

# Memorial Minutes ~ 2019 ~

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NEW ENGLAND  
YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS

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Each of these minutes has been read aloud at each Friend's monthly meeting and quarterly meeting and at a meeting of the Yearly Meeting Permanent Board. Each time a minute was read, those listening learned something new about the different ways in which Friends live out their Quaker faith. Those who knew the remembered Friend in different contexts have had the opportunity to share, and perhaps to add, some telling memory. It is a rich and living process.

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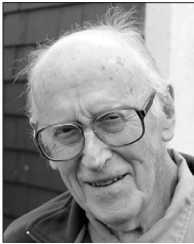
**Paul Barker Cates (1925–2018)**  
**Eileen Cummings (1952–2018)**  
**Mary (Molly) Duplisea-Palmer (1935–2017)**  
**Philip Haines (1945–2017)**  
**Ann Cates Higgins (1936–2017)**  
**Paul Emerson Hood (1926–2017)**  
**Sanford Michael Isaacs (1930–2019)**  
**Ramona Moore (1927–2015)**  
**Stephen Gale Perrin (1932–2019)**  
**Kenneth Gale Potee (1924–2014)**  
**Elizabeth Poynton (1940–2018)**  
**Arnold Ricks (1923–2018)**  
**Robert Thomas Seeley (1932–2016)**  
**Lucinda Selchie (1929–2018)**  
**Patricia Shotwell (1927–2018)**  
**Edward Furnas Snyder (1925–2016)**  
**Shirley Feigel Stafford (1929–2017)**  
**Gudrun Helga (Schulz) Weeks (1935–2018)**  
**Noa Hall Williams (1943–2014)**

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**Paul Barker Cates**  
**August 23, 1925 – October 21, 2018**

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Paul Barker Cates, 93, of Vassalboro, Maine, passed away on Sunday, October 21<sup>st</sup>, surrounded by his family in the same house in which he was born. In his last days, he required around-the-clock care from his family. However, he lived a life of service and altruism and never wanted to burden others. It was therefore only fitting that he passed away in the brief time when everyone in the house had fallen asleep.

He was born August 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1925, in East Vassalboro, Maine, the eighth child of Benjamin Harold Cates Sr. and Annabel Ingraham Cates. Paul grew up on his family's farm on the shore of China Lake during the Great Depression, and learned the value of hard work and community. A rogue spirit, young Paul was constantly running away from home. At two he was found by his uncle a mile from home wearing a red sweater with a chocolate-pudding-covered face. He was an avid rider of the dairy cows on the farm until his father caught him riding the prized milk cow and he was severely admonished. Heroic from a young age, he saved his nephew, Gerry who fell through thin ice on China Lake.

As a child he attended Quaker meeting with his family at the Vassalboro Friends meetinghouse, barely 500 feet from the Cates farm. Quaker values would find varied and prolific expression throughout his life. Paul's mother was his teacher at East Vassalboro Elementary School. The family relates that she held him back in kindergarten because he was distracted from her lessons by the view of his family farm outside the classroom window. Despite this early setback, Paul spent the rest of his life dazzling people with his brilliant mind and sharp wit.

Paul attended Haverford College. Ever enterprising, he earned his tuition by raising several hundred chickens in his parents' attic. His mentors at Haverford were Rufus Jones and Douglas Steere. With Rufus' great approval, he played the role of Rufus in a Haverford class play and was still sharing this inspiring impersonation in recent years. Like his mentor

Rufus, Paul understood the power of Bible parables and used stories to teach and minister throughout his life.

While matriculated at Haverford, he was sentenced to prison because he chose to conscientiously object to the country's post-war draft. Conditions in the prison were unhealthy. While there, Paul contracted tuberculosis, and developed a cough which persisted his entire life. He was given the job of caring for the prison dairy cows, due to his childhood experience on a farm. This daily exposure to fresh air and outdoor exercise may have helped to prevent progression of the tuberculosis. The president of Haverford College made it his goal to have Paul's sentence commuted, and Paul ended up serving 7 months of a 2-year sentence.

After he graduated from Haverford in 1951, Paul joined the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) to serve overseas. He chose Germany—a decision which would profoundly influence the rest of his life. When he set off, his German vocabulary was limited to “Kiss me, quickly!” and “Help! Police!” He worked in Darmstadt, a medieval city which had been largely destroyed by American and British firebombing.

Upon his return to the United States, Paul took up a post in Iowa as a teacher at Scattergood Friends School, where he taught German and tended chickens from 1954 to 1958.

In 1958 Paul decided to return to Germany to learn to speak German better. He moved to Berlin, intending to work on a doctorate in German literature with a focus on the writings of Bertolt Brecht. However, after the Berlin Wall was erected in 1961, he received an urgent contact from the bishop of the West Berlin Protestant church, seeking a smuggler with a foreign passport. The people of East Germany were in need of vital medicines and documents that could not be delivered due to the oppressive East German government. The wall was porous for Paul, an American who could go back and forth, unlike West or East German citizens.

His “courier work,” as he always referred to this period of his life, led to a drop-off point in East Berlin at the headquarters of Action Reconciliation Service for Peace (ARSP). Here, he met Elisabeth Gürtler, who would later become his wife.

Every time he would cross over into East Berlin, his overcoat was so stuffed full of medications and important documents that he almost looked pregnant. The stress at smuggling illegal contraband was taxing; he would collapse into a chair at the drop-off point, exhausted. Elisabeth was his contact at the ARSP office in East Berlin. Though he admitted on several occasions that the other secretary was much more vivacious, when Paul would bring chocolate from West Berlin and then purchase baked goods, Elisabeth would brew the coffee which Paul brought with him. Many coffees later, the less vivacious but more loving of the two secretaries won his heart.

Paul's family relates that once, after Paul and Elisabeth said their good-byes at an S-Bahn train station, Elisabeth was questioned by two East German secret police. Later she was interrogated and her home was searched. Paul responded by befriending consul Julij Kwizinskij at the Russian Consulate in Berlin, a connection that helped to protect his future bride.

Ever a peace-maker and bridge-builder, Paul also set up youth trips through the Russian consulate, chaperoning West Berlin youth to the Soviet Union to help rebuild the fractured relationship between the countries through youth exchanges. Through these adventures, he also developed a friendship with Princess Kira of Prussia, who later attended Paul and Elisabeth's wedding.

Paul and Elisabeth tried for years to get married, and had a son, Martin, in 1967. Two years later, a Soviet spy was captured by the West German government. Fortuitously, Elisabeth (along with 99 other East German brides) and Martin were part of an exchange which the Soviets negotiated for the spy's release from custody. Elisabeth and Martin escaped the Eastern Bloc on February 26<sup>th</sup>, 1969.

Paul and Elisabeth were married in a state ceremony in West Berlin on March 20<sup>th</sup>, 1969, which was followed by a church ceremony on June 14<sup>th</sup>, 1969, at which little Martin was, as Paul would say, the guest of honor. On August 9<sup>th</sup>, 1969, the little Cates family arrived in East Vassalboro, Maine. Their passage was free—the captain wanted passengers who could entertain him with stories, and Paul and Elisabeth had plenty.

Paul continued in a life of Quaker service by taking up work for Vassalboro Quarterly Meeting, which required both him and Elisabeth to travel a great deal. He served as a Quaker pastor to the few programmed meetings in the state: North Fairfield, Winthrop, and Vassalboro meetings. He also drew on his own experience of incarceration, and visited local jails and the state prison to counsel inmates on their life choices.

Vassalboro Monthly Meeting was the beneficiary of Paul's wit and kindness. His conversations were peppered with colorful phrases such as "Good NIGHT!" and "Heavenly days!". He also had a profound faith in God and in the tenets of Quakerism. As pastor of Vassalboro Meeting, Paul perceived that other members had much to contribute to the meeting's ministry, and with his clear heart led the meeting to become an unprogrammed meeting around 1979.

Beginning in the summer of 1970, Paul sold cut flowers from the Cates family farm to florists throughout central and southern Maine. He was soon known as the "Glad Man" and his florist customers anticipated the weekly arrival of the Cates van loaded with beautiful blooms. He was proud that his growing business was a "family operation."

Paul and Elisabeth's union had so far produced four children: Martin, Christopher, Dorothee, and Winfried. In 1975, while pregnant with

Douglas, the couple's fifth child, Elisabeth became gravely ill with a brain tumor, and Paul left his job with the Quarterly Meeting to care for the children while she recovered from induced labor and immediate transport to Boston for surgery.

Paul began work as a part-time Russian and German teacher at Oak Grove-Coburn School, a Friends school in Vassalboro. Daughters Margaret and Helen were born during this time. When Oak Grove-Coburn was closed in 1989, Paul was hired by Erskine Academy to teach German. He retired from Erskine in 2001, and again in 2002 (this time, it stuck). He retired from delivering flowers in 2004, but often went on the delivery trips to visit his favorite customers in the years that followed.

For many years Paul shared his wit and wisdom while serving on the Board of Corporators for Oak Grove-Coburn Friends School, as well as Haverford College.

At the age of 88, ever in search of a good story to add to his legendary life, Paul managed to run over his own leg with the family farm truck. It remains unclear how that happened, but it marked the end of his farm work.

Paul had a gentle way of coaxing others to a life of deeper service. He was an educator who reached out to students and teachers, broadening their world. Many of us were inspired by his teaching and his encouragement to live broader ministry. Such was the case with one Friend whom Paul invited to help chaperone a youth trip to the USSR in 1986, in honor of Samantha Smith. This led later to 13 independent trips abroad with students, parents, and members of the community over the next 27 years. Another Friend Paul encouraged to attend a conference on ending torture found that it planted the seed of a lifelong concern. Paul is greatly missed by many people.

APPROVED BY VASSALBORO MONTHLY MEETING OF FRIENDS, MARCH 1, 2019  
ENDORSED BY VASSALBORO QUARTERLY MEETING ON MAY 4, 2019

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## Eileen Cummings

February 3, 1952 – October 24, 2018

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Eileen Cummings was born February 3, 1952, in Brighton, Massachusetts, the oldest of seven children, and her siblings describe her as a typical older sister, often taking charge in family activities. We certainly saw that gift for leadership in our meeting, as well. And it was recognized in the wider Quaker world. Eileen served as our clerk and as our treasurer for a number of years, and was also clerk of the Yearly meeting's finance committee. Through that work she made and maintained deep and lasting friendships throughout New England. For those from our meeting who were similarly engaged in the wider Friends community, we appreciated both the fun of traveling to meetings, sharing our experiences, and encouraging one another. As one Friend reflected: "We had so much fun being roommates but it was more than that. We were both committee clerks, and supporting each other as we did our work was important and precious."

