

# Memorial Minutes ~ 2022 ~

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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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**Arthur Fink (1947–2021)**  
**James Gould (1924–2021)**  
**Marjorie Hancock (1924–2018)**  
**Anne Harwood (1947–2020)**  
**Linda Lyman (1934–1922)**  
**Chip Neal (1945–2021)**  
**Edward Robinson (1940–1920)**  
**Susan Sayer-Crew (1961–2021)**  
**Jeanne Whitaker (1926–2021)**

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**Arthur Jablow Fink**  
**March 1, 1947 – April 21, 2021**

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Arthur Jablow Fink, 74, of Peaks Island, Maine, passed on April 21, 2021.

With his beloved family by his side, he bid farewell in his island home with a fire in the fireplace and candles lit. The family's dear friend and chaplain, Jean Berman, led a simple, collaborative experience honoring Arthur in the sacred time of his spirit crossing over.

Arthur was born and grew up in Manhattan. He attended the Friends Seminary high school. While a student there he volunteered to work on the campus of Friends World College on Long Island as it prepared to open. There he met a group of remarkable and wise Friends who were creating this college. These experiences inspired him to attend Swarthmore College, where he studied physics. He received a master's degree in computer science from Harvard and was a doctoral candidate in artificial intelligence.

When Arthur realized that his doctoral work at Harvard was largely going to serve the military, he left Harvard and went to work at the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) in Boston. At AFSC Arthur worked in public relations, hosting his own radio broadcast and discovering a passion for broadcast journalism. Along with a small group of Friends, he researched and published reports documenting the military industrial involvement in education, particularly at Harvard. Arthur's academic and press credentials allowed him to attend conferences on weapons development, where he challenged those developing and funding weapons. He was arrested and jailed several times for his anti-war work. One Friend's inspiration to attend law school was his conviction that Arthur and another Friend, Sukie Rice, would continue to need representation in court.

He had a long career as an international expert in software development and usability. His work was groundbreaking and durable, particularly for its attention to how the user would engage with the software. Arthur was one of the pioneers in “user friendly” programming. He presented widely around the world.

He traveled extensively for work and had a special place in his heart for his cherished Amsterdam and the Netherlands.

Arthur was both a scientist and an artist. He had a passion and a gift for dance photography that took him throughout New England into New York. He was the resident dance photographer at the Bates Dance Festival for more than 12 years. Arthur described dance as his “spiritual gift” which taught him “at a very deep soul level.” His portfolio of photographs of dancers captured the dancers’ experience as they created their performances. A posthumous show, “Dancing in the Light,” at the Spiegel Gallery at Maine Jewish Museum, displayed some of these remarkable images.

In 2013, Arthur was invited to join a group traveling to Auschwitz as the photographer. The group created a visual, musical, and dramatic performance from the journals of Etty Hillesum, who had been interned in the camps as a young woman. His colleagues ultimately performed at the Etty Hillesum Congress in Belgium. An exhibit at the Maine Jewish Museum and at Portland Friends meetinghouse showed some of Arthur’s photographs from that trip, capturing the sense that the trees were still impacted by the pain and the cruelty that had happened at the camp. Arthur planned other presentations of the work with a focus on bringing hope and light as we consider dark historical events.

Arthur’s first child, Sarah, died as an infant. He carried the grief of this death for the rest of his life and he shared the understanding he gained that each life, no matter how long or short, was whole and was a gift. He brought this experience and wisdom to volunteer for years photographing babies and supporting families whose children had very short lives, died at birth, or were stillborn. Arthur was instrumental in supporting Friends who had a short-lived son to hold a memorial meeting at Portland Friends Meeting. This inspired other older Friends to also honor their own short-lived child.

He celebrated the community of Peaks Island, and often served as the unofficial island photographer, photographing the parades and events for the community to enjoy. Teaching photography courses was a treasured part of his photographic career.

Arthur served on the board of Creative Portland, the Historic Preservation Commission of Portland, and as president of the board of

the Merriconeag Waldorf School in Freeport, during which service he oversaw the first capital campaign to design and build what is now the Maine Coast Waldorf School in Freeport. Before moving to Portland, Arthur served on the board of Pine Hill, the Waldorf School in Wilton, N.H. Arthur also served on the board of Abbey of Hope, a group fostering interfaith dialogue, and was an engaged participant in the Northfield Conference, a multi-age, multi-faith, multi-gender spiritual conference held every summer at Northfield-Mt. Herman School in Massachusetts.

For 20 years, Arthur was involved with PechaKucha Portland, a branch of an international story-telling forum begun in Tokyo, which offers opportunities for people to share their passion about ideas and experiences. He served on its board of directors and frequently spoke and mentored other presenters, sharing his expertise in consulting and coaching.

He had more than 50 years of cherished involvement with the Quaker community in New England, serving as the recording clerk for the Yearly Meeting and on several Yearly Meeting committees, including the current committee for revision of Faith & Practice. Arthur first joined Friends at Fifteenth Street Meeting, NY, in high school, and later was a member of Friends Meeting at Cambridge (MA), Monadnock (NH) Quaker Meeting, and Portland Friends Meeting. At Portland, Arthur facilitated a two-year-long process which led Portland to approve same-gender marriages. Portland Friends knew Arthur as a gifted recording clerk, able to capture the deep sense of a meeting. Arthur was admired for his ability to write using precise and eloquent language. This gift started early as a game he and his mother (an editor herself) would play together. With *The Elements of Style* by Strunk and White at hand, they would practice boiling down texts by removing words unnecessary to communicate intent, an art he cultivated life-long.

