

Memorial Minutes ~ 2023 ~

NEW ENGLAND
YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS

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.

Hugh Barbour (1921–2021)
Richard Bullock Jr. (1940–2022)
Clarence Burley (1927–2022)
Ian Chase (1950–2022)
Emily Chasse (1953–2023)
Jan Church (1936–2021)
Steven John Correia (1957–2022)
Frances Crowe (1919–2019)
Paul Diamond (1933–2022)
Anne “Kiki” Eglinton (1928–2021)
Penelope “Penny” Jackim (1930–2022)
Allen David McNab (1941–2022)
Margaret “Teddy” Milne (1930–2021)
Kenneth Perkins (1931–2023)

Hugh Barbour and his wife, Sirkka, were active in Friends Meeting at Cambridge and our Yearly Meeting for many years. A Recorded Minister in Salem Quarter, Hugh served on several Yearly Meeting committees, including the Permanent Board. We are sharing this minute from New York Yearly Meeting.

Hugh Stewart Barbour
August 7, 2021 – January 8, 2021



Hugh Stewart Barbour, a resident of Kendal on Hudson in Sleepy Hollow, New York, died on January 8, 2021. He was 99 years old. A lifelong scholar, academic, peace activist, and punster, he was still formulating plans well past his mid-90s to write a paper on the meaning of Jesus to Quakers.

Born in 1921 in Beijing, China, the first of three sons of an American missionary mother and Scottish geologist father, Barbour had a peripatetic childhood. By his own account, by the time he was sixteen, he had crossed the Pacific five times and the Atlantic ten, and had been “the outsider in ten schools.” Perhaps this feeling of exclusion helped to shape some of his later, lifelong concerns: overcoming divisions among Christians generally, as well as among Friends; fostering ecumenism; and supporting those who suffered hardship for their religious convictions. He particularly focused on Quakers and other Christians in regions experiencing religious oppression.

Hugh attended boarding schools in England before entering Harvard College, from which he graduated *magna cum laude* in 1942. There he majored in the history of science, but also valued his participation in the Student Christian Movement, where he connected with others across denominations and nationalities. Many in the Student Christian Movement between the World Wars became pacifists and practiced a social gospel committed to justice. These concerns for

peace and for justice led Hugh eventually to join the Religious Society of Friends—though not before serving as the pastor of a Congregational church in Coventry, CT, as part of his training in divinity school. Concerned that, as a young man, he couldn't deliver the Truth that his church members wanted to hear, he chose to pursue teaching instead. Hugh was accepted at a number of distinguished medical and divinity schools, and chose Union Theological Seminary, earning a B.Div. He studied with Paul Tillich and Reinhold Niebuhr, and received his Ph.D. in 1952 from Yale University, where his mentor was Roland Bainton. His Yale dissertation became a book, *The Quakers in Puritan England*, which has been an indispensable resource for Quaker historians ever since. Over the course of his career, Hugh authored or co-authored six additional books, including *Early Quaker Writings*, *Quaker Cross-Currents*, *Slavery and Theology*, and *The Quakers*, as well as more than 70 articles, reviews, chapters, and pamphlets. At his retirement, many esteemed colleagues honored Hugh with a weighty Festschrift [tribute].

Hugh joined the faculty of Earlham College in Richmond, Indiana, as professor of religion in 1953. There he met Sirkka Talikka, a Finnish exchange student, and the two married in 1959 in Helsinki. She had been a refugee from Karelia, and spent her childhood years in Lapland and Sweden during World War II. She and Hugh connected deeply through their shared experiences of dislocation and uprootedness as children, and a yearning for home and belonging, which they found together at Clear Creek Friends Meeting and the Earlham College community. Through their many years in Indiana and beyond, they kept close ties with family in Scotland and Finland.

Hugh taught widely at Earlham, first focusing on Quakerism, church history, and biblical studies, but then widening the curriculum to include Hinduism, Islam, Buddhism, and other traditions of East Asia, which he combined into a very popular course in world religions. Early in his career, when the Earlham School of Religion came into being, Hugh was among its founding faculty. Not long after, when Earlham established its program in peace studies, Hugh became a steady contributor to its offerings. Through all his decades of teaching, he continued to earn his well-established reputation as an “absent-minded professor,” and stories—both reliable and apocryphal—abound.

