

Memorial Minutes -2012-

NEW ENGLAND YEARLY
MEETING *of* FRIENDS

James Anthony (1936–2009)
Donald Booth (1916–2011)
David Weston Douglas (1919–2010)
Shirley Mae Leslie (1923–2011)
Arthur J. Pennell (1930–2010)
Katherine Perry (1918–2011)
Emily Jones Sander (1931–2010)
Beverly Jenness Stamm (1918–2011)

James Anthony (1936–2009)

James Anthony was born in 1936, the last of three sons in a South Georgia family. His father, grandfather, great- and great-great grandfathers had all been Methodist ministers, and there was some expectation that Jim would follow in their footsteps, but he was led to major in English literature at Emory, and to take a Masters degree in the same subject. His career as an English teacher took him, over the next 20 years, to Denver, St. Louis, Istanbul (where he chaired the Department of English at Robert College), and finally, the Boston area, where he taught at Phillips Academy in Andover and the Pingree School.

Though he traveled widely and lived far from home, Jim maintained a warm relationship with both of his parents. He reflected his mother's appreciation of art, literature and music, and had, his brother remembers, many of his father's ways and mannerisms, such that his answering machine message always evoked the elder Anthony's "intoning of scripture as he served communion to his congregation." This brother writes that his "uncertain and vulnerable kid brother became my best friend and advisor, wise beyond his years."

An active participant in the civil rights movement in Atlanta and Dallas, Jim became a Quaker when he moved to Boston, becoming one of the founding members of Beacon Hill Friends Meeting in 1981. He served as assistant director of Beacon Hill Friends House in 1981 and 1982 and as clerk of Beacon Hill Friends Meeting from 1985 to 1987. As clerk, he opened each meeting for business by reading a poem aloud into the gathered worship. A Friend there remembers him as "kind, reflective, and good at drawing others out. He had a sharp sense of humor and a delightful—sometimes wicked—smile, not to mention his famous laugh."

Another Friend from Beacon Hill writes, "He was an incredibly wise and spiritual man. In applying to be director of Beacon Hill Friends House, a Friend writes, "his integrity led him to be open about his sexual orientation, and in so doing gave a gift to the Board of Managers: being able to knowingly hire a gay man." Subsequently, in a threshing session in the late 1980s which was part of the process of discerning whether Beacon Hill Friends Meeting would approve same sex marriages, Jim spoke movingly about the fact that, though the community welcomed his active participation, it would not conduct a marriage ceremony for him. A Friend writes, "It was a powerful moment and quite possibly a turning point in

our decision making” in the meeting’s journey toward becoming clear to approve same-sex marriages.

Jim was active in the North American faith community called Friends for Lesbian and Gay Concerns (now Friends for Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender and Queer Concerns) and served on their Ministry & Counsel committee.

For a friend who had Alzheimer’s disease, Jim was “a special strength; he had such kindness and tact.” As he came to recognize that he, too, had serious memory losses, he became active in Alzheimer’s advocacy, in which he mobilized his rare gift with the English language and his experience in social activism to develop novel, highly successful techniques to convey to his colleagues, their care partners, their professional care givers and ultimately to legislators and their staffs on Beacon Hill and Capitol Hill the experiences of an Alzheimer’s patient and what had proved to be most helpful in his struggle. His eloquence, honesty and courage stirred all who heard him. By 2006 Jim’s Alzheimer’s had progressed and he and Bruce, his partner since 1997, were attending Friends Meeting at Cambridge. At that point both memberships were transferred there, Jim’s from Beacon Hill Friends Meeting and Bruce’s from Friends Meeting of Washington.

A friend wrote, “When I think of Jim, I always think first of that lovely smile and that hearty laugh—often at himself, never at another.” Others affirm that “Jim’s wonderful mix of depth, delight, and mischief are his legacy to Friends,” and that “He loved life, his friends, books, music, art, good food and drink and fun. And he kept his sweet disposition to the end.” In fact, during his last summer, “Bruce brought him to Yearly Meeting and took him around the lunch tables to say hello. Even though Jim could no longer recognize us, his gentle spirit was intact; he was happy to see people and smiled his kind smile.” He is greatly missed.

James Anthony died in Sudbury, Massachusetts on July 15, 2009. He is survived by his partner, Bruce Steiner of Sudbury, by his brother, Bascom Anthony of Potomac, Maryland and Tucson, Arizona, and by eight nieces and nephews.

—FRIENDS MEETING AT CAMBRIDGE, SALEM QUARTERLY MEETING

Donald Booth (1916–2011)

At the age of 94 Donald Booth passed from this world into the next as an exemplar to many. He lived a plain and simple yet extraordinary life with Lois, his wife and companion for 64 years. Together they raised six children and very consciously sought always to live in the Light. He helped revive Concord Monthly Meeting in the 1950s. The gentle but powerful force of his character made him a leader. To those of us who have shared time with Don and watched his life unfold, we are left to marvel in joy for a life well lived to its last breath. He died as he lived: in grace.