During the pandemic years, Arthur treasured attending meeting for worship on Zoom at Pendle Hill, London, and Amsterdam Friends Meetings. During this time Arthur hosted a “query group,” where he would bring a query exploring the intersection of creativity and faithfulness to a group followed by a period of worship-sharing.

Always the thought-provoking questioner in any meeting or conference, he encouraged compassion, exploration, and soulful artistic expression in discernment. At his memorial service, a person shared their conviction that Arthur’s super power was asking questions that focused attention in unexpected ways and at times changed peoples’ lives.

Arthur liked to tell stories and excelled at it. He often began with personal memories and experiences, then gracefully transitioned to universal truths. Through combining personal and universal, his stories touched others' hearts and minds deeply.

Arthur was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer on his 74th birthday and died seven and a half weeks later. He was remarkably centered, generous, and at peace during this period. He died confident that death was not an end, but a transition.

An memorial meeting was held outdoors on Saturday, October 9, 2021, at the Lions Club on Peaks Island, honoring Arthur's life and legacy and the pure joy he shared so freely.

Arthur was predeceased by his mother, Selma Jablow Fink; his second mother, Sona Holman Fink; his father, Karl Fink; and his infant daughter Sarah.

Arthur is survived by his beloved wife Aaiyn Foster; his second daughter, Alyssa Foster Tabbutt; his son-in-law Kenneth Curry; his grandchildren, Jackson George, Lola Rose, Homer James, and Ophelia Grace of South Lake Tahoe, California; his stepsons Austin and Jonathan Chick and their families; and by his much loved sister, Janet Rose Fink.

Arthur had a private green burial at Portland Friends Meeting Cemetery on April 24, 2021.

PORTLAND FRIENDS MEETING, MARCH 5, 2022

FALMOUTH QUARTERLY MEETING, APRIL 16, 2022

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**James (Jim) Warren Gould**  
**May 14, 1924 – March 13, 2021**

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James Warren Gould, beloved member of Sandwich Monthly Meeting, died peacefully on the morning of March 13, 2021, at the age of 96. Jim was raised in an environment of peace and love. His father, Douglas, was a World War I veteran who after the war spoke openly about his contention that all wars are ugly and wrong. Jim's mother, Elsa, became the head of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

Jim served in the Army in World War II and was promoted to being an interpreter when officers discovered his language skills. During the War, Jim became a pacifist and dedicated the rest of his life to peacemaking. After earning his Master's in international relations, Jim pursued a career in the Foreign Service, having assignments in the Dutch East Indies and China. He later earned a doctorate in his field and went on to teach at Scripps College for 34 years. Though a very humble man, Jim did share his sense of accomplishment from having the opportunity to inspire hundreds of graduate students over the years. Those of us who knew and spent time with Jim can only begin to imagine how much better the world is because of him.

In addition to teaching, Jim worked with countless diplomats for peace, in and outside of the United Nations. From 1990 to 1995, Jim was president of the United Nations Association of Cape Cod. In 2010, he was presented the Ambassador of Peace Award for his lifelong commitment to the United Nations efforts for world peace and justice. In 2017, the Peace Abbey in Millis, MA, presented Jim the International Courage of Conscience Award. Jim was also a great contributor to documenting the history of Cape Cod. He was well known locally as someone who answered questions from all who sought him out.

In midlife, Jim found his spiritual home in the Quaker faith. Jim often spoke about his love for the members of Sandwich Monthly Meeting and for other Quakers. He encouraged Friends to take an active part in peace and social-justice work. Right up to the end of his life, Jim could be seen standing outside the Falmouth Village Green protesting war and violence.

Just as Jim had felt the United Nations could have done more to foster peace, he felt that Quakers needed to become more involved in addressing racism. In his efforts here, Jim found it difficult for Quakers to talk peacefully and productively about racial justice. During the last 16 years of his life, Jim shared his sadness about this issue. He communicated his fervent hopes and prayers for a more involved process of reconciliation among his beloved Friends. As Jim used to say at times, "Let's see what love can do." While we grieve the loss of our beloved friend, none of us will ever forget Jim Gould's inspiring life lived in service, peace, and love.

EAST SANDWICH PREPARATIVE MEETING, JANUARY 23, 2022  
SANDWICH MONTHLY MEETING, FEBRUARY 6, 2022  
SANDWICH QUARTERLY MEETING, APRIL 23, 2022



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**Marjorie Leonard Hancock**  
**October 3, 1924 – August 25, 2018**

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Marjorie Leonard Hancock was born on October 3, 1924, in Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, USVI, and died August 25, 2018, at Cooley Dickinson Hospital (Northampton, MA) while living in Leverett, MA. She was a poet, writer, teacher, activist, and Quaker. She was also a wife, mother, friend, and a strong, active presence in the Quaker community with a strong belief in God. A friend recalled that “Her presence in meeting has always been clear. Toward the end of her life her messages were often about love.”

As a child, she moved often. Her father was a Navy chaplain and his family moved with him from assignment to assignment. Sailing on a Navy ship to Guam and living there was an important part of her childhood. She loved the sea and sometimes said she remembered feeling safest on board ship, out in the ocean. While living in Guam she met and learned about the Chamorro people [the indigenous people of the Mariana Islands-ed.]. She lived in or visited many places including the U.S. Virgin Islands; Guam; Shanghai; San Diego and Long Beach, CA; Brooklyn, NY; Shady Nook, ME; and Winchester and Ashfield, MA.

