

THE GAZETTE

"a news-sheet, a periodical publication giving an account of current events"

West Falmouth Religious Society of Friends

JANUARY 2023



Excerpt from Howard H. Brinton's *Friends for 300 Years* --

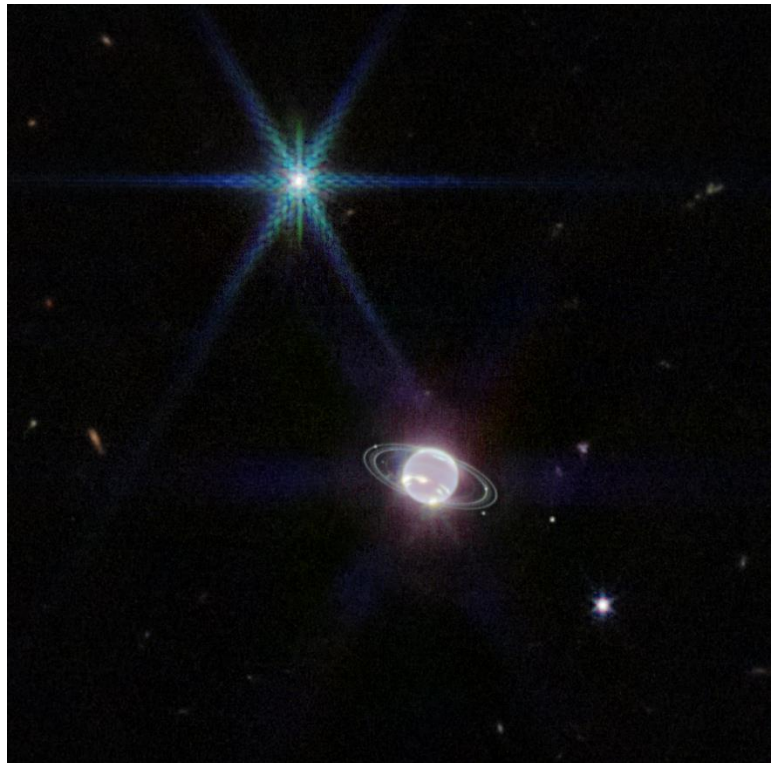
"... If God had not revealed himself both outwardly in history and inwardly in experience, the outward revelation would have lacked power and the inward revelation would remain formless and vague. Only as the outward eye of time and the inward eye of eternity are focused on a single fact does that fact attain the three-dimensional quality of Truth."

Cited in *Faith and Practice of New England Yearly Meeting of Friends*. Worcester, MA: NEYM, 1986, p. 73.

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Right: the Neptune system as captured by NASA's Webb telescope. Triton, one of Neptune's moons, is shown in the upper left. Find this and other images at <https://webbtelescope.org/>.



Upcoming Events

Officers

Molly Cornell, clerk

Sally Fritz, recording clerk

Clyde Tyndale, treasurer

Regular Events

Adult Discussion Group

Sundays at 9:00 a.m.

Peace and Social Order

2nd Sunday at 12:30 p.m.

Erica Adams, clerk

Empathy Practice (NVC)

Usually 1st Saturday 9:30–11:45

Brenda Nolan, convener

Restorative Circle Practice

Usually 1st 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 4th Sunday

January 22; February 26

*Note: Due to Covid, many of these events
are on hold. Check with committee
conveners to sure.*

Sandwich Quarterly Meeting

Meeting for Business -- Saturday, **January 28** – via Zoom hosted by Martha’s Vineyard Friends.

Ministry and Counsel – **March 25** in East Sandwich and **September 23** in Mattapoisett.

The **Dartmouth Historical and Arts Society**, in collaboration with the Colonial Society of Massachusetts, recently completed *The Minutes of the Dartmouth, Massachusetts Monthly Meeting of Friends 1699 - 1785, Volumes I and II*. Verbatim transcriptions of the original records kept by the Quakers, each volume numbers over 800 pages. The texts have been made available online on the Colonial Society’s website, <https://www.colonialsociety.org/publications/4942/volume-97-minutes-dartmouth-massachusetts-monthly-meeting-friends-1699-1785>.

Sandwich Monthly Meeting

New Year’s Eve Gathering at East Sandwich Meeting, **December 31, 2022**. Meeting for Worship, 7:00 p.m.



January Birthdays

Joyce Johnson, 6

John Davidson, 7

Heidi Blocher, 14

February Birthdays

Fran Lightsom, 3

Anita Thacker, 12

Deborah Bradley, 12

Clyde Tyndale, 24

West Falmouth

Quaker Women - The Zoom schedule for the upcoming months is as follows (meetings begin at 7 p.m.).

January: Tuesday **1/3** and Wednesday **1/25**; **February:** Thursday **2/9** and Tuesday **2/28**; **March:** Wednesday **3/15** and Tuesday **3/28**. Opportunities for In-person gatherings occur on alternate Fridays at 9:30 a.m., when we meet with Gina Lyman at Atria. Notifications for the in-person gatherings come from Molly Cornell.

Peace and Social Order

Sunday, **January 8**, 12:30 p.m. Peace activists, Jeremiah Dickinson and Anthony Shimamoto will speak.

Sunday, **February 12**, 12:30 p.m. Christine Smith will speak on *Food Revolution – What Is It and Why Does It Matter?* See the next pages for further information on these presentations.

Second Sunday Forum is entering its third year! Many thanks to all who have participated thus far. If you would like to speak or to recommend a speaker or topic for the coming year, please contact Erica Adams at adams.eric@comcast.net.

Note that videos of previous 2nd Sunday presentations can be found at <http://www.youtube.com/@westfalmouthquakers>.



Monday, **January 16**, 2023, Martin Luther King Day, from 9:15 - 11:00 a.m. No Place for Hate - Falmouth Annual MLK National Holiday Breakfast at the Sea Crest Resort in North Falmouth.

Henry St. Julien, Director of Diversity, Equity, Inclusion, and Belonging, Falmouth Public Schools will speak on "Creating a Beloved Community on the Cape: Steps towards a vision of the Cape where all take quantitative steps so marginalized people will thrive."

Advance sales until January 11, \$25 adults / \$15 students.

Learn more and register at <http://www.npfhfalmouth.org/events.html>.

Peace Activists: Hiroshima NGO+ Vietnam: Quaker Pacifist



Jeremiah Dickinson

Quaker: Dover, NH
War Resistor

Vietnam War: Quaker Pacifist

“We are not called to be successful
we are called to be faithful.”

My decision to be a non-registrant grew out of lessons learned at home that were reinforced and strengthened in Quaker education and community. I will talk about how I sought to live into these principles in work and a life of faith.

BIO: Jeremiah Dickinson born in Ohio, raised in New Hampshire, and graduate of The Meeting School, a small, independent Quaker high school. In this community he learned ‘lived Quakerism’ that he has found sustaining. After working full-time in the peace movement, he worked as an occupational therapist in community mental health for many years. Retired, Jeremiah is devoted largely to family and Quaker engagements at the local and regional level.

ZOOM Talk: Sunday, January 8, 2023 at 12:30 – 1: 30 pm EDT
Question + Answer period follows

REGISTER: <https://bit.ly/PeaceBuildingEducationFaithfulness>
(Only the first part will be recorded)



Anthony Shimamoto

Law school student
NGO intern (2022):
ANT-Hiroshima
Teacher in Japan

ANT-Hiroshima, Japan: NGO work in Peace-building and Peace-education

I will talk about Summer 2022 in Hiroshima as an NGO intern
ABOUT: ANT-Hiroshima is an NGO based in Hiroshima, Japan, that pursues projects in international cooperation, international peace-building, and peace education. <https://www.ant-hiroshima.org/en/about.html>. The organization grew from a volunteer group established by Executive Director Tomoko Watanabe and was later renamed Asian Network of Trust (ANT) Hiroshima. The work of ANT-Hiroshima is motivated by Hiroshima's experience and memory as an A-bombed city. Like ants, we may have little power alone, but by working together with other organizations and individuals from across the world, we believe peace in the world can be achieved. With the message and spirit of Hiroshima in our hearts, we move forward in our efforts.