Don was an introspective person who examined his actions and responses to circumstances. He was a true seeker, always wanting to know himself better. Don worked hard with his wife to improve their relationship and understanding of one

another. They attended weekend retreats, were in a couples support group for years, and both participated in re-evaluation counseling with Don continuing that for decades.

Journals and letters from his early years reveal a man of strong values who could not abide social injustice and coercion. While he always sought common ground with others, he was uncompromising when faced with principled decisions. He saw the humanity and dignity of those he encountered, sometimes placing himself at risk during the Jim Crow era. He was utterly clear that he could not participate in the military and accepted the scorn that accompanied his resistance of the draft in the 1940s.

Don discovered the value of community while serving in the Civilian Public Service camps populated with conscientious objectors during World War II. Early in their lives together after the war, Don and Lois traveled to the Bruderhof Community in New York State to explore membership with that intentional community. Instead they decided to plant their roots in Canterbury, New Hampshire but looked for ways to build community at every turn. Their home was designed to accommodate many people in a small space. There were frequent drop-in visitors and those who came for extended visits. They had tried communal farming and moved on from it before the start of the “back to the land” movement of the 60s. Don was instrumental in the 1954 volunteer effort to build a new school in Canterbury. Soon after that he began his own home construction business and called it Community Builders, a very intentional play on words.

Don applied his immense energy, curiosity, and creativity to the business. He was a man of his word and stood by his price regardless of cost overruns. As a creative perfectionist Don was not always easy to work for, but he attracted a crew of smart and curious workers who knew that something special was going on at Community Builders. By the 1970s Don’s awareness of the need for more energy-efficient homes became a single-minded focus in his business. Each new home incorporated lessons learned from the last and new ideas to better harness the heating capacity of the sun and the earth itself. He twice received the New Hampshire governor’s award for energy innovation and contributions to the solar field. Don published two books on passive solar design and construction. Once again being a community builder, Don offered seminars for owner-builders and freely shared his experience and enthusiasm for the solar options he was pioneering. Indeed, a number of members of the meeting built homes that benefited from his vision and generosity.

Since Don was a man who applied his abilities to the fullest, those close to him did not focus on his disabilities. For many years Don served on the Governor’s Commission on Disability, having first-hand experience with a vocal cord dysfunction that often left unaccustomed listeners struggling to understand his words. He also had severe hearing loss, especially as he aged. But Don’s smile and open arms, and his desire to warmly engage others heart-to-heart overcame any communication barriers. Within the Concord Monthly Meeting, Don was exceptionally welcoming—open to all and a cheerleader for all as they faced the challenges that life presented.

Don was a life-long activist for peace and justice. He stood with his brothers and sisters on the Mall in Washington in 1963 to hear Dr. King proclaim his dream. On any given Tax Day, one could be sure to find Don standing silently at the Concord Federal Building and Post Office. Carefully crafted signs encouraged others, as they mailed their tax returns, to understand his protest against the military machine and his efforts to pay no federal income taxes. He began, and carried on for many years, a weekly peace vigil in Concord. As the weather turned cold and as his legs became too infirm to hold him up, he would bring along his folding lawn chair and blankets. In Don's 80s, with concern for his safety, his children labored with him and convinced him to cancel plans for a potentially dangerous witness in Iraq in early 2003 as US military action appeared imminent. Don used his considerable yet quiet influence at demonstrations to cause an uplifting message to be spread. His demeanor and the language on his signs spoke with a volume that his voice could not. When he was arrested or audited by the Internal Revenue Service he took those occasions to give witness to the representatives of government that they might be positively influenced by the experience he was creating.

Don displayed a special joy in life in his last years. As he came to accept his own increasing physical and mental challenges, he radiated true delight and happiness to those around him. His simple, joy-filled, open-armed "Yes" during introduction time after Concord Meeting worship communicated his fullness of being in communion with others. One did not need to have a deep conversation to be fully present with Don. Don's last outing from his nursing home bed was to attend the dedication service for his Meeting's new meetinghouse, which he had urged be designed for energy efficiency. As he approached the building and was wheeled into the already assembled gathering, Don held out his arms as if to embrace the universe. His smile extended across any distance that could be imagined. This way of being is the gift he left his meeting.

— CONCORD MONTHLY MEETING, DOVER QUARTERLY MEETING

David Weston Douglas (1919–2010)

David Weston Douglas died on the 30th day of the third month, 2010, at the age of 91. Recorded as a minister in the Religious Society of Friends in 1970, he had already been relentlessly living the life of a Friend among Friends for decades. His modesty and humility came into full flower as a servant to others as well as the Society of Friends during these 40 years.

David was born on the sixth day of second month, 1919, near Brunswick Maine. That winter was so severe his father didn't get into town until April to record his son's birth. David's parents were Quaker, and relatives and ancestors in his family had been members of the Society since the early 18th century, including a regular stream of men and women on record as ministers. Growing up in rural Quaker Maine imprinted the young man with an abiding strain of practicality as well as

typical Quaker values of the era, such as care for the local meeting, a delight in the social life of Friends, a desire to be in touch with Friends from everywhere, the relish of involvement in civil matters (especially from a Friendly perspective), and an implacable opposition to war and violence. He was serious as a young Quaker and was admitted to adult membership in Durham Friends Meeting at the age of 14.