Eileen grew up in the Catholic Church. When she began attending worship with us and learned more about the Quaker path, it soon became clear that this was now the right spiritual path for her. She loved the simplicity and the quiet of it. Participating in a study of our book of Faith and Practice confirmed for her that she wanted to become a member of the Religious Society of Friends, and she joined our meeting in 2004.

Eileen had a gift for welcoming and engaging with people who came to the meeting. Friends who wrote of her said such things as:

*I was deeply drawn to her, in a powerful intuitive way. I appreciated her unusual combination of warmth/welcoming along with an inner strength/determination.*

*I remember my first encounter with Eileen at meeting. She approached me with an open and welcoming energy that I will always cherish. She truly made me feel a part of the meeting and fellowship.*

As members of our Friends meeting responded to the news of her death, they shared other qualities they had found in her—graciousness, warmth, a sharp wit and humor, thoughtfulness, compassion, courage, and generosity. Many remembered her wonderful smile.

Eileen was someone regularly asked to serve on clearness committees, whether it was for membership or some personal concern. She was known for her compassionate listening, wisdom, and insights.

In her work, which was mainly administration related to health care, she loved to mentor younger, less experienced people. She also loved to share her interests and passions and energetically pursued involving her friends in them. Knitting was one of those loves and several times she held knitting classes and retreats for meeting members. She enjoyed using her knitting abilities to create items for various causes, including “Afghans for Afghans.” She was a life-long Red Sox fan and, to the end, was worrying about the state of Jerry Remy’s health.

Eileen always delighted in her family, looking forward to gathering with them for holidays and other occasions, and she cherished her long-standing friendships. She was also devoted to her dogs, breeding and showing Australian terriers for about the last ten years of her life. One of those with whom she had the closest bond was “Gracie,” whose name came to her following the singing of “Amazing Grace” one Sunday.

Fittingly, there was grace and blessing that came out of Eileen’s struggles with illness and injury. Her sister Annie traveled from Ireland to be a bone-marrow donor for her in January of 2017. Another sister, Kathy, had recently moved to Brighton to help care for their mother, and once Eileen was released from the hospital, she helped take care of her too.

Eileen’s road following the transplant was not an easy one and she struggled in every way—physically, mentally, emotionally and spiritually—as the months dragged on with one complication after another. She briefly returned to Maine and to work but found it was too much for her.

Despite being always ready to help others, she absolutely hated the idea of anyone suggesting she could use some help. Her extreme independence could be really frustrating for those of us who loved her, but she was a very private person and one needed to respect that.

In the spring of 2018, she had a terrible fall at her mother’s home, one which left her with devastating injuries including a broken pelvis and a concussion which required the removal of a large portion of her skull. It was following surgery to re-cover that part of her brain in October of that year that she began to suffer constant seizures, and died in hospital in Boston on October 24.

It is difficult to say how her spirit fared through her final months, complicated as it was by a severe brain injury. At times she was angry, despairing, affectionate, irritated, and at times there were glimpses of her trademark sense of humor. Sometimes she was quite animated and con-



versational and at others she seemed barely conscious. She was tenderly held in prayer by the meeting and other friends, at a time when she found it difficult to find a sense of connection with God herself. Grace continued to be in evidence as her siblings who lived in the area found that they grew closer to one another through their visits and daily check-ins with one another about how Eileen was faring after her fall.

In truth, all who loved Eileen were grieving throughout the time of her illness and injuries, knowing how much she was struggling and suffering. There was a measure of relief along with the enormous sense of loss when she died. It was such a blessing that her passing was peaceful and that members of her family were able to be with her, some in the hospital, some connected at a distance, surrounding her with love in her final hour. It was a dark, overcast day when she died, but it seems fitting that just as she passed from this life, the sun came out for a moment filling the room with light.

We remember her with great affection and gratitude.

APPROVED BY WINTHROP CENTER FRIENDS CHURCH, MARCH 1, 2019

ENDORSED BY VASSALBORO QUARTERLY MEETING, MAY 4, 2019

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**Mary (Molly) Duplisea-Palmer**  
**May 13, 1935 – April 4, 2017**

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Molly Duplisea-Palmer, a sweet, loving, and gentle soul who embodied great joy and caring and endured many trials, died on April 4, 2017. In 2007 Molly was honored by the Woolman Hill Quaker Retreat Center for her devoted and inspired leadership through 20 years of journaling workshops. Her journaling prompts ranged from the whimsical: “Write a letter to a part of your body (a fat stomach? an aching back)?” to the profound: “Write an unsent letter [to a child, parent, mentor]” then “Answer the unsent letter.”

As a retreat leader, as in all she did, Molly was a devoted and gentle spirit. Her humility and authenticity, as well as her own self-disclosure, invited everyone into a loving and trusting container for deep sharing and beautiful writing—for those who were experienced, gifted writers as well as for those who had never done any journaling or serious writing before. In the words of one retreatant: “I believe that Molly’s gentle and loving ways profoundly affected many of those who attended those weekends.”

Molly’s gift for offering a transformative and healing ministry of presence, both in individual encounters and at her retreats, was born of her personal experience with shattering loss and unexpected joy.

Molly was born on May 13, 1935, in Waltham, Massachusetts. Although her mother had been raised Quaker, her father, an atheist, preferred long drives with the family on Sundays rather than letting them go to any church. Molly’s cousin, Margie Burckes, reflected on their growing up together: Molly sharing her tricycle with her, and them creating plays with puppets. Margie also recalled Molly’s life-long love of cats and kittens, gardening, puzzles, singing, music, dancing, and playing games. Molly loved to celebrate the holidays (particularly Christmas), and she even threw her own, balloon-filled 60<sup>th</sup> birthday party that ended with a contra dance.

Molly's Quaker faith came to her through long family tradition. Her mother's relatives were Friends in England who came to Pennsylvania when it was an English colony. Her ancestors had faced hanging for being Friends and were among the first Friends in Pennsylvania and Rhode Island. They were involved in establishing schools, in supporting the suffrage and abolitionist movements, and they helped plan the revolution against England.

Molly's personal Quaker faith took root when she was teenager at Farm and Wilderness Camp in Vermont, where she and her future husband, Eric Duplisea, experienced and absorbed Quaker process and delighted in meeting for worship around the campfire. She held that delight in Quakerism in her heart as she finished high school and attended Wheelock College. Central to Molly's spirituality was her belief that war was not the answer, and that young people and young adults deserved full attention and support from adults.

She married her first husband, Eric Duplisea, and began a family. They moved west to Ohio, and then to Indiana. Molly and Eric had three children: Catherine, Sarah, and Ric; five grandchildren; and one great grandson.

In 1969 Molly and Eric joined with Jack and Caroline Bailey to purchase a farm in Mount Holly, Vermont—Forest Echo Farm. Other families joined in this endeavor and—three generations later—this community continues to be a valued place for families to work together, relax, and conserve and enjoy nature.

In Indiana, Molly and Eric began attending Bloomington Friends Meeting. After Eric finished his PhD, the family moved to Bangor, Maine. In 1972, along with Ed Snyder's mother (Mary Snyder) and Bob Coe, they established Orono Friends Meeting. Molly served Orono Friends, Vassalboro Quarter, and New England Yearly Meeting in many ways throughout her life. In the 1970s and 1980s, she oversaw a vigorous First Day school at Orono Friends, and she served as meeting clerk for many years. Later Molly helped to establish the still thriving fall gathering family retreat of the Vassalboro Quarter, emphasizing and elevating the vital role of children and families for our Quarter.

Molly also expressed her love and concern for children in her career as a dedicated, creative, and compassionate 1<sup>st</sup>- and 2<sup>nd</sup>-grade teacher. Ellen Fisher, a fellow teacher, recalled that Molly's "calm demeanor and dry sense of humor made teaching look easy." As a way of getting to know each of her students better, Molly would "invite herself" to tea at each child's home. Her kind and gentle manner opened many doors. Besides the traditional curriculum, her students were treated to spontaneous songs, poetry, many walks with nature, and decorations and costumes for all the holidays—especially Halloween, when she wore her complete black witch's outfit and crept cackling down the hallway.

Molly's husband, Eric, died tragically and unexpectedly in 1987. Molly's response to Eric's death and the family tragedy of alcoholism was to devote herself to transforming the loss through participation in Al-Anon, therapy, personal spiritual deepening, journal writing, helping others to write, and through humble, open-hearted service. Molly maintained faithful spiritual friendships devoted to one-on-one prayer and worship-sharing with friends from the School of the Spirit and other Quaker connections.

Molly's service extended to New England Yearly Meeting with a nearly unbroken record of attendance at Sessions over 30 years. During that time, she offered many journaling workshops and served on eight NEYM committees, including Ministry and Counsel, Permanent Board, Nominating, and Correspondence.

Beyond the Yearly Meeting, Molly was also devoted to Friends of Kakamega and the Kakamega Orphans Care Centre in Kenya. When Molly met Kenyan Quaker Dorothy Selebwa and learned of the plight of AIDS orphans there, Molly was moved to action. In 2002, with two other Maine Quaker women, she founded Friends of Kakamega and traveled to Kenya to meet the United Society of Friends Women-Kakamega women who devoted their lives to the Project. Molly served on the board of Friends of Kakamega for a number of years, bringing wisdom and loving discernment to its early years. Support from Vassalboro Quarter and many Friends in New England Yearly Meeting has been vital to the Project from its beginning.

Great joy came into Molly's life when she met Jim Palmer in 2002. He moved to Maine in 2003 to be with her. They were seen at Sessions laughing and beaming happily at each other as they used bright-colored chalk to draw huge hearts that said "Molly loves Jim" and "Jim loves Molly" on the sidewalk. In 2004 they were married in a quietly vibrant Quaker wedding followed by a potluck and a contra dance. Molly graciously wrapped her love around Jim's four daughters (Donna, Naomi, Susanna, and Maureen) and his four grandchildren.

In her later years, Molly struggled with the onset of dementia. In 2012 she wrote: "I didn't know losing my memory would be so hard and so painful." In 2014, she lay down her Orono clerk duties: "I am noticing more and more that I am not comfortable leading a business meeting. I am noticing that it is difficult for me to keep on track—VERY different from decades ago when my brain was very sharp." For years, Molly's peaceful presence in silent meeting could be felt by many. She continued to attend Quaker meeting almost to the end. She is deeply missed by all who experienced the warm sunshine of her presence, kindness, and wisdom.