BIO: Anthony Shimamoto: is a law school student who is just getting started in the NGO sphere. Summer 2022, he was an intern at ANT-Hiroshima, a local NGO in Hiroshima committed to peace advocacy and peace education. Previously, he taught in Japan, for over 7 years.

2nd Sundays Quaker ZOOM Talk Series
HOST: Peace + Social Order Committee
West Falmouth Preparative Meeting MA (USA)



“FOOD REVOLUTION: What is it? Why Does it Matter?”



CHRISTINE SMITH

Marion Institute: Program Manager, Southcoast Food Policy Council
 Catholic Relief Services + Catholic Charities Baltimore + Idaho

2nd Sunday Forum: Sunday, February 12, 2023, from 12:30–1:30 pm ET

REGISTER: <https://bit.ly/FOOD-REVOLUTION>

The food supply chain or the “Food System” we all rely on is a complex structure, and we saw its fragility during COVID. Together, we will delve into the following:

- | | |
|---|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • What is the “food system” or food supply chain? • How and why did we move to the industrialized food system (big companies running our food production) • What do we need to change or revolt against in the food system to recover our health and food choices • What is the impact on our lives in terms of daily decisions such as what do I need to sacrifice for my family to eat healthy food? | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • What is food equity and why is that important in the food system? • What are some key points from research that are guideposts on our next steps? • What are the four initiatives of the Southcoast Food Policy Council and how can I get involved? • What resources are available to help your discernment in the food revolution? |
|---|--|

BIO:
 Christine Smith is Marion Institute’s Program Manager for

Southcoast Food Policy Council. Her social justice career began as a missionary in Taiwan with the Society of St. Columban then, Catholic Charities in Maryland, and Idaho and Catholic Relief Services. She educated the public on social justice issues, enhanced partnership relationships, supported community organizing, planned conferences and advocated on legislative issues. Christine has a BA in History from St. Mary’s College of Maryland and an MA in Religious Studies from St. Mary’s Ecumenical Institute of Theology in Baltimore. She enjoys hiking, traveling, and the beach.



2nd Sunday Forum- a Quaker series
 Host: Peace + Social Order Committee
 West Falmouth Preparative Meeting, MA

Spirit in the Dark, a new solo exhibition of 23 abstract watercolors (2020-2022) by Erica H. Adams. At the Lobby and Harbor Park Galleries in Moakley Federal Courthouse in Boston from **January 5 – March 30**, Monday through Friday, 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Receptions on Thursdays, January 12 and March 23 from 3:00 to 5:00 p.m.



Where Roses Grew, © 2020 Erica H. Adams, Watercolor and Ink on Paper, 9 x 20 inches.



Plumbing the Darkness, © 2022 Erica H. Adams, Watercolor and Ink on St Armand Paper, 9 x 20 inches.

Also of Interest

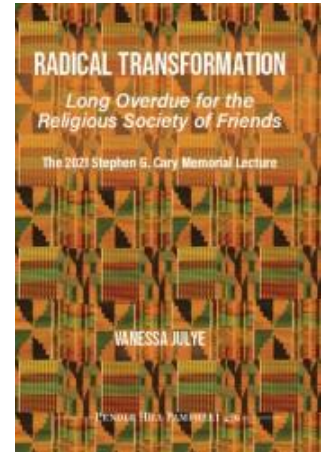
Pendle Hill– See <https://pendlehill.org/>.

A First Monday Lecture with Beverly Ward – *The Battered Earth: Injury, Loss, and Healing*. Via Zoom, Monday, **February 6** from 7:30 – 9:00 p.m. Free to the public, registration required. Learn more and register at <https://pendlehill.org/events/the-battered-earth-injury-loss-and-healing/>.

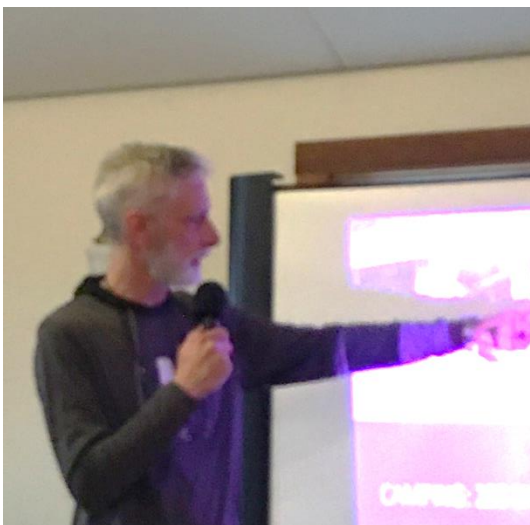
January Online Reading Group – On Wednesday, **January 18** from 6:30 – 8:00 p.m. the group will discuss Vanessa Julye’s *Radical Transformation: Long Overdue for the Religious Society of Friends* (PHP #476). Julye gave the 2021 Stephen G. Cary Memorial Lecture at Pendle Hill. Learn more and register at <https://pendlehill.org/events/pendle-hills-reading-group-january-3/>.

Exploring a Quaker Commitment to Reparative Justice -- This online weekend workshop explores the spiritual imperative and deep need for Quakers to commit to repairing harms done by Quakers and others through their involvement in slavery and its afterlives. Saturday, **January 28** (9:30 a.m.) through Sunday, **January 29** (4:00 p.m.). Optional pre- & post- workshop sessions. Learn more and register at <https://pendlehill.org/events/exploring-a-quaker-commitment-to-reparative-justice/>.

Beacon Hill Friends House notes that the recording of November 15 slide presentation, “The Quaker Indigenous Boarding Schools: Facing Our History and Ourselves,” as well as guidance for its use, is now available. Learn more at <https://bhfh.org/the-quaker-indigenous-boarding-schools-facing-our-history-and-ourselves/>.



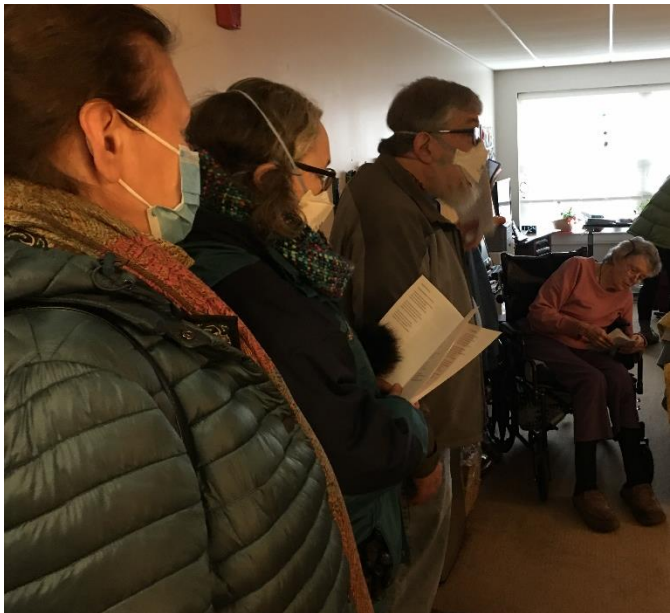
Photos of Friends



Following meeting for worship and a potluck lunch, Friends listened with interest as Paul Denoncourt spoke about his experiences hiking the Appalachian Trail. Photos: Sunday, December 11.



Friends sang carols to Sunny and Len (top and right), Gina Lyman (bottom, left) and Joyce Johnson (bottom, right). Photos: Thursday, December 15.