From his youth, Hugh was a citizen of the world, and he sought to enrich through international experience the lives of his students. He and Sirkka led foreign study groups to Germany, Austria, and the Soviet Union, and also taught summer school at Viittakivi, an international Quaker institute in Finland. They introduced Earlham students not only to the cultural riches of Europe but also to the genuine dif-

facilities faced by dissidents who lived under repressive governments. He particularly honored East German Friends for their valiant internal stance, and sought to convey such experience in his teaching.

Hugh was committed as much to contemporary Quakerism as to its history. He was active in numerous Quaker organizations, including the Friends World Committee for Consultation, which Hugh represented in Kenya and Japan; the Friends Committee for National Legislation; and the World Council of Churches. Always aiming to promote understanding among different sorts of Quakers, he was active nationally in Friends General Conference and Friends United Meeting.

A seeker of truth all his life, Hugh came from a family that combined science and religion, with high expectations that he lead a life of service to others. Hugh pondered deeply the relationship of the authority of individual experience with the conviction that truth resides in community, always on guard against the human tendency toward self-deception. Hugh's reading of the young George Fox's relationship with his family focused on love and rebellion—a fitting description of tendencies in Hugh himself. Toward the end of his life, he spoke personally about the meaning of Jesus for early Quakers, emphasizing his ability to bring grace and solace to those burdened by efforts to redress the world's ills. The twinkle in Hugh's eye, for which he is remembered by so many, suggests that he may have experienced this grace all along.

Hugh had a lifelong love of the outdoors, and often took his family on camping and canoeing trips to the wilds of Canada and New England. Squam Lake in New Hampshire was a multi-generational extended-family retreat, where Hugh could recharge with two of his favorite pastimes, boating and birding.

Hugh was a cherished member of Clear Creek Meeting in Richmond, Indiana, from 1953 to 1991. There, he was active in many ministries of the Meeting. From 1991 to 2005 he was part of Friends Meeting at Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he had been active as a student in his college years, and where he and Sirkka served together as Resident Friends for four years. He was a member of Chappaqua Meeting from 2005 to 2021, where he is remembered for his gifts in teaching and for the weightiness that he brought to the life of that community.

CHAPPAQUA FRIENDS MEETING
NEW YORK YEARLY MEETING

Richard Hunt Downing Bullock Jr.
1940 – 2022



Richard H. D. Bullock Jr. died peacefully Saturday morning, September 17, 2022, at 8:15, in MDI Hospital, Bar Harbor, Maine, his wife Carol and his brother Watson at his side. He suffered from advanced Parkinson's disease and vascular dementia and died of terminal delirium. During his last days, three generations of family and friends spent precious time at his bedside. So much love surrounded him. In the end, angels carried him home.

He was born on November 1, 1940, in Jersey City, NJ, the son of Richard H. D. Bullock Sr. and Antoinette B. Shallcross. His younger brother, Watson Shallcross Bullock, was born February 4, 1945. The family lived at Skytop, PA, and Swiftwater, PA, where Rich attended Pocono Township Schools. Rich's grandfather was John Griscom Bullock, a well-known photographer from the Photo-Secessionist movement that encouraged the recognition of photography as an art form. Taking inspiration from his grandfather, Rich had a particularly keen eye when he was behind a camera and built a personal darkroom as a teenager to practice his art. He was valedictorian of his high school class and was a U.S. Representative Page for Congressman Francis Walter, Democrat from Pennsylvania's 15th district.

Rich graduated from the University of Delaware with a bachelor's degree with distinction in mechanical engineering in 1962 and a master's degree in 1965. He began his lifelong career in the paper industry with Scott and later Kimberly Clark. He had a hand in every step of the paper-making process, traveling around the world to consult with international partners and build a network of more efficient paper mills. He worked in Thailand for two years, and during his career he visited mills on six continents, where his gracious demeanor earned him the respect of his peers around the globe.

One of his employers at Scott Paper gave him a copy of Faith and Practice and reading it influenced him to become a member of Greenwich Friends Meeting in Greenwich, NJ, until he transferred to Acadia Friends Meeting in 2006.

In 2004, he met Carol Eileen Woolman at her cousin's wedding in Green Bay, Wisconsin. They married in a Quaker ceremony on July 1, 2006, under the care of Acadia Friends Meeting in Bar Harbor, with Carol's seven grandchildren as attendants. They spent their honeymoon in China and Tibet. Carol's family loved Rich from the start and he, them. He was a gentle, caring, generous, and kind man.