APPROVED BY ORONO FRIENDS MEETING, APRIL 8, 2018

ENDORSED BY VASSALBORO QUARTERLY MEETING, MAY 5, 2018

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## Philip Haines

July 19, 1945 – September 23, 2017

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Family and Friends recognize how much his deep Quaker roots shaped Phil Haines' life and character. He was a birthright member of Moorestown (NJ) Friends Meeting in an area of Quaker settlement that included his own ancestors in the late 1600s. Phil went to Moorestown Friends School and later, in 1963, graduated from Westtown Friends School, as did Phil's sons later. Phil enjoyed sharing reminiscences of his childhood meeting and Quaker upbringing. Both influences nourished an energetic and loving way of being in the world, both in Quaker activity and in the wider community. Phil's parents also nourished the awareness of a loving presence in the environment, taking the family on trips hiking and exploring Maine, a state that would come to be central in his life.

Compassionate interest in a healthy environment and public resources was reflected in Phil's studies. After high school, he obtained a BS from Union College (1967) in chemistry, and a Master's in chemistry from Purdue (1969). Years later, a doctorate in public health from University of North Carolina enabled Phil to advance to greater responsibilities in his work in Maine public health.

The Vietnam era also led to further leadings in his life. His alternative service as a conscientious objector sent him to work in the Yale University biochemistry lab. Someone very important was completing her Master's in biochemistry there at the time: a young woman from Connecticut named Susan Pitcher. Sue completed her work at Yale when Phil went on to another alternative service assignment, but they were married in 1970 and in 1972 made their move to Maine. "We knew that we liked it there already," Sue recalls. Earlier she had studied at Bates College. It was then Phil began a career as a chemist in Maine public health.

The birth of their two sons, Josh and Seth, gave the couple the opportunity to pass on their love of nature. The family enjoyed hiking, canoeing, and sailing. When their sons entered school, Sue volunteered there and soon pursued certification to begin a career in teaching.

Maine also brought them a new Quaker home, Vassalboro Friends Meeting. Here their loving presence was invaluable. As in their youth, their spiritual role was nourished by service. Phil served frequently as treasurer and member of the Property and Finance Committee. Phil met these roles with kindly energy.

His warm humor and spirit nourished their local community, as well. Echoing early family values, Phil served in the fire department, the board of selectmen, the ambulance board, and other activities. In this he was inspired by family models, such as grandfather Maurice Haines who served in the Medford, New Jersey, fire department and Rotary Club and even became mayor. Phil's Uncle Everett and other forebears served in many similar roles.

Phil's knowledge of his Maine community, its resources and history, was invaluable to Vassalboro Friends. If services were needed, Phil knew whom to contact. He was "the go-to guy," and "the Repository of Knowledge," committee members reflected. Phil also encouraged committees "to record what we know and what we did, so that others might better support future needs." Friends recall moments of physical-plant crisis when Phil appeared and calmly reflected that he thought he knew what was amiss. He then disappeared to spot and solve the problem. He knew the legal issues of building capacity, leach field limits, town parking regulations, and more. A Friend finds she still keeps thinking: "Oh, we'll have to ask Phil about that."

His contributions to the meeting were also spiritual. "He spoke with loving patience and feeling in worship, and afterwards," a Friend recalls; "his antennae were up regarding the needs of members," to be especially mindful of welcoming new attenders. Often he spoke first in opening a "Meeting for Worship in Celebration of the Life" of a departed Friend.

Phil gave his gifts with a Quaker spirit. As treasurer, he was consulted by a committee seeking to offer financial help to a Friend in need. The committee knew its own coffers were low. Phil did not pause to check a budget but simply answered, "Just tell me what you need. You'll have it."

Among those who spoke of Phil at his passing was Angus King who, in his administration as Maine's governor, knew Phil in his role as deputy director of the Bureau of Public Health. King's memories include a description of this dedicated and loving Friend that resonates with those who knew Phil. "His shoulder was always to the wheel, but with a twinkle in his eye and a smile on his lips ... The people of Maine (and I) have lost someone special."

APPROVED BY VASSALBORO FRIENDS MEETING, APRIL 29 2018

ENDORSED BY VASSALBORO QUARTERLY MEETING, MAY 5, 2018

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**Ann Cates Higgins**  
**November 24, 1936 – January 12, 2017**

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Friend Ann Cates Higgins passed away on January 12, 2017, at the age of 80. Although she had suffered several health crises during her last years, we were still, somehow, not fully prepared for her departure.

Ann Cates Higgins was a birthright member of Vassalboro Monthly Meeting. She was born in East Vassalboro on November 24, 1936, as the youngest of 12 children of Benjamin and Annabel Ingraham Cates. She, along with her many brothers and sisters, filled the meetinghouse with life and the town, including the Grange, with hard work and dedication.

She lived most of her life near the Cates family farm, completing her elementary education at the public East Vassalboro elementary school. She continued her high school education in the Quaker tradition at the Lincoln School in Rhode Island. Later at Earlham College in Indiana, she studied biology with an emphasis in education. She helped to support her family as a teacher in the towns of Bangor, Skowhegan, and Albion. Later she worked as a post mistress in Smithfield.

Ann and her first husband raised two children, Eric and Cathy, in and around the meeting. After their divorce Ann was fortunate to reconnect with a childhood friend, Guy Higgins, with whom she shared a loving marriage until his death.

Her love of music was her enduring gift to all of us at the Vassalboro Friends Meeting. She was a member of the “Waterville Kennebelles” for decades and she accompanied many musicals in the larger community. But for Vassalboro Friends Meeting, she was our organist and pianist. It is barely an overstatement to say she attended every First Day. Her absences were so rare that we came to rely on her without question.

She was familiar with most of the hymns in our various books. Occasionally we might have a spontaneous request for an unusual piece and she would look quizzically for a moment. Then the music began apparently without effort and never with agitation!

In the last year of her life she struggled with health challenges. She preferred to be independent and accepted little from us. She came to meeting to play the organ even when she was not well enough to stay for the meeting for worship. She was with us almost until the end of her life.

We are grateful for her service, so enriched by her musical gifts, and grateful for her life.

APPROVED BY VASSALBORO MONTHLY MEETING OF FRIENDS, MARCH 1, 2019

ENDORSED BY VASSALBORO QUARTERLY MEETING, MAY 4, 2019



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**Paul Emerson Hood**  
**December 19, 1926 – November 19, 2017**

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We rejoice in the gifts that the life of witness and service of our dear Friend Paul Emerson Hood gave to our community. At a large memorial gathering held under the care of Burlington Friends Meeting on April 7, 2018, people from the many parts of his life testified to the profound influence he had upon them. A full account of his more than 90 years was published for the occasion.

To be with Paul when he recounted in searing detail his experience of war and the taking of human life was to be in the presence of Truth. As a 17-year-old facing the call to arms in World War II, he struggled with whether serving in the military was consistent with his Christian faith, and his minister assured him that it was his Christian duty. He enlisted early in the Marines, with his mother's permission, and was deployed to Japan. At the battle for Okinawa, after a buddy died in his arms, Paul's shock precipitated a killing spree that, although sanctioned by his status as a soldier in battle, left him horrified and ashamed. He spent the rest of his life dealing with that experience, eventually becoming a proud Veteran for Peace.

Paul sometimes spoke of how much of his next two decades were shaped by the alcohol he used to deal with that guilt, but finding Alcoholics Anonymous and becoming sober in 1962 transformed his life and his faith. Our remembrance of Paul fittingly includes honoring his relationships and the many profound friendships in the AA community; for more than 55 years, he was a mentor and sponsor to many souls.

In mid-life, appalled by the growing injustice and militarism in American society, he found a place to stand in the nonviolent witness of those protesting the war in Vietnam. He was called to many acts of civil disobedience, some of which resulted in incarceration. Supported by Burlington Friends, who stood up at one such sentencing and spoke to the judge on his behalf, he turned his sentence into an opportunity for

service: he created Small Potatoes, an interfaith project that continues to feed the hungry and homeless in our community every Saturday morning, when other services are not available.

God blessed Paul with many gifts of the Spirit, which he shared with Friends in Vermont, in New England Yearly Meeting, and beyond. His spoken ministry arose from a deep grounding of study and experience in many communities of faith: Christian, Jewish, Buddhist, and finally, Quaker. When we Friends struggled together to find unity in a Power beyond ourselves, his words often called us to lift up our hearts and see the greater Light. While Paul could certainly be stubborn and even seem arrogant in the clarity of his convictions, when asked to consider his actions he would engage and listen, letting the truth in the words of another speak to that of God within him. His indomitable spirit was tempered by the great gifts he was given that he shared with us all: humor, humility, gratitude, and generosity.

Being present at meeting for worship was a priority for this Friend. To sit with others on Sunday mornings and especially at our small midweek worship on Wednesdays, for which he held longtime care, was to be in the presence of those who shared his vision of listening and responding to that of the Divine in each of us. He loved silence and was comfortable in it; corporate worship gave him the grounding for his many acts of public witness.

Paul's life was a testimony to the continuing struggle for simplicity. He did love things, especially his books and his tools, but he tried to live in simple housing, ride a bicycle, and take buses. His righteous anger at injustice and waste, particularly of the military/industrial economy, led him to an undying commitment to righteous action and to relationships based on openheartedness and love. He would accept anyone as his friend, no matter who they were or how society had labeled them. He transformed the burdens of his wartime experience into a life lived with empathy and attention to the pain of his fellows, particularly the downtrodden.

We are forever grateful that this life of love and witness was lived among us for so many years.

APPROVED BY BURLINGTON FRIENDS MEETING, FEBRUARY 24, 2019

ENDORSED BY NORTHWEST QUARTERLY MEETING, MARCH 3, 2019

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**Sanford Michael (Sandy) Isaacs**  
**March 18, 1930 – January 24, 2019**

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Sanford Michael Isaacs died on January 24, 2019, in his Jaffrey, New Hampshire, home. His four children and his friend Mimi Bull were by his side in his final days. It was a time of gratitude for a loving family, his charming engagement with caregivers, and a simple, quiet letting go of the rich life he deeply enjoyed. He died three years after Nancy, his beloved wife of 57 years, and is buried at home beside her, at the edge of a field facing Mount Monadnock.

Born March 18, 1930, son of Irving Isaacs and Frances Gerber, Sandy was a Bostonian in fact and in manner. A graduate of MIT, he fashioned a professional life that drew on his enthusiasm for and great facility with technology.

Sandy's life was guided by his commitment to peace and social justice, which led him and Nancy to find their spiritual home in the Religious Society of Friends. They were members of three successive Quaker meetings: Friends Meeting at Cambridge in the 60s, Wellesley Friends Meeting in the 70s and 80s, and Monadnock Quaker Meeting in their retirement. Sandy was an activist in many progressive causes. He offered draft counseling during the Vietnam War, helped support Quaker groups in prisons, advocated for NH Death with Dignity legislation, and he and Nancy harbored war resisters in their home in Weston, Massachusetts. He also helped start New England Yearly Meeting's Israel-Palestine working group, and was a long-time member of Permanent Board. Once they moved to New Hampshire, Sandy and Nancy helped found—and stayed active with—the Jaffrey Democrats.

