

# Memorial Minutes ~ 2015 ~

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NEW ENGLAND  
YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS

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**Harold Nichols Burnham Jr. (1927–2013)**

**Benjamin H. Cates (1920–2014)**

**Beth Cheadle (1936–2013)**

**Anna Palmer North Coit (1908–2014)**

**Peter Robbins Haviland (1930–2013)**

**John Kellam (1916–2012)**

**Jeanne M. Kinney (1937–2012)**

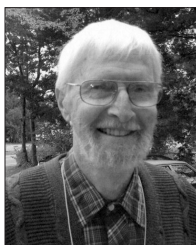
**Richard Reeve Wood Jr. (1932–2010)**

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**Harold Nichols Burnham Jr.**  
**March 21, 1927–July 31, 2013**

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When Harold Nichols Burnham Jr. died in July 2013, his family, students, patients, and friends were left to mourn their loss and to celebrate his life. At Portland Friends Meeting, we no longer have this Friend in weekly worship, but we are left with a powerful example of a Quaker life.

Harold (Hal) Burnham was born in 1927 and raised in Portland, Maine, where he attended Oak Street Friends Meeting. After the death of his father from tuberculosis when Hal was four years old, his mother led their family. The strength of his mother and the absence of a father were significant influences on Hal, as were the family ideals of honesty, courtesy and obedience instilled in him and his younger brother.

Hal felt himself called to be obedient at a young age. In high school, Hal refused to participate in a scrap-metal drive to provide metal for military armaments. After graduating from Bowdoin College, he refused to carry a draft card or submit to the physical exam required by the Selective Service. As a result, Hal was arrested and sentenced to 18 months in a maximum security prison in Springfield, Missouri, which interrupted his teaching duties at the Scattergood School. Knowing that many of his co-conscientious objectors were considered ex-convicts, he refused to sign a statement for early release from prison because it required that he promise not to associate with any known ex-convict. Hal's integrity may have made his life more difficult, but he remained true to his ideals and to the messages of some of his heroes: Jesus, Mahatma Gandhi, George Fox, John Woolman, Bayard Rustin and later, Martin Luther King Jr., as well as T. Canby Jones and Gilbert Kilpack.

One of Hal's gifts that we will miss is his vocal ministry. His vigilant examination of his life to discern God's message led to deep understanding, deeply shared. One example of Hal's ministry is a message that he gave reflecting on his experience as a young man on a late fall walk in

the woods. He was wrestling with how he might dare to put his life in the hands of something as invisible as the power of prayer. Hal loved to hike, ski, and fish. He felt confident about his relationship with the beloved, physical, visible world around him. His hike brought him to a puddle that stretched across the path. As he paused to determine whether to go through or around, he observed the crisp, colored beauty of the fallen leaves that lay under the water. He decided that the obstacle was wide enough, and his boots sturdy enough, to slog through the water. He was astonished when he brought his foot down. Instead of sinking into a liquid surface, he met a crystal-clear sheet of ice. He was, unexpectedly, held by the invisible. From time to time Hal would return to this experience to encourage trust in the Presence.

Hal embraced prayer and witnessed its power, even though he professed occasional doubt. In 1947 Hal attended the Friends World Committee for Consultation in Oxford, England. The gathering was struggling with the wording of an epistle and tensions were high. An older attender near Hal prayed aloud "Oh God, we are in a fix. We ask You to guide us." Profound silence fell over the entire gathering, and the way became clear. This event led Hal to embrace prayer for help when Portland Friends Meeting formed from the merging of Oak Street Friends Church and Forest Avenue Friends Meeting. The joining was difficult, but encouraged by Olive Taply and Calvin Wolcott, Hal prayed for help in guiding the worship of this new community. Through the summer, the worship grew as did Hal's confidence in asking God for help.