When she met and married her husband, Charles Thomas Hancock, Jr. (1914–1997), a Quaker and conscientious objector, they were members of Scarsdale Monthly Meeting. They moved to Ashfield in 1961, after which her husband took a job at the University of Massachusetts Amherst. Soon after that she took a job with the Amherst schools, teaching kindergarten at the Munson Library in South Amherst. They commuted to Amherst together from Ashfield until she was forced to leave her teaching position because she could not get child care for her kindergarten-aged children. In 1965 they settled in Leverett, MA, close to her husband’s job as a librarian at the University of Massachusetts Amherst.

Marjorie's husband had very strong views about many subjects. Marjorie often acted on behalf of his leadings even when her leadings were in a different direction, but when her leadings were powerful, she followed them and he acted on behalf of them. They both believed in the importance of their work for God through the Religious Society of Friends, and there was never any question but that they should advise and consult with each other and support each other's work. They were partners.

They had three children: Charles Thomas III, Dacre, and Sarah. While their children were of school age, Marjorie was employed at home providing child care for the son of a friend, and also engaged in the life of her family and the Mt. Toby meeting. After her husband suffered a heart attack in 1977, friend and meeting member Laura Robinson taught her to drive. Marjorie subsequently gained employment, first in a department store and later at the University. She retired in the mid-1990s to care for her husband, by then retired as well. After her husband's death in 1997, Marjorie participated in the Foster Grandparents Program in the Leverett Schools. She also read her poems on several occasions.

For most of her life Marjorie expressed her feelings and thoughts in poetry and fiction, and later in devotional writings after the manner of Friends. For her memorial meeting in 2018, her children collected some of her poems and writings in a book called *Benchmarks: Thoughts in Passing*, giving a copy to the Mt. Toby meeting library. Her poetry is notable for its joy, gentle humor, and recognition of the earth's beauty, while her writings show insight into the human spiritual condition. Marjorie had an abiding love for the natural world that led to her gardening and caring for animals. She acquired many pets and was herself adopted by wild birds as host and mother. To all creatures, her generous nature and dedication to their welfare were evident.

Marjorie was a pacifist long before she was a Quaker. Marjorie said her ideas about pacifism began when she was around five years old, listening to her father's sermons. An example of her pacifist convictions is the story told by a friend of Marjorie's refusal to participate in air raid drills with the public school class she was teaching in the early 1950s. She refused to have her students participate in drills because she believed young children should not be exposed to issues of war. She was fired from that job because of her anti-war philosophy.

Over the course of her life, Marjorie was active in Friends Meeting at Cambridge (MA), Scarsdale (NY) Monthly Meeting, and at Mt. Toby Monthly Meeting, which she joined in 1964. Marjorie was recognized as a powerful figure among Friends for her spiritual and social insight, her work with children, her ministry in meeting for worship, and her advocacy for peace during the height of the Vietnam war.

She was active in both Mt. Toby Monthly Meeting and New England Yearly Meeting of Friends, serving on many committees in the 1970s. From 1972 to 1975 she served on the Board of Trustees of the Moses Brown School in Providence (the New England Yearly Meeting school built in 1789); the Christian Education Committee from 1971 to 1976; the (ad hoc) Friends Educational Needs Committee from 1976 to 1979, when the committee's work was completed; and as the Mt. Toby representative to the Yearly Meeting Nominating Committee from 1971 to 1976.

Marjorie was an integral part of Mt. Toby's ecosystem. She was a major influence in the life of the meeting for 50 years between 1964 and the 20-teens. She was a fierce spiritual presence in the meeting at the same time her spirituality has been described as "light-hearted." She was always dedicated to the needs of children in the life of the meeting. Marjorie was a loving person all of her life. She was a survivor. She brought a calm. Her guidance was from within, a kind of a purity and clearness of purpose. A family member recalls: "Her way to change seemed to me to be like the steady dropping of water on a rock, the power of continual yet subtle force of spiritual resoluteness and belief in Goodness within All."

During her presentation on her spiritual journey, Marjorie said, "Wherever there is life there is Spirit. We are trying to know God. Each of us is necessary to see God, we need only to open our hearts to listen with our inner ears, to dare to be brave, to be faithful to righteousness." She also said, "I am a willing captive of the Spirit. I do not have to search for God. God is within me. There is an eternity to God and I am part of it." Marjorie Leonard Hancock died August 25, 2018, and was buried in the Mt. Toby Friends Burial Ground on August 28, 2018. Her memorial meeting was held at the Mt. Toby meetinghouse on October 20, 2018.

*Choices Fourth Month, 2001 (Marjorie Leonard Hancock)*

*Joy lurks everywhere; Choose joy.*

*It peeks around the corners of our lives*

*Gather it in*

*Make room for it in your heart, for it wears a loving face.*

*Step into the circle of light emitted by love.*

*Let your whole life reflect its beauty.*

*Pass on its blessings.*

*Choose joy.*

(Poem ©2018, The Estate of Marjorie Leonard Hancock. Used with permission).

MT. TOBY MONTHLY MEETING, JANUARY 15, 2022

CONNECTICUT VALLEY QUARTERLY MEETING, FEBRUARY 5, 2022

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**Anne Elizabeth Harwood**  
**September 18, 1947 – April 23, 2020**

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Anne was a nurturer. She woke every morning filled with thoughts of what the world needed, and settled into a plan for what small things she could do that day to help. From her profession as social worker she knew that some things required talking out. Other times she sensed that a distracting bit of fun or a big celebratory event was called for.

With great courage she pursued what she believed was the best path forward. She applied her skills to her marriages, her daughters and grandchildren, a tiny twig of a white oak, a small sapling of a start-up school, and to the entire Portland Friends Meeting.