When an older women's group called the Crones formed in the meeting, Sandy started the Duffers. Neither group had a sustainable number of participants, so the two merged into the Quaker Readers, a book group that meets in Friends' homes (it was often the Isaacs'). After Nancy died, Sandy maintained the level of hospitality they had both loved to extend.

He happily invited anywhere from one to ten people for dinner several nights a week and enjoyed dazzling guests with his use of a blow torch to put finishing touches on an entrée. Their house remained a hub of the meeting through the rest of Sandy's life.

Sandy had interesting views on lots of things, and intriguing solutions to engineering and organizational puzzles. He relished a lively, challenging conversation, appreciating rather than taking offense when anyone managed to pull the rug out from under one of his ideas. His feistiness and strong opinions occasionally got him in hot water but, more often than not, he would reconsider and move to make amends.

He was known to lavish great thought and care on projects important to him. Wanting to fix a nice place where he could sit by Nancy's grave and look at the mountain, he asked a naturalist friend to help him find the best patch of moss on his property. Some of this he transplanted to cover the grave. His friend told him he would need to water the moss every day, which he did faithfully. Moss can be tricky to transplant, but by the following spring the site was covered with a soft, thriving carpet of green.

Sandy often addressed people (and dogs) as "Friend." One member of Monadnock cherishes a memory of how he had greeted her on her second visit to the meeting. "Hello, Friend," he said, which helped her know she belonged in this community.

It's impossible to talk about the final years of Sandy's life without mentioning his beloved sidekick, a black standard poodle named Jamie. Jamie was the last of a line of poodles who lived with the Isaacs over the years. Jamie served as a lifeline for Sandy after Nancy's death; where Sandy went, Jamie went. This led him to propose Monadnock create a welcoming space for well-behaved dogs in the meetinghouse, although unity wasn't reached.

Sandy was a true original. He lived with integrity and enthusiasm. His presence in Monadnock Quaker Meeting was a blessing.

APPROVED BY MONADNOCK FRIENDS MEETING, MAY 5, 2019

ENDORSED BY NORTHWEST QUARTERLY MEETING, JUNE 1, 2019

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**Ramona Moore**  
**August 20, 1927 – January 17, 2015**

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Her life was centered in the Quaker tradition. She embraced and gladly shared with others the ways of Friends, in quiet meditation as well as corporate worship. She was an active participant at Windham Friends Meeting, serving as clerk of the monthly meeting, assisting in its activities, such as the semi-annual bean suppers and other local projects, as well as playing the piano for worship services and leading the children's choir for some time in years past. She also participated in the historical aspect of

her faith community during visits of third-graders to the meetinghouse during their history tours, where she appeared in the old traditional Quaker garb as she spoke to them.

Her endeavors included the greater Quaker community life in that she would, as often as possible, attend Quaker gatherings, including Falmouth Quarterly Meeting, New England Yearly Meeting, happenings at Quaker Bridge meetinghouse, and other faith-related groups, including the Quaker women's group and the Pastors and Elders Conference in New York.

Mona's life journey included the weaving of many threads in the fabric of her life—most noticeably music and faith, and appreciation of God's creation and the quiet, peaceful places. She loved to hike the mountains, enjoy a walk with a friend in a garden, and at the close of day, enjoy a lovely sunset.

She was a sister, a mother and grandmother, and a friend to the many who shared her interest in nature and in her community. She was also active in reading, studying, and learning in the academic world. She liked to write, and some of her observations went into print.

An unknown author once wrote these words which pretty much describe Mona, "When my hair is thin and silvered, and my time of toil is through; when I've many years behind me and ahead of me a few, I shall

want to sit, I reckon, sort of dreaming in the sun, and recall the roads I have traveled and the many things I've done." Her own words, written for *Spiritual Senior Perspectives*, tend to encompass a summation of her life and philosophy. Considering that, and our own shared experiences and conversations with Mona, these thoughts come to mind:

*Though in her latter days she became frail and fragile she exhibited a strength and personal vitality. And like each of us she walked the rough patches upon life's path but always looked forward to the sunlight and smoother trails ahead. She wasn't one to sit idle and rue some displeasure. She would be an example and share the times she treasured. Life's experience gave her lessons to be learned and her faith was there to help along the way ... . She had a strong desire to bring others into an awakening of all that faith and spirit were compelling her to share ... that her fellow believers would sense the Presence of the spirit as individuals and to have that expand to maturity and insight and worship as well as in corporate endeavors.*

Her presence is missed but her memory lives on in the hearts of all who knew her.

APPROVED BY WINDHAM FRIENDS MEETING, JUNE 16, 2017

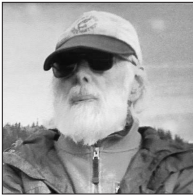
HEARD BY FALMOUTH QUARTERLY MEETING, OCTOBER 27, 2018

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**Stephen Gale Perrin**

**October 4, 1932 – February 19, 2019**

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Stephen Gale Perrin, an active member of Acadia Friends Monthly Meeting for over 25 years, died at the age of 86 in Bar Harbor, Maine, on February 19, 2019.

Steve received his doctorate in education from Boston University, taught in private schools, and created and managed a photographic laboratory at Harvard College Observatory.

Steve moved to Maine in 1986 to dedicate himself to studying and safeguarding wild, 30-acre Burying Island in Taunton Bay, where he had spent summers with his extended family since he was 4. After living on Burying Island without electricity or running water for 18 months, he moved to Bar Harbor, where he worked several years for Acadia National Park.

In 1993, Steve attended and later became a member of Acadia Friends Monthly Meeting, where he introduced himself every Sunday as “Steve from Planet Earth.” His spirit was inspired by the immensity, mystery, and divinity of the universe.

In 1998, he organized and clerked Acadia Friends Living in Unity with Nature Committee. He drafted a brochure which was published to encourage efforts to decrease our carbon footprint, and purchased low energy light bulbs for distribution.

He served as Acadia Friends clerk, Finance Committee member, editor of the newsletter, and on most committees over the years. He wrote the Acadia Friends welcome brochure for visitors, in which he focused on the diversity of beliefs by including quotes from members and attenders.

Steve is well-remembered by Acadia Friends for the outdoor activities he organized. He established summer hikes after worship on fourth Sundays in Acadia National Park. As meeting members aged, hikes became less demanding, and one of the last he organized included three 80- and 90-year-olds.

He also led Friends in celebrating the seasons. For over 25 years, he organized Acadia Friends' witness of the spring equinox sunrise on Ocean Drive in Acadia National Park, followed by a potluck breakfast with planting of marigold seeds and egg balancing at Friends' homes. On the winter solstice, he led Friends to the summit of Cadillac Mountain, where they lit candles and made snow angels in the parking lot.

A prolific writer, Steve authored several books about Acadia National Park, including *Acadia: The Soul of a National Park*. Friends of Taunton Bay created and made Steve the first recipient of the Stephen G Perrin Award for "recognition of extraordinary service to the health and integrity of Taunton Bay." Steve had spent two decades designing and presenting PowerPoint presentations about the Bay, writing newsletter articles, sharing exquisite photos, and reporting on his research.

In 2009, the Gulf of Maine Council on the Marine Environment awarded Steve the Longarda Gulf Volunteer Award. The Council wrote: "A devoted and accomplished teacher, photographer, and writer of uncommon eloquence, Steve's educational efforts successfully integrate scientific knowledge with subtler insights that can be obtained only through a lifetime marked by curiosity, keen observation, and a sense of wonder. How many people can claim they have chronicled the passing of a year, isolated in a log cabin on a 30-acre island, with the sole intent of experiencing nature unhindered by modern encumbrances and sharing these experiences freely with the public?"

Steve is survived by his partner, Carole Beal, his sons Jesse Perrin and Ken Perrin, and predeceased by his son Michael Perrin and his parents, Dorothy Merchant Perrin and Porter Gale Perrin. All of his extended family loved visiting Taunton Bay and Burying Island. A memorial meeting was held on Saturday, March 23, 2019, at Neighborhood House in Northeast Harbor, Maine, under the care of Acadia Friends Meeting.

APPROVED BY ACADIA FRIENDS MONTHLY MEETING, APRIL 28, 2019

ENDORSED BY VASSALBORO QUARTERLY MEETING, MAY 4, 2019



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**Kenneth Gale Potee**  
**October 2, 1924 – August 26, 2014**

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Kenneth Gale Potee was born October 2, 1924, on Mahatma Gandhi's 55<sup>th</sup> birthday, to Esther Gale Potee and Kenneth Leon Potee, Disciples of Christ missionaries at Itarsi, Madhya Pradesh, India. His twin brother died at 48 hours. For Gale, home was Pendra Road, in the part of India where Kipling's *The Jungle Book* took place.

Kindergarten was in West Haven, Connecticut, while his father was at Yale Divinity School. His next 12 school years were spent largely at the Kodaikanal School in Tamil Nadu, South India, from which he was evacuated in 1942. In 1946, under the Marshall Plan, he helped tend 1,700 pregnant mares on a ship to Bremerhaven, Germany. With his best friends, Chas Wilder and Bob Dudley, he spent summers climbing mountains in Colorado and working in silver mines and wheat fields in the west.

Gale graduated Phi Beta Kappa from the University of Michigan in 1945 and Alpha Omega Alpha from Western Reserve School of Medicine in 1949. Medical training included internship and residency at Boston City Hospital, Mount Auburn Hospital, and Springfield Hospital. He became an internist and provided cancer chemotherapy at Pondville Hospital, Walpole, Massachusetts. He was also an infectious disease Fellow under Max Finland at Harvard Medical School and Boston City Hospital.

He became an ardent pacifist after writing a term paper on Buddhism his senior year at Kodaikanal School and after reading John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*. In early July 1950, he was jailed in the federal prison in Boston for refusing to register for the doctors' draft for the Korean War—making the front page of *The Boston Globe*. The American Friends Service Committee bailed him out for \$500, and in 1951 he joined Friends Meeting at Cambridge, becoming an enthusiastic Quaker. He remained active in Friends Meeting at Cambridge, but in his last years Gale attended Mount Toby Friends Meeting in Leverett, Massachusetts.