Hal did not see his faith as an easy path, and felt that it was hard work to be a good Christian and a Quaker. He struggled to model Jesus and be good, faithful and courageous. Over time, he came to believe that by living in a way that showed love for others, he was doing the most loving thing possible for God. After graduation from the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine, Hal's work as a doctor of family medicine was a form of ministry for him, as was his work at the Mercy Hospital Chemical Dependency Program.

Near the time of his death, Hal was still regularly attending Portland Friends Meeting, recording the weather on Sebago Lake where he lived with his wife Phyllis, and enjoying his son Jonathan and daughter Margo and their families. New England Yearly Meeting and Portland Friends Meeting miss this deep Friend. How Harold Burnham wished to be remembered is best stated in his own words, "What is said about me after my death I hope will be truth. What I would like the truth to be is that my life has brought others some measure of physical comfort, emotional hope, and the confidence to commit themselves to more reliance on divine love in this life."

— PORTLAND FRIENDS MEETING

FALMOUTH QUARTERLY MEETING

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**Benjamin H. Cates**  
**March 20, 1920–January 15, 2014**

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Benjamin “Ben” Cates embodied the Quaker testimonies of peace, simplicity, silent listening and social justice. He was a gentle, unassuming man of unyielding integrity who shared his gifts of love, friendship, and a self-effacing humor with all who knew him. When a young couple began to explore attending Vassalboro Friends Meeting in the early 1970s, it was clear to them that Ben was one of the Meeting’s “movers and Quakers.”

Ben’s singing voice enriched our Worship in Song, and his participation in barbershop singing only ended when he became too ill to sing with the group. Although he suffered many personal losses and was dealing with declining health, Ben never stopped attending Meeting for Worship. Our community was comforted by the sound of his walker indicating that he had arrived safely on Sunday morning. As Ben’s body began to fail him more and more, he still welcomed conversations about exploring the Katahdin and other regions in Maine. Through layers of disability there was always a twinkle in his eye when he remembered canoe trips on Lobster Lake in northern Maine.

As the sixth child in a Quaker family of 12 children growing up on the family farm in Vassalboro, Ben developed a deep love for the outdoors. Music was an equally powerful influence in his life, and when he learned to play and bought a guitar, his family and the community received a wonderful gift. Ben Cates and his brothers would canoe with the “Jones girls” to a sandy point on China Lake and sing around a campfire, accompanied by his guitar. Ben was honored to have Rufus Jones invite him and his brothers to sing during a Sunday service at the South China Community Church.

When the United States entered World War II, Ben followed his Quaker faith and became a conscientious objector. He volunteered in the Civilian Public Service Program as an alternative to military service. While in the CPSP, Ben provided much-needed help to the Brattleboro Retreat in Vermont, a mental hospital that had lost many staff members to military

service. He also helped to build fire towers in Vermont and conducted dairy testing in Connecticut.

Ben met his future wife, Edna Winder of Fallingston, Pennsylvania, at New England Yearly Meeting. They married early in 1946 and raised a family of seven children. Ben had earned a degree in accounting and finance prior to the war and used these skills in his career and volunteer work. He held jobs in accounting and also served as a town officer in Vassalboro. In 1952 after his father died, Ben took responsibility for the family's general store, which he managed for 27 years. When asked why he decided to sell the store that had been in the Cates family for three generations—more than a century—Ben replied, “After 100 years, I was just plain tired.”

In addition to his commitment to the Vassalboro Monthly Meeting, Ben was active in Vassalboro Quarterly Meeting, New England Yearly Meeting, and the larger Quaker world. He saw the development of Friends Camp in China as a welcome challenge and helped to construct many of the camp's buildings. If you seek his monument, you only need stroll through the camp. He also served on the Camp Committee and was employed for a time as camp treasurer. As he grew older, he shared his lifelong love of nature with young campers. Ben's service to Friends Camp spanned five decades. Former campers still fondly remember Ben's leadership in organizing and guiding camping trips to northern Maine lakes.

