkcwwsDtLVT06TwQQ/videos>.



# Steve Gates

West Falmouth (MA) Preparative Meeting

## An Invitation to Help Save Our Planet

2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday Forum: Sunday, October 9, 2022, from 12:30–1:30 pm ET

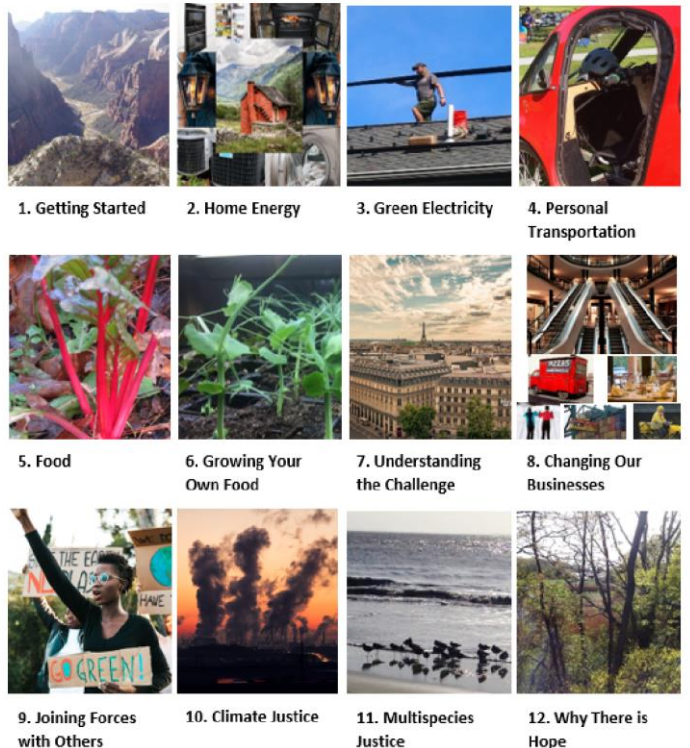
**DESCRIPTION:** We probably all agree that the climate crisis is real, but what can we do to solve this crisis and save our small planet? And how can we find joy in this work? This Second Sunday talk will invite you to consider what we can do as individuals in our homes, energy, transportation, and food choices. We'll discuss what we can do working together to change our world, supporting those most affected by the climate crisis but least able to respond to it. We'll conclude with some reasons for optimism about the climate crisis.

**BIO:** *Steve Gates has a Ph.D. in biochemistry but left academia after getting tenure to become a computer research scientist. Since retirement, he has focused on the climate crisis, serving as a board member of the Cape Cod Climate Change Collaborative (2017-19) and as clerk and co-clerk of the Earthcare Ministry Committee of the New England Yearly Meeting (of Friends) (2019-2021). He was awarded a Legacy Gift grant by NEYM in 2019 for his work on a carbon footprint calculator. Steve is currently completing a book tentatively entitled An Invitation to Help Save Our Planet: A Handbook on Solving the Climate Crisis from which this talk is adapted.*

**REGISTER:** <https://bit.ly/2ndSundaySteveGates>  
**LIVE STREAM:** <https://bit.ly/2ndSundayLiveStreamSteveGates>

2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday Forum  
HOST: Peace & Social Order Committee  
West Falmouth Preparative Meeting MA (USA)

▶ Working Table of Contents



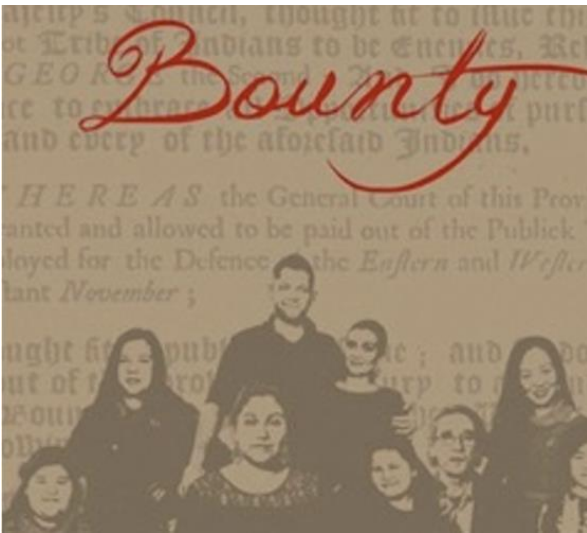


## Also of Interest

Pendle Hill– See <https://pendlehill.org/>.

**Friends Committee on National Legislation (FCNL) -- Annual Meeting and Quaker Public Policy Institute 2022: *Brave & Constant: Building the World We Seek*. November 16 – 20, Washington, DC.** Learn more and register for in-person or online attendance at <https://www.fcnl.org/events/annual-meeting-and-quaker-public-policy-institute-2022>.

In *Bounty*, a 9-minute documentary film, Penobscot parents and children commemorate their survival by reading and reacting to the Phip’s Proclamation of 1755. The Proclamation contributed to the weakening of the Wabanaki Confederacy, which formerly included between 16 and 30 tribes. Four tribes remain



today in Maine. Note that the Phips Proclamation was just one of five bounties issued by colonial authorities in Boston in 1755. Learn more at <https://upstanderproject.org/films/bounty>.

You are invited to a virtual screening of *Bounty* followed by a panel discussion, on Saturday, **October 15** at 4:00 p.m. The same panel that participated in the *Dawnland* program last year will bring further context to our history: Mishy Lesser, Learning Director Upstander Project; gkisedtanamoogk, Mashpee Wampanoag, co-chair Maine Wabanaki-State Child Welfare Truth and Reconciliation Commission; and Linda Coombs, Aquinnah Wampanoag, museum educator and historian. RSVP to the Mashpee Library at <https://tinyurl.com/bountyfilm>.



Left and above: Photos from SMM annual picnic, September 18, 2022.