He married Joanne Koch in Cambridge in 1963. They raised their five children in Petersham, Massachusetts, a period he often proclaimed as his "happiest years." He lived in this hilltop town for 33 years and 18 days. He worked as an internist at the Wing Memorial Hospital in Palmer, Massachusetts, for 27 years, retiring at age 71. He was greatly beloved by his patients and colleagues.

Gale had many passions, including building stone walls, collecting over 20,000 Massachusetts vanity plates, and traveling to 42 states as well as 24 countries. He returned to his beloved India three times. He prided himself as a bibliophile and surrounded himself with shelves holding more than 2,000 books. He loved numbers (his favorite was 17) and palindromes. He appreciated the humor of *Seinfeld* and National Public Radio's *Car Talk* and was an avid sports fan, with special love for the Red Sox. Summers, he spent at Chautauqua Institution in upstate New York, where in 2000 he began writing sonnets. At the time of his death, he had written more than 15,000 sonnets.

Most important, Gale Potee was the most loving, affirming, and positive father and grandfather imaginable. The ultimate optimist, he was kind, generous, and good-natured. He could be depended on in all circumstances and never let his children down. He took tremendous pride in all his children's and grandchildren's accomplishments. He remembered what it was like to be a child, was patient, and always carried a bouncy ball and mints in his pocket. He was an enthusiast about even the most mundane tasks, teaching his children that life is an adventure and that the glass is always half full. He never judged, was an understanding listener, and embraced all with goodwill. He was a man of peace, joy, and love. He is greatly missed by everyone who knew him.

APPROVED BY FRIENDS MEETING AT CAMBRIDGE, JANUARY 13, 2019

ENDORSED BY SALEM QUARTERLY MEETING, APRIL 28, 2019

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**Elizabeth Poynton**  
**July 4, 1940 – November 14, 2018**

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Elizabeth, better known as Betty, was born to the late Hermann and Mildred (Maynard) Patt in Granville, Massachusetts, on July 4, 1940. Betty was 78 when she died of cancer on November 14, 2018. She is survived by her husband Brian Poynton; daughters Beth Bullerwell, Lorna Hubble, and Krista Mahaney; brother Robert Patt; and sisters Phyllis Allen and Helen Lapierre. Her sister Mary Wing died the same week.

Most of Betty's formative years were spent on the large family farm in West Brookfield, Massachusetts. She was actively involved in animal care and 4-H fairs. She also enjoyed summers working at a resort lodge in Maine.

Betty earned a B.A. in Education from the University of Massachusetts. Amherst, and an M.A. from Assumption College in Special Education. She had a successful career teaching students with special needs, including those on the autism spectrum. She taught at public schools in Vermont, as well as Lexington, Sturbridge, and Oxford, Massachusetts. Her patience and empathy were a blessing to a great many differently abled children.

After finishing school, Betty relocated around central Massachusetts, finding new homes in Billerica, Leicester, Auburn, and then the Overlook Retirement community in Charlton.

Betty was an active member of the Worcester Friends Meeting for most of her life. She served in virtually every office there, including treasurer, member of the Ministry and Counsel Committee and the Peace and Social Concerns Committee, as well as clerk for years. She was the last remaining link to the original Worcester Meeting at Oxford Street. Betty was the kind of hard-working, behind-the-scenes "glue person" every group depends on. Her kindness, along with a perpetually calm demeanor, helped everyone feel comfortable in her presence. She was also a warm and welcoming presence in the First Day school, where the children always enjoyed her gentle guidance.

Also an active participant in New England Yearly Meeting, Betty was a long-standing member of Ministry and Counsel (2001–2010), Peace and Social Concerns, and Personnel (2004–2007) committees. She was a reliable contributor to Annual Sessions for decades.

Her hobbies included regular journaling, gardening, knitting, contra-dancing, reading, and a variety of outdoor activities. She joined numerous anti-war protests across New England. At 67, Betty joined a group of nearly 300 women from 29 countries bicycling for weeks across Palestine, Syria, Jordan, and Lebanon for cross-cultural understanding and peace.

After she retired and married Brian Poynton, the pair moved to Greensboro, North Carolina, joining the community at Friends Home West in 2013.

Betty's life exemplified Friends' testimonies in many ways. She responded to all she came upon with respect and dignity, embodying what she believed about integrity, peace, and equality. Friendship Friends Meeting was enriched when Betty and Brian moved to Greensboro and became part of their meeting. There, Betty was a devoted member of the Care and Counsel Committee for several years. She was faithful in reaching out and spending time with several members who were unable to attend meeting, as well as supporting individual meeting members with specific needs. She had the gift of listening, of hearing under what was being said, and of being present to anyone she was with. Indeed, when one of our members was a new attender at Friendship Friends, Betty was the first person to come talk to them, and her kind welcome put the visitor immediately at ease. She always put the needs of others before her own and her deep sharing enriched the lives of each of us. Betty leaves a legacy of kindness, gentleness, and genuine caring.

In 2015, when Betty applied to and attended the 2-year Spiritual Nurturer Program at the School of the Spirit, several members of Friendship Meeting were fortunate to be on a support committee for her as she sought deeper spiritual resources through the program. Betty grew spiritually and personally during her time in the Nurturer program, and she continued to grow afterwards—seeking, learning, and listening. She felt the time in the program was very important to her spiritual development and opening. Soon after the Nurturer Program ended, Betty participated in an ongoing learning and practice group called the Wisdom Circle. This group accompanied Betty the last months of her life.

It is not easy to describe Betty, saying she was this or she was that. The reality of Betty was the live, in-person experience of Betty: being in her light, her field of grace, her deep well of kindness. Betty had a light, accentuated by the shock of light golden hair on her crown. First you felt the light, then saw the smiling visage with bright eyes—her eyes spoke—then the golden shock of hair completed the facial snapshot of Betty, the carrier of light. Centering Prayer was her daily spiritual practice; Bible

study and spiritual reading materials were a constant companion in her daily life.

For the last couple years, the phrases often on her lips to describe her journey were statements of hope and faith: “Welcome what is” and “All will be well.” She lived into these words. Though she lived in a great deal of pain her last year, she was unlikely to mention it except in passing. She made effort to be present to people and to the meeting whenever she could manage it. Brian was her constant and loving help-meet.

Two months before she died, Betty made the decision to enter hospice, and once her decision was made and shared, she lived into it with openness, humility, and grace, and one could even say hospitality. “Welcome what is” released her into all that life was to her at the moment: all the love and all the pain, living in what Friend Bill Taber called “The cross of joy.”

APPROVED BY WORCESTER MONTHLY MEETING, APRIL 1, 2019

ENDORSED BY RHODE ISLAND SPRINGFIELD QUARTERLY MEETING,  
MARCH 17, 2019

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**Arnold Ricks**  
**August 23, 1923 – February 24, 2018**

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Born on August 23, 1923, to James Hodge Ricks and Anne (Ryland) Ricks, Arnold attended an Episcopal day school before graduating Phi Beta Kappa from Haverford College (class of 1945, degree awarded 1948) and earning an A.M. in European history from Harvard University in 1954.

Arnold's Quaker roots stretch back to the 17<sup>th</sup> century when a forebear, Isaac Ricks, immigrated to Virginia and there served as the first co-clerk of the Virginia Yearly Meeting in the 1680s. Arnold's lifelong engagement in affairs both of the world and of the spirit drew sustenance from examples in his own family, most immediately his father who, in addition to his role as clerk of the Richmond Friends Meeting and the Baltimore Yearly Meeting, was a pioneering judge in the field of juvenile justice reform. Arnold drew on that embedded history as he sought to live out Friends' ways in every aspect of his life.

Arnold brought the scholar's and teacher's insistence on precision to his deep Quaker knowledge and sensibility. He was insistent on accuracy of fact, name or punctuation. He also could draw on scripture or the writings of George Fox, Isaac Pennington, or Thomas Kelly in a way that could anchor a meeting for worship or help root a quotidian discussion in the workings of the spirit. He had a craftsman's patience that could, for example, in his civic life as a village trustee of Old Bennington lead to the beautiful stone drainage for the streets of Old Bennington, or the slow consideration over many meetings of the evolution of the minute on same-sex unions. His ability to take on and patiently query a contentious or intemperate stance brought a peaceableness to any decision. He framed decision-making in the deliberative process of Quakerism, with a frequent invocation of the nature of the search for truth as one of "continuous revelation."

Arnold's experience as a conscientious objector in the Second World War signals the rigor with which he lived out Quaker testimonies. After alternate service stints dynamiting—the dynamite carried on his back—and planting trees, he volunteered for a hepatitis experiment, contracting the disease. But Arnold still saw these services as insufficient in the light of the great suffering of the war, and could offer the self-deprecating remark, "I think I had gotten off rather lightly." What then followed immediately after his graduation from Haverford was a two-year stint (1948–50) with the American Friends Service Committee under the aegis of the British Friends Service Council in Cologne, Germany.

Above all, Arnold lived with grace. He met everyone and every encounter with an open countenance, eager to understand and appreciate the person in front of him, or the idea on offer. His grasp was immediate and acute, but always used as a tool for understanding, alert to the many layers any view might embrace. He used that gift to move us beyond the merely pragmatic to a true achievement of unity.

Perhaps a most telling evocation of Arnold came from a young friend who has since moved to the west coast, who wrote,

*While I did not know Arnold well, I thought of him often as an example of what I would like to become. People who have met the Dalai Lama often write about the undivided attention [he gives] when listening. He listens with his whole body, people say, and the awareness that he is hearing, digesting and contemplating every word spoken to him has a profound impact on those with whom he meets. This is exactly how I felt when first meeting Arnold. Not only is Arnold fully present in the deepest sense, but humility and empathy are so fully engrained in his character that his words immediately indicate the reflection, compassion, and intention that formed them. I learned from Arnold a deeper meaning for these words— humility, empathy, reflection, compassion, intention—and how they can become embodied in both ideology and personality. I will miss him, but more than that, I will always be glad and grateful that his light touched mine.*

APPROVED BY BENNINGTON MONTHLY MEETING, APRIL 15, 2018  
ENDORSED BY NORTHWEST QUARTERLY MEETING, JUNE 3, 2018

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**Robert Thomas Seeley**  
**February 26, 1932 – November 30, 2016**

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Robert Thomas Seeley was born on February 26, 1932, in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, to parents Marguerite Dauchy and Harold Seeley. As a graduate student at MIT, he participated in an American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) work camp in 1955 and became active with Young Adult Friends in Cambridge, becoming a member of Friends Meeting at Cambridge in 1956. Two years later he and Charlotte Bass were married under the care of the meeting. (Chuck Woodbury was on their clearness committee.) They had four children: Joe, Mara, Lauren and Karl. Joe predeceased his father in October 2012.