In 1938, while on a Quaker Peace Caravan traveling around New England, he stayed at Margaret Allen Macomber's family's house in Westport MA, a family with an even older Friends' lineage than the Douglas. Margaret and David had met at Yearly Meeting, but the Caravan's time-out ferry excursion through the Cape Cod Canal with Margaret in attendance evidently sealed their fate. They married in 1942 and spent the rest of their lives together. Their partnership can only be described as remarkable in innumerable respects, and for many Friends in New England, the sight of David either automatically included Margaret or meant that Margaret could not be far away. They both worked tirelessly for and with Friends and for and with each other.

David graduated from Bowdoin College in 1941 with degrees in Economics and Sociology, began working for Liberty Mutual Life Insurance in Boston that year, and spent four years learning various aspects of the business. He also managed to play baseball in the Industrial League in Boston for several years. When World War II intervened, he was prepared to become a conscientious objector, but his draft board, unwilling to grant even a Quaker the appropriate deferment, classified him 4F, unqualified for military service. He did voluntary service anyway at Massachusetts General Hospital and he and Margaret bought Civilian Public Service Bonds rather than War Bonds. While working at MGH, David was locked in with mental patients at night and there met servicemen brought back from the war mentally crushed or crippled, but carefully hidden from public view.

In the early 50s, four children now in tow, David and Margaret moved to Cape Cod. David had begun to work for the A&P Tea Company. His family moved permanently into a house in Pocasset in Bourne in the fall of 1955, and David would die in the same house 55 years later. His life on Cape Cod began the consistent and wide-ranging work he would undertake for Friends for the rest of his life. Sandwich Monthly Meeting, composed of three preparative meetings in East Sandwich, Yarmouth, and West Falmouth, was largely inactive. Yarmouth Meeting had recently been revived as an unprogrammed meeting with six or eight in attendance, while West Falmouth only opened in the summer with a program, and East Sandwich was open only in the summer, often only one or two in attendance. David became the person who looked after the physical property of all three meeting houses, and as the meetings slowly regained life and reopened as unprogrammed meetings, he clerked at one time or another all the major committees until membership increased and leadership became available. When Yarmouth became stable and West Falmouth became open year-round in the early to mid 60s, several families including the Douglasses moved their attendance to the closer meeting.

David's involvement in Friends steadily increased both in time commitment and geography. Always involved with the life and concerns of Sandwich Quarterly

Meeting as a constant attender when not clerking one of its positions, he also became a member of the board of Beacon Hill Friends House as well as its treasurer; served on the Board of Friends United Meeting as well as on their finance committee, attending Triennials of FUM around the country; served on many Yearly Meeting committees, including as clerk of Ministry & Counsel, and Finance Committee; and represented New England Yearly meeting for FWCC, including a Consultation Triennial in Switzerland. He and Margaret for many years kept up a personal relationship with Canada Yearly Meeting, meeting Friends in the fall for the weekend, either somewhere in Maine or in Eastern Canada.

Because Margaret kept working until 1981, David was able to retire in 1971 and give himself more fully to Friends and their needs. His life became a model for Friends on Cape Cod and for Sandwich Quarterly Meeting. His example and witness to usefulness and intelligent decision-making helped ensure a lively and sustainable monthly meeting. His hard physical work meant the survival of historic buildings, the acquisition and maintenance of new property and buildings and the consistent care of burial grounds. His travel made social connections between Friends a high priority and aided in creating and maintaining the necessary unity Friends must experience to survive as a Society in a divisive, subjective, and highly autonomous society. His and Margaret's dedication to family life and to each other was itself the warmest and strongest argument in favor of that human arrangement. His conversation was pointed, humorous, generous, catholic in its interests, while never betraying anything but the utmost conviction in the Way of the Society of Friends. The release that recording as a minister afforded him was possibly the strongest indication that being a Friend can be profoundly transforming and inviting and strenuous.

Although David suffered from several severe medical maladies, some of them for decades, including one spectacular heart attack on the floor of a New England Yearly Meeting business session at Hampshire College, he was a stoic concerning pain. He would rather be present, silent with pain, enjoying the company or presence of the Friends about him and all those who visited him and cared for him until the afternoon he died, than anything else. He exhausted himself in service as he wished to do. The positive consequences of his life live in the bodies of Friends today.

—SANDWICH MONTHLY MEETING, SANDWICH QUARTERLY MEETING

Shirley Mae Leslie (1923–2011)

Shirley Mae (Richardson) Leslie was born September 2, 1923, in Rochester, New Hampshire, the daughter of Rolfe E. and Mildred A. (Sanborn) Richardson. A birthright Friend, she was related to the Hanson, Varney, and Peaslee families. Her great-grandfather Peaslee was the pastor of Gonic Meeting in the 1890s and helped build the present meeting house. Peaslee Road in Rochester was named after him.