Readers Write

A Fourth Postcard from the Appalachian Trail

Paul Denoncourt



Undercast seen from Big Bald Mountain on TN/NC Line. Photo credit: author, October 4, 2022.

Hello again! A lot has happened since my last correspondence. First, we were hit by Hurricane Ian. Knowing that it was imminent, I hiked into Erwin, Tennessee and checked into Uncle Johnny’s Hiker Hostel with about 2 hours to spare. By the time the tempest reached the northeast corner of Tennessee, it was a tropical storm, having been ripped apart by the Appalachian Mountains. The separate parts of the storm went over us in waves, delivering moderate to heavy rains, and light to moderate winds, for four days. I remained dry, at the cost of several days’ mileage, but the prolonged rest did my sore muscles good.

Soon thereafter, I entered Great Smokey Mountain National Park, which straddles the Tennessee – North Carolina state line. In fact, the trail is the state line. Within the park are the tallest mountains on the trail; among these, Clingman’s Dome, the tallest at 6643 feet. There is an observation tower at the summit where one is rewarded with spectacular views. As I arrived at the peak of foliage season, the views were even more breathtaking than usual. Non-hikers can get there by an access road. While I was there a non-hiker got down on his

knee and proposed to his girlfriend. She said Yes, the crowd broke into applause, and she cried with joy.

While the bride-to-be was the celebrity on the tower, I briefly tasted celebrity status back on the ground. Tourists saw me with my loaded pack, trekking poles and wild beard. A crowd gathered around me asking many questions. “Are you really doing the Appalachian Trail?” “What is it like?” “How many miles do you do a day?” “What do you eat?” “How many pairs of shoes have you gone through?” “Aren’t you afraid of bears?” “When did you start?” A few even took my picture – my first experience with paparazzi!

After the hurricane, in late September, the weather turned cold, especially at night. We started to have nightly frosts. I had not expected winter to arrive this early (it is the South after all!), so I didn’t have winter clothing with me. I spent a few miserable nights shivering in my summer sleeping bag. I decided to go off trail into Gatlinburg to buy clothing and a winter sleeping bag – expenses I had not budgeted for.

Also unexpected were the crowds within the park. The schools in that area have a two week “Fall Break” in early October. Because it is foliage season, many families go to the park for a few days of hiking, and many also take in nearby Dollywood. The park was mobbed. Shelters and tent sites were hard to come by. I saw no wildlife at all along the 80 miles of trail within the park as the critters were scared away by the noisy crowds.



Amicalola Falls in Georgia. Photo credit: author, October 29, 2022.

When you exit the park's southern end, you enter North Carolina. That area was in a drought that even the hurricane had not remedied. Finding water was a daily concern. Many days I had to carry a gallon of water (about 9 pounds) to get me to the next dependable water source. That, and my winter gear, increased my pack weight to nearly 40 pounds. My shoulders sure complained about that!

Entering Georgia was a joyous occasion because it was the 14th and final State; the end was near. I began to see wildlife again as the crowds were gone. One evening a herd of wild boars ran through my campsite. Another night a black bear came into camp after my food bag. I had hung it from a high tree branch just in case as I knew I was in bear country and three days away from the next resupply opportunity. I was in my sleeping bag in my tent when I heard him snorting, then a tree branch breaking. Afraid he had broken the branch holding my food bag, I bolted out of the tent, shone my headlamp at him, yelled loudly and clapped my hands frantically. It worked; he ran away into the underbrush snorting as he went. My food bag was intact hanging from its branch. I expected him to return later in the night, but he did not.

My relationship with Spirit changed somewhat in the southern half of the trek. We had fewer conversations. I asked why and was told we had covered all I needed to know in the northern half of the hike. Nevertheless, I continuously felt its presence, especially as it handled problems when they arose. I would turn the problem over to Spirit and it would say, "I'll take care of it." I ran out of an over-the-counter medication I needed; a Trail Angel providing Trail Magic turned up with a bottle for me without my asking. I was getting low on food; a family on a day hike said they had packed too much food and offered me their surplus. I was running out of water in the drought-stricken area. It was near dusk. According to my navigation app, there were no water sources for about 10 miles. I turned the problem over to Spirit, and a few miles later came to an uncharted, yet flowing stream, near a decent, unlisted tent site. Once, while hitch-hiking, I was picked up by an older gentleman. He said that, for safety reasons, he long ago established his family's



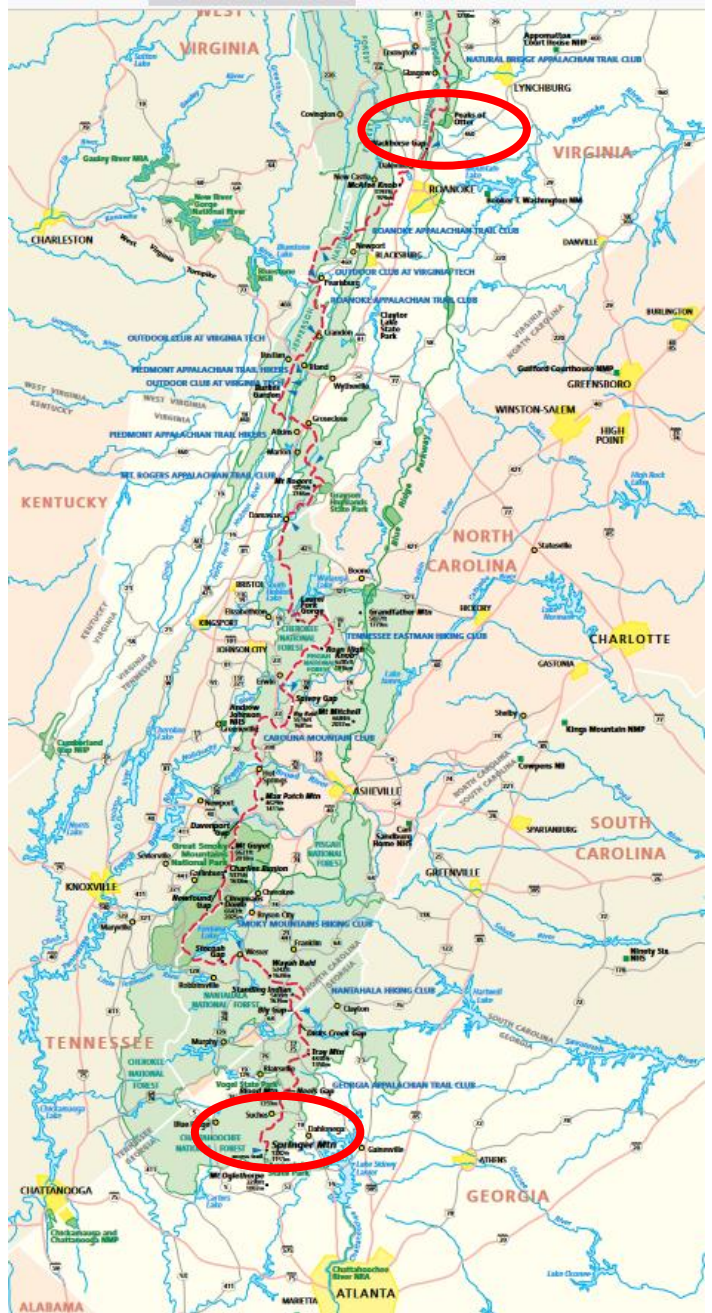
Paul at the summit of Springer Mountain. Photo credit: fellow hiker, Brian Gallagher, October 28, 2022.

policy of never picking up hitchhikers, but the Lord told him to make an exception for me. I said, “Spirit speaks to you too?” He replied, “All the time.”

