

Memorial Minutes 2007

NEW ENGLAND YEARLY
MEETING *of* FRIENDS

289.674092B
NEYM
2007

ALAN MCNAUGHT WALKER (1924-2006) 3
JANE COOK (1922-2006) 4
CHRISTOPHER CLARK (1988-2007) 6
KATE KEITH BRINTON (1917-2007) 8
POLLY THAYER STARR (1904-2006) 9
DAVID PARK MCALLESTER (1916-2006) 11
LAURENCE LUTHER BARBER (1916-2006) 14
PATRICIA PRICE WATSON (1932-2006) 15
MARGARET ALLEN DOUGLAS (1921-2006) 17
SILAS WEEKS (1914-2006) 19

Alan McNaught Walker (1924-2006)

Even while we grieve his passing, we celebrate Alan Walker's presence among us. He shared many gifts we will long cherish. Alan and Margery, his wife of 58 years, traveled widely, and we are grateful they were always glad to call Plainfield home. Alan was a founding member of the Plainfield Monthly Meeting, helped design our meetinghouse, and planned the curve of the stonewalled memorial garden. Throughout his life, Alan taught us about creating, about building, and about strengthening connections within our families and our communities.

Alan's experiences as a cryptographer during World War II led him to explore peace work. Among other activities, he brought horses to Poland with the Heifer Relief Project, a program of the Church of the Brethren. He and Margery became Friends in Ann Arbor, MI following a period of intense seeking, including participation in the Sequoia Seminars. Alan saw his conviction as a logical progression in his life and a logical expression of a heritage of strong religious idealism. His family tree included Mennonites, members of the Salvation Army, Methodists and others.

Alan loved music, and creativity of many kinds. He created sculptures and designed houses. Music was Alan's way to share joy. He sang and played piano from an early age. Chopin waltzes were a favorite of his. He was a faithful presence leading the singing of hymns and Christmas carols at meeting. He sang in choirs and performed in musicals; he wrote beautiful and complex music for piano and voice.

Alan loved family. Alan grew up in family of eight, a close-knit clan in California who shared camping trips, church, and Sundays together. He and Margery had five children, and over time their gatherings embraced four generations. He was the comforter, the teacher, the living reference book, and the pillar of quiet wisdom and inner strength.

Professionally, Alan devoted his life to facilitating discernment. A gifted social psychologist who studied with Carl Rogers, he helped communities discover solutions to their needs. These explorations resulted in such diverse projects as the founding of the Craftsbury Fiddler's Festival, working toward consensus in Goddard College faculty meetings, supporting undergraduate and graduate students in shaping their own learning and helping young Peruvian professionals help the urban poor in Lima to set up cooperatives.

Alan's way always left room for others to consider and discuss, and for the Spirit to work. It was Alan's path to affirm those around him—whether in community planning or in exploring a difficult issue at meeting.

Alan was profoundly committed to Friends. He served New England Yearly Meeting as Clerk of Permanent Board, Northwest QM as clerk, and on many formal committees and informal projects for Plainfield MM. He and his family lived abroad in Peru, where he established the Peru Community Development Program in Lima with American Friends Service Committee. He studied for a year at Woodbrooke College in England. He worked for two years at the Quaker study center of Pendle Hill. Wherever he put down roots—in central California, Earlham College in Richmond IN, University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, Plainfield VT, Lima Peru, Anchorage AL, Groton VT, or at Kendal-at-Hanover in New Hampshire—Alan brought a gift of deep listening and deep understanding.

Alan was authentic. A quiet leader in Quaker action, he taught by example and by deed. Alan possessed the assured presence of Friends who are confident of the path before us—a strong stillness, a peace, that manifests as a life of service. His calm strength, his integrity, his openness, and his search for Truth remain a model to us all.

—PLAINFIELD MONTHLY MEETING, NORTHWEST QUARTERLY MEETING

Jane Cook (1922-2006)

Jane Cook died peacefully in the presence of her children on April 23, 2006, after a long illness. Born Oral Lea White on January 16, 1922, in Newcastle, IN, she was the daughter of Orus and Faughn Manlove White. She graduated from Earlham College in 1945, with a double major in Physical Education and Speech. She married Earle Elton Estes on her graduation day, and they lived in Stamford, CT where they helped to found what is now Stamford-Greenwich Friends Meeting. After Earle's death, Jane returned to Indiana and took further classes to qualify as a high school English teacher. She married Ralph Edward Cook, and the family moved to West Branch, IA, where she taught both physical education and drama at the Scattergood School. In the 1960s and 70s, she taught on Islesboro and in the Rockland schools, while living in Camden, ME. She then attended the University of Maine in Orono to earn her master's degree in speech therapy. In 1981, she and Ralph moved to their beloved Pembroke, ME.