After graduating in 1941 from Spaulding High School in Rochester, Shirley boarded a train to Kansas to attend Friends University in Wichita, where she studied social reconstruction with an emphasis on children. Her studies included community work among poor people living in train cars. After graduating in 1945, Shirley went to work at a children's center in New Haven, Connecticut.

She met Edward Leslie on the back steps of her house when she came home for a month's visit. A neighbor had told Eddie to go down there and meet Shirley. Eddie invited her to Howard Johnson's for dinner, where they ordered lobster. Unfortunately, neither of them had ever eaten a whole lobster before and they didn't know where to begin.

It was a whirlwind courtship. Before Shirley returned to Connecticut, Eddie knew her ring size, and the next time she came home he picked her up at the train and said "Let's do it." Eddie had been courting Shirley's parents in her absence and was now calling them "Mom" and "Dad." Six months later, on February 12, 1947, they were married under the care of Dover Monthly Meeting at Gonic. Thus began a partnership that lasted more than 60 years, until Eddie's death on January 15, 2008. Together they raised three children, Judy, Betty, and Richard, and the family would grow to include seven grandchildren and six great-grandchildren before Shirley's death.

Faith, family and community were important in her life. Shirley was the leader of a 4-H Club in Dover, New Hampshire, and opened her home on Tolend Road to 42 children over the many years she led the club, children who would later reconnect with Shirley through Facebook. She had a special gift for listening to children, drawing out their individual gifts and encouraging them. All of the children she worked with during her life knew that Shirley simply believed in them and in their ability to succeed.

In 1981, Shirley and Eddie moved to the Gonic section of Rochester, to Shirley's childhood home on Peaslee Road. She became a member of the Rochester Historical Society and was also active with the Greater Rochester Interfaith Council and participated in its annual Church World Service Crop Walk. She approached all of her community involvement as a labor of love and brought laughter and humor to everyone around her.

Shirley valued old friendships, staying in contact with a childhood friend through daily telephone calls. She reunited with classmates from Spaulding High School for monthly breakfasts and helped organize annual reunions for those who lived at a distance. She also met regularly with a gathering at a local donut shop.

Fondly known as "Binky," Shirley enjoyed camping in the White Mountains, fishing, genealogy, crafts and playing board games and cards with friends and family—games which she won so often that it led to good-natured teasing. In recent years she took many day trips with women from Gonic Meeting. She was an avid gardener who loved her flowers; a few weeks before her death she asked a member of meeting to take snowdrops from her garden and give them away to friends.

In conversation, Shirley sometimes paused for varying periods before giving her response. Whether listening for a leading, gathering her thoughts, or searching for the

words to best express herself, Shirley sometimes faltered in speech. In contrast, Shirley would suddenly and merrily sing full verses of hymns or songs from her childhood.

Shirley kept voluminous files of clippings, old letters, and other ephemera, as well as historical records for the Dover and Gonic Meetings and some of their committees. In the last few weeks of her life, Shirley maintained she still had things to do, including organizing her files and documenting the property and responsibilities of Gonic Meeting.

Shirley's Quaker faith held great significance for her. Shirley and Eddie were instrumental in reviving Dover Meeting in the mid-1950s and were faithful caretakers of the meeting house as well as of the Gonic meeting house. For many years Dover and Gonic Preparative Meetings formed Dover Monthly Meeting, and it was understandably an emotional time when Dover and Gonic became separate monthly meetings in the mid-1970s. Shirley and Eddie kept Gonic Meeting alive even when First Day attendance fell to two or three, and they held meeting for worship in their home in winter to avoid the expense of heating the meeting house.

A regular attender of Yearly Meeting Sessions, Shirley served as a member of Permanent Board and the Christian Education, Nominating, Student Loan and Scholarship, Wider Ministries and Finance committees. For many years her name appeared in the minute book as a superintendent of Bible School (First Day school). She was very active in the United Society of Friends Women, as her mother had been, and was loved and respected for her service.

Shirley always looked forward to Quaker gatherings with excitement. She loved quarterly meeting and often made an apple cake, cookies or other treat to share with the gathering. She recalled quarterly meetings from the days when they were an important occasion and included large numbers of children and young people. Her memories of Sessions went back to the times when Yearly Meeting met at a Baptist campground in Ocean Park, Maine.

Shirley was a wonderfully outgoing person, but had reserves of deep quiet. On the evening before she died, several Friends and Shirley's cat, Sweetie Pie, gathered for a meeting for worship at her bedside at the hospice. After about 20 minutes of silence, Shirley spoke about Thomas Kelly, whom she had met when she was 16, and whose writings influenced her throughout her life. We also sang hymns and shared our love. Those of us who were with her that evening will never forget the holiness of those moments.

Shirley's memorial service was held at a funeral home because the Gonic meeting house was not large enough to hold all of those who would come to honor her life. During the service we sang her favorite hymn, "In the Garden," and many, many friends shared memories of Shirley's friendship and service.