Rich and Carol enjoyed their homes in Bar Harbor and Greenwich, NJ, near Carol's hometown of Elmer, and her extended family and friends came to know Rich and value his company. Carol and Rich treasured any time they spent with his brother Watson and sister-in-law, Jane Kressler Bullock, of Silver Spring, MD. Rich and Carol loved the natural world, particularly moon rises, bird-watching, and photography. He was also an active member of Acadia Friends Meeting, where he served in many positions of leadership, including clerk of the Meeting and clerk of Ministry and Nurturance for many years. Making coffee for any event was his job and he was always the last one to leave the meeting after a gathering, making sure it was shipshape. He lived his life to be of service to others.

Rich is survived by his wife of 16 years, Carol; his brother Watson and sister-in-law Jane; stepdaughter Lara Horner and former husband Wayne Gray, and their children, Alicia, Olivia and Alex Gray; stepdaughter Amy vanMeteren and partner Joel Graber, and Amy's children, Helena Munson and Tzara Kane; stepson Christian Horner and fiancée Alexondra Lee, Christian's daughters, Jane and Ava Horner, and their mother Alex Kapp. He was predeceased by his stepson Mark Horner in 1998 and his wife, Sandra Leaf Bullock, in 2003.

A memorial service was planned under the care of Acadia Friends Meeting for Sunday, September 25th, at 11 a.m. at the Neighborhood House in Northeast Harbor, ME. His ashes were interred at Laurelwood Cemetery, Stroudsburg, PA, on October 28, 2022.

A second memorial service was held at Greenwich Friends Meeting on October 29, 2022.

APPROVED BY ACADIA MONTHLY MEETING, APRIL 16, 2023

ENDORSED BY VASSALBORO QUARTERLY MEETING, APRIL 22, 2023

Clarence Burley
March 8, 1927 – March 16, 2022



Clarence Burley, age 95, passed on March 16, 2022, at his daughter's home in Spencer, MA. He was predeceased by his wife of 30 years, Patricia, and earlier by two brothers, Keith and Walter. He leaves behind two daughters, Mary Jane and Margaret Mary. He is also survived by two grandchildren and any number of cousins and friends.

He was born 3/8/1927 in Miami, Florida, the son of Clarence A. M. Burley and Helen M. Burley, who divided their time between Florida and Massachusetts. A 1944 graduate of North Brookfield High School, he attended the then Massachusetts State College at Amherst until entering the Army in 1945. He served in the occupation of Japan as a librarian and instructor in the Army Education Program, returning to college to graduate from the new University of Massachusetts in 1949.

Clarence's professional employment included the Mechanics National Bank of Worcester, retiring in 1989 as Vice President, Corporate Trust Officer, and Secretary. He then worked part-time as an Interpreter at Old Sturbridge Village. Meanwhile, he served for 25 years as lector at St. Peter's Church in Worcester.

The Spirit next led him to join the Worcester Friends Meeting, where he became a devout and conscientious member. He served as clerk, and was a vital member of several committees, including Ministry and Counsel. He was also an active participant in Southeast Quarterly Meeting (formally Rhode Island Smithfield) and New England Yearly Meeting, serving on many committees.

Clarence had a quiet voice, but when he rose to speak everyone listened attentively. We knew he would be sharing profound insights based on well-grounded conviction from a life lived fully and authenti-

cally. His words were always wise and sincere, his demeanor earnest and open.

Some of Clarence's strong appeal derived from deep and wide spiritual preparation. He spent hours daily in reading, prayer, and attending worship services of diverse denominations. Clarence had a lively curiosity, which drew him to become involved with a broad range of interests. He cherished scripture and poetry, and could quote either from memory. His broad and deep knowledge enriched our Meeting through his frequent offerings in worship or afterwards and his weekly contributions to our internal communications.

He had particular affinity for the poetry of John Greenleaf Whittier, American Quaker and abolitionist. Whittier's verses draw from nature, deep spirituality, and a commitment to social justice—all themes near and dear to Clarence's heart. For example:

*No longer forward nor behind.
I look in hope or fear;
But grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.*

Clarence also lived courageously into the challenges of the testimonies. He could often be found on the streets or courtrooms to speak up for a variety of worthy peace and justice causes. He volunteered for CASA (Court Appointed Special Advocates), the Jewish Healthcare Hospice Program, and the Literacy Volunteers of Greater Worcester.