Bob earned his undergraduate degree at Haverford College in 1953 and his PhD in mathematics at MIT in 1959. He taught at Harvey Mudd College and Brandeis University, and moved to the University of Massachusetts at Boston in 1972, where during his long career he was as interested in the beginners as in the advanced students. After retirement, he volunteered as a teacher in the Prison Education Program and the MCI Norfolk Math Club. One of his students there wrote: “Not only did he teach us math, he developed within those of us who were privileged to be called his students, a passion and desire for expanding our minds, and through this, a desire to be better human beings through advanced math.”

In the 1960s Bob made a significant contribution to theoretical mathematics, turning some earlier discoveries into the modern theory of pseudo-differential operators. Learning this confirmed our belief that there was always even more to Bob than we could see.

During his years at Friends Meeting at Cambridge, Bob served on almost every committee, both standing and ad hoc. Nevertheless, according to one Friend who knew him well, he “somehow never felt that he was doing as much as he could for the meeting. This, in spite of the fact that he was assistant clerk for at least eight years, and, as recording clerk was known for producing minutes that, in stately but efficient Quakerese,



expressed the essence of what the community had been inchoately struggling with.

Bob also contributed to the meeting several examples of his expert woodworking skills: at least two tables, the box that holds our hearing-assistance devices, the box for contributions, and beautiful signs; these gifts alone would keep him in our memory. In spite of his obvious talent, Bob considered himself a woodworking amateur; one friend speaking at his memorial pointed out the root of amateur is “love, which is the way he lived his life.”

Quoting from reflections written by his family: “Beyond mathematics, Bob’s interests ranged widely. He sang in choruses, built simple but elegant furniture, learned many languages, reveled in the achievements of friends and family, played the French horn, the piano, and the guitar, and was a world traveler who spent sabbaticals with his family in the Netherlands, Italy, Peru and Mexico. He was also active as a sailor, backpacker, canoeist, cross-country skier and windsurfer. In spite of living in Newton, Bob managed to show up for most of the events at Friends Meeting at Cambridge, usually on his bicycle.”

Bob remained active into his early 80s, taking a biking trip in Belgium, attending a wedding in Uganda, running 5Ks, volunteering for the elderly, making and repairing furniture, and teaching math to prisoners and grandchildren. As his heart began to fail, he adjusted his interests, replacing runs with long walks in the woods or around a pond, taking classes in Arabic with his wife Char, and resuming his piano playing. In 2014, Bob stepped forward to serve the meeting as treasurer, a post in which he was actively engaged until the last few days of his life. A Friend remembers that, “In his many roles he was always in good humor and often a bit bemused when others felt stressed or annoyed by circumstances.”

Bob lived by his principles, with a moral compass whose true north was the belief that all people are equal, but also unique and irreplaceable. His presence remains in the equations he wrote, in the math he taught, in the Quaker community he served, in the furniture he crafted, and in the hearts and minds of family and friends who feel his loss keenly but are grateful for all that he shared. Although he was accomplished and penetratingly intelligent, the words F/friends consistently use to describe him are “kind” and “thoughtful.” Bob would be glad to know that this is how he is remembered, and we as a community are the richer for having known him.

APPROVED BY FRIENDS MEETING AT CAMBRIDGE, FEBRUARY 10, 2019

ENDORSED BY SALEM QUARTERLY MEETING, APRIL 28, 2019

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**Lucinda Selchie**  
**December 2, 1929 – August 12, 2018**

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Lucinda Selchie was born December 2, 1929, and grew up in Middletown, Connecticut. Trained as a botanist, she did field research in Michigan was in littoral-zone (shoreland) freshwater aquatic plants,. Later she worked in a research lab. While in the Midwest, she made her first connection with Friends, and traveled to Pendle Hill for months of study which shaped and nourished her later years. She credited her Quaker studies as essential in developing a healthy identity as an adult. She went on to serve as clerk of Midcoast Friends Meeting for a time and later as clerk of the Belfast Area Friends Meeting.

When she decided to move to Maine, she settled first in China. She then moved to Swanville, where she built her own house, which she called Beaver River Hermitage. In 2009 she moved into Belfast, where she lived happily at the Deborah Lincoln House for 9 years. She passed away there on August 12, 2018.

A close friend recalls that at one point Lucinda took a workshop on Russian icon painting, making an icon she dubbed “Our Lady of the Apocalypse.” She often traveled to attend quarterly meetings and New England Yearly Meeting summer sessions, and also to Vermont for retreats. In addition to poetry and Quaker writings, Lucinda also loved to read mysteries.

Over 20 years ago Lucinda asked a few Friends to serve as an oversight committee for her vocation of silence and solitude. The committee met monthly to share spiritual paths and offer support for Lucinda's vocation. During the fall, she spent 40 days in complete solitude. The committee brought fresh food and left it in her entryway without seeing her. We remember the quiet of her upstairs room in the Swanville house, and Lucinda's yearning to connect with the great mystery all around us.

We especially cherish the memories of the retreats or quiet days that Lucinda would host for the committee. In shared silence we would wor-

ship, read, journal, meditate, and eat. We would then separate, having time for individual silence, which some of us would use to meditatively walk the trails of her beautiful property. We would come back together and share what had come to us in the silence. From these occasions I learned the depth of shared silence in a shared space with a loosely shared intention, the intention of more deeply exploring the mystery.

Lucinda also generously allowed her friends to use her small cabin (down back) for silence and solitude. There was a deep comfort in that small, simple space, as well as in the richness of talking with Lucinda as a transition into and back out of those silent retreats.

Upon learning of her passage, many Friends wrote to share memories of her:

*Serving with Lucinda on Ministry & Counsel was such a learning experience. She brought up things worth attending to and I'm so grateful to her for that. Visiting her in her room and talking about her bird and squirrel activity are just some of the things I hold dear.*

*When we think of Lucinda, it is as a true and wise Quaker, who truly lived as one. At meeting in Belfast, we were often amazed by her message, thinking about it for the rest of the day.*

*Vassalboro Quarter was small [in the early 1990s] and there was no program for our young people at quarterly meetings. Molly Duplisea and Alice Hildebrand had strong leadings to start one and we became part of a small committee to help this idea mature and grow. Lucinda was an integral part of this committee and we met often in her home in Belfast. It was so important to bring our young people together and give them more grounding in their Quaker faith and its wider fellowship. Lucinda's strong faith helped this program grow and become such an important part of Vassalboro Quarter. I admired how she lived her life and her faith.*

*I met Lucinda when she participated in a workshop I was leading at Yearly Meeting ... I remember her sharing a story of walking the land she had just purchased, talking to the land, asking permission to settle and build her home there. What a treat it was to be present with her unique combination of joy, humor, and deep spirituality.*

*Lucinda's piercing and sparkling eyes caught me from the start. Our friendship began at our first meeting, but really took off when her mobility challenges prevented her from attending meeting for worship and she asked for a committee of care to help her with small errands and tasks in her room at the Deborah Lincoln House. In our weekly visits over tea we shared the joys and struggles of our lives, in addition to the more mundane care of plants, junk mail, and birdseed. One time I brought a plan before Lucinda with two things I was planning*

*to do. She listened to me talk, then noted that while my face had been full of joy and excitement talking about the first piece, I was much more subdued in my presentation of the second. "Td think carefully about whether that's really what you ought to do," she advised. My special delight, though, was to tease her, or to come up with some crazy thing to say that would make her laugh. At those moments I could see the old lady with aches and pains drop away and the inner Lucinda shine through.*

Lucinda often invited Friends to visit Beaver River Hermitage, with this note:

*Dear ones, I invite you to visiting days at my home, Beaver River Hermitage. There will be cider and snacks. Children welcome. Look around. Walk the trails. See the pond. Read the materials about silence and solitude, and the way of life of a hermit. Ask questions.*

*Blessings, Lucinda*

After a four-week retreat in 2002, she wrote:

Query: How can I be a hermit, in silence and solitude, and connected in love with others at the same time? Is there a change coming in my life? From December 25, 2000 to January 22, 2001, I spent in silence and solitude. Silence and solitude are meat and drink to a hermit, a space with a minimum of distractions from a focus on opening to spiritual growth and transformation. One of the effects of a long period of silence and solitude is 'tendering', an expression used by early Friends to denote an increased openness, a sensitivity to the motions of Spirit, a permeability to the Divine. It makes reality look different. The depth and intensity of the inner work of this retreat would not have been possible without the Meeting's care and oversight.

APPROVED BELFAST AREA FRIENDS MEETING, SEPTEMBER 9, 2018

ENDORSED BY VASSALBORO QUARTERLY MEETING, NOVEMBER 3, 2018

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**Patricia Shotwell**  
**August 6, 1927 – July 27, 2018**

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As Quakers we hope to live in a state of grace, to be so close to God that it appears God is living through us at all times. Few of us are able to live in this way. Patsy Shotwell did so.

Patsy was born on August 6, 1927, in New York City and was adopted in infancy by a couple in Buffalo. Although she was an only child, she had several close cousins and she enjoyed their company and reported a happy childhood. In addition, she had a rich spiritual experience in a large Presbyterian church.

Patsy matriculated at Cornell University, served as editor of the *Cornell Sun*, and earned her Bachelor's degree in 1949. In her junior year she met Stuart Shotwell, a World War II veteran, and they married. Proving early on that a woman can have her education and a family, Patsy delivered twin girls one week after graduation.

Patsy and Stuart decided that New England was an ideal place to set up permanent housekeeping, and in 1954 they moved into a large Victorian house with a barn located in Weston, Massachusetts. By then they had two more children, with three additional children to come. It should come as no surprise that Patsy was a full-time homemaker during these years. After her divorce in 1985 she generally lived alone, though throughout the years various of her children came back for periods of time and were always welcomed.

Long active in the League of Women Voters and various churches in the area, Patsy was to find a true home for her commitment to spirituality and social justice as a Quaker, and joined Wellesley Friends Meeting in 1978. She liked that there was no minister to interpret religious experience; she was responsible for contact with the Holy Spirit and her religious experience. She found that she could not sit back passively. Once a Friend, Patsy could not imagine herself otherwise and she loved the close-knit Wellesley Friends community.

At two different times Patsy served as presiding clerk of the meeting. In addition, she worked on various committees. She helped found a woman's group which was a vital social and spiritual support to women in the meeting for many years. Later Patsy was active in calling our attention to the need for training and practices for child safety. And more recently Patsy helped institute our Cronies and Cronies luncheons for Friends over 80. Wellesley Friends fondly recall her vocal ministry laced with humor as well as her concern with our youngest, most wiggly Quakers.