## Readers Write

### ***A Third Postcard from the Appalachian Trail***

*Paul Denoncourt*

Greetings from Hampton, Tennessee! I have completed 1771 miles in 147 days putting me more than three-quarters of the way to the finish on Springer Mountain in Georgia. Soon I will tackle the Great Smokey Mountains.



McAfee Knob in Catawba, VA. Photo by author using tripod and timer.

The southern half of the trek began in early August with high heat and humidity, and with drought conditions which had dried up many of the northern Virginia springs and streams making water difficult to come by. Often I had to carry water, which is heavy at 2.2 pounds per liter, many miles to my next campsite. In southern Virginia the heat broke but there were several days of rain which slowed my progress. I expected the springs and streams to return quickly, but because the aquifer was so depleted by the drought, that did not happen right away. Now, in Tennessee, water is plentiful again. The days are cool and the nights are sometimes cold. The trees are beginning to don their colorful Autumn wardrobes.

We hikers have been warned that bears are numerous and active in this area. I am up to thirteen bear sightings including yet another mother with two cubs two days ago. We have to hang our food bags from the limbs of trees to keep the bears from raiding them at night.

My most recent significant wildlife encounter, however, was not a pleasant one. I was hiking near the town of Damascus, Virginia. It dawned on me that I was “Paul on the road to Damascus,” like Saint Paul in the Book of Acts. I jokingly texted this to a friend of mine, a former Roman Catholic priest, and said I hope I do not get “unhorsed and blinded” like the Paul of the Bible. The next day, while hiking, I was attacked by a swarm of yellow jacket bees. They apparently had a nest in the ground adjacent to the trail and did not like people walking by. I was stung five or six times including on the face and the right leg. I am allergic to bee stings. The last time I was stung it was on my leg, and my leg, ankle, foot and toes swelled so severely I could not wear a shoe for three days. I was afraid

this would happen again. If I could not wear my hiking shoe I could not hike and would be essentially “unhorsed.” I took some medication, put a compression wrap on my foot, and slept with my leg elevated on my pack. The next morning I was gratified to find that my foot was not swollen but, unfortunately, my face was so severely swollen that my eyes were reduced to slits as my upper and lower eyelids were bags of swelling fluid. I could only see from about three feet in front of me to about fifteen feet in front of me. To see beyond that on the trail I had to bend my neck back. I was almost, but not quite, blinded. I could not take days off from hiking because I would run out of food before the next resupply opportunity.

Three days after Saint Paul was blinded, his vision was miraculously restored by Ananias. In my case, each day the swelling was a little less until the third day when the swelling completely resolved and my vision was normal again.

I asked my spirit guide why this happened and so far the only answer I’ve received is that Spirit interceded to prevent it from being worse than it was. I think maybe St. Paul does not have a sense of humor.



### ***Touching Nature***

*Alan Burt*

As

I was

swimming

at eagle pond,

I was vividly aware

of my sense of community

with the pond and with the close

and intimate experience of the water around me,

touching and loving me; guiding me into the flowing stream

of true peace, great joy and with an everlasting sense of gratitude.

## ***Quakers on the Move (QOTM)***

*Alan Burt*

Since the Pandemic began, a few of us members and attenders at East Sandwich Preparative Meeting began to meet before worship each Sunday. Our little group included Gail Melix, Cassandra Hopgood, Lewis Randa, Bill Holcombe and myself. Initially our time together focused on the extensive suffering in our world and its impact upon our meetings and ourselves. The world was changing; the world was in crisis, in global pain and suffering. "What to do, what to do?" became our quest and our mantra.

On December 21, 2021 a few of us slept outside our meeting house in memory of National Homeless Persons Memorial Day. Joining us was the Global Pandemic Stone as it was wintering over in one of our carriage houses at the time. We talked about it and its journey, and about how we had pulled it through the streets of Boston, Cambridge, Plymouth and Duxbury. At that point we were planning to take the stone to the Cape Cod and Falmouth Hospitals and to Barnstable Town Hall and we began to refer to ourselves as "Quakers on the Move." We talked about the joy in being Quakers who were taking the Quaker message of love and kindness out into the world to supplement our prayers in worship.

As we continued to talk about ways in which we could become more involved in the world, Lewis Randa learned about Hart Island off the shores of New York, where since the civil war, one million souls -- confederate soldiers, slaves, criminals, the mentally ill, and the poor -- have been buried in this pauper's graveyard. A recent initiative involves plans to turn this island graveyard into a beautiful national cemetery under the management of the Parks and Recreation Department. "The Quakers on the Move" have begun plans to permanently place the Global Pandemic Stone there.

QOTM have continued our concerns about the homeless on Cape Cod and have joined together in a fundraising effort which has taken the form of Stop and Shop gift cards. During the past couple of years, we have given out nearly \$20,000 in gift cards to our homeless neighbors, most of whom were living in the woods. Along with individual members, our monthly meeting has supported our initiatives here.

Most recently we talked about our need to provide assistance to our Wampanoag neighbors as a way to demonstrate something more than simply regretting the involvement of Quakers in the removal of Indian children from their families and placing them in boarding schools. This past month, we asked for a called meeting to present the plan for East Sandwich Preparative Meeting to join hands with us in giving out \$1,000 in Stop and Shop cards to our homeless Wampanoag neighbors. Our plan was approved and Gail Melix was asked to hand out the gift cards to tribal members who were suffering and in need. We are asking other Quakers for donations so we may continue helping our Black and Indigenous neighbors in need.

In terms of ending this letter, we are very aware and appreciative of the various actions Quakers have taken individually and as Meetings. Taking our Faith into practice, into the world to provide loving compassion is truly Holy. It is our hope to expand our little group of individual Quakers with others from the Falmouth and Yarmouth Meetings. We would ask that those of you who might be interested in this reach out to us. Perhaps we might begin by simply meeting periodically with each other as Quakers on the Move to share our leadings, our journeys and our work.