We will miss Shirley's warm presence—the twinkle in her eye, her impish grin, her kind words for each person, her giving nature. She radiated a spirit of love and care that was both endearing and disarming; it warmed us and told us we were loved. She was a truly faithful friend and Quaker.

—GONIC MONTHLY MEETING, DOVER QUARTERLY MEETING

Arthur J. Pennell (1930–2010)

Arthur J. Pennell, husband, father, and good friend to many, died at home in Lexington, Massachusetts, with his family's loving support, on May 7, 2010, after living with esophageal cancer for 18 months.

Arthur, youngest of three children, was raised in a Quaker family. His father, Arthur R. Pennell, was active in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and his mother, Alice Trimble Pennell was also involved in Friends concerns and committees and worked as librarian at Westtown Friends School.

He was both a birthright and convinced Friend, as was Sara Sue Fawcett, with whom he had worked on stage crew at Westtown, and whom he married in 1954. They were members of Middletown Friends Meeting until moving to Massachusetts. Eventually, they transferred their membership to Friends Meeting at Cambridge. A graduate of Drexel University, he was considered a remarkably gifted electrical engineer. He worked for many years at Baird Atomic and Bedford Engineering. In 1975 he opened Upland Service, a repair shop in Lexington where he spent several years fixing televisions, radios, computers, and other such devices. After another period of working in industry at the EG&G company, he retired and became active in Lexington Senior Center's Fix It Shop and the table tennis group. His last supervisor noted his brilliance as an engineer and gentleman.

His talents were well used and appreciated at FMC, where he served on Trustees, Center Furnishings, Nominating and Advisory Committees. His flair for fixing things was highly valued. As the world entered a computer age, he became an eager and adept learner, set up the first computer system in the office, and tutored our then secretary Ellen Hollander in using it.

His work on Trustees and Center Furnishings was always done with skill and care. Beyond what he did for those committees, he was instrumental in installing the buzzer system, telephones and fire alarms. If he saw that others were handling a project, he was willing to get out of the way. Although not demonstrative, those he worked with found him good natured and forthright.

Arthur's father had nurtured a small Friends meeting in Marshalltown, PA. In 1990 Arthur had a similar leading, and guided the Brookhaven Worship Group in Lexington, MA. Until his final months he set up the space, had care of meeting, and read the query on the first Sunday of every month.

In 2003, Arthur was appointed to the New England Friends Home Committee of the Yearly Meeting. He immediately became a member of their Building and Grounds committee and Finance committee. Another of his skills was uncovered when a large drain in the front drive needed replacing; Arthur just happened to have surveying equipment in his car, did the necessary surveying, and found a solution to the problem. The drain works well to this day.

His children, Thomas, Elizabeth and Arthur E. remember how important their family dinners were, when he always asked, "What did you learn today that you never knew before?" Later, holiday dinners included Thomas's wife Marilyn, Elizabeth's children Alice and Marco and members of their extended family.

Arthur had many diverse interests, among them: chess, ham radio, collecting and repairing clocks, the ongoing study and the use of computers and playing the auto harp.

Although he had little patience with speculative theology, his presence during meetings for worship expressed a devotion to Quaker practice. His spiritual life ran still and deep, and was a leavening to many periods of worship. This was a spirituality that ran through all activities in a full life.

—FRIENDS MEETING AT CAMBRIDGE, SALEM QUARTERLY MEETING

Katherine Perry (1918–2011)

Our Friend Katherine McFadden (Mackie) Bushnell Perry was born August 17, 1918 in Sydney, Australia where her father worked as a civil engineer on the new transcontinental railway. She was a young child when the family returned to Rochester, New York where she grew up. Summers were always spent in Weekapaug, Rhode Island where the family delighted in swimming, sailing and hosting all the extended family that could fit into their aunts' summer house, affectionately named Spray Rock Cottage and the Ant Hill. Family was always her first joy and priority, whether it was in supporting her husband and daughters or the far extended family of aunts, uncles, cousins, and forebears. She was always the one to help where needed and keep the family connected, as well as keep track of family history. Though Katherine was not brought up as a Quaker, one can easily imagine how those early experiences summering with, and later caring for, the whole extended family led to her natural ease in the Quaker Community.

She was introduced to Quakerism while attending Westtown School in Pennsylvania. In 1941, shortly after graduating from Mt. Holyoke, she married an old summer friend, Tom Perry. Two weeks after he was sent overseas for medical duty in Burma during World War II, their first child, Carol, was born. Upon his return from the war, the family returned to Providence where they raised their three daughters; Carol, Margaret, and Phebe. Katherine joined Providence Meeting because of Tom's strong commitment to Quakerism and the importance she felt of families going to church together.