On October 28th I reached the southern terminus of the Appalachian Trail on the summit of Springer Mountain in Georgia where a plaque is bolted to the granite ledge (see photo). Surprisingly, I felt nothing. It was the end of the day; it was cold; I was hungry. I still had a lot to do (get to a campsite, set up camp, cook and eat supper) before it got dark, and I knew I still had to hike 8.5 miles to get off the mountain the next day. Only after I reached the mountain base, hitchhiked into town (Dahlonega), checked into a motel, showered, and got a hot meal - in other words, felt human again - did it hit me that it was really over. My wife drove to Georgia to retrieve me. It was a great reunion.

I hiked 2207 miles (including the approach trails at either end) over 182 days – an average of 12 miles per day. If you don’t count “zero days”, I averaged 13.5 miles per day. It was the most difficult physical challenge of my life. I lost 25 pounds and went through five pairs of shoes. I saw thirteen bears, two rattlesnakes, two copperheads, one coyote, one red fox, and about a half dozen boars. I suffered no major injury or illness besides an allergic reaction to multiple bee stings. I never felt unsafe or in danger. I met hundreds of hikers, and all were delightful people.

Now, at home, I realize I am changed. With the benefit of hindsight, I see that I was called to the trail for the purpose of having those conversations with Spirit in order to expand my consciousness to bring me closer to Divinity. I have not achieved Enlightenment (whatever that is); I am still a flawed being. But now I can sense my spiritual self and it feels larger and more real than my human self. I hope and pray that my conversations with Spirit continue, that its gentle voice won’t be drowned out by the cacophony of this crazy world. I know that to keep the conversations going I need to spend much more time in silence. The Sufi poet and mystic Rumi wrote, “Silence is the language of God. All else is poor translation.” I know exactly what he meant.



Food

Len Kreidermacher

I was born in September 1934 and went to college in September 1952. I was born on a farm in southeastern Minnesota and after leaving for college did not return to the farm except for short visits. This is my memory of food during my time on the farm. Some of these memories may be inaccurate because I was a youngster and a long time has elapsed. My parents were married in 1927 and moved to this farm in 1929. We got electricity in 1940, installed a bathroom in 1948, and never had a telephone.



My parents were married on April 26, 1927. My dad, Andrew Kreidermacher, was born on September 24, 1900. My mother, Margaret Kammerer, was born on November 10, 1902. Both of their mothers died in childbirth, my dad's when he was 16 and my mother's when she was 3. My grandfathers died in 1951. All my ancestors were Catholic farmers.

Left: My parents and their wedding party on April 26, 1927. My uncle, John, was my dad's best man.

Dairy products: We had about 40 to 50 cattle and milked about 15 to 20 cows by hand. We weaned the calves when they were about a month old and milked the cows. We ran the milk through a separator and fed the skim milk to the calves via a pail with a nipple near the bottom. We took the cream to the creamery in Eyota a few times during the week and picked up butter when needed. During World War II we churned our butter. Every morning after milking we took whole milk and cream to the house. The windmill was about 100 feet from the house. The water went into a wooden tank and overflowed into an underground cistern which was connected by an underground pipe to the barn about 500 feet away. We kept the milk in jars in the wooden tank to keep it cool. We only had ice cream in the winter; we harvested ice from a pond and used it in a hand-cranked ice cream churn. My dad made the ice cream, always vanilla, using cream and whole milk.

Vegetables and fruit: We planted potatoes at the edge of a corn field so we could keep it weeded when cultivating corn. My dad walked through the corn field and planted pumpkin seeds in the hills where there were no corn plants. We harvested a wagon load of pumpkins in the fall and fed most of them to the pigs. When my mother requested, I selected an appealing pumpkin and prepared it for our dinner table and my

mother would make pies, pumpkin bread, or custard. We had an orchard close to our house with apple and plum trees. My mother cut up the apples and preserved them in stone jars with smoldering sulfur. My favorite dessert was rhubarb and baking powder biscuits smothered in cream. Rhubarb is a perennial and depletes the nutrients in the soil which was no problem because we had abundant cow manure. We had a large garden, but I only recall the rhubarb.

Meat: We had pigs, sheep, and chickens in addition to the cows. We had two horses when I was very young. My dad was an early adopter of farm machinery, so he sold the horses. My dad and my uncle would butcher a yearling cow and a pig each autumn. My mother canned the meat. My uncle had a smokehouse which he used to cure hams, bacon, and sausages. He washed the pig intestines, ground up scraps of meat, and made sausage. After 1940 we bought a freezer and froze the meat. In 1946, Bill Smith and family moved to Eyota and built the Eyota Locker which was a one-room grocery store with a room of lockers in back which are small freezers and a butcher shop. We would take a pig or yearling cow to have Bill Smith butcher it. When I was in my 20's, Nancy Smith, his daughter, became the mother of my six children. Each Spring my dad got baby chicks. I think they were sent by mail?? We kept them in a chicken coop all spring and moved them to the hen house in the fall where they could be free range and we gathered the eggs. We butchered several of them which was a family activity. We did not sell chickens or eggs. Each year we sold pigs, lambs, and cattle.

Bread: My mother baked bread, six loaves at a time. We bought 50-pound bags of flour. Our kitchen stove was wood burning and heated the kitchen. After we got electricity, the wood burning stove was replaced with one that was a combination of wood burning at one end and electricity at the other. My dad bought a threshing machine in the late forties and my brother and I became part of the threshing crew, so we ate lunch at the neighbors. I remember being delighted to eat store-bought bread and baloney.

After the farm: In later years, I would leave Eyota with some special items: I took some rhubarb plants to Falmouth and the sausage from the Eyota Locker was especially tasty. Elgin, a town a few miles from Eyota, had a cheese factory with curds and other very good cheeses. When I still lived in Minnesota, I was offered meat from my parents' locker. All of that is history and even the cheese factory sold out to a chain and the last time I visited it, 30 years ago, the cheese was no longer worth the trip.

Conclusion: We always had plenty of good food and were never hungry. Some of it was not as tasty as I now eat, but some was really special.



Left: My children with my parents around 1964.
Left to right, front row: Bill (1956), Chris (1958);
second row: Julie (1960), Laurie (1962), Kari (1959)
and Cheryl (1955).

We moved to Massachusetts in 1965. I graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1959, a week after Kari was born.

My Grampa Used to Say

Alan Burt

Like I've done with Grandma, I felt called to share with you, my dear Quaker friends, some things about my grandpa. I was so blessed to be raised primarily by them. For me and others I have spoken to, there's something very special and beautiful about grandparents. Sadly, this isn't true for everyone. However, it is my hope that what I share here will touch the hearts of all who read it because my story here also reflects the importance and lasting meaning between the young and the old. It's about passing on the torch of loving life.

My grandparents, Manuel and Isabelle Maderios, were first generation Americans. Their parents migrated here from Portugal in the late 1880s with the hopes and prayers for a better life and future for their families. My two brothers and I were born in the early 1950s and simply loved our grandparents' house which was located on Main St. in Santuit (later renamed Cotuit). They grew most of our food along with the chickens that my brothers and I loved to chase around the chicken pen when we thought we could get away with it. And we were fascinated with the outhouse which we still used because it was fun. And oh, the feel of the cold water flowing out of the hand pump of the well!

My grandpa was a finish carpenter and built our house. However, he became crippled from rheumatoid arthritis in his early forties. In fact, I never saw him walk without a cane or crutches. He had a huge garden which provided all the food we needed. I can still visualize his crutches on the ground as he then used his shovels, rakes and hoes to keep himself standing and moving around the garden. I recall so many people stopping their cars to take pictures of my grandparents' vegetable and flower gardens. As I think about it now, I feel that their gardens reflected the fruits of their loving life.



And then there was the white wooden bench that my grandfather made. My brothers and I loved sitting on the bench with our grandpa. Along with the special talks we had with him, he would have us help him clean the vegetables and have us bring them into the house where grandma would make us feel like we grew them ourselves.

Left: The Burt brothers on the white bench with Grandpa: left to right: Chip, Tom, Grandpa, and Alan. Photo: Isabelle Maderios, around 1960.