## ***On Being Chemically Sensitive***

*Lee M. Hamilton*

I started out being somewhat mildly chemically sensitive for a number of years until it expanded to what for a while was so severe that I could barely function. This was coupled with the onslaught of a very serious illness when in the early 90s I was living in a cottage, and I ended up diagnosed with universal ulcerative colitis. During that period, I became severely chemically sensitive in what my doctor diagnosed as multiple chemical sensitivities (MCS). Shortly thereafter it was discovered that the floor furnace had a leak, and the building was condemned. I have no way of knowing if any of this was related to both illnesses, but I was very ill for a long period of time, and it took about one year to get my nutritional level back to low normal. I could not tolerate the prescribed cortisone and my doctor was quite worried about me and has reminded me on occasion that I was close to death at that time.

Most people do not realize that MCS is recognized by the American Disabilities Act. This means that places of employment and other organizations must provide “reasonable accommodations.” While people are more accepting regarding visible conditions and/or disabilities, having an invisible disability can present challenges, especially since people do not understand MCS and/or discard the seriousness of severe reactions.

While I have never been hospitalized due to MCS, I have had serious reactions to harsh chemicals (pesticides, varnishes, most paints, and other harsh chemicals) and scents which can include perfumes, colognes and aftershave, scented fabric softener, and, yes, those smelly sharpies (non-toxic markers are available and are a lot safer to use).

It really is not that difficult to accommodate my MCS, but it does take a bit of understanding, and a willingness to cooperate. Being proactive by doing my best to prevent exposures is what works best for me, but that can be challenging as it requires constantly advocating for myself.

I have face masks with carbon filters, and I always kept a mask on way before COVID. However, during COVID it was impossible to purchase the replacement carbon filters and they were constantly out of stock, so I resorted to the N95 and other masks. I also carry a small container of Dr. Bronner soap to use in public bathrooms as most liquid soaps are scented. I do not use harsh chemicals on my property or in my home and all my household and personal supplies are non-toxic and scent free.

If Friends/friends have questions on how they might accommodate my MCS, they just need to ask.





## Special Section on Food

### **Food as Ministry**

*Paula Blumenthal*

Have you ever had someone bring you a meal when you weren't feeling well or when you moved into a new home? I'll never forget how that made me feel -- I felt cared for, welcomed, and loved. That was the feeling I wanted to give to others.

My journey in "food as ministry" started with a friend who was diagnosed with ovarian cancer in 2000. I was shocked and saddened by the news and didn't know what to say -- words can be so inadequate sometimes. I thought maybe a home cooked meal could help her through this better than words of sympathy and encouragement could. Slow cookers were coming into vogue about that time, and I would try out many recipes. Once a week, in the evening, I would add all the ingredients to the slow cooker and wake up to the aroma of a delicious meal cooking that I would bring to my friend. I found a new way to care for someone -- with love through food. And the nice thing is there is reciprocity in it. I experience joy in preparing and giving as much as someone experiences joy in receiving and eating.

As Quakers know, food connects people. Potlucks or hospitality, good conversation is sure to follow. It was no surprise that shortly after I began to attend Quaker meeting for worship, I signed on for the hospitality committee. With the aid of the latest cooking gadget, the Instant Pot, I once again went to work learning to prepare healthy soups and stews to bring to hospitality.



Grandmother Mollie

And how can you say no to a fresh baked chocolate chip cookie or an orange cranberry scone?! My grandmother baked such wonderful things without measuring cups or spoons; everything was "a handful of this or a pinch of that." I'm sorry to say I was too young and impatient to learn her recipes from the old country but I did become a self-taught baker and the internet was my guide. My friends were my test kitchen and they were happy to share in my

successes as well as my failures. However, the ones I truly love to bake for are people who love what I bake -- that's the biggest compliment of all.

Some people wonder what motivates us to do things. Are we motivated to do good to feel more worthy? Is it also possible to know we are worthy and still feel called to serve others? I'm drawn towards helping others because it lights me up when I do it. If you are called to do something, it's something you have to follow. (My husband jokingly says to people "Please stop her before she bakes again!")

Whatever our calling, the important thing is that we are listening to the still, small voice inside that moves through us, helping us spread love, kindness, and compassion and in some small way, touch those lives around us and make for a better world.



Wanting to respect all life was my first motivation for not wanting to eat the flesh of animals, birds, or fish, so I ate a vegetarian diet off and on from sometime in the 1970s. At the time, I didn't know where that would lead.

In 2000, when I had an anaphylactic reaction to a blood pressure medicine, I was referred to a naturopathic physician to try other more natural ways to keep my blood pressure in check. This was a huge incentive to pay attention to my diet and I started swimming. I learned what foods could help my blood pressure stay in a healthy range and decrease joint pain – and I was successful. I'd also come to the realization that most of the unnecessary calories I consumed came after seven p.m. when I was the most tired. I stopped eating after seven p.m. and was amazed at how much better I felt. With this one action my weight dropped to a comfortable zone.

By 2015, I had almost stopped eating ice cream and was almost vegan when I obtained another primary physician who suggested I eat cheese and drink milk so my body would get enough calcium to prevent me from breaking my bones. The alternative was medication to prevent osteoporosis. My doctor convinced me to go on a calcium channel blocker. I can see the efficacy of that but am still not convinced there is not a better way.

I had twisted my ankle a couple of years before the pandemic arrived which made walking progressively harder and also developed an allergy to pool chemicals. After X-rays showed significant swelling along the nerves in my ankle, I began wearing an ankle brace. Taking more than an occasional walk exacerbated the ankle pain. By the time the pandemic arrived, my exercise routine had disappeared.

After breaking both of my wrists in 2019, I began eating fish. I thought this and drinking milk for more protein might help my body recover. I told myself that I should value fish as much as animals and birds and I still don't like the idea of eating fish. But my body does.