Ben's commitment to Yearly Meeting did not end with his service to Friends Camp. He served on Permanent Board, only missing the meetings that occurred on his 50<sup>th</sup> and 55<sup>th</sup> anniversaries, and also served on the Executive Board and Student Loan, Peace and Social Concerns, and Finance Committees.

Developing and sustaining a relationship with Quakers in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia was a special concern for Ben and Edna Cates. They began attending the spring Atlantic Gathering of Canadian Friends soon after the event started and were active participants for several years. Their presence helped to create a bond of friendship and understanding between Friends in the two countries.

Ben Cates was a faithful presence in the Vassalboro Monthly Meeting and an elder who served as a model for all of us. He listened to messages with care and when he spoke, his remarks were brief and pithy, prompting one member to comment, “Ben seldom speaks at Meeting, but when he does, I listen.” Canadian Friends who attended Ben's Memorial Service on March 15 said that he embodied the message of a quote attributed to Saint Francis of Assisi, “Preach the Gospel at all times and when necessary use words.” In both silence and action, Ben's life spoke to all of us.

— VASSALBORO MONTHLY MEETING

VASSALBORO QUARTERLY MEETING

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**Beth Cheadle**  
**March 1, 1936–December 26, 2013**

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Born to James Franklin Cheadle and Alda Ellen (Utterbach) Cheadle on March 1, 1936, in Sacramento, California, Beth graduated from the University of Redlands in 1958 and earned a Master of Religious Education degree from Berkeley Baptist Divinity School in 1960.

Beth grew up in a family that took their faith seriously, and from her youth she clearly had a religious bent. From an early age, her active engagement in church groups attested to her commitment to put her faith into practice, and whenever she spoke of her childhood, her recollections evinced her fine-grained moral compass.

One story underscores how Beth early on lived the peace testimony—by instinct, by faith and by her intelligence. Very young, perhaps seven or eight years old, and in a family of regular churchgoers and participants in Sunday school, she had already absorbed the stories of the New Testament. One day she heard of some violence being perpetrated against a person or a group, and in the retelling of the story the violence was justified as God’s will, or a Christian duty, or both. Venturing to question what she had heard, she said, “But Jesus wouldn’t have done that.” The comment is Beth in clear relief: not just the compassion and kindness she possessed by inclination and learning, but clear, querying intelligence that cut through the sophistry that justifies inflicting pain and violence.

Almost everyone thinks of the care and tenderness of Beth’s capacity to listen and to hear. Beth absorbed your concerns as she listened in a reflective spirit, and also offered practical advice. She worked with her physical handicaps and to the end lived actively as she gardened, cared for her friend, Juanita Cook, and tended to her well-loved cats.

It is our sense that throughout her life, Beth was a spiritual seeker, and that she came to find—some 20 years ago—her spiritual home in the Religious Society of Friends in Bennington Friends Meeting. It was as though she had been a Friend before she came to Friends.

Well organized and orderly in approaching all that she undertook, including serving as Clerk of the Meeting and as a member of Ministry

and Counsel, it was at bottom the spirit in which she proceeded that spoke most clearly: attentive to the observation and the contributions of all, yet ultimately most concerned that we arrive where the Spirit would have us be.

— BENNINGTON FRIENDS MEETING  
NORTHWEST QUARTERLY MEETING



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**Anna Palmer North Coit**  
8 April 1908–15 October 2014

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Anna Coit, a member of Westerly Friends Meeting, was a remarkable woman who lived a long and extraordinary life. When death came she had reached the age of 106½ and up to that time had been the oldest alumna of Vassar College—she was likely the oldest member of just about every organization she was a part of, including the New England Yearly Meeting of Friends. But the fact that she lived a long life is not

what set her apart; it was her intelligence, wit, generosity, sense of community and her spirit that drew people to her. And she held all of these qualities well, right up to the end of her life.