But we were not the only ones who sat on Grandpa's bench. When I was about 10 years old, I became aware that a number of the neighbors who came by and sat on the white bench shared their problems with my grandpa who would listen to them and provide some guidance. I thought to myself, how "dare they" do this. My grandpa was crippled, and they should be helping him instead. It wasn't until I was an adult that I realized that they came because they saw my grandpa as a source of love and wisdom.

In so many ways, my grandpa showed me the importance of loving and caring for others. Even when I was a young boy, Grandpa would ask me to help Grandma with the yard by raking the leaves and mowing the lawn. In fact, I was mowing the lawn with a reel mower when I was around 8 years of age. I can recall even now how scary it was behind this powerful machine especially while I was maneuvering it around the trees and garden areas. "I was mowing the lawn for my grandpa," and I felt as though I was taking care of my family. In my mind's eye, I can still visualize every row of the yard, all of the bumps, the twists and the turns. They are ingrained in my mind as each step of the way was a step of loving compassion for my family. My grandpa instilled this gift in me in many and essential ways. These were his parting gifts for me.

My grandpa had a wonderful sense of humor and would make all of us laugh out loud. He taught me and my brothers how to catch birds in a box which was propped up with a stick and string. It was so exciting spreading the breadcrumbs leading the birds into the inside of the box and then pulling the string at just the right time. We would never harm the birds and would set them free almost immediately which was also a great pleasure. Truly, we were more left with the joy in freeing them as though forgetting we were the ones who trapped them in the first place. And this was because my grandpa taught us to love the birds, the bees, the insects, the butterflies, fire flies and all the animals that came by as our friends. It's hard for me even today to imagine any yard that had more life in it than ours. It was like living in Eden, living in harmony with all living things.

When I was 10 years old, my grandpa got cancer and his health declined during the last two years of his life. But it was not until the end that my brothers and I realized he was going to die. My grandpa took care of us and protected us right up to the end. He had his special talks with each of us in his hospital room. My brothers and I have shared these parting gifts with each other, these blessings from our grandpa. Now it is our turn to hand down his and our own parting gifts to the young around us. I feel blessed for the opportunity to write this for you, as it has reminded me of the importance of passing on the torch of loving life not only to the young, but to each other as well. As I finish here, I can sense and even visualize my grandparents smiling as life is such a beautiful thing to experience and pass along.



Grandpa (on the left) with neighbors on the white bench.
Photo: Isabelle Maderios, around 1960.

Meditation on Gun Violence

Nan Garrett-Logan

Here are the names of Massachusetts residents who died this year due to a gunshot. This list is drawn from the Gun Violence Archive.* Two of the victims were killed in Falmouth. Fourteen of those who died were police officers. Female victims are so designated; all others were male.

Many people were damaged by each of these deaths whether physical injury was involved or not. Yes, even the person who pulled the trigger was affected. Sometimes the age, name or even gender was not known. Yet, all of the victims were people who did not know when they woke up that morning that they would not be waking up the following morning.

We don't know what gifts each of these people had nor what work they might have been capable of they had lived. Every person's life is sacred. Read the names aloud imagining the lives they represent.

December 14 Ildefonso Velez, 22
December 7 male, 31
December 7 Hubert Labasquin, 69
December 7 Christopher Jean Baptiste, 25
December 7 Luis Ramos, 49

November 29 male, 24
November 15 Odogwu Ganobi, 26
November 9 Elijah Pinckney, 35
November 8 male
November 6 Ross Copeland, 38
November 6 Edwin Pizarro, 48
November 5 Anali Farias, 16, (female)
November 4 Jason Murray, 39

October 26 Herman Maxwell Hylton, 43
October 24 male, 28
October 23 Jasmine Burrell, 33 (female)
October 23 Christian Thistle-Kavanaugh, 21
October 22 Daniel Sanders, 36
October 17 Quaaneiruh Goodwyn, 24 (female)
October 12 Justice Kirkland, 32
October 12 Andre Yarns Jr., 32
October 10 Rasante Osorio, 14
October 9 Jose Roberto Zelaya, 45
October 9 Sara Richardson Emerick, 45 (female)
October 9 Colin A Canham, 45
October 4 Christian Berryman, 19

September 30 Teddy Cepeda, 43
September 29 Hanser Moreta-Gonzalez, 26
September 24 Gricelle Ofarrill, 42 (female)
September 24 Orlando Ofarrill, 40
September 21 Colby Dowling, 26 (female)
September 7 Kevin Ventulett, 40
September 4 Tefen Ivy, 29
September 4 Jermaine Daye, 33
September 3 Alex Larkin, 25

August 31 Damonte Dancy, 29
August 31 Deondre Roberts, 25
August 27 Derrell Russell, 33
August 23 Mohamed Sharif, 66
August 23 Sanjar Halin, 34
August 23 Abdul Halin, 46
August 23 Kahosay Sharifi, 32 (female)
August 20 John Rivera, 29
August 19 female
August 19 male
August 18 Jordan Wiggins, 32
August 13 Dion Ruiz, 28
August 11 Xavier Barkon, 19
August 1 Roosevelt Thornton Jr., 13



July 29 male, 17
 July 27 Curtis Ashford Jr., 15
 July 26 Matthew Mack, 38
 July 21 Jahieem Gist-Vailes, 21
 July 19 Anthony Miele, 49
 July 18 Richard Roman-Santiago, 33
 July 17 Ralphie Scott, 33
 July 16 Felicia Obeng, 41 (female)
 July 8 female
 July 4 Ivanildo Cabral, 29
 July 3 Elis Vizzcarondo, 18
 July 3 Adriana Gonzalez, 23 (female)

June 28 Rashad Taylor, 41
 June 25 Anderson Martinez, 42
 June 12 Jordan Ridgeman-Dicks, 20
 June 11 male adult
 June 7 Nerilson Lopes, 25

May 30 Luis Lebron Alvelo, 23
 May 29 David Carrasquillo, 30
 May 22 Falmouth suicide, Menauhant Beach
 May 20 Yajaira Mitchell, 31 (female)
 May 20 Jessie Eligadon Mitchell, 46
 May 14 male, 48
 May 10 Kianna Barrows, 20 (female, Falmouth)

April 29 Luis Miranda, 36
 April 27 David Wood, 51
 April 25 Luis Mendez, 38
 April 22 Andrew Doman
 April 15 Karmari Alexander, 21
 April 12 Junior Pimentel de la Cruz, 27
 April 11 Bilahi Bell, 27
 April 10 Brian Gomez, 20
 April 8 Dreshaun Johnson, 31
 April 7 male, 23
 April 4 Stephan Curley, 26

March 27 Jose Delacruz, 32
 March 26 male, 27
 March 25 Miguel Estrella, 22
 March 21 Eric Jose Carlos, 35
 March 15 Brima Koroma, 24

February 28 Ernest Appiah, 29
 February 17 Ewdy Lopez, 22
 February 15 Nathan Paul, 17
 February 12 male, 35
 February 10 Fabio Andrade-Monteiro, 22
 February 5 Harry Williams, 51
 February 1 Jeric Black, 39



January 27 Jorge Rivera-Ortiz, 29
 January 24 male age 31
 January 23 Prince Thompson, 25
 January 23 Paul Courtemanche, 42
 January 22 Dijoun C Beasley, 26
 January 25 Jazmin Rosario, 17 (female)
 January 15 John Martin, 53
 January 9 Orlando Taylor III, 23
 January 5 Lashar Garner, 37
 January 3 Kelvin Cruz-Lopez, 23
 January 2 Jucelena Gomes Ramos, 16 (female)

*See <https://www.gunviolencearchive.org/>.