Following his concern for the environment, he testified before the legislative committee to consider banning phosphates in detergents. An avid kayaker, Clarence was a supporting member of the Greater Worcester Land Trust, the Opacum Land Trust, and the Friends of the Five Mile River. Among his other memberships were the Quaboag and the North Brookfield Historical Associations, the Ralph Waldo Emerson Society, the Nathaniel Hawthorne Society, the Stop Continental Drift Society, the Shoeless Joe Jackson Society, the Friends of Lizzie Borden, the Thoreau Society, and the Thoreau Sauntering Society.

We will cherish memories of Clarence at Worcester Meeting's Market Day, where he often presided over the sale of sausages and hot dogs, while we all relished the camaraderie.

Perhaps most of all, we will miss his kindness. Clarence genuinely listened to all, regardless of age or circumstance. He could brighten any room with his warm smile and twinkling eyes. He offered to all he crossed paths with a gentle way of being one with the inner light. Clarence would slip poems into pockets to show his love, and sometimes poetry books that he thought would be appreciated. He was steady, loving, and witty in the way that only the wisest can be. He greeted us

with an open smile, kissable soft cheeks, and clear eyes each and every time. His heart was warm and tender like no other. What a man, what a gift, what a love! Cheers Mr. Burley, cheers.

WORCESTER FRIENDS MEETING

SOUTHEAST QUARTERLY MEETING

Ian Dexter Chase
November 26, 1950 – February 11, 2022



Ian Dexter Chase was a member of Westerly Friends Meeting from 2017 to 2022, but in that relatively short time he contributed a great deal to the life of our meeting. He was a member of the Communications Committee and the Peace and Social Justice Committee. He helped to found and sustain the Meeting for Healing. As the host of the Westerly Friends Meeting's Facebook page, he regularly contributed inspirational messages. He served on several clearness committees, was a frequent participant in the Friendly Discussions series, and regularly attended worship services.

When Ian shared vocal ministry in meeting for worship, what he said was hopeful and encouraging. In personal conversations or group discussions, you got the feeling that Ian was really listening to you, and when he responded to what had been said, you knew he had understood what you were saying. He had a warm smile and a cheerful laugh that invited friendship. After spending some time with Ian, you went away feeling better for having been with him.

Ian was born on November 26, 1950, and passed away on February 11, 2022. After graduating from North Kingston (RI) High School, he served in the Coast Guard during the Vietnam War. After he left the military, he enrolled in the Newport Hospital School of Nursing and became a registered nurse. He worked in the emergency departments and intensive care units of a number of hospitals, including Westerly Hospital. It was there that he met a fellow nurse named Judith Hindle. They married and created a blended family of 6 shared children. Over the years, Ian and Judith's family grew to include 13 grandchildren and 2 great-grandchildren, as well as many nephews and nieces.

Ian loved his family and enjoyed spending time with them while camping and traveling, especially in the Southwest. He also enjoyed

pursuing varied interests such as painting, woodworking, gardening, and yard projects. He found joy being near, on, or in the ocean. He swam in the frigid waters of the Arctic Circle and the balmy waters of the Florida Keys. Drawing upon his experience in the Coast Guard, he served as a crew member on the University of Rhode Island's research vessel *Endeavor*. He lived a life filled with service to others, devotion to his family and friends, adventure, and—much to his family's delight—lighthearted bantering and occasional mischievous antics.

Ian also faced physical challenges which can only be described as severe. He had to retire early from his nursing career when he was faced with a medical condition that necessitated amputating his leg. He dealt for years with cancer, the disease which eventually took his life, far too soon. He gradually lost most of his sight to retinal disease. Ian once told a Friend that he blamed the time he spent in Vietnam for many of his health problems, saying he all but “bathed every day in Agent Orange” while he was there.

Although he openly acknowledged some dark days following the amputation of his leg and while dealing with chronic illnesses, he did not surrender to bitterness or despondency. Despite contending with his own serious health issues, Ian encouraged others in the Meeting for Healing group to “Expect Healing!” Wounded healers are people whose painful experiences enable them to help others. While he never referred to himself by this term, it came to mind for a group of Friends who were sharing their memories of Ian as an appropriate way to describe him. He continued to enjoy life by taking trips with Judith and their large dog in a pop-up camper. Once they travelled to Florida, where Ian sat on the edge of a dock. As he said later, “I enjoyed dangling my feet in the cool water.” In another trip to Florida, Ian was able to go swimming. As Judith said of that experience, “It was such a blessing to see him swimming free of the limitations he faced on land.” He continued to paint even after he had lost most of his vision. Such simple pleasures, but ones that meant so much to Ian and said so much about him.