Jane Cook was a lifelong Quaker, active in local and regional Quaker organizations. In addition to the Stamford Meeting, she and Ralph were instrumental in establishing three Quaker meetings in Maine: Midcoast MM in Damariscotta-1960s; Orono FM, Orono-1970s; and the Cobscook FM in Whiting-1980s. Orono FM remembers and greatly appreciates Jane and Ralph's influence. Together they were strong, steady supporters of Orono Meeting in its beginning years as a Worship Group and after it was approved as a monthly meeting in 1973. Jane always advocated for the children in Orono Meeting, often leading the children's program. Jane and Ralph, along with 3-4 others constituted the first members of Midcoast Meeting (then known as Camden-Midcoast MM) where Ralph was the first clerk.

Both Jane and Ralph were members of the Cobscook MM at the time of their deaths. Cobscook is deeply thankful for Jane Cook. Her spirit lives in our walls, as she and her husband Ralph not only enriched the spiritual lives of Cobscook Friends, but also put their hands and hearts to work building our meetinghouse. In addition to helping build, the physical structure of the meetinghouse Jane also worked hard to establish a community of Quaker faith and practice here. She was considered an important elder and resource, especially by those who came to Cobscook new to the Quaker faith or who were resuming faith and practice. That the Cobscook Quaker community is here and continues to evolve and seek fulfillment in Downeast Maine is its own testament to her faith in God and in us.

One thread weaves its way into every story about Jane, and that is her gratitude towards all her gifts and leadings. Her own spirit was clearly fed by participating in sports or knitting an afghan for a friend in need. We enjoyed the wonderful breads that Jane so dearly loved baking. Teaching was a great passion and active children seemed to make her toes wiggle with delight. She faced adversity with cheerfulness, most remembered in her support of Ralph through his long illness. Ever grateful for any opportunity to serve the meeting, her participation on every committee fostered the spiritual growth of Cobscook Friends

She lived the Quaker testimony of simplicity to the fullest, preferring to be "Plain Jane". She was most comfortable without fancy things or luxuries. She took great joy in the beauty of coastal Maine and in the views and walks around her home. She was a born teacher who loved children and always kept a collection of toys in her home to delight her granddaughters and "just in case" other little

ones should visit—which of course they did. She continued to be physically active all of her life, participating in the local 10K races by alternating running and walking, even in her 70s.

Those of us who knew Jane (and Ralph) miss them both with great heaviness. The loss of elders in any meeting is a blow, but it is particularly hard-felt in our small Friends community. As we rebuild our meeting, let those who did not know Jane hear her in our pleasure in the wiggly children; see her in our willingness to serve; smell the fresh bread we continue to bring to potluck and be inspired by marriage partnerships that surmount challenges. May our love and appreciation for Jane and Ralph's enrichment of our lives transcend time.

We pray that the spirit of Jane (and Ralph) live on in us and continue to bring our Meeting to the Light.

—COBSCOOK MONTHLY MEETING, VASSALBORO QUARTERLY MEETING

Christopher Clark (1988-2007)

One true thing about Chris Clark is that he did not, ever, play by any rule with which he did not agree. So, in true Chris form, this memorial minute may not follow the normal conventions.

Lots of folks knew one side of Chris Clark—the public side he projected into the world to protect himself. He didn't follow rules, didn't get along well in school, was quick to anger, and didn't follow a logic that the rest of us could always understand. He called out bullshit wherever he saw it, and he saw it frequently. Chris often challenged teachers and youth workers in ways that were incredibly frustrating. People were intimidated by his good looks, tough demeanor, physical ability, and all their own assumptions about exactly who he was.

Many of us have been blessed to know the other parts of Chris and have been pushed past our own assumptions in reconciling the whole of who Chris Clark was. Chris was so accepting of other people as they came. He didn't want to be judged and in turn truly didn't judge others who he felt to be real and honest in who they were. He refused to stereotype himself or others. He loved deeply and passionately and was never afraid to show, talk about, or share that love. As a young man, when others avoid their parents, Chris frequently demonstrated just how much he loved and respected his mother, Jacqui.

Chris's compassion and sense of justice flowed out from him. He often defended others against unjust attacks. A few summers

ago, a younger friend of Chris's was attacked by another child at Sessions and we adults failed the young people in our response. Chris didn't. He took this younger Friend under his care — giving him the space to cry and be held, to talk about the situation as a young man and as a Quaker. Chris looked around, saw who was not fully included or welcome, and often reached out to those people. He listened to, protected, cared for, and prayed for others.

Chris had an active and rich relationship with God, and his prayer life was ever present. He didn't always talk about it, but when asked, spiritual wisdom poured forth from him, indicating just how deep and live his spiritual well was. At his memorial service, a friend of Chris's who was living on the streets of Augusta, shared with Chris's mom that one of the things he most cherished about Chris was that Chris prayed.