Anne was born on September 18, 1947, in Boston, Massachusetts. She grew up in nearby Chestnut Hill as the second of six siblings born to Anna Wheeler Snow and Bartlett Harwood, Jr. Anne spent 65 summers on North Haven Island, Maine. It was there that she first learned to love the natural world. Summer meant gardening, painting, and best of all, sailing—all life-long pursuits. After graduating from Vassar College, she moved with her first husband to California. She studied painting and color theory at Rudolf Shaeffer School of Design in San Francisco. When her two daughters, Molly and Rose, were born, she took much satisfaction and joy in motherhood. After her divorce she earned a second Bachelor's degree in social work at Sonoma State University. In 1995 Anne and the girls moved to Portland and then Falmouth, Maine. She completed her Master's in social work at the University of New England. She worked in support of Portland's homeless population.

Although Anne did not begin life as a Quaker, when she discovered Portland Friends Meeting she knew she had found her spiritual home. As well as a religious society, she found two partners there. She first met Sydney McDowell when they both volunteered to serve on a

support committee for a meeting member. Both social workers, Anne and Sydney started Harwood & McDowell Collaborative Mediation. Sydney and Anne decided on a white oak leaf as a motif on their stationery and business cards. The white oak is a tree that needs “mothering,” to be sheltered from bright sun in its early years.

Soon Anne found a white oak to plant in her yard in Falmouth, and her soon-to-be marriage partner Tom Foote provided the slightly larger grey birches from his farm in Hiram to shade it. Tom and Anne shared a love of nature and a concern for the environment. Like many Quakers, activism was part of their spiritual practice. Many may remember Anne passing out a book entitled *Peak Oil* and selling us on ways to avoid its use. She was one of the first to own a Prius, but soon there were several in the parking lot every Sunday. At our last in-person worship with Anne, she commented on the quarantine that kept her sequestered at Oceanview, “I hope this pandemic will soon be over and that our civil liberties will be restored.” The last part was a surprise to dutiful mask wearers, but they certainly shared her hope.

Anne was very excited to care for the new Friends School of Portland. The school’s founder describes Anne as “encouraging of the whole endeavor in her gentle, thoughtful, quiet, calm and focused way.” Her granddaughter Bella was in the first pre-school class. Soon a second granddaughter, Julia, was old enough to attend. Anne’s daughter Rose managed the fundraising campaign that helped to build the new school. Anne courageously served as treasurer, assistant clerk, and finally clerk of the Board, without much past experience in these roles. Her keen intelligence and her trust that she would learn from others were responsible for her success. The former Head of School, Jenny Rowe, remembers Anne as “both supportive and direct, the exact qualities necessary for that role.” Anne was a big supporter of the school auction, taking a cue from the Head to put her name down on any items which had no bidders. A Friend remembers her delight when she bid strategically and successfully on a sailboat!

Because at that time her ride home was more than an hour long, Anne was invited to stay over after Board meetings at the Falmouth home of a Portland Friends member. They had long conversations about the growing Friends School, and Anne invited her hostess on a guided tour. In her will, this member made a generous bequest to the School, and Anne hoped that she had helped in part to bring about this wonderful gift.

Never one to be idle, almost as soon as Anne retired from the Friends School Board, she became co-clerk of Portland Friends Meeting. One of the most valuable skills she brought with her was the abil-

ity to elder. She could carefully and caringly describe her observations and how they had affected her personally. Then she would ever-so-gently engage in a conversation that would inevitably result in an aha! moment and the beginning of a plan going forward. Many members and attenders have mentioned their gratitude for her guidance.

One spring Sunday Anne decided we needed some fun. She announced that “Tortilla Flats is selling their property to the builder of an elder residence. One of the special attractions is that the occupants will be allowed to have pets. The builder has asked if their cats and dogs could be buried in our cemetery.” The news was met with a wall of silence, as good Quakers struggled to frame their objections in a loving way. There was a communal sigh of relief and laughter when Anne broke the suspense by adding, “Happy April Fool’s Day.”

Then Anne was diagnosed with Parkinson’s, but none of the usual medicines seemed to help her. She was re-diagnosed with Multiple System Atrophy, a disease that progresses quickly and has no known treatments. Despite the crippling of her body, she continued to live as fully as possible. She met friends for lunch at the Grill. She attended the birthday gatherings of the many women in the meeting who were born in 1947, even when she needed to be transported in a wheelchair. She sailed and then captained her boat even when it was required that she be carried aboard. She rejoiced when her daughter Molly moved back to Maine with grandson Charlie. She regaled everyone with stories of granddaughter Anna, who seems to have inherited her grandmother’s determination.

Anne continued painting as long as she could hold a brush, and learned how to play bridge even when her hands could no longer hold the cards. She managed to come to meeting as often as possible. She invited the entire meeting to her next-to-last birthday party at Gilsland Farm. Later she was grateful for a group of Quakers who came to her apartment to sing and pray.

Near the end of her life, Anne wrote by dictation, “My spirit is strong but my body is failing. Loving people is a good antidote to whatever else you have going on. Loving is what I try to do. Loving is the answer.”

PORTLAND FRIENDS MEETING, AUGUST 1, 2021  
FALMOUTH QUARTER, APRIL 16, 2022

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Linda J. Lyman  
September 25, 1934 – January 8, 2022

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Linda J. Lyman left this world on January 8, 2022 at the Gosnell Memorial Hospice House in Scarborough, Maine. She lived independently until the day she entered the Gosnell House of her own volition. She chose her path to the end, directing when she should be medicated, and died a few days after entering Gosnell House as she had lived—on her own terms with intent and deliberation.

Linda was born on September 25, 1934. She grew up attending Lake Forest Friends Meeting in Lake Forest, Ill. She attended many other meetings over the years, Bellingham, WA, being the last before finding her way to southern Maine and our tiny meeting.