In his letter applying for membership at Westerly Friends Meeting, Ian wrote the following:

I have had many ups and downs in my life. I can testify to the power of prayer and the spirit that I am here. I was always a believer in a God or Divine spirit that sustains us all. After my illness, I have felt those things more deeply, and closer to those promptings to follow a path that brought me closer to that of the spirit.

From a deep faith born in part out of suffering, Ian Dexter Chase faced the world with a genuine smile and authentic cheerfulness. He taught Westerly Friends much about living fully no matter what life presents to us, just by being himself and enjoying what he was able to do. A deeply spiritual person who quietly inspired many of us by his presence, Ian showed us what it means “to follow a path that” brings us “closer to that of the spirit.”

APPROVED BY WESTERLY MONTHLY MEETING, DECEMBER 11, 2022

APPROVED BY SOUTHEAST QUARTERLY MEETING, MARCH 26, 2023

Emily Schuder Chasse
June 10, 1953 – February 3, 2023



Our beautiful Friend Emily Schuder Chasse passed peacefully from this life on February 3, 2023, after a long illness.

A loving celebration of her life was held at Hartford Monthly Meeting on February 18, 2023, with many family, Friends, friends, and colleagues present.

Emily first attended Quaker meeting in Ames, Iowa, with her family when she was 13 years old. She and her lifelong partner, Bill Chasse, were married under the care of Hartford Monthly Meeting on August 30, 1980, and began regularly attending Hartford Meeting at that time. They raised their daughter, Sarah, in Meeting and were all an integral part of our community.

The values instilled in Emily from an early age carried her throughout her life. She truly “walked cheerfully over the earth, seeking that of God” in everyone she met. Her cheerfulness, inclusive nature, and warm heart touched many during her life, both in our Quaker community and well beyond. She was often the first to greet a newcomer to Meeting, and with that radiant smile she made visitors welcome.

While humble and gentle, Emily was a determined force and fiercely independent. She acted on her Quaker values through her tireless commitment to social justice work. She spent years of volunteering at Mercy Housing Shelter, often accompanied by her daughter. She advocated for peace and women’s rights through marches and protests, and participated in the Alternatives to Violence Project through hours of service in the prisons. She was an active participant in West Hartford’s peace activist group. A weekly peace vigil is held in the center of town every Saturday, and most Saturdays would find Emily there standing up for what she so strongly believed. She was devoted to social justice work and righting wrongs.

Her determination and independence were also demonstrated in how she persevered through years of having Multiple Sclerosis. Having been diagnosed as a young adult, Emily was determined not to let her illness interfere with the full life she was to lead. Through many struggles, trials of medications and treatments, Emily persevered with a radiant positivity that was an example to all who knew her. She was thrilled to be able to give birth to her daughter, and in later life, to become a loving grandmother to Eli and Emma. She never let her illness interfere with the good works she accomplished throughout her life. She truly let her Light shine through it all.

Emily was a valued member of Hartford Monthly Meeting in Hartford, Connecticut. She spent the major part of her career as a reference librarian at Central Connecticut State University, where she helped numerous faculty, staff, and students with research techniques and information, while always bringing her Quaker values with her as she touched so many in that community. She brought the knowledge from her professional life as a librarian to the Meeting through her more than 30 years as HMM's librarian. During this time Emily helped develop an extraordinary collection of Quaker books spanning topics of Quaker history, Quaker values, Quaker spirituality, and social justice topics. Emily started her career as a children's librarian and she brought those skills to our Meeting as well. She expanded our collection of children's books. She was an extraordinary storyteller and brought that gift to our First Day School as well as to adult programming. We will always cherish her Christmas Eve telling of *The Gift of the Magi*. Through her storytelling and knowledge of literature, she instilled the love of reading in so many.

Emily was an avid reader, book-group member, and Scrabble player. Before she retired, she wrote and published a book, *Telling Tales*, to help educators and others learn the art of storytelling.

Emily leaves so many Friends, friends, and devoted family members. Her life was truly an example to us all. The Hartford community greatly misses her presence. Let us all continue our good works as a tribute to a Quaker life well lived.

HARTFORD MONTHLY MEETING, MARCH 19, 2023

CONNECTICUT VALLEY QUARTERLY MEETING. MAY 7, 2023

Jan Walker Church

August 9, 1936 – August 25, 2021



Jan Walker Church was born August 9, 1936, and raised happily in Durham, NH.