Chris lived his life as if there was not a lot of time, as if he knew he would die young. He wasted no time on anything he felt to be boring or useless. Yet he always had time for people and sought out places where he could revel in the richness of community. Though Chris rarely came to retreats, he never missed Yearly Meeting and facing his graduation from the Young Friends community was a huge challenge for him.

Chris made many mistakes and owned his own guilt and responsibility. He cried when he needed to. He felt shame at the ways he had hurt people and forgave himself. Life was to be lived to the fullest—both the hard and wonderful.

Chris was brutally honest. He never wanted to waste time doing something that he found corny, immature, or uninteresting, or that simply did not suit his mood. While how he expressed this could be rude and annoying, many respected how Chris prioritized his life around what was important to him, something that many of us want to do, but lack the audacity. In some ways Chris, was both more immature, and wiser, than many of us.

Chris Clark was killed instantly in a freak car accident on February 6, 2007. He was 19 years old. We love Chris. We mourn his death. We rejoice in who he was and all that he teaches us about honesty, integrity, faith, love, and living in the moment.

Chris also hated business meeting and wouldn't want us to sit here for a second longer than we needed to.

—VASSALBORO MONTHLY MEETING, VASSALBORO QUARTERLY MEETING

Kate Keith Brinton (1917-2007)

Kate Keith Brinton, 89, died of congestive heart failure on January 26th, 2007, at Dartmouth-Hitchcock Medical Center in Lebanon, NH. She was born December 11, 1917, in Lowell, MA, the daughter of Mabel (Keith) and Walter Durfee.

She was educated in Geneva, New York, and graduated from Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1939 with a degree in Mathematics. Her first employment was as a mathematics teacher at George School, a Quaker boarding school in Newtown, PA, from 1939 to 1942. It was at George School that Kate met Arthur H. Brinton. They were married in August 1940. For the next 31 years, Kate and Art lived on or near George School campus, raising their four children and a foster daughter. Occasionally Kate worked as a substitute teacher at Newtown Friends School.

Kate had a concern for others and the will and ability to act on their behalf. For Art's alternative service during World War II (1943-1944), Kate and Art managed a hostel in Cincinnati, Ohio, for Japanese-American families who had been in internment camps and subsequently released. Since the Japanese-Americans had lost everything early in the war and could not return to their old homes, one of Kate's jobs was to help them find housing. Their hostel was homey, fostering feelings of forgiveness and peace. Some of the friendships formed in those two years have lasted over 50 years.

In 1940, Kate and Art bought an abandoned hillside farm in Ludlow, Vermont. They summered at Wenlock Edge until Art retired from George School in 1971. In 1961, once her children were in high school, Kate went to graduate school and earned a M.A. in library science from Rutgers University in New Jersey. She worked as a librarian in a public school near Trenton, New Jersey for a number of years. Then, after Art's retirement and the move to Vermont, she was a librarian at Bellows Falls Union High School until 1976.

In the late 1960s, Kate was a founding member of Wilderness Friends Meeting (Quakers), which now meets in Cuttingsville, Vermont. For close to 30 years Kate actively participated as a recording clerk, historian, treasurer, and nurturer to all who attended the Meeting with her selfless and abundant support, good conversation, grand memory, and delightful humor. Kate resonated with all kinds of people. Her light within was fully burnished and shone brightly. One member felt that Kate and Art showed him the true possibility of love and family. Another member described Kate as a "Friend of all the world."

Kate participated in many peace vigils, joining members of the Wilderness Friends meeting beginning in November 1990 in vigils protesting the first Gulf War and continuing to participate in weekly vigils with the advent of the war in Iraq in 2003. The day before her heart surgery, she told some visitors that when she recovered she would join them at the next peace vigil.

Kate's interests were varied. She was a founding member of the Black River Coop of Ludlow, VT, a member of the Reading Group, and skilled in pysanky, the thousand year old Ukrainian craft of Easter egg decorating. In a world of ever increasing conveniences, Kate hewed to the thing she thought most vital, such as making more than 40 pounds of peanut brittle by hand on a wood burning kitchen stove every Christmas to give out as gifts, putting up her own beans until age kept her from gardening as much as she liked, making the family's bread in an old fashioned bread buckler, and weaving her own cloth. She was a wonderful, old-fashioned correspondent. But as much as her life was a study in simplicity and virtue, Kate had a strong love of the arts, of people and of fun. Her home was rich in ideas and inquiry. She lived a life that was simultaneously rough-hewn and refined.