Patsy attended New England Yearly Meeting and served in a number of leadership positions. She was clerk of Permanent Board and of Sessions Committee. She served on Clerks Nominating Committee for 12 years. She enjoyed editing memorial minutes. For 10 years she joined and helped facilitate an annual New England Yearly Meeting Women's Spiritual Retreat held at Geneva Point Conference Center.

Meanwhile, Patsy earned a degree in communications at Simmons College. This led to a position as the manager of Brook Hill Apartments, Weston's housing facility for the elderly, where she served for 17 years. After her retirement Patsy delivered meals for Meals on Wheels, managed the care of an elderly Weston resident, ran a program for the Weston Public Library which takes books to the housebound, and served as warden for the town Election Board. In addition, she worked with Friends of the Weston Council on Aging.

In the inevitable times of discord in the life of the meeting, we could count on Patsy to have a grounded understanding, stated clearly. Her intellect was as great as her spiritual depth.

As Patsy loved the meeting, we loved her. Even when largely a shut-in, she kept in touch with frequent and welcome handwritten notes. When she stopped driving due to failing eyesight, members vied to give her rides. One person was heard to say, "Who wouldn't want a half-hour alone with Patsy?" We remember the twinkle of her blue eyes, her humor, and her steadfast integrity. We feel privileged to have known Patsy, effortlessly spiritual, as she walked cheerfully in the Light of God.

*Psalm*

*Great Yahweh, be my constant companion*

*Support me in my hour of need*

*Show me the ways of thy love.*

*Open the shining windows into thy work.*

*Rejoice with me. Laugh with me.*

*Share thy mischievous side with me.*

*And help me through thy grace*

*Flow through thy divine stream.*

(Patsy Shotwell, April 2016)

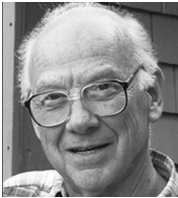
APPROVED BY WELLESLEY FRIENDS MEETING, FEBRUARY 10, 2019

ENDORSED BY SALEM QUARTERLY MEETING, APRIL 28, 2019

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**Edward Furnas Snyder**  
**November 13, 1925 – August 12, 2016**

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Edward Furnas Snyder, age 90, died at daybreak on August 12, 2016, at the Mount Desert Island Hospital. His body which had served him so well was failing, and death brought relief after a brief but rapid decline. In his last days and hours, he was surrounded by his four children, several grandchildren, and close friends. His mind was present and engaged until the end.

Ed was born November 13, 1925, in Belle Plaine, Iowa, to Edward F. Snyder Sr. and Mary Ella Blue Snyder. Edward Sr. was a lawyer and already a pillar of his community when he died at age 37, leaving his wife and three children, of whom Edward at 7 was the oldest. Edward's mother obtained a post-graduate degree at Iowa State College in Ames, Iowa. In 1936, the midst of the Great Depression, she accepted a teaching position at the University of Maine. She packed her mother, three children, and the family dog into a Model A and moved the family from Iowa to Orono, Maine.

Ed, known to his classmates as "Red," graduated from Orono Grammar School in 1939 and from Orono High School in 1943, where he played football and basketball. He attended an accelerated program at Bowdoin College, completing three semesters before joining the Army Air Corps in February 1944, where he served for 22 months.

Upon his return he attended the University of Maine on the GI bill, majoring in history. During summers he often worked on the University's farms. He graduated in 1948, member of Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Kappa Phi, the student senate, and reporter for campus. He won the Percival Wood Clement essay contest with his 3,000-word entry "The Constitution and Individual Rights." During the summer of 1948 he hitchhiked west to work in the white pine blister rust control program in Glacier National Park, Montana. And in the summer of 1949 he worked for Charles and Katherine Savage as desk clerk at the Asticou Inn in Northeast Harbor. He followed his father and his uncle into the law, and in 1951 graduated from Yale Law

School, having served on the *Yale Law Journal*. In the summer of 1950, he and a law school classmate hitchhiked across Europe. On the student ship bound for Europe, he met Dorothy Mae (Bonnie) Mumford. They fell in love and were married the following year on June 16, 1951. Bonnie and Ed shared 58 years of joyful, caring, and loving life together until she died in November 2009. They raised four children: Edith, William, Marjorie and Russell. Ed served as law clerk to Chief Judge Thomas W. Swan of the U.S. Court of Appeals, Second Circuit, before joining the law firm of Cummings and Lockwood in Stamford, Connecticut, in 1952. During this period Ed and Bonnie became active members of the Religious Society of Friends. Their faith sustained them through life. In 1955, Ed left his promising legal career to follow a leading of the Spirit. He took a job as a lobbyist for the Friends Committee on National Legislation, a Quaker organization representing Friends' concerns for peace and justice in the nation's capital, and moved his young family to the Washington, D.C., area. In 1962, he became executive secretary of the organization, and headed its work until his retirement in 1990. He and Bonnie raised their four children in the caring Quaker community of Adelphi Friends Meeting in Maryland.

While in Washington, he often testified before Senate and House committees. He worked in support of creation of the Peace Corps, a nuclear test ban treaty, human rights, development assistance to needy countries, an end to the military draft, and other issues of concern to Quakers.

His work in opposition to the U.S. war in Vietnam was strengthened by a two-year experience in Southeast Asia (1967–1969) working for the American Friends Service Committee. During this period, with his family living in Singapore, he traveled widely in the region, supporting Quaker relief efforts in Vietnam and organizing five Quaker International Conferences and Seminars for Diplomats and Young Leaders. Ed recalled that the fruits of this work were evident when two young leaders from Malaysia and the Philippines, countries in conflict with each other at that time, told him what their new-found friendship with each other meant: “If my country goes to war against yours, I won’t join up myself and instead I will set up an organization of conscientious objectors.” This was peace work for the long haul. He saw first-hand the suffering of the people of Vietnam, and he brought that experience with him when he returned to lobbying on Capitol Hill.

In his 35 years working for the Quakers, he also participated in Quaker-related conferences in Eastern Europe, the USSR, and Cuba. In Washington, he helped to organize a number of coalitions on peace, human rights, United Nations support, and developmental aid. He served on the board of the American Friends Service Committee, the National Council of Churches, the Center for International Policy, and 20/20 Vision. Some of his work is detailed in a book he co-authored, *Witness in*



*Washington: Fifty Years of Friendly Persuasion* (Friends United Press, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed., 1994).

Upon retirement in 1990, Ed was named Executive Secretary Emeritus of the Friends Committee on National Legislation. He and Bonnie moved from College Park, Maryland, to a solar house they helped design and build in Bar Harbor Maine. They became active members of Acadia Friends Meeting, which was a great source of spiritual enrichment and fellowship for them. Their home was a place of warm hospitality. It was a hub of many Quaker gatherings that included groups where Friends shared their spiritual faith and met for Peace and Social Justice and clearness committees. Friends met annually at sunrise to welcome spring followed by a pot-luck breakfast at the Snyder's, where they planted marigold seeds and balanced eggs on end.

In Maine Ed helped to found the Friends Committee on Maine Public Policy, which has emphasized criminal justice and Maine Indian issues. He also helped found and chaired the board of the MDI Restorative Justice Program. Ed was a strong supporter of environmental causes and a representative to the 1999 Maine Global Climate Change Conference. He received an honorary Doctor of Laws degree from Haverford College in 2002 for "devotion and support for peace and justice throughout the world, and commitment to connecting Quaker beliefs with political education and action." In his late eighties, he was an active member of the Occupy movement. He co-facilitated a class in the Acadia Senior College exploring the question *Does the moral arc of the universe bend towards justice?* and another on the moral issues presented by the development of artificial intelligence. Ed's service as treasurer of Acadia Friends Meeting and clerk of the Peace and Social Justice committee set a high standard for the work of the meeting.

Ed introduced his family to his love of the outdoors, including a 10,000-mile camping trip visiting national parks coast to coast in 1966. But trips to visit extended family in Maine were always the highlight, especially camping and hiking in Baxter State Park and on Mount Desert Island. In 1993, at age 67, he fulfilled a lifelong ambition and canoed the Allagash with his sons. At age 70 he climbed Mount Katahdin for the last time. He loved hiking and in the year he turned 89 proudly walked all the carriage roads of Acadia National Park within one season, faithfully highlighting each on the MDI map. He enjoyed cutting, splitting, and stacking his own firewood, working in the garden, and reading widely and deeply. He took great pleasure in his garden, and Friends recall the bountiful crop of cherry tomatoes he shared.

During his last years, Ed found great joy spending time with his grandchildren and following their accomplishments. He attended all the plays and musical performances by Francis and Bonnie Mae Snyder at MDI High School, and watched the *Bangor Daily News* for details of track meet

successes of Roy and Sam Donnelly. Their 86-year age difference did not seem to matter when he read to his granddaughter Blue Snyder. As a boy, Edward persevered in the daunting task of giving the family dog a special daily bath to cure a skin condition, prompting his grandmother to say, "Edward has stick-to-itiveness." This quality was present throughout his life, in all its aspects.

He was known to be strong-willed but fair-minded, always taking time to listen. His life and work were based in a deep faith. He had a passion for a future he believed to be possible. Many, many people were encouraged to take action for peace and justice by his example. Ed held high expectations for himself, his family, and the people he worked with, and these could sometimes be experienced as judgment and asking too much. But these expectations came from a deep place of love and generosity, and the love always won out in the end. Ed rose to the challenges life presented to him. When his dear wife Bonnie suffered with progressing dementia in her final years, Ed was her devoted and loving caregiver to the end. And when his own end neared, he faced death with courage and faith.

Edward is survived by his daughter, Edith Snyder Lyman and her husband, Nicholas Lyman, of Bar Harbor, Maine; his son William Furnas Snyder and his wife, Laura Muller, and their daughter, Suzanna Blue Snyder, of Amherst, Massachusetts; his daughter Marjorie Blue Snyder her sons, Roy Mumford Donnelly and Samuel Blue Donnelly, and their father, Robert William Donnelly, of Hampden, Maine; his sons Russell Mumford Snyder and Francis Edward Snyder, and daughter Bonnie Mae Snyder, and their mother, Ellen Jane Finn, of Otter Creek, Maine; his brother, Ralph McCoy Snyder and his wife, Mary Dirks Snyder, of Belfast, Maine; and his sister, Mary Louise Snyder Dow of Marietta, Georgia.

A celebration of the life of Edward Snyder was held Saturday, October 15, 2016, at the Neighborhood House in Northeast Harbor, Maine, under the care of Acadia Friends Meeting.

APPROVED BY ACADIA FRIENDS MEETING, SEPTEMBER 9, 2017.