She enrolled at the University of NH and completed her master's in education at Harvard in 1959. Jan began her long and enriching teaching career in a Hanover, NH, elementary school. She and her sister Gail traveled to France for a 70-day camping trip across Europe, driving in a small Renault sedan that she bought upon landing in Paris.

In 1962 Jan married Dick Church, who was her devoted husband of 52 years until his passing May 30, 2014. They had five beloved children. In 1964 Jim was born and they soon landed in Sitka, Alaska, where they spent three years in the mountainous maritime region. Their second child, Suzanne, was born in Alaska in 1966. In 1968 the family set a longtime anchor in Plymouth, NH, where Jan gave birth to their third child, John, in that same year. The greatest sorrow of their lives was the loss of John, who died February 7, 1983, at age 14 from embryonic rhabdomyosarcoma (RMS) of the hip, metastatic to his lungs.

In 1969 the family began their love affair with Mount Desert Island; they spent many cherished summers on Echo Lake, where Dick's parents had a cottage called Camp Hope. Stephanie was born in 1971 and their youngest, Jeff, was born in 1978. They enjoyed multiple cross-country trips in their VW bus to Colorado, Banff, Canadian Rockies, and the Pacific Northwest. Jan helped foster a love for cross-country skiing, taking her family to Waterville Valley and across New England to events.

After a hiatus, Jan went back to work in 1975, teaching English at Plymouth High School. Her grown students still recall the laughter and enthusiasm in her classrooms and the influence she had on their

lives. She and Dick created a lifelong network of friends in Plymouth, NH. Why did they move to Maine? Camp Hope was a huge draw, but they hoped the change would help usher them past the pain of losing their third child. It may never have done that, but they loved living year-round on the Island and passed that everlasting love on to their children and grandchildren.

Jan taught English at Mount Desert Elementary School from 1987 to 1998. She continued traveling to see new places and old friends, making trips to the desert Southwest, Austria, London, Guatemala, and Bolivia. In 1999 Jan and Dick joined Acadia Friends Meeting, where they were drawn to spiritual guidance with the absence of doctrine, and Quaker values of peace, community, equality, and stewardship.

In retirement, Jan became actively involved in concerns that she felt passionate about, including the environment, climate change, and social justice. She gave generously to local and global causes, particularly the welfare of the Wabanaki people, and frequently traveled to Indian Island for meetings. She was always kind, but she said what she believed.

Jan had a decades-long love of visual art and revisited two mediums in later years she had studied in college—pottery making and watercolors—occasionally enjoying painting alongside grandchildren.

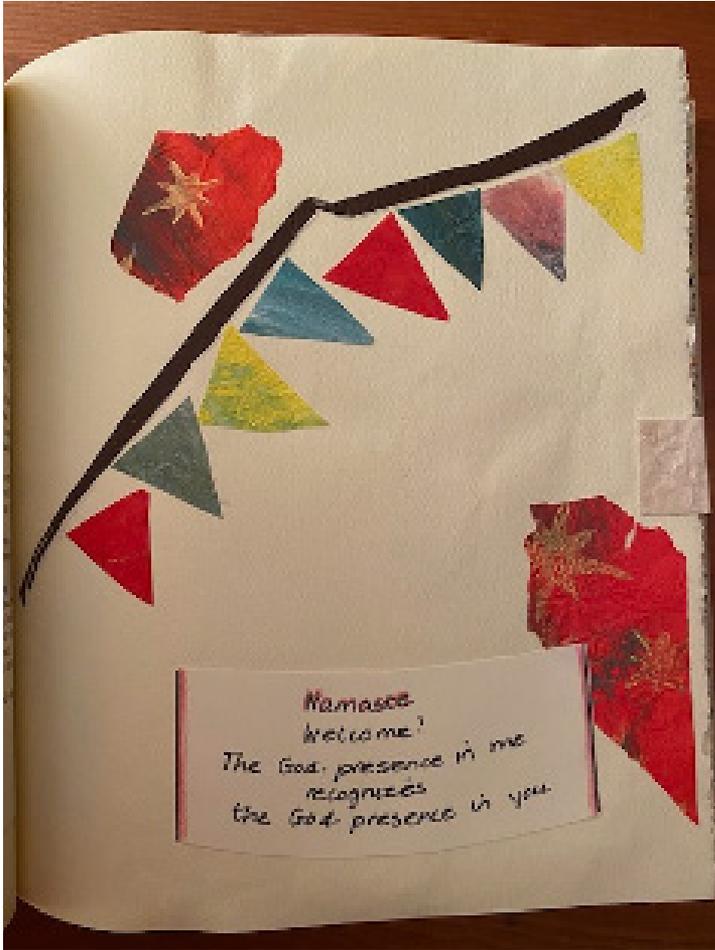
Jan held and tended many lifelong friendships. In the 2010s she went to class reunions with friends from grade school through college. At home, friends and family spent time with her in her yard, woods, and gardens, absorbing her subtle curriculum of the landscape. She lived simply and with integrity. She spent her final weeks at home surrounded by her children, warmly welcoming calls from friends and neighbors, or sitting peacefully, holding hands and smiling.