During the pandemic, I felt I was being too rigid in my orientation to food and exercise and thought I would eat when and what I wanted and see where that went. Although pausing for a moment to question the wisdom of eating after seven p.m., I did that, too, tentatively at first. I started eating some of the foods that I had not been eating that contained salt and ate fewer vegetables. I bought and kept ice cream in the freezer—soon it didn't remain there very long. At first it was an occasional enjoyable treat but soon became a daily part of my routine. Initially, my body seemed to like the changes, but as I started to gain more weight, it didn't. I began to tell myself that "I shouldn't be so easily influenced and I should have more self-discipline."

I kept gaining weight and began to fret about my blood pressure and what might be happening to the parts of my body that I couldn't see. My ankles began to reflect my state of affairs and I noticed a pattern: my ankles would swell when I was the most tired, it was often well after midnight when I had been sitting in front of my computer for six to eight hours at a stretch. I've changed two things—getting eight hours of sleep, walking more during the day, and moving around after two hours or so in front of the computer (when I remember). My ankles stopped swelling. I stopped eating after seven p.m. and my eating started to come back into balance. I began to enjoy my food more. At some point I could walk without my ankle brace and walk more. Healing takes time.

It helps me to “accept what is,” give myself some space by taking deep breaths in and out, and then deal with whatever it is. There is something about “accepting what is” that leads me to accepting myself as I am and takes me out of shame and into the realm of possibilities, creativity, and clearer thinking.

The pandemic showed me that I eat when I am stressed, frustrated, or tired. There are times that I might want to use that strategy and I don’t have to be ashamed of it. I also have other strategies—get my body moving, change my activity, take deep breaths, and breathe life into the part of me that feels stressed. I virtually eliminated cramps in my muscles with this strategy. When I awaken at night and can’t get back to sleep, I’ve noticed that I am perseverating on something “bad” that is going to happen in the future that I can’t control. When deep breaths haven’t led me back to sleep, breathing in warm love energy from the earth into my whole body with a body scan and pausing to breathe love into the parts that hold tension has and I’ve awoken when my alarm goes off in the morning. One of the biggest learnings of the pandemic has been to pay attention to my body—what is my body telling me about what my needs are, whether it’s an emotion arising in me, stress my body is holding, or my body telling me that I’ve eaten enough. If I give myself the space to feel my body it is a wonderful teacher. The messages bring me back into balance with my body without shame or urgency, both of which cloud my thinking and dim my vision.

Recently, I recognized a fear that gets stimulated on occasion when I go to a doctor’s office—fear that I might be discounted for my experience and wishes. I felt my body and mind separating as my anger and my fear grabbed me. A familiar image arose of a lot of women sitting on chairs surrounded by bars in a mental institution. A hospital where my mother was because her doctors could not see the cancer in her body and said her illness was all in her head caused by the “menopause” and the “empty nest syndrome”—a pathologizing of women’s bodies. As I breathed with my anger and fear, my sadness arose at how women, people with disabilities, people of color, people who are poor, and those who have experienced trauma are treated. I saw individuals blamed for their plight caused by the inequity of systems built by men who had been taught to disconnect themselves from their emotions and to control life. I saw clearly my desire for choice, self-determination, and acting from my own conscience. I saw the trigger of my panic and clarity of response. No shame. No urgency.

Reading *Braiding Sweet Grass*, *Original Instructions* and *Our Beloved Kin* helped me to move toward more balance and the idea of reciprocity with the earth. I can appreciate the life-giving force of the fish, plants, birds and mammals that I eat. I can take only what I need, leaving enough for others. I can hold a blessing before I eat and gratitude afterwards. I can find ways to waste less and recycle. I can eat an apple a day, get enough exercise and sleep. I can eat food grown closer to home. There is much to discern and learn while being mindful of other creatures’ needs as well as my own. I watch our birdfeeder and see how different birds and animals come to the feeder. The species that don’t get along with each other come to the feeder at different times. The earth of which our bodies are a part holds a healing and life-giving force that I did not know. Our bodies arise from the earth and return to the earth. It is our home.

Kimmerer, R.W. *Braiding Sweet Grass*. London, England: Penguin Random House, 2013.

Nelson, M.K. (ed.). *Original Instructions: Indigenous Teachings for a Sustainable Future*. Rochester, VT: Bear & Company, 2008.

Brooks, L. *Our Beloved Kin*. New Haven, CT: Yale University Press.



***Native Land Acknowledgement vs. Food Source Acknowledgement: I'll Take Both***

*Lewis Randa*

It is now commonplace to hear someone from a Quaker Meeting or another progressive organization giving a Native Land Acknowledgement before an event starts. While this is admirable, and even more so if it is followed with a Native Land Reparation Pledge, I am wondering if it isn't time to consider Food Source Acknowledgement before sharing a meal.

Many Friends are accustomed to saying grace before meals, although this isn't nearly as prevalent as in years past — but how much more meaningful it would be if we acknowledged that the animals we eat are factory farmed under such abusive conditions that their natural instincts are stripped from them as they are mindlessly and insensitively regarded as non-feeling creatures who aren't capable of suffering, which we know, of course, they are.

Imagine, before pouring milk or cream in your coffee you acknowledged that the dairy you take for granted requires that the nursing mother cow have her male offspring taken from her soon after birth. The defenseless calf is then chained by the neck so it would not be able to move about freely and build muscle mass so its flesh would be white and tender for someone's veal parmigiana dinner. And imagine before enjoying ice cream you acknowledged the behind-the-scenes abuse that dairy cows endure so their milk, which was lactated for their calves (nature didn't intend their milk for another species), can make its way to you instead. Once our compassionate Quaker eyes are open and are willing to cry, something that we never gave a second thought to, through acknowledgement, becomes questionable.