Unlike many people who live into their nineties and beyond and become increasingly isolated as they outlive their cohort of friends, Anna had more and more friends as she grew older. In an article published near her 100<sup>th</sup> birthday she was quoted as saying, “I wish I had been this popular when I was 17!” Anna was quite aware of how rare it was to have all of her faculties at such an advanced age. When she went to have her driver’s license renewed at age 99, the motor vehicle department clerk asked whether she would prefer the four-year renewal or the eight-year renewal. Anna’s response was, “I think I will go with eight.”

Anna was born in New York City to Amelia Palmer North and Dr. Charles North and grew up in Montclair, New Jersey, the oldest child, with three sisters and a brother. The family would visit relatives in Stonington and North Stonington, Connecticut, and would regularly summer in Westerly, Rhode Island, on the Pawcatuck River, in Haversham, or at the Palmer Family homestead on Pendleton Hill in North Stonington. After graduating from Vassar in 1930, Anna began working for *Time* magazine as a researcher and eventually became the first woman writer at *Time*. In 1941 she wrote the cover story on Dr. Fleming’s discovery of penicillin. An article she wrote in 1942, on women working in factories

during the war, appears in a 2008 compilation, *TIME: 85 Years of Great Writing*.

Anna was also a historian, environmentalist and genealogist—a founder of the North Stonington Historical Society, the Walter Palmer (genealogical) Society, the North Stonington Garden Club and the Avalonia Land Trust. She wrote a monthly newsletter for her local historical society, contributed articles to other historical society newsletters and donated manuscripts and family treasures to the New London County Historical Society and Mashantucket Pequot Museum. In 2014 Stonington celebrated the 200<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the town militia's 1814 victory over the British Navy after a three-day bombardment by four warships. Anna was named Grand Marshal of the parade—she had been at the 1914 parade celebrating the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary as a six-year-old, and she remembered it! At Anna's memorial service, one young woman declared, "Anna remembered 1917 better than I remember last week."

Anna married Harlan "Pete" Coit, a decorated Navy fighter pilot, in 1945, and they lived for a while in Seattle. In 1952 they purchased an old farmhouse and property in North Stonington, where they began a Christmas-tree farm. Although Pete died in 1978, Anna lived there for the rest of her life and sold Christmas trees from the property through 2013, when she became incapacitated by complications from hip replacement surgery.

Anna worked as a teacher and librarian at a small independent school in Stonington, Pine Point School, from 1959 to 1974 and had many close friends—teachers and students—from her time there. Children who had been in her fifth-grade classes in the 60s and 70s visited her throughout the last years of her life. Although Anna and Pete had no children, it seemed that just about every other person who spoke at her memorial service considered her a surrogate mother or grandmother.

Anna held a long interest in Friends' principles, having learned as a child about the Quaker faith from a grandmother. She became a member of Westerly Friends in 1979 and regular attender from that time forward. Anna would bring a small arrangement of flowers or dried plants each Sunday to be placed in the meeting room. These often became a focus of meditation for Friends, and when they did not appear, everyone wondered what might have kept Anna away. Anna served as Assistant (or recording) Clerk continuously for ten years, and served as representative to Quarterly and Yearly Meeting on a regular basis in her 70s.

In every newspaper article written about Anna—and there were many—her faith as a Quaker was always identified. George Fox entreated us to "Let your life speak"; Anna certainly did so. That such a shining example of a life well lived should be so closely connected to being a Friend is a characterization known amongst Friends but rarely noted in the larger world.

The last year of her life Anna lived away from her beloved old home, greenhouse and Christmas trees at a rehab center and nursing home. She had visitors every day, never refusing any, even on days when she probably should have, given her condition. A friend would borrow a wheelchair-accessible van in order for her to attend regular lunches at the historical society, so she would still get out even though she had lost her mobility. On her 106<sup>th</sup> birthday she published a small edition of poems she had written while visiting friends in Islesboro, Maine, a number of years before. A reading of her poems at the Mystic Art Association three weeks before her death brought a standing-room-only crowd.