Kate's absence is keenly felt by all who knew her and especially by her beloved family. Survivors include her husband; a brother, Horton Durfee; four children: Keith Brinton of Davis, CA, Anne Brinton of Brooktondale, NY, Dan Brinton of Ludlow, VT, Erica Brinton of Norwich, VT; a foster daughter, Clara Coan, of new Hope, PA, and seven grandchildren.

—WILDERNESS FRIENDS MEETING, NORTHWEST QUARTERLY MEETING

Polly Thayer Starr (1904-2006)

Friends Meeting at Cambridge was blessed by the long life of Polly Thayer Starr who died August 30, 2006, at the age of 101. She was a beloved and valued member of every community of which she became a part, including ours.

Polly Starr was an artist, devoted to her family, and a Friend in every sense of the word. Born in 1904, she grew up in what she described as an atmosphere of "intelligent cultivation," with Emerson and the Transcendentalists on her father's side, and a strong Episcopalian tradition on her mother's. However, when she was 11, the death of her father left her feeling "rudderless," and she longed to find her spiritual direction. A mystical experience when she was 28 and studying art in Paris gave her a sense of, in her

words, “certitude that there was another mode of existence that was boundless, eternal, and all encompassing.”

She was told that if she was serious about searching for a “like-minded group” for her spiritual journey, she had two choices: Catholic or Quaker. Knowing nothing about Quakers, she visited her nearest meeting and knew she had found her place.

Polly Thayer became an accomplished artist, whose paintings showed her deep attention to the luminous essence of the natural world. She won many prizes, and was the only living artist to be included in the Museum of Fine Arts show in 2001 “A Studio of Her Own: Women Artists in Boston 1870-1940.” However, she struggled with the belief that Quakers traditionally had disapproved of the visual arts, and she always searched “for light on what God wants of the artist”. She took comfort from Robert Browning’s words “we’re made so that we love first when we see them painted, things we have passed perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see; and so they are better painted—better to us... Art was given for that—God uses us to help each other so, lending our minds out.”

She married Donald Starr in 1933. Polly and Donald created a home that was an environment of love and growth. Polly opened the wonders of nature, art, and literature to their two daughters, Victoria and Dinah. Polly Starr joined Friends Meeting at Cambridge in the early 1940s and became a generous and devoted Friend who supported many Friends and Friends groups. She gave her mother’s house in Hingham to New England Yearly Meeting to be the Friends Home, which is now called New England Friends Home — Thayer House, a retirement home for Friends and others. One delightful gift to the Friends Meeting at Cambridge was making sketches of children at the May Fair.

Polly served on many Friends Meeting at Cambridge committees; she admitted that her stint on Center Furnishings taught her much about Quaker simplicity. During lengthy business and committee meetings, Polly said she came to see “grandeur in a simplicity of language that had seemed tedious...” She learned to value and practice “a kind of listening that laid aside personal needs and grievances...”

Polly never ceased learning, questioning, and deepening her spiritual life. Devoted to poetry, with a remarkable memory, she often gave vocal ministry based on one of the many poems she knew and loved. In Polly’s last years, when blindness had darkened her ways, but not dimmed her spirit, she was a cherished member of the

small Quaker worship group at the Brookhaven retirement community. She frequently shared a favorite poem by Rilke, “O tell us poet, what you do ...I praise But those dark, deadly, devastating ways—How do you bear them, suffer them? I praise.”

Polly had a gift for friendship, and there were many both within the Quaker and wider world who were devoted to her. One friend said, “She has been my spiritual home. It was a completely life transforming friendship; she opened the door to God for me. And I think she had the most considered life of anybody I’ve ever known, through poetry and art, and she gave that to anyone who knew her.”
—FRIENDS MEETING AT CAMBRIDGE, SALEM QUARTERLY MEETING

David Park McAllester (1916-2006)

David McAllester, wise elder and sprightly woods elf, died in his 90th year in Monterey, MA. He was a member and founder of South Berkshire MM in Great Barrington, MA, and served that local group on nearly all of its committees at one time or another and as clerk during the challenging period when South Berkshire constructed and moved into its new meetinghouse. He particularly loved the outdoors and the children. At South Berkshire he inspired everyone both with his vision (dreams of oxen, community gardens) and with his physical hard work: he was often at the meetinghouse before breakfast on a weekday with clippers, scythe, shovel, and axe. David was a principal architect and reliable trail-crew member on the Swamp Trail and he not only gave his tipi to the First Day School, but he also showed them how to put it up and taught them why it faces east. He taught First Day School more often than anyone else in the meeting and was able to find the Quaker lesson in just about any topic, also the Native American perspective.