There are many important reasons for Native Land Acknowledgement being expressed, but if you'll indulge me here once more, the reasons for Food Source Acknowledgement are equally important and compelling, for in doing so, more people who say they love animals would behave as though they meant it, and become vegan. Through this acknowledgement, the hypocrisy of our eating habits would be so glaring that we would advance in our thinking, like Quakers during slavery did, and be able to look ourselves in the mirror and acknowledge our wrong doing. Food Source Acknowledgement is what Vegans do three times a day, silently, when we say no to meat and dairy, and yes to plant-based foods. Acknowledgement is the first step towards being the change we seek in the world; it is the key to aligning our life style with our highest ethical ideals.





## ***Cranberry: known by the Wampanoag as Sasawumun\****

“From December to March **Sasawumun** lives under water on a sandy bog to protect her from the elements of winter. She rests close to the ground on her long thin trailing vines. Meanwhile Sporty the frog sings and hops around. Her other underwater friends give her hugs as she sleeps. The moon peeks through at night and the sun shines during the day. As spring approaches water has been taken from the bog and she begins to awake. Cranberry grows and grows. Her body gets about six feet long with round balls. Her eyes open in the spring and they turn into beautiful white and red tiny flowers which turns into a red round ball. They resemble the head of the bird called the crane. That is how she got her American name ‘Cranberry.’

From fall to November she is ready for harvesting and eating. Sasawumun-Wampanoag name for the cranberry has a special connection of celebration for the Wampanoag people this special time of year. The Aquinnah, Wampanoags of Gay Head on Martha’s Vineyard Island celebrate Cranberry Day. The Mashpee Wampanoag students in the past had permission to stay out of school to scoop Sasawumun. Today there are not many bogs in Mashpee, however, she is found in our recipes, used as dye and for healing.... We continue to give thanks for special harvests and resources that become available each season.”

\*Excerpt from Avant, J.T. *People of the First Light: Wisdoms of a Mashpee Wampanoag Elder*. Mashpee, MA: Joan Tavares Avant, 2010, p.72.

## ***Seasonal Recipes***

### ***Indian Pudding***

Serves 6-8

4 cups milk

1 teaspoon milk

½ cup corn meal

8 ginger snaps

¾ cup molasses

¼ teaspoon ginger

2 eggs



Combine all of the ingredients in a double boiler and whip over simmering water. Continue to cook over low flame for an additional 1 - 1 ½ hours, whipping occasionally, until pudding starts to thicken. Once it starts to thicken, remove the whip and allow the pudding to thicken naturally and form a skim or crust on top. Serve warm with vanilla ice cream or whipped cream. If serving later, refrigerate. Warm in microwave or double boiler. Add milk, if necessary.

Mills, E. Sr. and Breen, B. *Cape Cod Wampanoag Cookbook: Wampanoag Indian Recipes, Images and Lore*. Santa Fe, NM: Clear Light Publishers, 2001. (Contributed by Joan Tavares Avant.)

### ***Braised Red Cabbage with Apples***

Serves 6

¼ cup olive oil  
2 medium-size onions, halved vertically and thinly sliced  
2 medium-size apples, peeled, cored, and thinly sliced  
1 small to medium red cabbage (1½ #), cored, quartered,  
and shredded (8 cups shredded)  
½ teaspoon salt  
⅓ cup red wine vinegar  
½ cup dry red wine  
Minced fresh parsley for garnish



Heat the olive oil in a large (6-quart) stockpot over medium heat. Add the onions and apples, toss, and cook for 5 minutes.

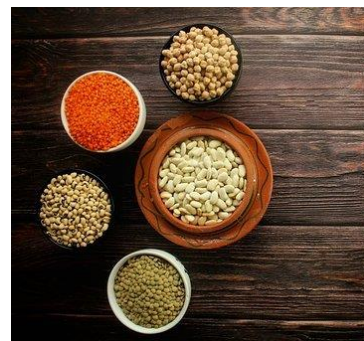
Add the shredded cabbage, salt, vinegar, and wine, and toss well. Reduce the heat to a simmer, cover the pan, and cook the cabbage slowly, tossing occasionally, for 45-60 minutes, or until tender and flavorful but not mushy. (If too much liquid remains when the cabbage is done, then remove the cover and raise the heat. Cook until most of the liquid is evaporated.) Spoon into a serving bowl and garnish with parsley.

Lemlin, J. *Vegetarian Pleasures: A Menu Cookbook*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1994, pp. 190-191. (Contributed by Rita O'Donnell.)

### ***Apricot Red Lentil Soup***

Serves 6

3 tablespoons olive oil  
1 onion, chopped  
2 cloves garlic, minced  
⅓ cup dried apricots  
1½ cups red lentils  
5 cups chicken stock or Vegetable Broth  
3 roma (plum) tomatoes - peeled, seeded and chopped  
(may use canned)  
½ teaspoon ground cumin  
½ teaspoon dried thyme  
salt to taste  
ground black pepper to taste  
2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice



Sauté onion, garlic, and apricots in olive oil. Add lentils and stock. Bring to a boil, then reduce heat and simmer 30 minutes. Stir in tomatoes, and season with cumin, thyme, and salt and pepper to taste. Simmer for 10 minutes. Stir in lemon juice. If you wish, puree half of the soup in a blender, then return to the pot.

Contributed by Brenda Nolan.

## ***What I Eat and Why***

*Bill Holcombe*

I eat mostly healthy boring stuff. Vegetables more than fruit—I eat lots of greens out of my garden every day: kale, collards, chard. They all grow like weeds. I keep picking and they keep on growing. Whole grains. Veggie burgers once in a while. Some dairy: whole milk plain yogurt, cheese, eggs, whole milk in my coffee . . . lots and lots of coffee and green tea. Some cereal/granola with fruit and milk or yogurt sometimes. Despite multiple cups of strong coffee a day and into the evening I still sleep well. A function of age? I add Kratom to my coffee sometimes to treat my chronic pain.