Ensnared (or trapped, if you asked Anna some days) in her room in the rehab facility, Anna kept her mind busy reading (she never gave up her *New Yorker* subscription) and writing poems. During that final year she always had a yellow legal pad available at her elbow and she penned or dictated more than one hundred poems during that time. One of the last poems she wrote, just a day or two before her death, was read at her memorial service and is included at the end of this memorial.

Anna originally didn't want to have any kind of service after her death, but when she finally realized she wasn't going to have her way on that point, she told her cousin, "Call the Friends; they'll know what to do." More than 250 attended the Thanksgiving weekend service at the Wheeler Library in North Stonington, held under the care of the Meeting.

Ever practical and wise, and aware of just how rare a 106-year-old body might be, Anna donated her remains to Yale Medical School to be used for research purposes. Her spirit, however, is with us still.

### *Heaven*

*Heaven is not the way we see it in cartoons  
of elderly people in white chitons  
standing on clouds.*

*Heaven is right here.*

*It is in the "Song of Solomon"  
and in the end of War and Peace  
When a baby brings great joy.  
It is the people murmuring together.*

*It's the sound of children playing  
if indeed they are allowed to run freely.  
It is the feeling of grass between your toes,  
it is the voice of your beloved.*

*It's a sip of Château d'Yquem.  
It's an understanding between friends.  
It is the gentle rain, a single bird  
singing his good-night song.*

*It is the people murmuring together.  
Heaven is everywhere on Earth.*

—Anna N. Coit

— WESTERLY MONTHLY MEETING

RHODE ISLAND-SMITHFIELD QUARTERLY MEETING

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**Peter Robbins Haviland**  
**September 6, 1930–November 15, 2013**

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Peter R. Haviland was a Friend with a capital F and a small letter f. His memorial service at Midcoast Friends Meeting was attended by more than 100 people, many of whom spoke about his patience, humility and good humor, as well as his community involvement and his carpentry skills. What could have been a sad occasion, lamenting the loss of Peter, turned out to be joyful, as those attending celebrated his life with praise and anecdotes about a good man.

Peter was a native of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. His parents, Frances and Harris Haviland, were Quakers. Peter attended Friends Select School in Philadelphia and graduated with a bachelor's degree in English from Haverford College in 1952. He married Deborah Wisner Phillips in 1954, and the couple settled in Summit, New Jersey, where they reared four children before relocating to Maine in 1987.

A member of Midcoast Friends recalled at the memorial meeting that Peter always showed the gentle force of a Quaker upbringing and schooling. She said that Pete was an example of the George Fox teaching "Be patterns, be examples in all countries, places, islands, nations wherever you come."

Peter earned a master's degree in hospital administration in 1957, following alternative service as a conscientious objector in a hospital during the Korean War. He worked for many years at United Hospitals in Newark, New Jersey, eventually overseeing the operations as executive director.

In 1977, he changed careers and became co-owner of a carpentry and home-repair business. He enjoyed working with his hands and used his creative talents as a craftsman, builder and engineer to earn a living and later to renovate an old farmhouse in Cushing, Maine, where he and Deb moved in 1987. In 2011 Peter and Deb sold their home in Cushing to one

of their children and moved to a small retirement community in nearby Rockland, which they both enjoyed.

Peter's Quaker roots as a pacifist and humanitarian guided his approach to life. He was involved in his local Friends' meetings in New Jersey and Maine, where he served as clerk and treasurer, and he provided counsel as a respected elder. Pete was involved for many years in Vassalboro Quarterly Meeting and was active in encouraging the growth of an intergenerational spiritual education program.

Peter served for 10 years for the town of Cushing on the local school board and four years on the board of selectmen. Throughout his life he voiced concerns about social and political issues. He participated in peaceful demonstrations for anti-war and human rights causes.

Peter was described as a Quaker "who engaged with non-Quakers in an unmistakable way." He was "knowledgeable and wise in the issues of the day, offering his opinions in a manner that never offended." One Midcoast member said Peter was her teacher because of the examples he provided through his "honesty, humor and sensitivity. His presence demonstrated Quakerism. Pete was a great thinker and a gentle friend."