Born in Everett, Mass., David was the youngest of four in the warm and lively family of a Boston doctor and his naturalist wife. The McAllesters traveled in summer to Cape Cod and later to the Adirondacks where David’s aunt ran a camp for her dance students. Here, from age seven until he was of college age, David “went native,” making his first tipi when he was eight, and learning woods lore from his mother who was the nature teacher for the camp and did research for her own writing there, too.

After Everett public schools, David went to Harvard, assuming that his career lay in vocal performance. He already had a career as a boy soprano soloist in the Boston area and according to him his voice never “broke,” just added the baritone range. Then in college,

he found he could combine his interest in Indians with music, and when he got to Columbia, he studied with one of the first ethnomusicologists of the time.

Singing in the Harvard-Radcliffe Choral Society, David met and fell in love with Susan Watkins during rehearsals for the St. Matthew Passion. They were married in New York, just as World War II darkened the skies for all. David joined 15th Street Meeting in 1940 where he was assigned John and Frances Burke as his spiritual advisors. They were Quaker mystics and found in David a kindred spirit, one whose faith and joy came particularly from the natural world.

As a conscientious objector to war, David did 'work of national importance' first at a Civilian Public Service camp near Cooperstown, NY, and later at a state mental hospital in Middletown, Connecticut. Here he and Susan were able to live and work together, and they were introduced to the Wesleyan University community. Later, after finishing his Ph.D. at Columbia, David was hired by Wesleyan. Here he was to spend nearly 40 years, as humanities professor, anthropologist, and a founder of the World Music doctoral program there in the late 1960s. With his colleagues in the music department, he was able to bring to central Connecticut visiting artists in music from Java, India, Japan, Korea, China, Africa, Eastern, and Western Europe, and from the American southwest.

After fieldwork and collaborations with American Indian colleagues from various tribes and traditions, David found his interests focused on Navajo ceremonial music in Arizona. By this time his family included two children, and most summers they all headed west in the VW bus to live in a tent near the extended family of Frank Mitchell, a Navajo singer and ceremonial practitioner who felt himself to be David's "Navajo father."

During these Wesleyan years, David and Susan McAllester and others founded the Middletown Monthly Meeting. Their children, Bonner and Burling, grew up in this meeting where First Day School was most often taught by David and included plenty of Navajo singing as well as woods lore in nearby Wadsworth Park. There was Quakerism in all of it, as long as David was the teacher.

The McAllesters drove up to Hartford for Connecticut Valley QM, and David and Susan were active in its Ministry & Counsel Committee. At home, the McAllester VW bus was loaded with First Day School children on Friday afternoons, when David would take them to visit the nearby state hospital, site of his WWII alternative

service, so they could spend the afternoon playing cards and socializing with the women on a ward there. During winter vacation, the VW carried the Middletown Young Friends to the Berkshires in Massachusetts for snowshoeing and winter camping on the family land where Susan and David would later retire, in the 1980's.

David and Susan attended NEYM Sessions until Susan's death in 1994, taking their grandchildren with them. During these years, David was a member of NEYM Ministry and Counsel Committee and of NEYM Friends in Unity with Nature, now called Earthcare Ministry. On the national level, he was a keynote speaker for Friends Committee on Unity With Nature (now Quaker Earthcare Witness) in 1997 at their 10th anniversary gathering at Powell House.

After Susan's death in 1994, David was fortunate to meet Beryl Courtenay, a visitor from Nova Scotia who was attending South Berkshire Monthly Meeting. They married and had 11 companionable, loving years together in Monterey, with much reading aloud and travel, whenever David was not in his tipi, or the woods, or the swamp.

David's students remember him as "Dr. Love" of the 70s and 80s at Wesleyan, but they also are quick to point out that he held them and his colleagues to high standards of scholarship. One wrote, "... he was tough as steel and gentle and yielding as tall grass in the breeze, always manifesting compassion in the process." (Matthew Allen, Wheaton College.) In the scholarly world, he was prolific, publishing more than 200 books, articles, and reviews. He was a founder of the Society for Ethnomusicology and served as its secretary, newsletter editor, and president. At his last meeting of that international society, in Atlanta in November 2005, he gave an address that brought the house down. He performed a secular Apache song he had learned decades ago. He urged the people in the audience to broaden their definition of music, to remember the contributions of John Cage, the humpbacked whales, the music of the spheres, and finished with this Quakerly thought: "The Australian aboriginal 'song men' read the topography of their entire continent as a giant musical score. It's all connected."

David McAllester will be lovingly remembered by all who knew him, in the many circles of his life. He was the great appreciator of so many things, and he loved to laugh.

—SOUTH BERKSHIRE MONTHLY MEETING, CONNECTICUT VALLEY
QUARTERLY MEETING

Laurence Luther Barber (1916-2006)

Laurence (Laurie) Luther Barber, age 90, died on Sunday, October 29, 2006 in Keene, NH.