A typical power meal for me five hours before a big tennis match consists of greens cooked then microwaved with one egg, fresh herbs, a little cheese and maybe some little pieces of ham or a bit of turkey frank and a piece of whole bread toast and butter.

I supplement my mostly healthy fare with unhealthy Amerikan stuff—Cheetos, honey sesame sticks, granola bars, cookies. And bakery. I LOVE croissants (we lived in Paris for three years), some muffins, apple fritters, little hard rolls toasted with jelly or honey and peanut butter. I love “real” peanut butter you have to stir—none of that hydrogenated

gelatinized stuff. My rationale for this segment of my regime is that I don’t eat that much of any of the above (3 or 4 Cheetos every now and then) along with the dictum: if I’m going to poison myself, especially with sweets, I By George darn well want to enjoy it.

I do my best to eat locally and don’t always meet my own standard. I eat fish that I’ve caught, blessed verbally for the fight, and cleaned myself. I also eat bites of poultry and the odd slice of deli ham here and there. Part of my gigantic rationalization for this is that I eat such in very small portions. My wife says I don’t eat enough, but I’m healthy and eat when I’m hungry.

Knowing a LOT about how we’re ruining the planet and how to redress our sins, I cringe more at the use of plastic packaging and big SUV pickup truck gasoline burning, and gas burning leaf blowers, etc. than I do at our Evil Empire Monsanto-seed-specific- Roundup-driven food industry. Although I certainly cringe at that as well.

I don’t eat red meat. When in the social spheres of vegetarians, I eat what they eat and do just fine. Things get tougher with my family. My wife LOVES meat and eats enough for a small senior center. My new son-in-law eats almost all meat all the time and he eats enough for twenty or thirty people to be perfectly healthy with smallish portions. That is no exaggeration. And he’s thin. So am I. So what?

Have I mentioned that I’m a real pain to cook for, to go out to eat with, to plan for? Just ask my wife or my son, who both love to eat, take great pleasure in talking about food and planning meals and restaurant visits and, in brief, Live to Eat. I’m picky about many things. I won’t eat anything with mayonnaise, heavy salad dressings, or creamy sauces. And most of all, I only want to eat when I’m hungry



and then not that much. Three squares a day constitutes a complete anathema to me. How do people do that? I understand the function of sitting down to meals together intellectually and actually enjoy doing so every so often, but three times a day every day? I'm miserable enough going along to a restaurant for dinner as often as I do.

I find I'm more likely to say something about meat eating to friends in the locker room or strangers than I am in my family where I can be and always have been something of a pariah. My wife knows how I feel about things. And she does not want to hear any more from me about food, about her lawn sprinklers, about her shopping for clothes she doesn't need etc. etc. etc. She's not a Quaker and never signed up for simplicity or trying to serve as a planet-saving pain in the ass.

So as a food consuming being, I'm more like a plugin hybrid car which gets incredibly good mileage (probably over 75 mpg) but still burns some gasoline than I am a full-on electric vehicle charging with solar power. Lewis Randa as a convinced practicing vegan would be a TESLA. Turns out I drive a spiffy new VW ID.4 SUV charged with juice from solar panels we lease in an off-Cape MA solar field. And I recognize most of these idealistic advocacies depend on middle class levels of income or funds and sophistication not relevant to most of the world's people.

I approach food generation and consumption a lot the way I do electric power generation. I believe passionately that we have to do everything possible to keep every molecule of carbon fossil elements we can **in the ground**. This means having "short-run" **well-managed** nuclear power in the Real World of Realpolitik in which coal fired plants are still on drawing boards fueling visions of profits for Australian mine owners. A very unpopular thing to say among Quaker Earthcare Witness cognoscenti and progressives in general. Similarly I support locally raised eggs, poultry, honey, along with lots of produce sold in nearby farmers markets with the soundest soil management practices along with local fishing and gathering as antidotes to industrial level food production and the non-sustainable hamburger malaise contributing so much to planetary demise.



Photos by author, September 2022.

So I am not a purist with food. I realize I could do better in terms of how I eat and certainly my family could. And, as I push toward 75 years on this earth sometimes I lack the zest and energy to live any more intentionally than I already do. And unlike some of my Quaker cohort, I am not evolving toward a vegan practice. I don't even feel guilty about what I eat. Over the past few years I've mostly stopped drinking alcohol. Maybe some paths still recondite to me lie ahead.

We'll see.



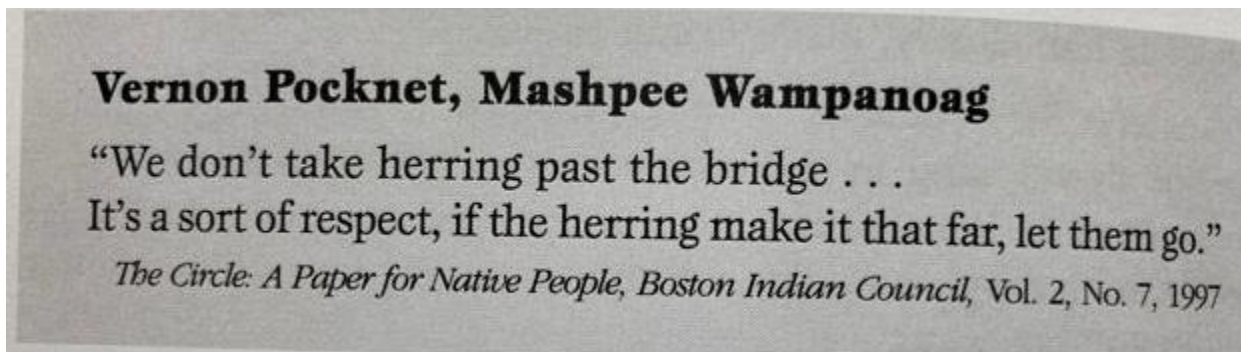
## CODA

Recently at a family dinner get-together there was a much celebrated seven-pound pork roast cooked to perfection by my aforementioned meat-eating son-in-law who grew up on farms raising pork. I sampled some of the juices and bacon toppings, putting some as flavoring on my home-picked, wife-cooked greens. And stayed sotto voce in response to some questions about eschewing the wonderful roast. Didn't pop off as expected, whereas normally I can be counted on to make predictable comments about current events, Supreme Court decisions, Trump, Climate Change/Meat Eating, gasoline burning, etc.