Over the years she worked at the Pendle Hill Study and Retreat Center, then served as Friend in Residence at Woodbrooke Quaker Study Center. For 9 years she held a position on the board of Friends Publishing Corporation, which publishes *Friend's Journal*.

In her lifetime, she garnered a variety of amazing experiences. She marched with Martin Luther King Jr in the 1960s, striving to enact change with non-violent protests.

She worked with Elizabeth Kubler-Ross, the world-renowned author of *On Death and Dying*, a work that introduced the five stages of grief and death. This work affected Linda's decisions regarding her own end-of-life choices.

Yet it was her experiences in the natural world that elevated her soul and brought her peace. While working as a family mental health therapist, she would take clients on extended forays into the woods, her favorite being the Boundary Waters of Minnesota. She led people on canoe trips, hiking, and learning the ways of nature.

Linda met her life partner, Marty (Meredith) Walton in 1989 and they shared more than 30 years together, leading a rich life of Quakerism and beyond, with family, friends, and in the outdoor world.

They lived in Kennebunk for nearly 10 years, found our tiny meeting and immediately joined our Quaker community. Linda served as our clerk for 6 years, until Marty's health began to decline. Linda was also involved with various town councils involving dogs on the beach, building a coalition between homeowners and dog people. She also worked monitoring the river and beaches, sampling water for contamination.

When she and Marty moved to Springvale, Maine, they began a relationship with the Unitarian-Universalist church of Springvale, while continuing to be involved in our Southern Maine Friends Meeting. Serving the community has always factored into Linda's life.

When Marty became seriously ill, Linda helped her through her end-of-life care with dignity and choice, never leaving her side until the very end.

She lived alone for another 1½ years, immersing herself in the woods and creatures around her home, feeding a wide array of birds and critters. Her final days in Springvale were involved in orchestrating their care and feeding.

Her legacy and contributions, both to our meeting and her extended community, will be remembered and revered, as she will be.

SOUTHERN MAINE MONTHLY MEETING, MARCH 27, 2022

FALMOUTH QUARTER, APRIL 16, 2022



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**Earl “Chip” Neal**  
**December 9, 1945 – June 25, 2021**

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When Chip Neal brought his family to Dover from Maryland in 1978, they loved everything about their new home except the proposed construction of a nuclear power plant in nearby Seabrook.

He had been hired by New Hampshire Public Television to do a nightly news show, having worked his way up from entry-level floorman in a pioneering community college television station to cameraman at WETA in Washington and then director/producer at Maryland Public Television.

Across the Granite State he became known for the segments he produced and hosted on *New Hampshire Crossroads*, where he spent many years traveling every corner of the state bringing unique New Hampshire features and people to a statewide audience. It was in one of those stories that he coined the phrase “Yankee yard.” His curiosity was sweet-tempered and non-judgmental. He also produced segments for the popular weekly *Windows to the Wild* outdoor adventures series featuring Willem Lange.

Although he attended the University of Illinois during the Vietnam era, he did not earn a degree until he worked at the University of New Hampshire for NHPTV. He graduated from college the same year his daughter, Amanda, graduated from high school.

He never aspired to go into management. Rather, he always preferred to be hands-on, something son Jamie inherited.

That was reflected in the family’s old farmhouse near the Cochecho River, where they began rearing a few chickens, sheep, and honeybees. After aligning with the Clamshell Alliance opposing the Seabrook Station, he realized the activists he admired the most were all Quakers, and soon he, too, was worshiping in the old meetinghouse, along with children Jamie and Amanda, while his wife Nell continued at First Parish just down the street. Over time, as she felt her spiritual growth

being nurtured more through connections with Friends, she, too, became part of the Meeting.

Their social life included visits by boat with other Quaker families living downstream or around Great Bay. Inspired by what he had read about the Amish and a “why not” attitude, Chip determined to try a barn-raising of his own, resulting in a merry one-day celebration that did, indeed, accomplish the task.

Chip was commissioned to create a private documentary profiling Silas Weeks, who had been instrumental in the reopening of the Dover Friends meetinghouse. The interviews, now available on YouTube, remain a touching intersection of the faithful lives of both Silas and Chip.

Many of the qualities of Chip’s spiritual life also infused his professional career. A fellow producer noted that Chip possessed a brilliant communication talent in short-form and long-form storytelling. He not only saw the heart of a story, but let it speak for itself, time and time again. Where most producers tended to interpret meaning for the viewer, Chip had the unending patience—and absolute stubbornness—never to let that happen in his work. Thanks to his relentless focus, firm discipline, and above all a fabulous sense of humor, time and time again he would dig down until he found the light of truth hiding inside the most humble to the most exalted story, and to let it shine like a diamond in the wide open, all on its own, available and meaningful to the viewer.

As he grew and matured, he more and more thought deeply and broadly about events and phenomena, all with a spiritual bent. Often, this led to rising in the middle of the night to write down his ideas and insights, sometimes as haiku with a snap.

He emphasized the necessity of being centered in the present, explaining, “Life is that thing you’re doing right now.” From that, he had an ability to view difficulties from the side and then provide helpful alternatives to the knot before us.

During his terms as clerk of Dover Friends Meeting, Chip would stand after the closing of worship with the shaking of hands and then, gazing around the room, say simply, “Thank you for sharing your spiritual journey with us this morning— whether spoken or unspoken.”

He loved serving as clerk and treasured Quaker process, especially taking sufficient time in our labors together.

The advance of Parkinson’s interrupted his service to family, Friends, and the wider world, but not his presence. He had often reminded us that in trying to reach a destination while sailing, one had to constantly make adjustments—tacking.