His name appears many times in the history of the Meetinghouse Committee, which oversaw the building of the Midcoast Friends meetinghouse on Belvedere Road in Damariscotta in 1995. Peter belonged to a core of members who took part in the negotiations to acquire the land from George Freeman, a local landowner. The committee picked the Quaker architects Cope and Lippincott, a Philadelphia firm that understood the special requirements of a Friends meetinghouse—no stained glass windows, no crucifix, no pulpit, no baptismal font and not even a steeple—and helped to raise money and to secure a mortgage.

One member said she realized at the memorial meeting that the benches she was sitting on was there because of Peter. He and another member of the meeting found pews in an old church and bought them for the future meetinghouse that had not yet been designed. They were stored in the Haviland barn and a few years later were refinished and ready to use. She expressed that the benches were a real work of art—another example of Pete's modesty and love for the meeting.

Peter loved the outdoors and good literature. He and Deb often took the family on vacations to hike, canoe, and ski and to share a passion for nature. In his later years, he enjoyed outings on his 22-foot yawl, *Curlew*.

Peter sustained a love for words and stories that he had developed when he was an English major in college. On first meeting him, one might think of a teacher or a writer, partly because of his gentle manner and a light in his eye that reflected his interest in the world around him. Even as he lay with a long illness, he kept his good spirits and sense of humor. One of the last books he read was E. B. White's *Stuart Little*, a testimony to Peter's gentle and kind, yet realistic, approach to the world.

— MIDCOAST MONTHLY MEETING

VASSALBORO QUARTERLY MEETING

*The following memorial minute for John Kellam is preceded by an accompanying minute from his meeting, Providence meeting. John's daughters wanted his minute to include that he had abused them when they were young. When this was discovered, many years ago, his meeting and the Yearly Meeting held John's family and John, and struggled with the grief, the anger, the pain and the remorse that affects a family and a community when trust is violated and power is abused. Yet between that time and now the story was largely forgotten by the wider community of Friends. We will hear this story again during sessions this year; may we receive it as a community living into covenantal relationships, holding each other, being tender to each other, loving each other.*

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### **A Minute Acknowledging Our Failures and Committing Ourselves to Truth**

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The recent public disclosure of physical and sexual abuses many years ago in a family within the meeting has led to a deepening awareness that our present community truly includes its past members as well as those who will come after us. Looking to the past, we want to acknowledge that Meeting failed to act to halt this abuse and to address the suffering among those affected. A culture of silence over the ensuing decades, in which those who knew about these events chose not to discuss them, caused further suffering in our community. For our failure to act and our silence, we are deeply regretful and apologize first to the survivors and then to others who have been hurt. We have ended that silence.

We also recognize that apology alone is not enough. In response to this painful situation, we have educated ourselves about the requirements for reporting suspected child abuse in Rhode Island and Massachusetts, we have reviewed our own practices and policies intended to keep us safe, and we have listened carefully to members of our community who have suffered abuse in their lives and have much to teach us. Looking to the future, we recognize our responsibility to do what we can to prevent abuse in our community and to be truthful in all our dealings with each

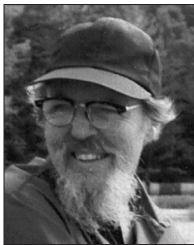
other. We hope to find ways to support Friends in times of deep anguish, including survivors of abuse, some of whom may become perpetrators themselves. We recognize that our commitment to pacifism requires that we learn to deal productively with anger and other painful emotions. We seek guidance in the Light as way opens.