ENDORSED BY VASSALBORO QUARTERLY MEETING, NOVEMBER II, 2017

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**Shirley Feigel Stafford**  
**March 20, 1929 – August 14, 2017**

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Dr. Shirley Feigel Stafford, 88, died August 14, 2017 at her home at North Hill, in Needham, Massachusetts. Shirley had joined Wellesley Friends Meeting in 2006.

Shirley walked cheerfully over the earth. She was known as an extraordinarily kind, thoughtful, and gentle person who was even-tempered and good-natured. She always saw the best in people around her and could light up a room with her smile.

Shirley was born in Syracuse, New York, on March 20, 1929, to Richard and Estelle Feigel. Shirley was an avid angler as a young girl while spending summers in her family's home on the shore of Oneida Lake, which began her interest in freshwater lakes. She often provided her family's meals with her angler skills. Her mother, Estelle, performed professionally as a violin soloist and was an accomplished classical pianist, providing her daughter with a lifelong fondness for music.

Shirley received a BS in 1950 and an MS in 1952 from Syracuse University. After graduation Shirley conducted research as a bacteriologist with her colleagues in the Biological Research Laboratories, Department of Bacteriology and Botany at Syracuse University. While working as a microbiologist she completed her doctoral course work in microbiology at Syracuse University. Shirley was unable to finish her PhD when she and her first husband, Giles C. Dilg, moved to Massachusetts to start his career in electrical engineering with the Raytheon Corporation.

After raising her sons, Michael and Eric, as a supportive homemaker and mother, Shirley started a second doctoral curriculum, and in 1987 received her PhD from Boston University with a focus on environmental management. The title of her dissertation, which is available in research libraries today, is *Lake Management in Four States*. Shirley continued her environmental work as a water resources manager with the New England River Basin Commission and taught biology at Newton Junior College and

Environmental Science at Cape Cod Community College as an Associate Professor.

At Wellesley Friends Meeting, Shirley carried her concerns for the environment into her work on the Peace Committee and participation on the Earth Quakers group who met regularly to discuss books and view videos on environmental issues and to learn how to live a more sustainable life. Many of us did not know Shirley's extensive academic achievements but enjoyed many discussions in which she shared her knowledge.

At her North Hill community, Shirley participated in a weekly public-affairs forum as a board member and by occasionally presenting information in the fields of chemistry and environmental affairs. Her research capability, keen intelligence, and careful listening were apparent and much respected. Shirley enjoyed entertaining family and extended family at her summer home and cottages on the shores of the Town Cove in Eastham, Massachusetts. She cherished her time with her family and was a loving grandmother to her granddaughters Hailey and Julianna.

In October 1985 Shirley and Richard E. Stafford were married at the Peace Abbey in Sherborn, Massachusetts, and celebrated their marriage at a called meeting at Wellesley Friends Meeting. Shirley was predeceased by her second husband, whom she regarded as her soulmate.

Her cheerful and peaceful acceptance of her own dying deeply impressed her North Hill Friends.

APPROVED BY WELLESLEY FRIENDS MEETING, JANUARY 13, 2019  
ENDORSED BY SALEM QUARTERLY MEETING, APRIL 28, 2018

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**Gudrun Helga (Schulz) Weeks**  
**January 25, 1935 – May 29, 2018**

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Testimony to the life of Gudrun Helga Weeks, née Schulz, born in Baden-Baden, Germany, on 25 January 1935, died in Hanover, New Hampshire, 29 May 2018

Gudrun's parents met at Woodbrooke, an English Quaker Center. Her grandparents' 300-year-old house in West Chester, Pennsylvania, was one of her childhood homes.

She and her three older siblings moved back and forth across the Atlantic between Germany and the United States during the pre-war years. They returned to Germany on the *Europa*, the last boat through Italy in 1940. They remained in Munich during World War II and were not able to return to West Chester until 1946.

Gudrun's Quaker education was at George School in Pennsylvania, graduating in 1953. She then spent a year studying music in Munich before matriculating at Sarah Lawrence College (1955–1959), where she studied with Dorothy Delay, one of the best violin teachers in New York City. It was there that she met her friend and mentor Esther Rauschenbusch and studied with Robert Koff of the Julliard Quartet. While at Sarah Lawrence, Gudrun first learned of the Holocaust. She had been unaware despite having spent the war years in Germany. This revelation deeply troubled her at the time and throughout her life. (For a history of the Schulz family, see *The Other Side of the Ocean* by Barbara Heather.)

After graduating from Sarah Lawrence, Gudrun worked in New York City at Brooklyn College and later the Guggenheim Museum. She also trained with the National Orchestral Association. She continued studying with Dorothy Delay until she moved to Kansas to the conservatory to study towards a Masters. A summer job teaching strings and chamber music at the Putney School in Vermont led to her marrying Larry Gay. They went to Zurich for his studies and their first child, Jenny, was born there. Their second child, Carl, was born in Eugene, Oregon, where they went for Larry to complete his doctorate. Marlboro, Vermont, became

their home for the next decade starting in 1969. They homesteaded and Larry taught at the College. Gudrun made music with friends, and with others started the Brattleboro Music School in 1970.

In 1980, Gudrun joined Sheldon Weeks in Papua New Guinea. He was an old friend who had first brought her to Putney in 1956; then they had gone different ways. In Papua New Guinea she found some exceptional pianists to perform with and had many wonderful students at home. Their daughter Kristina was born there. In 1991, they transferred to Botswana, where they were to spend the next 22 years. There Gudrun spent several years training a string orchestra for the Botswana Defence Force. She made lots of music and had many wonderful students; she also participated in the work of SERVAS, Art of Living, and the Southern African Quaker community. She organized many fundraising concerts, particularly for the first shelter in Botswana for women and children who were victims of domestic violence. It was run by the Kagisano Society, where she served on the board.

In 2012 Gudrun wrote a testimony to her life which was shared through a performance of story and music entitled “Celebrating Life Through Music” at the Central and Southern Africa Yearly Meeting, and was printed in the *Southern Africa Quaker News* (April 2013, Number 233).

Gudrun and Sheldon left Botswana to return to Vermont in late 2013. They settled in Brattleboro, in a duplex with their daughter Kristina and grandson Niko. Gudrun joined the Windham Orchestra and many others in making music, but her life of teaching students had come to an end. Gudrun created a music room large enough for sextets and had the pleasure of regularly playing music with her many friends.

Sheldon and Gudrun transferred their membership in the Religious Society of Friends from the Botswana Monthly Meeting to Putney Meeting, but mainly attended West Brattleboro Quaker Worship Group. During the winters they were rejuvenated by adventures to the Virgin Islands; Sausalito, California; Loja, Ecuador; and Mazatlan, Mexico.

In the months before she died, Gudrun became involved with the Community Asylum Seekers Project (CASP). This local organization provides sponsorship, housing, and support for asylum-seekers so they can get out of government detention centers while awaiting their asylum court hearing. She took on a leadership role and went door to door in her neighborhood looking for support and for someone who would house one or more asylum-seekers. Her successful efforts led to two asylum-seekers from Honduras now being housed in Brattleboro.

Gudrun is survived by her sister, Sonia Segal; her spouse, Sheldon Weeks; her three children, Jennifer Odegard, Carl Gay, and Kristina Weeks; four step-children and one adopted child; 13 grandchildren, 5 great grandchildren, and many cousins, nieces, and nephews. We will

miss her smile and laugh, passion for music, sense of adventure, zest for life, love of nature, and concern for social justice in the world.

*May wisdom shine through me*

*May love glow in me*

*May strength penetrate me*

*That in me may arise*

*A helper for humanity*

*A servant of sacred things*

*Selfless and true.*

(Rudolf Steiner [a favorite poem of Gudrun's])

APPROVED BY WEST BRATTLEBORO QUAKER WORSHIP GROUP,  
NOVEMBER II, 2018

ENDORSED BY NORTHWEST QUARTERLY MEETING, MARCH 3, 2019

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**Noa Hall Williams**  
**February 16, 1943 – May 14, 2014**

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Noa Hall Williams melded art, spirituality, teaching, family, community, gardening, and social activism into a life well lived. She died May 14, 2014, age 71, at her home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, from cancer. She was admired by all who knew her for her own unconscious beauty and her amazing capacities as a teacher, friend, and artist.

She was born in Boston on February 16, 1943. Her parents, the architect, designer, and painter John Hughes “Jack” Hall and her mother, Dorothy “Dodie” Merwin, were both long-time participants in the bohemian world which existed in the 1930s and 1940s. Her father, now known for his highly regarded Modernist building “The Hatch House,” was a friend of John Dos Passos, Edwin Dickinson, Marcel Breuer, and Serge Chermayeff. Her mother, Dodie, who modeled for Rockwell Kent and George Biddle, served in the Volunteers in Service to America (VISTA) Program in Oklahoma and in the Peace Corps in the Philippines after she was 65.

Noa spent part of her youth in Mississippi, living with her mother and stepfather before returning to New England for boarding school. Her father lived on Cape Cod and in his thirties had joined the Sandwich Friends Meeting. On visits with her father, Noa worshiped with Friends at the South Yarmouth Preparative Meeting.

Noa studied painting with Sidney Simon and her work was shown in many Provincetown, New York, and Boston galleries. As a young woman she attended the High Mowing School in New Hampshire (where she later served as trustee), the Sorbonne in Paris, and the Bellevue School of Nursing in New York. She taught four-year-olds at the Shady Hill School in Cambridge.

Noa and her husband, Ike (John) Williams, began attending Friends Meeting at Cambridge in the late 1960s. She became a member of the meeting in 1987. For Noa, meeting was a spiritual home and a nurturing



community—a place where she and Ike brought up their three children. She made many friends, especially with other artists in the meeting. Noa served on a number of meeting committees, including Membership, Oversight, Exhibits, Gardening and Landscaping, and Care and Support. In the fall of 2004, as part of the meeting's ongoing art exhibits, Noa had a one-woman show of her paintings.

Noa's artistic and decorative tastes, both interior and exterior, created wonderful gardens and furnishings in Cambridge and at her family's house on Bound Brook Island in Wellfleet. Her sweet disposition belied a fierce devotion to her children, in whom she instilled a deep sense of love for the natural world, a strong belief in social justice, and appreciation of the arts and music.

As a long-time Quaker and Buddhist, Noa faced her death with equanimity, upholding the Buddhist precept, "Live Well, Learn to Die." Memorial meetings for worship were held at Friends Meeting at Cambridge and at her summer home in Wellfleet, Massachusetts.

APPROVED BY FRIENDS MEETING AT CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 10 2019

ENDORSED BY SALEM QUARTERLY MEETING, APRIL 28 2019







**NEW ENGLAND  
YEARLY MEETING  
OF FRIENDS**

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