The Night of Remembrance, December 21, 2022

Alan Burt

For the past 20 years a number of us have been led to sleep outside on December 21st, the longest night of the year. More importantly, this day is recognized as National Homeless Persons Memorial Day. For those of us who have experienced these long, cold, sleepless nights, it has helped us to more deeply understand, feel, and then care about addressing the ongoing suffering and deaths of our homeless neighbors on the streets of Cape Cod.

Homeless memorial services are held in over 100 cities across America on this very same night. Usually these services are held inside places of worship. We have chosen to hold these sacred services both inside and outside. As in previous years, a small group of Quakers attended this year's service at the East Sandwich Meetinghouse, and a few then stayed the night to further remember.

We felt it fitting to hold the ceremony in the carriage house where the Global Pandemic Stone was housed before we sent it to New York with the final destination of Hart Island where over a million men, women, and children have been buried in pauper graves since the civil war. A small replica of the stone was passed around for each to hold and experience as we shared our loving compassion and prayers for all who have suffered and died throughout history from medical and social pandemics worldwide.

We then gathered around the historic woodstove in our beloved meetinghouse. Along with prayerful silence, words came forth from hearts and spirits to honor, grieve, and pray for all who have suffered this past year, with a special remembrance for those who have perished hungry, homeless, afraid, and alone.



Friends outside of the East Sandwich Meeting carriage house.
Photo credit: G. Melix, December 21, 2022.

We shared our gratitude for the generous donations from our three meetinghouses and from individuals who helped us to raise nearly \$10,000 in Stop and Shop gift cards this year. These cards are still being handed out to the homeless in Hyannis, to the homeless of the Wampanoag Tribe and to homeless African Americans in the towns of Mashpee and Falmouth.*

As the memorial service came to an end, Lewis Randa, Paul Denoncourt, and I prepared ourselves and our camping spots for us to further experience, "this night of remembrance." Unlike earlier, when words seemed to flow, suddenly a sense of reverent

silence filled each of us. As the hours passed, and the cold night air penetrated our bodies, we had periods of awakening not only to our own sense of discomfort, but more deeply, to the suffering of those we honored during the memorial service. Each alone, we drifted in and out of our experience, knowing it deeply, but without the ability to put it into words for ourselves, let alone others. It was a private blessing for each of us to bear, and to carry into the coming year, renewed in our connection to each other. Blessings.

*If you would like to contribute to this cause, please send your donation to the Peace Abbey Foundation, 16 Lavender St., Millis, MA 02054 noting S&S gift card initiative in the memo line. Contact Lewis Randa for further information (508-259-8508 or lewisranda@gmail.com).

Green Christmas

Steve Gates

'Tis the season of lights! Despite the short days outside, one of the pleasures of the season for us is the amazing taste of fresh vegetables, started indoors in late October, grown organically, and harvested minutes before they arrive at the table. Just seeing the vegetables growing inside in December lifts my spirits!

Since I don't have many good windows for growing plants, I've converted an old bookcase into a greenhouse, with 2 LED lights on each shelf. These lights are inexpensive, long-lasting and use very little electricity. The lights run 12 hours a day or so. I sow seeds of plants that require relatively low light levels (e.g., the 6 kinds of lettuce, 2 kinds of kale, Swiss chard, and parsley in the photo to the right) in a compost-based soil mix, water every few days and fertilize every week or so beginning about a month after sowing. After about 6 weeks, I begin harvesting them, usually a few leaves at a time (see bottom photo). After a couple of months, I start new trays of plants so that the second set is ready about the time I've harvested all the plants from the first set.

I've noticed that my family is slowly moving to a diet richer in fresh vegetables. Part of this is just that the vegetables taste so good. But another part is the salad dressing we found (from America's Test Kitchen, in box below). We've given up all commercially-prepared salad dressings because, as always, homemade is so much better.



1 T + 1 t sherry vinegar
1 clove garlic, minced
¼ t salt
⅓ t black pepper
¼ cup olive oil

Whisk vinegar, garlic, salt and pepper together in a bowl. Whisking constantly, drizzle in the olive oil.

May you have a good holiday season!



3 Day Snow

3 Day Snow (Memory)

Ithaca New York 50 years ago
before any worries of global warming
if anyone worried at all
they worried about
a new descending glaciation.

On the outs with my family
I stayed in town
for the Holidays
no place to go lonely and pitiful
while everyone else left
yes everyone no friends left
hardly anyone around...

Sometime after Christmas day
the snow started to fall
a fine cold thin snow
that didn't augur much
by its beginning...

For 3 days the snow fell
and fell
easily and steady
the snow slowly mounted

snow falling
snow falling
still falling

until by day 3 three feet lay rounded
in mounds to my hips.

Nothing moved.

No one came out to play
there was no business to interrupt
no cars no plows
no SUVs—remember this
was 1969

I went out alone
and stood in virgin snow
snow deep and pure
and monochromatic
covering the cars the houses
the buildings as though
they were hills heaps and mounds
on some remote Antarctic island.

The silence held for days
and nights and more days
and alone in the snow
I found myself uplifted
through loneliness and pathos
turned inside out
into full breathing
into cold ecstatic still dance.

Bill Holcombe
05 March 2008

Opinion: Reducing Covid Risks in Our Meetings

Steve Gates

For several years, our family has used air filters to remove allergens from the air in our house. We have found these so effective for the those in the family with allergies that we have four different filter units placed throughout the house. And John and Rita, who have the allergies, both notice immediately when we fail to have a unit turned on because they start having allergy symptoms. We therefore try to run the filters whenever anyone is in the room and turn them off to save energy when they are not there. The filters we use are HEPA (“High Efficiency Particulate Air”) filters that are effective even with very small particles.



Rita and I were talking yesterday about the fact that we have not gotten Covid, even when John did. Of course, we sheltered during the first year (pre-vaccines), have had 4 vaccinations for Covid, including the latest bivalent vaccine, and we wear masks when Covid rates on the Cape are high or when a family member is infected. So that may explain everything. Or maybe we’re just lucky. But we got to wondering: could our avoiding Covid have something to do with our HEPA filters?

A quick check on the Web led me to a very interesting article entitled “Effectiveness of HEPA Filters at Removing Infectious SARS-CoV-2 from the Air” in the August 10, 2022, issue of mSphere, published by the American Society for Microbiology.¹ A group of Japanese researchers set up a test room in a facility designed for handling infectious diseases and sprayed live Covid viruses into the room while a HEPA filter was running. Then they sampled the air and found that 85.38% of the virus particles in the air were removed in one “ventilation volume” (i.e., the amount of air contained in the room). However, if they let the filter continue to run, 96.03% of the particles were removed after two ventilation volumes. The viruses fell below the limit of detection (more than 99.97% removed) after 7.1 ventilation volumes. The inference the authors made was, “This finding indicates that the air in the chamber does not pass through the air cleaner evenly and that there are areas where the aerosols tend to linger.” They suggest that adding an air circulation system to the room in addition to the HEPA filter may help more quickly clean out the areas where the virus tends to linger.

Of course, this is only one paper, and very recent, so full confirmation of the usefulness of HEPA filters in removing Covid particles is still pending. And this result is in a very simple test chamber, so results in homes may be significantly different (but what ethical scientist would spray live viruses in a home to do that test?). However, it does lead me to a question: **Wouldn’t it make sense for our meetings in the Monthly meeting to consider installing HEPA filters in the meeting houses** and other buildings they own? These filters are relatively cheap (\$150-\$250 for rooms in a house, \$250-\$350 for larger rooms) and might provide substantial additional protection for those in the meeting house or community center. There is almost no discernible downside to these filters.² My own suspicion is that a HEPA filter or two would do a much better job at reducing Covid risk than simply opening a few windows, especially during the winter.