A member of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) for more than 60 years, Laurie, and his wife, Lucia (who pre-deceased him in 2003) were former members of Yarmouth Preparative/Sandwich Monthly Meeting, where Laurie maintained his membership for more than 30 years.

Laurie is remembered for his faithfulness and strong commitment to Yarmouth Friends Meeting and also for his dry wit and for the very large peace medallion he wore around his neck to symbolize his commitment to peace.

As long as his health permitted, he was a constant attender at peace vigils. A beloved elder, he served on several meeting committees, including Ministry and Counsel and also served as a treasurer. He was often looked to for his practical and wise counsel.

While he respected tradition, he was not bound by it; many remember his insistence on bringing poinsettia plants into the meetinghouse at Christmas time, even though some of the conservative members objected. The plants were distributed after Meeting for Worship to housebound members of the meeting.

Born in Nashua, New Hampshire, April 19, 1916, Laurie received a doctorate in public administration from Harvard and taught at Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut before embarking upon a career as a United Nations expert in public administration that took him to 13 posts in 13 countries in South America, Africa, and Asia. He was accompanied by Lucia, who participated in various volunteer and cultural activities where they lived abroad.

Laurie and Lucia met at what was then known as Boston Meeting. They were married in 1940 in Portland, Maine, under the care of Boston Meeting. Before Lucia died, they celebrated their 63rd wedding anniversary.

After retiring from the United Nations, Laurie and Lucia moved to Salt Lake City, UT, where they helped found the Salt Lake Monthly Meeting. He was clerk of the Salt Lake Meeting for a time.

Upon permanently relocating to West Yarmouth in 1975, Laurie became involved in local government, serving on several town committees. A member of the Yarmouth Historical Society, he wrote several books on Yarmouth and Quaker history. The Yarmouth Preparative Meeting library maintains copies of his historical writings.

Laurie chose to maintain his membership in Yarmouth Friends Meeting, after he found it necessary to leave Cape Cod to live closer to his family. He became a much-loved attendee at the Keene (NH) Friends Meeting, while residing in Langdon Place, in Keene. A memorial service was held at his residence on November 12, 2006, under the care of Keene Friends Meeting. Yarmouth friends are grateful that Laurie was welcomed and taken under the care of Keene Friends.

Laurie is survived by a daughter, Lucie Clare Germer of Marlborough, NH, a son Luther Laurence Barber of Needham, two grandchildren and one great grandchild.

—YARMOUTH PREPARATIVE/SANDWICH MONTHLY MEETING, SANDWICH QUARTERLY MEETING

Patricia Price Watson (1932-2006)

When Patricia Watson died on February 6, 2006, the world lost an editor, gardener, teacher, mother, grandmother, friend, and Friend, who added so much to the lives of so many. We treasured her wisdom, discipline, courage, and humor and miss her greatly.

Born Patricia Price on the Autumnal Equinox of 1932, she grew up in Pasadena, California. Patricia said her parents gave her “a superb education, a sense of duty, and a model for a loving family.” They also taught her “to ask questions, and that led to trouble.”

She came to Quakerism as a young adult, “attracted by Friends’ values: community, simplicity, plain speech, peace, and the intrinsic worth of every person.” Patricia joined Friends Meeting at Cambridge in December 1961, with her then husband, Will Watson. Together, they participated actively in the life of the meeting from the start.

Patricia spent a number of years as a homemaker, activist, and mother of four—Peter, Sarah, Sterling, and Gabrielle. She gave her children a love of learning, visiting the library every week and reading aloud constantly (including the entire *Lord of the Rings* twice). Patricia and Will were active in the anti-Vietnam War movement in California, helping create a movement to keep US war ships from leaving the San Diego military base. Patricia’s passion for social justice drew her to work against racism and for affordable housing and peace. She traveled to El Salvador in the time when death squads were active, to witness for peace.

Known for driving her old brown Saab for many years, Patricia never spent money except on education. After her union with Will

ended in 1975, she began her professional career in that field, first teaching in the City of Boston schools during the early years of busing, then serving as a program administrator for the Tufts Urban Planning Department. Her dedicated support of that program and its students helped produce a large group of practical visionaries working as change agents across the country and around the world.

She next worked as a volunteer, assistant, and then lead editor of *Peacework*, the monthly AFSC journal dedicated to global thought and local action for nonviolent social change. For over a decade, seemingly spending all her time bent over her computer in the office, Patricia was able to solicit and collect articles, mold them for publication, and assemble them into issues truly produced with love. Her retirement in 2003 marked the end of an era for the publication.