During post-event behavioral review with my wife the next day and on further reflection I realized how much I hurt that family—people I'm blood close to – by criticizing them for thinking and acting the way they do. All that when they're just trying to live their lives doing the best they can.

If only I could be at my best behavior with them. Listening. Encouraging any signs of what they may think or do to redress our wretched conditions, something I do constantly at checkout counters, with neighbors, servers, etc.

Sometimes usually more than ever I feel so hopeless and helpless in the face of so-called Real Life outside our bubble of Social Activists, many Quakers, UUs, young people who get it, and others. Ah well.



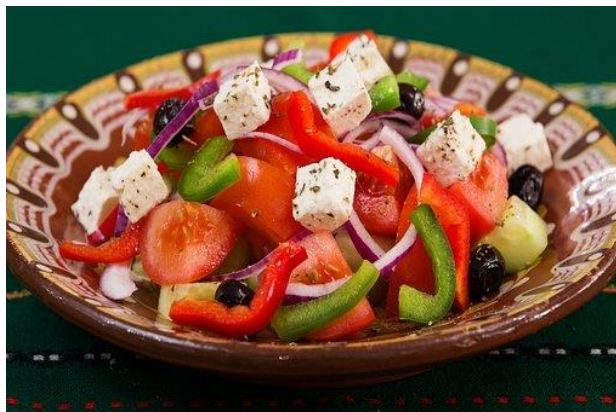
From Avant, J.T. *People of the First Light: Wisdoms of a Mashpee Wampanoag Elder*.  
Mashpee, MA: Joan Tavares Avant, 2010.



## Save the Planet, Save Yourself

Steve Gates

I'm always looking for positive reasons to help people do the right thing for our beleaguered planet. Today, I was really struck by a graph that shows one very positive reason for changing your diet (shown in Figure 1), in an article by Clark et al. from one of the most prestigious scientific journals, Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences.<sup>1</sup> The key conclusion from this article was: *"The same dietary changes that could help reduce the risk of diet-related noncommunicable diseases could also help meet international sustainability goals."*



Greek salad

I would put this in simpler terms: **eat a Mediterranean diet to live longer and help save the planet.**

The Mediterranean diet, according to the Mayo Clinic, is: *"Plant-based foods, such as whole grains, vegetables, legumes, fruits, nuts, seeds, herbs and spices, are the foundation of the diet. Olive oil is the main source of added fat. Fish, seafood, dairy and poultry are included in moderation. Red meat and sweets are eaten only occasionally."*<sup>2</sup>

In Figure 1, foods that are better for your health are further to the left. And foods that are better for the planet are closer to the bottom. Thus, the foods that are best for both health and the planet are in the lower-left quadrant. And the color coding is important too: items in green are the minimally processed plant-based foods.

If you really want to go all-in on a climate-friendly diet, you might also wish to consider two additional things you can do:

1) In the U.S., up to 50% of food gets wasted as the food moves from farm to table. You can help by buying only what you will use.

2) Take whatever waste is nonetheless generated and compost it. Composting generates only 14% of the greenhouse gases of food that goes to the landfill.<sup>3,4</sup> *Bon appetit!*

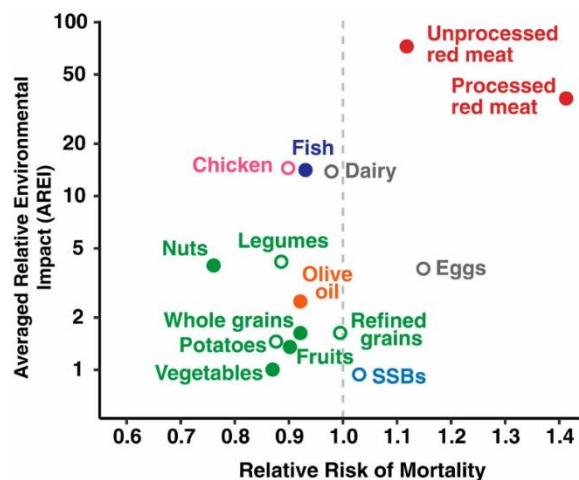


Figure 1. Climate and health impacts of various foods. (SSBs are sugar sweetened beverages.)

<sup>1</sup> <https://www.pnas.org/doi/10.1073/pnas.1906908116>

<sup>2</sup> <https://www.mayoclinic.org/healthy-lifestyle/nutrition-and-healthy-eating/in-depth/mediterranean-diet/art-20047801>

<sup>3</sup> <https://www.bbc.com/future/article/20220429-the-climate-benefits-of-veganism-and-vegetarianism>

<sup>4</sup> Landfills generate methane gas, whereas composting generates carbon dioxide, a much-less-potent but longer-lasting greenhouse gas.