While Tom's was the voice in the family that stood out at meeting, Mackie's contributions to the Meeting were equally significant "behind the scenes." Her generous, thorough, and capable work as membership recorder continues to guide the way we do it now. Countless other examples could be enumerated in any area of the meeting's life where she took part, be it in planning for a well equipped kitchen or designing cushions for benches in the meetinghouse. Recognizing its particular significance in the life of the meeting, she loved her work with the Hospitality Committee. In the wider Quaker community she served on the boards of both Moses Brown and Lincoln Schools and acted as New England Yearly Meeting's registrar for many years.

She contributed to the larger Providence Community where she was on the founding board of the Mount Hope Day Care Center. She was also on the board of the Providence Shelter for Colored Children and worked for the Rhode Island Philharmonic Children's Concerts during the 1950s and 1960s. After moving to the Laurelmead retirement community, she served on that board and again on their hospitality committee. Though such contributions generally go without saying, it is abundantly clear how Mackie's natural supporting presence made her busy doctor-husband's significant community contributions possible.

Mackie's connections within the meeting community deepened and widened after her husband's death. As her own health deteriorated, contacts with friends from the Meeting helped keep her spirits up. Her death on Feb. 22, 2011 left us with challenging models of conscientious attention to detail, caring for others and support for the whole meeting community. As we seek to follow in her footsteps, we take inspiration from her sweet, quiet, loving, welcoming style, infecting us all, and from her way of reminding us of unexpected tidbits with an impish and joyful sense of humor.

— PROVIDENCE MONTHLY MEETING, RHODE ISLAND-SMITHFIELD QM

Emily Jones Sander (1931–2010)

Emily Jones Sander was a gifted and faithful Friend, a dedicated social worker and a spirited watercolor artist, beloved by her family, her friends, her meeting and Yearly Meeting. Many Friends remember her warmth to strangers, her staunch sense of justice, and her tenacity in upholding that of God in others. Emily lived with a sense of awe about nature, color, art, and human relations. She saw the humor in life and watched for the miracles. She wrote of being “aware of the pervasive presence of the Spirit, the beauty and struggle in life, and the Mystery which soon engulfs the few things we think we've learned.” Today Friends see her as having been filled with concentrated light; Emily's ancestors would have called her a chosen vessel of the Lord.

Emily Bishop Jones was born into a Quaker family of many generations, and grew up in Valley Meeting outside of Philadelphia. As a child she was observant and quick to learn. Emily remembered hearing tales of her Quaker ancestors riding to Meeting by horse, of her father inviting his ‘intended’ to the graveyard for an exclusive date, of her grandfather John Sykes Curtis Harvey, a leader among Friends and one of the few men willing to march with his wife—for whom our Emily was named—in support of giving women the vote. All stories came with a Quaker lesson attached, and Emily grew with a sense of a vital divine presence in all the life going on around her. She was an athlete who threw herself into lacrosse, hockey and tennis, a sport she would play well into her seventies. At Friends Central she was the class president.

Emily attended Vassar College and graduated from the Smith School of Social Work in 1955. She worked for 20 years at Mass General Hospital in child psychiatry, holding families tenderly as they dealt with eating disorders and other life-threatening issues. She and her devoted husband, Frank Sander, created a vibrant and welcoming home in Cambridge MA, where they opened their doors to far-flung relatives, hungry Harvard law students, seekers, and social activists. While Emily created a legendary abundance of delicious food for every kind of gathering, it was her fascination with each person, her listening, her engagement, that turned visitors into friends and kept them coming back.

Emily and Frank's three children—Thomas, Alison and Ernest—remember Emily's laughter at life's comedies, her sense of adventure, and her love of fun. "She sledged with her grandchildren and ran alongside bikes, and few watching her had any idea she was a 78-year-old grandmother." They remember, too, Emily's ability to be there for them anytime, anywhere. Ernie recalls that when he was wrestling with something difficult, his mother would "carve out a huge amount of time" to talk, share wisdom, and make suggestions. The next morning, he would find a note she had slipped under his door with "several handwritten pages of even deeper thoughts and reflection." They give thanks that their parents "modeled the power of 52 years of love and respect." Emily personified the Quaker term 'practical mystic'—someone who grounds herself in worship and at the same time takes care of business. As such, she was called on over and over again to serve Friends Meeting at Cambridge, clerking the entire meeting for many years and becoming a valued member of every committee she served. Her leadership gifts were extraordinary: naming of gifts of members in the meeting, keeping track of details, combining a clear mind and faithful spirit with willing hands. She taught us that true Friends' leadership includes praying steadily and faithfully for the meeting as a whole. Emily helped the meeting find its way through controversies over same-sex marriage, whether to make a large addition to the meetinghouse and how to respond with full compassion to the sexual abuse of a meeting child. People were distressed about each of these, and some left the meeting. Emily kept to the task of holding disparate ends in communication without forgetting the Spirit's love.

Emily's belief in that of God in every person ran deep, and she acted on it. When one member of our meeting went to prison she and two other Friends visited him regularly for worship and sharing over a period of twenty years. Emily believed that "safety in a community gets defined by how the most marginal person in the community is treated." She said that, "we all believe that if people could see into our hearts and knew who we really are, we too fear that we would be rejected, so we pay special attention to how those at the margins are welcomed in a community." As one Friend wrote: "Emily was attentive to the infinite being that lives in people...This infinite aspect of each of us is beyond death, beyond measure. Emily understood that about others and about herself."