He was also fond of a Navajo prayer:

*All above me peaceful,  
all below me peaceful,  
all beside me peaceful,  
all around me peaceful.*

He passed over peacefully on June 25, 2021, in the comfort of his wife, Nell.

DOVER MONTHLY MEETING, NOVEMBER 21, 2021

DOVER QUARTERLY MEETING, MAY 29, 2022

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Edward Anthony Robinson  
September 12, 1940 – April 20, 2020

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Ed Robinson (79) passed away on April 20, 2020, after a short illness caused by cancer. Ed died peacefully, surrounded by family in the home of his beloved niece, Jessica Sobey, in South Portland. The music of Pavarotti played as the sunlit room dimmed and he took his last breath. Prior to his death, Ed wanted people to know he was filled with love and joy and that his life had been blessed. He cherished all who had a chance to speak with him or send messages in his final days, and he sent deep affection to others he knew would only learn later of his swift passing.

The eldest of the six children of Edward Anthony Robinson and Maud Eva (nee McSweeney) Robinson, Ed was born on September 12, 1940, in the Bronx, NY. The family later moved to nearby Yonkers, where Ed spent much of his childhood. Aspiring to the priesthood, Ed attended Glencliff Seminary and High School in Garrison, NY. After graduation, Ed went on to the novitiate in Milton, MA, for investiture into the Capuchin Franciscan Order. In 1963 he received a B.A. in philosophy from St. Anthony Friary in Hudson, NH, and later an M.S. in theology from St. Mary Immaculate Friary in Garrison, NY. In 1966 Ed was ordained to the Catholic priesthood at Sacred Heart Church in Yonkers, NY. He spent most of his priesthood ministering in the western Pacific islands of Guam and Saipan.

In the later 1970s Ed changed course, choosing to pursue a secular life, first in California and later in Maine. Ed loved to fall in love and was blessed with marriages to three special women, all of whom can vouch for his charm and tenderness as well as his more impossible contours. Ed and his third wife, Carol Schoneberg, enjoyed attending meeting for worship together, but once again Ed returned to his status as a single man towards the end of his life.

In Cape Elizabeth and throughout Greater Portland, Ed worked for decades as a landscape gardener, arborist, and creator of “beautiful vistas.” He was a keeper of bees, as well as a botanist, scholar of philosophy and religion, pontificator of politics, flower distributor, opera lover, Friend, and friend to many humans and to all animals, including the woodchuck who is a permanent resident at Portland Friends Meeting, perhaps due to Ed’s friendship. Ed taught horticulture and philosophy at Southern Maine Community College, where he was a mentor to many of his students. Although he left the priesthood, he never abandoned his spirituality or religious studies. Two Friends have noted that they had many deep conversations with Ed about spirituality, having a common interest in college-level teaching of religion and philosophy. These Friends noted that Ed was an avid listener, genuinely interested in their publications, poetry, and art; they shared a rare spiritual intimacy with Ed. Another Friend noted how rich was Ed’s sharing during Adult Religious Education classes.

Ed readily found a home at Portland Friends Meeting and he took on the care of the cemetery and gardens at the meetinghouse, spending many Sunday afternoons talking with Friends and making plans for improving the grounds. Ed also served on the cemetery committee for many years. His messages during worship often connected with the wonder of nature and the divine that surround us. In his own words, Ed was “happy as a lark” when gardening, a kind of work that allowed him to daydream, one of his primary passions. A true Franciscan, Ed loved the natural world more than its human-made-and-financed counterpart. As “Ye Faithful Gardener,” both the name of his business and the ethos he exuded, Ed found beauty wherever he looked, and he shared that passion with all those he met throughout his life.

He would listen to anyone who had a story to tell, and he had a story for anyone willing to listen. While many facts of Ed’s life are known, much more remains obscured in what his family and friends have come to know as “Edlore.” As his nephew Jonathan has written, “his antics were infamous, his joy infectious, his stubbornness infuriating, and his stories legendary.” His indelible laugh and his sense of wonder mean his absence leaves a great void, which is impossible to fill except through our memories of Ed.

One Friend recalled going to a free rehearsal session of the Portland Symphony Orchestra with Ed and talking about the experience over a glass of red wine at the Press Herald Hotel afterwards. Ed’s enthusiasm for classical music was so great that when the Friend left the conversation for a few minutes, Ed immediately continued talking with others who were at a nearby table.

That was Ed, indeed!

Ed Robinson is survived by his five younger siblings: Liz Smith, Richard Robinson, Meg Robinson (Bob Neff), Marty Robinson, and John Robinson (Eva); as well as by his cousin, Sandy MacDonald; foster daughter, April Crocket, and her family; five nieces and nine nephews; as well as many grandnieces, grandnephews, and countless cousins.

Ed was given the green burial he desired on Wednesday, April 22, 2020, in the Portland Friends Meeting cemetery. He chose the site with family and Friends just the day before he died, a profound experience for all who were present. He loved the dirt, and to the dirt he was returned—on Earth Day. And on what would have been his 80th birthday, September 12, 2020, Ed's family held a memorial service for him at Portland Friends Meeting, outside by the cemetery he had long cared for.

PORTLAND FRIENDS MEETING, AUGUST 30, 2021

FALMOUTH QUARTERLY MEETING, APRIL 16, 2022

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**Susan Sayer-Crew**  
**September 1, 1961 – October 30, 2021**

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If one believes that nature is inherently positive, sometimes impulsive, and brutally honest, then Susan Sayer was a Force of Nature. At her memorial meeting, a former roommate from Cornell recalled Susan as a vibrant young woman who infused spice into her life—both literally (with the different flavors she added to their popcorn) and figuratively. She had a *joie de vivre* that could not be ignored.