Jan was thoughtful and intentional about her decision to let go of this life. Her eyesight and mind were starting to fail. She was determined to stop eating and drinking and confided her intention to family and close friends. With her children and one grandchild, Jan came to Meeting one last time to share her clear leading about her death. Her decision was a testimony of her faith, and allowed the Meeting and Jan an opportunity to lovingly say goodbye.

She said she talked with her son John each night, looking at his picture, before going upstairs to bed. She anticipated a blessed reunion. Clarity and love shone in her radiant face at the end.

A memorial meeting under the care of Acadia Friends was held Sunday, September 5, 2021, at Neighborhood House, Northeast Harbor, Maine. Jan was predeceased by her husband, Richard Church, May 30, 2014; by their son John, February 7, 1983; and by her

daughter-in-law, Jim's wife Aimee Beal Church, June 15, 2017. She is survived by her four children and five grandchildren.



This minute was prepared by Acadia Friends Meeting member Carol Woolman from her experience of Jan, with liberal use of Jan's obituary by her family and notes from Carole Beal.

The above illustration is a copy of one of Jan's journal entries. Her art, the written message, the colorful prayer flags, speak to her inclusive faith and her creative and lively sense of design.

APPROVED BY ACADIA MONTHLY MEETING, APRIL 16, 2023

ENDORSED BY VASSALBORO QUARTERLY MEETING, APRIL 22, 2023

Steven John Correia
January 25, 1957 – January 14, 2022



When Steven Correia found something in life that he loved—whether a friend, food, or tradition—he frequently took it on for life. He loved his extended family and lived his entire life near them in southeastern Massachusetts. He loved his work as a fisheries biologist for the state’s Division of Marine Fisheries. More than anything, Steve loved his wife June, his daughters Larissa and Aliza, his son-in-law John, and his two grandsons, Henry and Charlie, who filled him with absolute pride and delight.

Steve and June met the day before his high school graduation and married soon after college in 1979. She was not only his life companion, she was his gentle, guiding light. They started attending New Bedford Meeting in 1985. Steve became clerk and was committed to keeping the small meeting open. June, however, wanted more children in First Day School for their young daughters and started attending Westport Meeting in 1988. Wanting to worship with his family, he soon joined them. They officially transferred their memberships in 1993. The Correia family quickly became vital, loved Friends in our meeting community.

Steve served on a number of committees at Westport Meeting, especially Ministry and Counsel. He taught First Day School in a corner of the old book shed, memorably making Old Testament stories fascinating to elementary-school-aged children. He was active in the life of Sandwich Quarter and for decades attended Annual Sessions. Steve’s extensive knowledge of early Friends and Friends’ process of discernment informed worship and meetings for business. We are grateful for his faithful presence and his grounded spoken messages and concerns.

Steve delighted in young people. He volunteered on staff in Junior Yearly Meeting, both at Sessions and on weekend retreats. He had a

particular knack for meaningfully connecting to the more active children who found it hard to sit in Program. He patiently taught dozens of JYM'ers how to make knotted sailor bracelets, and loved when they returned a month or year later to show him that they were still wearing theirs (however worn out). He was the original creator of JYM Ball—a more nuanced version of dodgeball—that is still an integral, beloved game in NEYM's youth programs.

For us, his creativity and humor were on full display in his writing, particularly his plays. Initially started as a way to include young people in the Christmas Eve program, they became the highlights of our annual Advent Potlucks. He included current events and culture to create new versions of the Christmas Story that were both clever and profound. His parody hymns, and numerous details like the census-taker's shredder, the returning characters Lenny and George, the ever-whining sheep, and the Quaker Oats box with a dangling star, wove insight and laughter into our meeting fellowship.