— PROVIDENCE MONTHLY MEETING

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### Memorial Minute John Kellam 1916–2012

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John Kellam came to the Society of Friends in Washington, D.C., in the early 1940s when he became a conscientious objector and began his lifelong devotion to pacifism and peace activism. His commitment to opposing all war included his own willingness to go to prison rather than to serve in the military during World War II. After his release from prison he worked for The National Council for the Prevention of War and was involved in the founding of the Friends

Committee on National Legislation, where he worked during its early years. He was active in Providence Monthly Meeting from 1950, when he and his young family moved to Providence, until his death. John was instrumental in the efforts to design, fund and build our present meetinghouse in Providence. He was also active in the work of the New England Yearly Meeting and was involved in the founding of the Rhode Island chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union. His record of service to NEYM is long and devoted; he served from the 1960s through 2009. It includes four terms on Permanent Board, six terms on the Finance Committee, a term on the Arrangements Committee, auditor of permanent funds from 1975 to 1981, and a period as treasurer from 1982 to 1985. John served on the Friends General Conference Committee for three years, on the New England Friends Home Committee from 1993 to 1999, and was active in the meeting's prison ministry.

Despite his devotion to the principles of peace and non-violence on the national and global stages, John engaged in abusive behavior, including physical and sexual abuse, in his family life, causing great and continuing pain to those closest to him. He spent an extended period of time in therapy seeking to address his behavior. At sessions one year, he and Alice Wisner led a workshop on sexual abuse. After a long period of estrangement from him, John's daughters, Wendy and Susan, were able to reach some reconciliation with him before his death.



His first two wives, Carol and Ruth, predeceased him. His third marriage, to Ann, ended in divorce; nonetheless, Ann and John established a long and loving friendship that lasted until his death.

John is remembered by the attenders and members of Providence Meeting for his strong and active participation on many of the working committees of the Meeting over a long period of time, and for his gentle but firm voice of advocacy for a variety of social issues, including civil rights, affordable housing, sustainable and simple living, and non-violence. His activism in opposition to war and the preparation for war continued throughout his life and the influence of that activism was always felt in the Meeting. He is remembered for actions like using his personal sailboat as a floating billboard to protest the presence of nuclear submarines in Quonset. He frequently shared his extensive knowledge of how to invest money in good conscience.

Many in the Meeting considered John a good friend and a voice of calm and reason during times of disagreement or conflict. His messages during Meeting for Worship displayed wisdom and a principled and well considered world view.

— PROVIDENCE MONTHLY MEETING

RHODE ISLAND-SMITHFIELD QUARTERLY MEETING

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**Jeanne M. Kinney**  
**June 5, 1937–December 23, 2012**

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Jeanne M. (Woolever) Kinney was a long-time member of Wellesley Friends Meeting and since 2001 a member of Smithfield Friends Meeting. She helped found Uxbridge Friends Worship Group in 2009 and found a spiritual home there until her passing. In that time she had been such a strong part of our community, and affected our lives so deeply, that it is a challenge for us to sum our celebrations of her into the confines of this minute.

Jeanne Kinney was a remarkable person who changed the lives of the people and communities around her, doing so with levity, passion and dedication. She had a rare combination of strength, humility and an unwavering belief in the divine which led her to take action in working for restorative social justice and non-violent conflict resolution. Despite having such a strong commitment to her beliefs she was also not afraid to change her position when the spirit moved her on matters of faith.

Jeanne was very involved in all aspects of her Meetings and a driving force behind so many of them. Among Friends, Jeanne started or helped to start a writer's group, various Bible study groups and a group for high school Friends, and was involved in various projects and committees. She served on Ministry and Counsel for both Wellesley and Smithfield Meetings. She also served on Nominating Committee for New England Yearly Meeting. Jeanne was fluent in Spanish and worked with Friends on the Puente committee within New England Yearly Meeting. She was active in the United Society of Friends Women and served as Peace and Social Action secretary for USFW International.

So many friends have felt her spirit warm their hearts, and we can now take comfort in knowing that she is at home with the Lord.