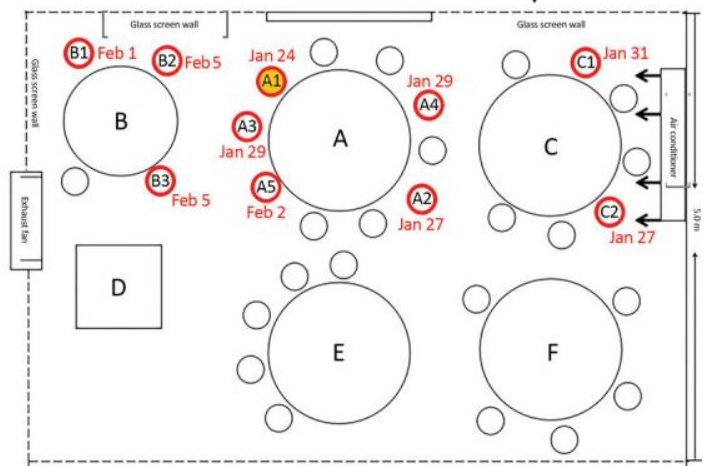
¹ <https://journals.asm.org/doi/10.1128/msphere.00086-22>

² Note, though, that if you choose to run a unit 24 x 7, the energy consumption can be significant, so you’ll want to look for energy-efficient versions, such as units having the Energy Star rating. And some units can be fairly noisy, so you’ll want to look at noise ratings as well.

If you are interested in reading about a comparison of various HEPA filters for your home or meeting house, the New York Times has published a useful article on the topic.³ For meeting houses, we might want to consider a unit like the one pictured on the previous page, a Blueair 211+ that they review: it is both whisper quiet (at low speed) and capable of clearing particles from large rooms. At high speed, it cleans 550 sq. ft. rooms in 12.5 minutes, although it would probably take longer in bigger rooms or meeting rooms with high ceilings. It is even Energy Star rated, i.e., highly energy efficient, although this is less important in spaces that get used only a small fraction of the time.

It is clear after 3 years of Covid that we will be living with it for a long time into the future. As we consider how to “live with Covid,” something so simple and so effective seems to me like a no-brainer, especially when combined with masking and social distancing during periods of higher infection rates. In any case, installing such filters appears to be a reasonable, proactive step to take to support those in our meetings who may be at higher risk of Covid because of various health issues but who nonetheless wish to attend in person.

Just to remind us all of a little medical history, a paper published in July of 2020⁴ first laid out the transmission of the Covid virus to 3 families, all of whom were sitting in the same section of a restaurant in Guangzhou, China. The paper hypothesized that the virus had been carried to the three tables that were in the direct stream of a single air-conditioning unit in that section of the restaurant; diners in other parts of the restaurant were unaffected. The authors suggested that an aerosol of the virus flowed from table A to B, and perhaps back to table C, since the restaurant had no windows and the air for this area entered and exited at the air-conditioner on the right in the drawing. Diner A1 (in yellow-filled circle) was the first patient from this infection, and had just returned with their family from Wuhan, where the epidemic is believed to have started. Other labeled diners tested positive for the disease later, at the dates shown. Not everyone developed Covid at the same time, so the authors speculate that there may have been later transmission from one family member at the table to another. This paper suggested that the virus was transmitted in the air, and that social distancing and better air circulation might help reduce infections.



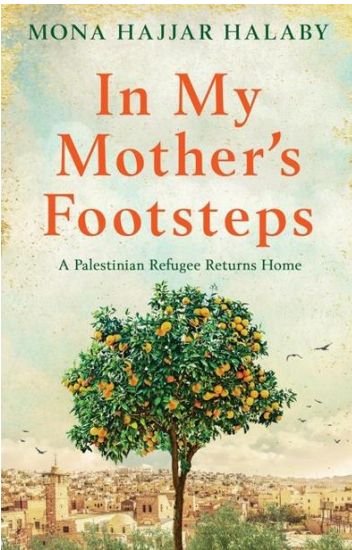
³ <https://www.nytimes.com/wirecutter/reviews/best-air-purifier/>

⁴ <https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC7323555/>

What We're Reading

Ruth Zwirner: *In My Mother's Footsteps: A Palestinian Refugee Returns Home* by Mona Hajjar Halaby.

This book is informative of the Palestinians situation in Israel and Ramallah. In 2007 Mona is teaching peace building classes at Ramallah Friends Elementary school, a school started by American Quakers. She shares her complex feelings and experiences during the year often in reference to her mother's letters and her mother's

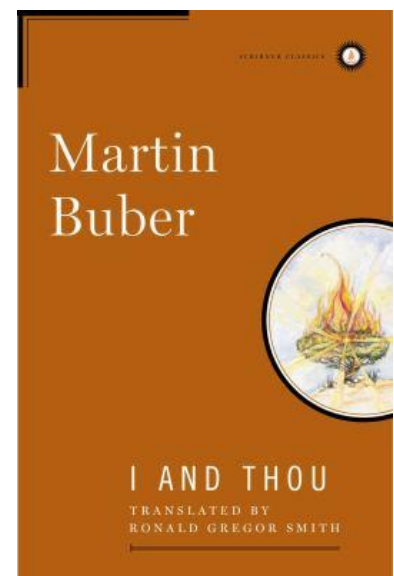


later visit. The disruption and reality of these Christian Palestinians' lives beginning in the 1940s and into the 2000s as they are evicted from their homes, becoming refugees, is made real through Mona's words. And she finds her current students have varying experiences of trauma. Mona claims her Palestinian roots during the year as she explores the area interacting with people of varied political and social groups. This interesting and informative book gave me a better understanding of the unfortunate situation with Israel and Palestine. I encourage all to read this.

Halaby, M.H. *In My Mother's Footsteps: A Palestinian Refugee Returns Home*. London, England: Storyfire Ltd., 2021.

John Davidson: *I and Thou* by Martin Buber

We frequently find references to Martin Buber's work entitled *I and Thou* in popular discussions of religion, but it is worth the time and effort to get the 1923 original out of the library to study what he actually wrote. Cape Cod Quaker Eric Edwards suggested on 2 October to our Meeting for Business at West Falmouth that Buber is important to understanding modern Christian as well as Jewish or Quaker theology, to the extent to which Quakers can be said to have a theology, and I agree with Eric that the meaning is quite accessible to an interested reader. As Buber was part of that very erudite generation of German-Jewish intellectuals who largely perished in the holocaust, his book proceeds step by step in its arguments, like the writings of Immanuel Kant and other logical philosophers of the Enlightenment. The dense Germanic prose style and the profound Talmudic tradition of reasoning are slightly off-putting, but charming if one does not give one's self a headache by worrying about the logic of each sentence.



What strikes a reader who is not a specialist on philosophy is the clarity of the basic idea, which proposes to reconcile God with the workings of the modern world and the consciousness of its inhabitants. The book lays out a view of the world in which human beings can enter into relationships using their innermost and whole being to form true partnerships. This Buber calls the “I-Thou” relationship, which he discusses in some detail as it relates to the development of consciousness in children or primitive tribes. These deep forms of rapport contrast with what the author calls the “I-it” relationship.

Buber is clear in his humanistic and religious outlook: “Love is responsibility of an *I* for a *Thou*. In this lies the likeness- impossible in any feeling whatsoever- of all who love, from the smallest to the greatest and from the blessedly protected man, whose life is rounded in that of a loved being, to him who is all his life nailed to the cross of the world, and who ventures to bring himself to the dreadful point- to love *all men*” (p. 29).

Buber goes on to demonstrate that these interhuman “I-Thou” relationships are a reflection of the human meeting with God. For Buber, the essence of biblical religion consists in the fact that, regardless of the infinite abyss between them, a dialogue between man and God is possible. He discusses the various meetings between God and Man in the world’s great religious traditions (for example on page 84) in terms of I and Thou: “The doctrines of absorption appeal to the great sayings of identification, the one above all to the Johannine “I and the Father are one,” the other to the teaching of Sandilya: “The all-embracing, this is my Self in my very heart.” Sandilya is a reference to the formulation of the Hindu idea of God which Buber assumes the reader will understand to be a citation from passages in the Upanishad. Clearly Buber did not see his theology in terms of just one religious tradition. For example, he wrote: “Every particular *Thou* is a glimpse through to the eternal *Thou*. Through this mediation of the *Thou* of all beings fulfillment, and non-fulfillment, of relations comes to them: the inborn *Thou* is realized in each relation and consummated in none” (p. 77).