Lesser-Known Works of Art

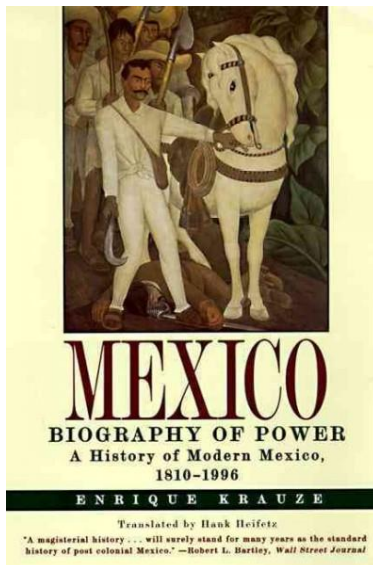


## What We're Reading

John Davidson: *Mexico -- Biography of Power: A History of Modern Mexico, 1810-1996* by Enrique Krauze

We frequently find in newspaper articles a discussion of drug violence in Mexico, or an analysis of the economic and political “mistakes” of current President Manuel Lopez Obrador, but it is hard to understand what is happening without an awareness of the history of that country. A full-scale (nearly 800-page) review of the two-hundred-year record by historian Enrique Krauze provides an interesting observation point for understanding Mexico’s current difficulties and accomplishments.

The book fulfills to perfection the two-fold requirement for works of history: it combines rigorous investigation with an imagination that makes the past and people and events come alive. For us it has an additional value: Mexico is present within the life of the United States. By coming to know Mexico in its various regions and specific historical periods, we can learn to understand an unacknowledged part of ourselves.



Krauze begins with an introduction that sketches the key elements of Mexico’s past: the legacy of the Indians (now referred to as indigenous peoples, but Krauze wrote in Spanish twenty-five years ago so I will continue the older terminology when quoting him), Cortes, the Spanish crown, the Mother Church, and the mixing of Spanish and Indian population into a *Mestizo* culture. The narrative then explains and develops the individual personalities of the *caudillos*, or leaders, around whom Mexican history has revolved. Hidalgo, Morelos, Santa Anna, Juarez and Porfirio Diaz are the central figures up to 1910, when Diaz, a monarch in Republican clothing who had ruled the country since 1876, was engulfed by the Revolution and exiled to die in Paris. The Revolution lasted for ten years, and political unrest continued until 1940, when the era of the

Revolution ended. There were about a million casualties, and through the lives of seven caudillos -- Madero, Zapata, Villa, Carranza, Obregon, Calles and Cardenas -- the author presents the violent and richly colorful history of the Revolution. The book brings to life *caudillos* such as Poncho Villa and Emiliano Zapata- the chapters on each of these are novelistic in scope, giving the reader a great feel for their personalities: Zapata with his war against the *hacienda* owners on behalf of the landless peasants of his native region (Morelos) south of Mexico City, and Villa with his anarchistic, bandit lifestyle embodying his roots in the world of the Sonoran Desert.

As a non-specialist on Mexican history, I was struck by the extent to which Mexican political culture has been influenced by the religious tradition of the indigenous peoples: the notion of a divine leader has been carried over from the precolonial period to the twenty-first century. The author speaks of the “theological-political framework” of Mexico, (pg. xiv,) creating the concentration of power in the hands of one person rooted in both the Mexican and Indian traditions. Combining two traditions of absolute power -- one emanating from the local gods and the other from God -- this political *mestizaje* conferred a unique connection with the sacred on Mexico’s succession of rulers. A related theme throughout the last two



centuries has been the role of mass religious consciousness -- secular-national as well as Catholic-traditional. Mexican national heroes have been made into a secular religion, and Krauze emphasizes the creation of this secular Mexican nationalism (to replace Catholicism) by the liberals who fought against the Church during the nineteenth century: "The official history of Mexico was created as a patriotic religion to serve the purpose of establishing a deep devotion to the patria." (pg. 228) A major theme in Mexican history has been the struggle between the State and the Church, with the two closely integrated until the Church became the enemy of the Liberals because of its close connection with landowners and the old order during the War of Reform (1858-1861). Mexican history is also imbued with the concept of religious martyrdom, as the author points out that almost all the Mexican heroes of the nineteenth century, Liberals and Conservatives alike, died as martyrs.

Without directly trying to address the question, the author's account helps to explain how Mexico overcame the authoritarianism of the PRI (Party of the Institutionalized Revolution, or *Partido Revolucionario Institucional*) and gradually moved toward electoral democracy in the 1990s. The PRI negotiated with its rivals to establish contested presidential elections after 2000, as the country had gradually reached a higher level of political sophistication, with a complex economy tied into global value chains through NAFTA and other international agreements and a fairly high level of literacy as well as public participation. The one-party PRI regime lost legitimacy when everyone could find out about the October 2, 1968, government-organized massacre of student protesters at Tlateloco, and books such as the critical comprehensive history written by Krauze became widely available. Although Krauze obviously did not discuss the most recent two decades of history, he does touch on the themes of drug violence, the Mexican underclass, and migration to the United States which have become increasingly prominent in the news.

It is easy enough to buy a plane ticket to Acapulco or Cancun and sit in a hotel, imagining that one understands Mexico. This book helps to get beyond that stage, to the actual examination of personalities and indigenous cultures as they influenced events over time. Every day we eat avocados from Mexico or red peppers, and when traveling there, we speak to the locals in accented Spanish, so in fact their world is not far from our world. I find Mexico fascinating because it has so many parallels to Russia and the surrounding states of the former Soviet Union: autocratic presidents who were sometimes out of touch with reality and who often relied on authoritarian tools of repression for decades, a weak police force that is underpaid and corrupt, a legal system that is ineffective on the ground, and vast oil wealth in the midst of poverty. Mexico has modernized over the last century, if not fully successfully, rejecting dictatorship if not violence, reinforcing my conviction that Russia and the surrounding states will also reject dictatorship in the long run.

I would recommend the book to any Quaker because it is a creative effort to get us beyond stereotyped and outdated thinking about Mexico.

Krauze, E. *Mexico Biography of Power: A History of Modern Mexico, 1810-1996*. New York, NY: HarperCollins Publishers, 1997.



Gourds meet by Zoom.

All gourd photos by S. Gates,  
September 2022.

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