*“Our life is love, and peace, and tenderness; and bearing one with another, and forgiving one another, and not laying accusations one against another; but praying one for another, and helping one another up with a tender hand.”—Isaac Penington, 1667*

— WELLESLEY MONTHLY MEETING  
SALEM QUARTERLY MEETING

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**Richard Reeve Wood Jr.**  
**March 30, 1932–June 5, 2010**

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Richard Reeve Wood Jr. was born March 30, 1932, to Richard R. and Nancy Morris Wood in Moorestown, New Jersey. He grew up surrounded and seasoned by Philadelphia Friends. He attended Moorestown Friends School and received a B.A. in English from Haverford College while it was still an all-male school. He loved playing soccer at Haverford or anywhere else he could round up a game!

Richard's fascination with farms, farm animals and aesthetics of the land grew ever more important when he began working summers on a Quaker farm along the Delaware River. As a conscientious objector he served two years at the Earlham College dairy farm.

Following his stint at Earlham, Richard married Elizabeth Hoag. They bought the Goddard farm, a small farm in Brunswick, Maine, which had been bequeathed to Durham Monthly Meeting. There they had four children: Rebecca, Gilbert, Anna and Susan. They also built a Jersey herd of some note. After their divorce Richard continued to farm and provide hospitality to folks from various walks of life who were passing by. His was a compelling and welcoming presence and he connected easily with all sorts of people.

Richard loved cows and spent much of his time as he worked in the barn thinking and dreaming of the emerging contemporary small farm movement. He was ahead of his time, like Wendell Berry, whose writings inspired him. Later he was given an opportunity, when hired by the Maine Department of Agriculture as coordinator for the Agriculture Viability Program, to travel and write on behalf of the small farm movement in Maine. Richard was a gifted writer and published articles in *Small Farm Journal*, *Maine Times*, and *Times Record*. There was a memorable piece in the *Boston Globe* reporting on Richard's visit to war-torn Nicaragua as part of an Oxfam delegation.

Richard was a beloved and active member of Durham Friends Meeting, serving in various capacities including Monthly Meeting Clerk, Trustee, Ministry and Counsel, and occasionally giving the message. He was Clerk of Falmouth Quarterly Meeting for a time.

One First Day at Durham Friends Meeting, Richard and Susan McIntire rose in the midst of silent worship and he declared, "Before God, my family and friends, I, Richard, take thee Susan to be my wife. With divine assistance and help from my friends, I will be unto thee a loving and faithful husband." Susan responded in kind. The clerk read the marriage certificate aloud and invited each of us there to sign as witnesses. Those present witnessed a traditional Quaker wedding.

Richard and Susan eventually sold the Brunswick farm, moved to Western New York in 1990, and bought another farm. This one had Holsteins and draft horses. Here they continued raising their children Reeve and Isaac. They were assisted in this new venture by local farm folks including those in the nearby Amish community.

In 2000 Richard was diagnosed with Parkinson's disease, which he managed with characteristic grace and optimism. Richard and Susan returned to Maine in 2003 to be closer to family and friends.

Those of us who are privileged to have known him and listened to his deep penetrating voice, marveled at the almost effortless way he established close rapport with others. His Quaker roots and seasoning were embedded in his presence. He was profoundly steady and comfortable. Children loved him. He loved dogs. He wrote mystery stories. He loved his family. For many of us he was a compassionate listener. There are myriad tender memories of cups of tea with him at the kitchen table.

*No Hallmark Angels,  
they asphyxiate me.  
Send me one like  
Richard Wood in  
floppy rubber boots.  
His large hands  
cracked and gnarled  
from washing cow's  
udders on winter days.  
  
This cold Maine morning  
The barn smells of burnt  
rushes. A holstein heifer  
is down dead in her stall.*

*He backed the old John  
Deere into the barn and  
dragged the carcass past  
the restless herd, breath  
rising like incense smoke.  
  
He kicked a heap of snow.  
"At least she'll freeze out here  
in the dooryard till I can think  
of some place to put her".  
Inside we had a dirty mug of  
tea and were as close as  
those cows in the barn.*

~pbc (1995)

— DURHAM MONTHLY MEETING  
FALMOUTH QUARTERLY MEETING





**NEW ENGLAND  
YEARLY MEETING  
OF FRIENDS**

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