Emily's entire presence at Cambridge Meeting shone with the best kinds of eldering. Many remember her goodness in reaching out when they were silently suffering. Friends trusted her with their hurts. She could hold onto the essence of a problem and see the strengths of the person behind the pain. She understood that

it “takes a lifetime to build a human heart.” For these reasons, many a struggling couple benefited from Emily’s presence on their clearness committee. In the community of FMC, she saw when someone had taken on an invisible task. She’d give a book by a black writer to someone struggling with white privilege. She’d invite someone who was confused about being a Quaker to go for a walk by the Charles River. She did more than her share of the physical work, too, often taking messy tasks that others let go by. She dove into a sink of dirty dishes with the same verve as helping a divinity student with her vocation.

Whether we were newcomers or long-time Friends, Emily listened to us intently and with great interest, noticing and lifting up gifts we might have trouble seeing in ourselves. She would offer an idea of what our next step might be—how we might grow spiritually, personally, artistically, or how we might serve the meeting—sometimes all four at once. She encouraged us into adventures we might not have thought of, things we might not think we could do but she believed we could. Emily frequently put these gifts of insight to work on Nominating Committee—both at FMC and New England Yearly Meeting—and she confessed that this was the service she loved best. Being truly seen, deeply listened to and unconditionally loved by her was a transforming experience for her family, friends and community.

Emily’s faith was stretched many times, but she did not give up hope. For some years in the 1990s, for example, Emily despaired while examining the environmental crisis. She questioned whether human beings as a species were helpful, or destructive. In times of such challenge, she depended on the wisdom of Quaker ancients with a bent toward more contemplative Friends such as Caroline Fox and Isaac Penington, the latter of whom wrote “Give over thine own running, thine own willing, thine own desiring to do or to be anything. And sink down to the seed that God has sown in your heart.”

Emily loved the fragrance and wonder of the natural world. She savored the trees in Mount Auburn Cemetery and enjoyed awakening her flowerbeds in Cambridge and in Pomfret, Vermont. A neighbor remembers Emily gardening at night, “her slender, determined figure raking or mulching at 9 or 10 p.m., however dark it might be.”

In her mid sixties, when Emily looked into her place of deepest knowing, she recognized that she was led to begin painting with watercolors. She plunged into one class after another with passion, and created more than 200 watercolors. The radiance that characterized her life was reflected in the luminosity of her paintings. Indeed, Emily experienced art as an important path of spiritual development for herself and for others. She invited others into the adventure, asserting that anyone can create art who sets their mind to it, takes a class, and is truly open to seeing God and beauty in the world. In her art she honored the words of Quaker teacher Rufus Jones that she posted on her bureau:

Wonderful... is the way in which beauty breaks through. It breaks through not only at a few highly organized points; it breaks through almost everywhere. Even the minutest things reveal it, as well as the sublimest things—like the stars. Whatever one sees through the

microscope—a bit of mold, for example—is charged with beauty. And yet beauty has no function, no utility... It is its own excuse for being. It greases no wheels. It bakes no puddings. It is a gift of sheer grace, a gratuitous largess. It must imply behind things a Spirit that enjoys beauty for its own sake and that floods the world everywhere with it. Wherever it can break through, it does... and our joy in it shows that we are in some sense kindred to the Giver and Revealer of it.

Thank you, Emily, for the many glimpses of God's beauty that you gave us—in your paintings, in your parenting, in your friendship, in your person, in your love.

— FRIENDS MEETING AT CAMBRIDGE, SALEM QUARTERLY MEETING

Beverly Jenness Stamm (1918–2011)

Beverly Jeanne Jenness was born and grew up in Jackson, Michigan. Growing up she was proud of the progressive traditions her father, a railroad switchman, introduced to her in describing his participation in the union movement. This laid the groundwork for her lifelong commitment to social justice. The death of her father when she was 18 had a profound impact on Beverly's life. Recognizing her potential, the daughter of the dean of the University of Michigan's School of Engineering, for whom Bev babysat, encouraged her to enroll at the University. To enable her attendance, this woman arranged for Genevieve Jenness, Bev's mother, to work as a housekeeper for Dean Cooley, and for Bev and her mother to live in the Dean's house. Eventually Bev moved into a women's co-op house on campus where she met John Stamm who lived in a "brother" co-op house. Bev graduated from the University of Michigan with an A.B. in Sociology in 1941. She was the first person in her family to attend and graduate from college, of which she was very proud. In 1942, she and John were married in Chicago where John was working as an electrical engineer. Both Bev and John were active in the Quaker community in Chicago. Their first child, Liesa, was born in Chicago in 1944. In reflecting on her marriage, Bev reported that John was the most unusual person she had ever met, an assessment she held throughout her life.