Despite seemingly having no spare time, Patricia was somehow able to include several other communities in her life, serving as a leader in several of them. For three decades, Saturday mornings were reserved for working on the organic community garden beside her Victorian home in Arlington with a beloved group of friends from the Arlington Food Coop, which she helped found in the 1970s. She also served on the Diversity Task Force and represented it on the Arlington Vision 20-20 Committee; one friend states that 42,000 Arlingtonians have a better life because of her role. She also served as president of Interfaith Action, a homeless empowerment organization.

Despite such extensive commitments, and keeping her home open to an eclectic stream of wayfarers, Patricia was one of the most active members of Friends Meeting at Cambridge. After serving as First Day School Coordinator in the 1960s (one parent remembers the fun she created for the children and claims Patricia could silence an unruly child with one look), Patricia was a central figure in any form of meeting action or witness. Serving on the Peace & Social Concerns Committee for over a decade and helping to start the Friends for Racial Justice Committee, Patricia was the shepherdess for many Good Friday Witnesses for Peace on the Boston Common and was an author and editor of leaflets distributed at countless vigils and demonstrations. Her knowledge of the peace community also was a valuable resource to the Grants Committee for many years.

A peace and justice activist for decades, Patricia also contributed greatly to the spiritual life of our community. Serving on Ministry & Counsel, she arranged the weekly early-Sunday-morning

Forums for several years and presided over them from her chair in the Friends Center parlor. Her ministry was delivered in messages of clarity and valued by the meeting.

Patricia was also a regular at Yearly Meeting committee days and sessions. She served as clerk of Nominating Committee for several years, on several other committees (including Prejudice & Poverty), and as NEYM representative to the Massachusetts Council of Churches and the American Friends Service Committee.

Patricia almost never missed a monthly meeting for business and could always be counted on to share her thoughts on the business at hand. She would sit in silence at meetings, holding her chin in her hand and often closing her eyes. Despite this apparent inattention, no matter how contentious or off-track the meeting would get, she would say what needed to be said and get the meeting back on track. We relied upon her for this, and, without her, one Friend said, we will need to learn to be wise.

She no longer graces her chair in the parlor, but her spirit is with us, teaching us how to live. We thought of her as we considered (nearly a year after her death) taking a step toward starting a program to aid the formerly incarcerated. Her light is not out; we share it and hope it will shine through us.

—FRIENDS MEETING AT CAMBRIDGE, SALEM QUARTERLY MEETING

Margaret Allen Douglas (1921-2006)

Bright eyes and a ready good humor, often with a warm chuckle, did not immediately lead one to understand the depth of committed service held by Margaret Allen (Macomber) Douglas, a lifetime Quaker, who died at 84 on April 22, 2006, in Falmouth, Massachusetts. She willingly and tirelessly served Quakers and community all her life in ways so unassuming that her enduring service could be unnoticed. Surely, Margaret acted justly, loved tenderly, and walked humbly with her God.

Margaret was born on the 16th of August 1921, in a Fall River hospital. She was the only sibling not to be born at home, the youngest of three girls and one boy. Brought up in the then rural town of Westport (MA), she began school in town moving on later to Lincoln School, a Quaker girls school in Providence, Rhode Island. Margaret belonged to a lineage that reached back to the 1600s, when her Allen ancestors helped settle Quakers on Cape Cod and the surround- mg area. Initial meetings were held in the Allen home, among others, before the meetinghouse at East Sandwich was built.

Her early years in Westport were filled with traveling Friends and ministers who would stay with the Maccombers. Margaret attended college at Swarthmore for two years, and then finished her bachelor's degree at Simmons College in Boston, in 1942, eventually completing her Master's in Elementary Education at Bridgewater University, MA. She followed her mother and several aunts into teaching, when her own youngest child turned eight. In 1942, she had married David Douglas, who was from Maine. She knew him earlier and they had begun their commitment to one another, when he came to Westport one summer on a Quaker Peace Caravan. They were married in her home meeting in Westport, the first Quaker wedding the town had seen for at least two generations. All through her life Margaret was involved with Friends, with New England Yearly Meeting in particular, but as time went on and her life became more settled, also with Sandwich Quarter (serving as clerk) and the three preparative meetings on Cape Cod: East Sandwich, Yarmouth, and finally until her death, in West Falmouth. She was an indefatigable Friend, from Permanent Board at NEYM, where she followed her father's long service, to other yearly meeting committees, resulting in travel over the years for FWCC, including representing the Section of the Americas at the 50th anniversary FWCC gathering in Toronto in 1987, and as a representative from New England in Kenya, in 1982. She was one of the originators of the New England/Maritime Gatherings, which she attended through 2004. World travel became one of the Douglasses passions, usually associated with visiting Friends or Friends places of interest along the way, if not on more particular Quaker business, such as Ramallah, where one of her sisters had gone to teach, or a 41-day around the world tour sponsored by Friends World College in New York. She visited the world's northernmost city in Norway and southernmost city in Argentina. She retired from 24 years of teaching in 1981 from the Bourne school system, in which town they had lived since 1955. She used much of this travel to augment her teaching. Her conscientious teaching career in several ways matched in its breadth of service her commitment to her faith. She was representative at a teacher's national gathering and especially locally brought original and exciting elements into her third grade classroom. In her sixties, she was operated on for colon cancer. She was an officer of the Ostomy Association of Cape Cod until she died, as "well as a trainer and visitor, and was a lively example for those undergoing colostomy by her continuing active travels with David

over the world.