Turning other persons into things has had some very dangerous consequences, as Buber had become aware. He condemns in some detail the world-view of Napoleon, who could not think in terms of the *Thou* (p. 71) but saw the beings around him as machines capable of various achievements which could be utilized and taken into account for the Cause, so that Napoleon in the end saw himself as an *It*. What Buber had to say about Napoleon is equally true today of Xi Zin Ping in his control over the Chinese Communist Party or Putin over his control of Russia. In each case, the leader does not consider the people he commands as human individuals, but only as machines in his service, and he does not see even himself as free, but as an *It* in the service of the cause. But just as Napoleon failed to conquer Europe, so Putin is failing in his war to conquer Ukraine and even Xi is failing in his campaign to destroy human freedom within China.

During and after the Industrial Revolution, the common but basically unethical treatment of others as objects for use took hold, as this “*it*” thinking about the lives of others was thought to be practical and useful for making money or spreading empire. Buber mentions the worship of money or the nation as examples of *I-it* substituting for *I-Thou*. We can see this point illustrated in the spread of slavery across the American South after the invention of the cotton gin, and its brutal implementation on the large plantations of the deep South as an industrial business process. The European empires of the eighteenth and nineteenth century fought wars of extermination against each other as well as against native or indigenous peoples, and the end results of this objectification of the hated other in the twentieth century were witnessed by Buber himself, as he found it necessary to escape Nazi Germany in 1938.

Buber had a major influence on important Protestant theologians, so that Paul Tillich for example acknowledged his debt to the idea of “I-Thou.” Tillich saw God as not just love, but as the ideal of justice and truth, and saw history as a struggle working itself out between the daemonic principle and the spiritual principle. Tillich sought to incorporate Buber’s insight so as to modernize Protestant theology away from the writings of Luther or Calvin, and focus instead on a spirit of love and tolerance. It is worthwhile to read Maurice S. Friedman’s *Martin Buber: The Life of Dialogue* (Harper and Row, New York, 1955), for a discussion endorsed by Buber himself of the relationship between his works and the works of other theologians. Friedman’s book is also useful in that it places *I and Thou* in the context of Buber’s entire life work, presenting to the reader a systematic theology which provided an analysis of education, ethics, psychotherapy, and the Bible.

I would recommend *I and Thou* to any Quaker, because it is a landmark in twentieth century intellectual history and helps us to move beyond a narrowly dogmatic concept of God from any one tradition. This quotation conveys the profound mysticism of Buber’s thought: “The world of *It* is set in the context of space and time. The world of *Thou* is not set in the context of either of these. Its context is in the Centre, where the extended lines of relations meet- in the eternal *Thou*” (p. 97).

Martin Buber, M. *I and Thou*. New York, NY: Charles Scribner’s Sons, 1958, Ronald Gregor Smith, translator.

Note from the Editor

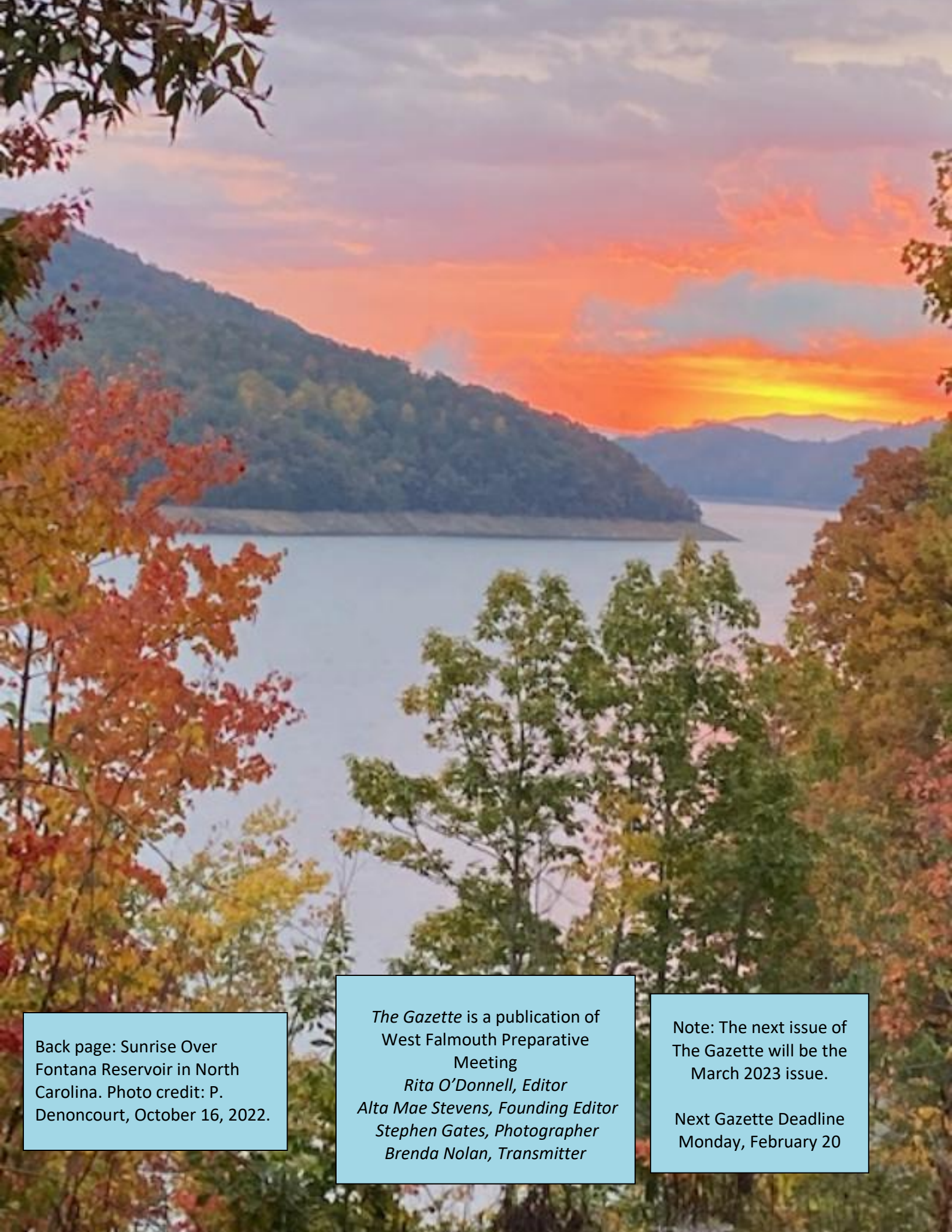
Dear F/friends,

In addition to wishing you Happy New Year, I wanted to let you know that *The Gazette* will be going to an every-other-month publication schedule. The next *Gazette* will be the March 2023 issue distributed around February 26. The deadline for the March issue is February 20. I hope you will consider contributing. As always, the deadline for the upcoming issue will be listed on either the last or the next to last page of the current issue. Thank you to all of you who have contributed to *The Gazette* this year!

Also, a large print edition of *The Gazette* is now available. It contains all of the articles, poetry, photographs, and other reader contributions, but is limited in terms of the announcements. If you’d like to receive the large print version or if you’d like to look at an issue to see if it might be better for you, please let me or Brenda know.

Happy New Year!

Rita



Back page: Sunrise Over Fontana Reservoir in North Carolina. Photo credit: P. Denoncourt, October 16, 2022.

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