One of Beverly's primary passions was the education of young children and she devoted much of her life to this endeavor. Bev was a pioneer in what has become the field of Early Childhood Education. She received one of the early degrees in the field in 1942, a diploma in Child Development and Nursery Education from the highly respected Merrill-Palmer Institute in Detroit. What followed were many years of dedication to pre-school teaching in a number of different settings, beginning with the University of Chicago Settlement House in Chicago where she and John lived after their marriage. In 1945 they moved to Pacific Oaks, a commune comprised primarily of Quakers in Pasadena, California. The commune ran the

Pacific Oaks Friends School, a pre-school in which Bev taught as a head teacher for three years. The School eventually served as the basis for establishing what is now Pacific Oaks College and Children's School, highly regarded in the field of Early Childhood Education. In 1948 Bev became assistant director, as well as a pre-school teacher, at the Oneonta Cooperative Nursery School in South Pasadena, while also raising Liesa. John was pursuing his doctoral degree in Social Psychology at this time, so Bev provided a major support of their family.

Following the birth of Michael in 1949, Bev interrupted her professional life for some years. Bev and John's third child, Eric, was born in 1953. Bev returned to teaching young children in 1960, initially as an elementary teacher in Connecticut and then again as a pre-school teacher after the family moved to Long Island, NY in 1963. In the 1970s Bev was again an educational pioneer, this time in the emerging field of Special Education. Initially at the Bank Street School (NYC), and eventually at Columbia University Teacher's College, she pursued studies in Special Education and earned her master's degree from Teacher's College in 1976. She began teaching in the Nassau County Board of Cooperative Educational Services (BOCES) Preschool Program for Multiply Handicapped Children in 1971, as a lead teacher, and eventually as a learning disabilities specialist and administrator of the BOCES Cerebral Palsy School, where she was responsible for planning and coordinating the education of children with multiple and severe learning problems. As her grandson, Peter, reflected "It's impressive that a woman of her generation, who had to take care of herself from a young age (due to the death of her father), accomplished so much outside of her home."

Bev combined her devotion to the education of young children with several of her other life joys and commitments. In all educational contexts, she drew on her love of music to direct children in singing, which she accompanied on her Autoharp. Quakerism was a central pillar of Bev and John's life. They were members of meetings in Chicago; Pasadena, California; Jacksonville, Florida; Hartford; Manhasset, New York; and Conscience Bay Meeting, New York. For all these meetings, as well as for New York Yearly Meeting and Friends General Conference, Bev was a stalwart member of the Religious Education Committee, and in some cases, developed as well as taught in the Meeting's First Day programs. Bev and John were members of Hartford Monthly Meeting from 1956 to 1963 and all three of their children were "raised" in the Meeting. They returned to Hartford in 1997 to live near their daughter, Liesa, and to re-join the Hartford Meeting community. Beverly was active on the meeting's Library Committee and became part of the Quaker ladies long-standing book club.

In addition to the Quaker meeting, Bev always remained involved with the communities in which she lived. She expressed her commitment to improving social conditions while in Hartford between 1956 and 1963 through participation with the League of Women Voters, the Sister Cities Project, the World Affairs Council, the Children's Museum and the American Friends Service Committee, among other organizations. After retirement, she developed programs for children at the Stony Brook, New York historical society, where she served as a docent.

And Bev loved to travel, to learn about new places, people and cultures. Beginning with Bev's first trip to Europe in 1960, during which time she met her mother-in-law for the first time, she and John made numerous journeys that eventually included every continent in the world. A particularly memorable trip was to South Africa to celebrate her 80th birthday, also Nelson Mandela's 80th birthday.

One of Bev's outstanding qualities was her sense of and appreciation for beauty. She expressed this through gardening, her love of flowers, and music. During Friendly visits from Pastoral Care in the last years of her life she enjoyed looking at books of flowers, at photos from her trip to Amsterdam during the tulip season, listening to music, and singing along with a remarkable memory of the words to songs from earlier in her life. Bev was always very creative and made her home beautiful, frequently decorating with mementos from her travels. She designed imaginative hats, and other decorations to express the themes of her children's birthday parties. She was an excellent seamstress and among other things made Halloween costumes and clothes for Liesa. And in her 70s she took up upholstery, and re-upholstered three of the living room chairs (in her colors, purple and turquoise). Bev had an openness to and joy in learning about new places through her travels, meeting people from other backgrounds and cultures, and discovering new areas of knowledge and experience. After her retirement, for example, she began reading the classic literature she had not gotten to earlier in her life, including Dante's *Inferno*. And after reading an art history book, she organized travel for herself and John to Istanbul to see the Hagia Sofia, among other important sites of Islamic and Byzantine art. Even in her last years, Beverly was actively interested in learning new things and through sharing her experiences, continued to enrich the lives of others. She had an infectious laugh that made it a pleasure to be with her and drew you into to her experience of the joys and humorous moments of life.

—HARTFORD MONTHLY MEETING, CONNECTICUT VALLEY QUARTERLY MEETING



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