Margaret's life as a Friend was exemplary: kind, funny, quiet, persistent, constantly in service as a daughter of the Light. She was able to do good under almost any circumstance, and she found ways to help those who suffered, however she found them. Her crowded memorial meeting in West Falmouth included people from all kinds of communities, from the most intimate family relations to international organizations, witnessing to the healing and profoundly unifying effect that Quakerism can have on the world at large when lived out as it is given. Margaret is survived by her husband David W. Douglas, and four children; two sons, Alan of Pocasset and Kenneth of Santa Ana CA; and two daughters, Mrs. Lee Hogenauer of Centerville IN, and Mrs. June Maurer of East Falmouth MA; nine grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren. She also leaves a sister, Mrs. Eleanor R. Sinnicks of Charlotte NC.

—WEST FALMOUTH PREPARATIVE MEETING/ SANDWICH MONTHLY MEETING, SANDWICH QUARTERLY MEETING

Silas Weeks (1914-2006)

Silas Weeks began life as a "birthright" Friend at the Westbury, New York, Friends Meeting in 1914, and died at home in Eliot, ME, on February 7, 2006. He is survived by his wife Constance, his son, Charter, and his daughter, Charity.

His life was dedicated to his Quaker faith, stewardship of the land, and to the preservation of our sense of community. He often lamented the automobile's effect on the geographical fragmentation of our communities. He wondered, "Why do we work in one community, go to the bank in another, and buy our food in yet another community?"

Silas attended George School and was a 1937 graduate of Cornell University. Following that, he worked for several years with the US Department of Agriculture before he did non-combatant service in the Army during WW II. After the war, he was sent to the University of Connecticut for farm management research, and later, during the Korean War, he was sent to the Connecticut Office of Price Stabilization as a consumer price economist. Then, in 1954, he joined the Department of Agricultural Economics at the University of New Hampshire (UNH) as a Cooperative Extension professor; he retired in 1979. In his tenure at UNH, Silas established an undergraduate program in Community Development. He also worked on tax alternatives for the New Hampshire Ways and Means

Committee and on programs for the Resource Development Center.

He also started a project that remained important to him for the rest of his life. He was one of the founders of the New Hampshire Farm Museum, a museum housing an outstanding collection of farm equipment and tools that are displayed in the order of their first use. He was a member of many boards and councils through the years. And, all the while, he and his wife Connie worked to restore their beloved “Back Field Farm” using it as a place to practice simplicity, stewardship, and community.

Silas was just as productive in his spiritual life, building his Quaker faith in meetings throughout New England. At various times he served as trustee of the Moses Brown School and the Lincoln School in Providence, as well as the Beacon Hill Friends House in Boston. In addition, he served on the Student Loan Committee of New England Yearly Meeting. A most cherished accomplishment was his seminal role in the reactivation of Dover Friends Meeting in Dover, New Hampshire in the mid-1950s. Silas was also very interested in the history of Quakers, in their architecture and their burying grounds. His *New England Quaker Meeting Houses, Past and Present* and his *Chasing Dead Quakers, a guide to Quaker burying grounds in New England*, have become standard sources.

Silas brought energy and enthusiasm to everything he did and said. He could be intense, opinionated and even, at times, overwhelming. But he was also thoughtful, kind, and generous. Many of us benefited from his eldery and nurturing, which steered us in directions we hadn’t foreseen and brought out gifts in us that we hadn’t suspected.

In later years, Silas traveled a good deal among New England Friends under a concern for intervisitation. He spoke frequently of his belief that we modern Quakers are not living up to our history, and we remember his exhorting us to strive for Gospel Order, to remember our roots, and to return to the radical, prophetic action of early Friends to transform society.

Tall, lanky, Lincolnesque, and unforgettable to his final days, he loved a good martini, good food, a good Yankee yarn or a good narrative poem, American history, the old-fashioned values and verities. Silas Weeks was a New England gentleman of the old school, but with a keen eye on the present and the future. For his vast number of friends, both large and small “f,” Silas Weeks epitomized friendship, integrity, service, and principle.

—DOVER MONTHLY MEETING, DOVER QUARTERLY MEETING