Susan was born in Oswego, New York, on September 1, 1961, and died October 30, 2021. It was at Cornell that Susan met her husband, Jeff Crew. Jeff and Susan were married by a Justice of the Peace in Philadelphia on July 23, 1995. After graduating from Cornell she moved to the Philadelphia area where she was active in the Providence Meeting of Media, Pennsylvania. She advocated for open space in the greater Philadelphia area.

As a member of the Westerly Friends Meeting, Susan frequently coordinated meals at the WARM center. One attender remembers her upbeat and direct welcome when she met him at the WARM shelter and said “Now you are on Team Susan!” One of her aides remembers making mountains of broccoli slaw for 50 people under Susan’s tutelage. With her aides and the Ministry and Counsel Committee, Susan made cookies for those in our meeting who felt isolated in the initial phases of the COVID-19 pandemic. Recipients of the gift knew they were receiving not just cookies, but Susan’s love and care.

Susan dealt with debilitating Multiple Sclerosis for about 15 years, but she spent little time talking about her ailments and chose to practice daily gratitude. From her wheelchair she raised her son, Daniel, and kept her home in order. A few weeks before her death, Daniel was engaged to Soveig Persson. Susan was pleased. She was aided in her endeavors by her characteristic organization and razor-sharp mind,

lifelong traits as confirmed by her brothers, elementary-school classmates, friends from her distant past, and co-workers at Swarthmore College who attended her memorial meeting. She recognized her diminishments directly and was constantly making accommodations in order to accomplish her “Great List” of important things to do and see in her life. Everywhere she went, Susan connected with people. Friends from near and far and from all different parts of her life came to visit her on her 60th birthday.

Once at a meeting for worship, Susan shared the perspective that MS slows one’s thoughts and provides time and space to reflect on and refine what one says. While that may be true, those who knew her never felt that Susan’s mind was slowing. She served as co-clerk of Ministry and Counsel. Susan taught our First Day School young Friends about our testimonies, using the acronym SPICES for Simplicity, Peace, Integrity, Community, Equality and Service. Having been a facilities planner at Swarthmore College, she understood the optimum use of space and brought this experience to her role on our Building and Grounds Committee. Working on a historic building with few ADA accommodations was challenging, and she often shared her frustration and anger with the committee. In the last days of her life, she willed a restricted gift to make the front entrance of our meeting-house handicap-accessible. This gift will benefit countless Friends in the years to come.

Toward the end of her life, Susan had a tough time relinquishing control. While planning her own memorial meeting, she stopped and said, “The sad part is I won’t be there.” But her spirit was indeed there. The room was filled with music, laughter, fond memories, and heartfelt emotion from those whose lives had been touched by Susan. During the memorial, one Friend shared that, when he thought of Susan, he was reminded of the poem “Miracles” by Walt Whitman, which seemed to capture her outlook:

*Why, who makes much of a miracle?  
As to me, I know of nothing else but miracles, ...  
To me, every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,  
Every cubic inch of space is a miracle,  
Every square yard of the surface of the earth is spread with the  
same,  
Every foot of the interior swarms with the same;  
Every spear of grass—  
the frames, limbs, organs, of men and women, and all that  
concerns them,  
All these to me are unspeakably perfect miracles.*



It is a gift to see the world through such eyes and it was a gift to know and learn from our Friend, Susan Sayer Crew.

WESTERLY MONTHLY MEETING, FEBRUARY 13, 2022

SOUTHEAST QUARTERLY MEETING, MARCH 20, 2022

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**Jeanne Theis Whitaker**  
**September 2, 1926 – October 25, 2021**

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Providence Friends Meeting has lost the gentle and gracious presence of Jeanne Theis Whitaker, who made our meeting her spiritual home for 45 years. She was faithful in attending worship every Sunday, always dressed in simple and functional clothing in the colors she loved—soft mauve, purple, teal, and light gray—the colors of the sky. Hers was a deeply calm and ever steady being. And though she rarely spoke out of the silence, when she did rise to her feet to share a message, Friends present felt anticipation for the great light that she would share with all of us. She spoke slowly and thoughtfully, quietly in a kind of awe, but always with precise articulation—a trait, one might say, of a woman who had spent her career studying and teaching French poetry with its creative exploration of the music of language. On a more basic level, she developed those habits of careful enunciation while gently guiding beginning students of French in accurate pronunciation. Ever the teacher, the guide, in listening to her it always seemed as if, for Jeanne, the very breath and sounding of the words gave physical presence to the message imparted.

She truly loved the children of our meeting, where Jeanne raised her two sons and taught in our First Day School. She was a steadfast and active member of our Peace and Social Justice Committee, sharing the message of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. with Friends, both in the context of social-justice action and in those rare but very weighty messages in silent worship on Sundays.

People often said how strong Jeanne was for such a gentle person. But there's another good word to describe her, and that's "practical." She was someone who understood the importance of doing things repeatedly so you can do them well. Lovers of language learning know this and so do good cooks, and Jeanne was both.

She was celebrated in our meeting community for her famous culinary skills, evidenced when preparing delicious baguettes and scrumptious chocolate cakes for potluck Sundays. And she was particularly proud of her work in organizing and running the meeting's annual yard sale. In these many ways, she served our community with joy and energy.

She brought the qualities of courage, moral fortitude, and passion to her commitment to our Friends' community and the wider world, putting her faith into action by trying to make that world a better place. Beyond our Monthly Meeting, Jeanne was instrumental in creating the American Friends Service Committee's Providence office for Southeastern New England. She was active in demonstrations against the war in Vietnam and participated in draft counseling. For many years she was active in the Fellowship for Reconciliation. And Jeanne participated in a Nonviolence Study Group in the 1970s along with other members of the meeting. All who knew her truly saw in Jeanne a Friend who let her life speak.

Jeanne's friendships in the meeting were many. In her later years when she had moved from Providence to live at Kendal Longwood, she reminisced with tender fondness about so many Friends from Providence meeting, both young and old. She spoke in particularly loving tones of the women in our meeting and the children. But of course, she was warm and gracious with all. With Jeanne, as one Friend shared, you immediately sensed that there was behind those kind eyes and quiet reticence a rich and extensive past and interior life. As she got to know you better, like a blossom she began to open up and share the life lived.

Jeanne's life story was indeed dramatic. She was born in 1926 in the former French African colony of Cameroon. Her parents, Edouard Theis and Mildred Dagar, were Protestant missionaries. They went on to have seven more daughters, so Jeanne became the older sister that the younger ones went to with their worries and enthusiasms. The family lived in Africa for six more years, then moved to France, where they settled in a little mountain town called Le Chambon-sur-Lignon. Her father started a school there in 1938, the Collège Cévenol, and during World War II he and the other local pastor organized the townspeople to hide thousands of Jews from the Nazis. These acts of heroism form a quite well-known chapter in the wartime history of France, and her parents were recognized as Righteous Among the Nations by the State of Israel, an honorific used to describe non-Jews who risked their lives during the Holocaust to save Jews from extermination by the Nazis. In 2010, Jeanne donated her pacifist father's papers to the Swarthmore College Peace Collection. This upbringing

and her pride in her family's pacifist legacy was the strong foundation for Jeanne's life-long commitment to social justice.

At the beginning of the war, Jeanne's parents sent her and five of her younger sisters to stay with American families. Jeanne went to live with the family of her pen pal, Trudy Enders, in Swarthmore, Pennsylvania. Trudy and Jeanne remained friends for almost 90 years, including the last decade they both spent at Kendal Longwood.

At the early age of 15, Jeanne began her studies in French Literature at Swarthmore College and later became a professor there, meeting and marrying C. Sylvester (Syl) Whitaker. He was a student when they fell in love, and the affair was doubly bold because he was also Black. Jeanne gave up tenure at Swarthmore for the sake of Syl's career move to the University of California Los Angeles where he taught political science and served in University administration. They moved to Los Angeles, but soon after he asked for a divorce. Jeanne gathered up her two sons, returned to the east coast, and took substitute teaching jobs to get by. Through the support of a former Swarthmore dean who had become president of Wheaton College in Massachusetts, she was hired as an assistant professor in a tenure-track position at Wheaton, rising to the rank of full professor of French Literature.

Although after their divorce her ex-spouse all but disappeared from the family's life, she kept in close touch with his relatives, and they loved her. Every year she would drive her two boys to Pittsburgh to visit the extended family. These trips were very important to her and to her sons because they kept the boys in touch with their Black identity. Jeanne also wanted to make sure they were connected to their French heritage as well. In addition to frequent short visits to France with the boys in tow, she took a sabbatical from Wheaton so the three of them could live there for a year and get to know her very large extended family.

Through all the challenges, Jeanne had always been a practical woman. She was clear-eyed and level-headed, and that became especially valuable as she juggled an academic career with home life and parenting her energetic and talented sons. In her later years, when she retired from Wheaton, she had a clear plan: move to Providence to be near the Friends Meeting. Downsizing, she brought her very large personal library of French literature to the Providence Friends meeting, where they were set out on many tables in the social room in hopes that some might find a home. She later found another generous way of distributing them by offering them for free to graduate students in the French Department at Brown University.

She could be a great source of support for others, and particularly to women. She identified her feminist convictions with her start of teaching at Wheaton. She loved encouraging female students and colleagues, and was excited to serve as a delegate to the World Conference on Women in Nairobi in 1985. Jeanne was a great supporter of the women in her family life, her daughter-in-law, and her granddaughter, and was thrilled in her last year of life to become the great-grandmother to a baby girl.

Ever the pragmatist, after a decade of life in Providence, she started worrying about having to drive so much, because she had a condition that made her hands shake. She visited her life-long friend Trudy at Kendal and decided that would be a good place for her. When she suffered a series of falls that left her unable to walk on her own, she accepted a move to Kendal's assisted-living wing without complaint. In a second bout with pneumonia, the first having put her in the hospital, she made it clear that she never wanted to go back to a hospital again. She and those she loved knew what was coming. At her bedside or via Zoom, her family and friends were able to say their goodbyes and to give her the death she wanted.

We who knew Jeanne Whitaker might close with these words:

What a gentle spirit but strong-willed person. For Providence Monthly Meeting, Jeanne still stands as a beacon of the moral beloved community. In her long life spanning continents and cultures, she lives on with us today, a Friend who truly understood and followed George Fox's admonishment to Quakers, written in 1656:

*Be patterns and examples in all countries, places, islands, nations wherever you come: that your carriage and life may preach among all sorts of people, and to them; then you will come to walk cheerfully over the world, answering that of God in everyone whereby in them you may be a blessing, and make the witness of God in them to bless you.*

She walked in the Light and she brought light into all of our lives. She would tell us that we can still carry that light within us even now that she's gone.

WESTERLY MONTHLY MEETING, FEBRUARY 13, 2022  
SOUTHEAST QUARTERLY MEETING, MARCH 20, 2022







**NEW ENGLAND  
YEARLY MEETING  
OF FRIENDS**

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