He was a voracious reader and passionate learner on many subjects, particularly biology, ecology, history, and all things Quaker. He loved listening to traditional, folk, and Shaker music, and enjoyed singing with others. He learned to play a number of string instruments well, though he rarely performed for anyone beyond his family and close friends—except with local ukelele groups in later life. He regularly encouraged our meeting and JYM to sing more.

Steve was a committed and highly respected scientist who spent most of his career dedicated to preserving marine life. He believed the scientific method was applicable to much of life. He devised a way to protect his prized fig tree from the harsh New England winters and religiously followed it. He believed better choices in the minor leagues could produce a winning Red Sox season, and that there was one way to pull a proper shot of espresso. He believed in the fruits of Friends' waiting worship if centered and covered.

June's debilitating, 20-year illness and too-early death from Multiple Systems Atrophy was a profound struggle and loss. His inability to protect her from pain and prevent her decline was heartbreaking and frustrated him deeply, not only as a spouse but also as a biologist. This same fierce love and yearning to protect from harm extended to his daughters and, especially, to his grandsons.

Steve faced his own diagnosis with a mixture of sadness and scientific curiosity. He dove into the latest research and determinedly agreed to trials and alternative treatments that slowed the growth of his brain cancer. His courage to accept treatments and eventually,

years later, his graceful courage to end them when no longer effective, were both grounded in science and in his love for his family.

We miss his humor, grounded presence, his extensive knowledge on a wide variety of subjects—and his willingness to debate the finer points of them. We miss his friendship. His too-early passing renewed our grief for June’s death as well. Steve and his family’s many years with us are woven, like a sailor’s bracelet, into the life and spirit of our hearts, the meeting, and the wider circle of Friends. We treasure our memories and hold deep gratitude that he and June chose us as their spiritual home.

WESTPORT MONTHLY MEETING OF FRIENDS, MAY 21, 2023

SANDWICH MONTHLY MEETING, MAY 23, 2023

Frances Hyde Crowe
March 15, 1919 – August 27, 2019



Frances Lorena Hyde Crowe died at her home in Northampton, MA, on August 27, 2019, at the age of 100. She was born March 15, 1919, in Carthage MO, the second daughter of Chauncey William Hyde, who owned a plumbing and heating business and a flower shop, and Anna (Heidlage) Hyde, a homemaker.

She grew up in a time of global and national turmoil, which caused her to question social structures and the beliefs that underlay them. Her parents were devout Catholics and solid members of their community, but the social, class, and racial divides that existed during her childhood affected her family as well. These structures, her parents' values, and her innate opposition to war and killing, formed the foundation for Frances's long life of activism.

While attending Syracuse University, Frances joined a discernment group at the St. Thomas More House led by a Catholic priest, who opened himself to the group's questioning. She "felt the questions of the discernment group touch [her] conscience" and she left the Catholic church soon after. While attending those sessions she met Tom Crowe, a medical student at Syracuse. Though they felt a connection, World War II separated them for three years as Tom, who was then a physician, joined the Army, and Frances moved to New York to find jobs in workforce management, then called industrial psychology. During this time she began to question the war and, by the end of the war, all wars.

When Tom returned, they rekindled their relationship and married on May 16, 1945. Frances points to the bombing of Hiroshima, a few months after their marriage, as a major turning point in her life. Already opposed to war, the violence of the attacks on Hiroshima and then Nagasaki crystallized a resolve to "stop this madness." Tom

shared this resolve, and together they embraced nonviolence and embarked on their new life intent on making a difference.

From 1946 to 1952, the family grew with the births of their three children, Caltha, Jarlath, and Tom. The family moved to Northampton in 1951 so their son Jarlath could attend the Clarke School for the Deaf, where oral education was provided. Frances and Tom shared a life of love, family, and activism for over 50 years until Tom's death in 1997.

Soon after arriving in Northampton, Frances and Tom began attending what was then Middle Connecticut Valley Monthly Meeting, with worship rotating among several towns and homes, including theirs. Tom formally joined the meeting in 1955. Frances had not been sure she was worthy of membership because her focus was so strongly on the peace and justice side of Quakerism. It was from traveling to a draft-counseling conference at Earlham College, where she encountered and witnessed the same spiritual life among Friends from evangelical and programmed meetings as she had in silent worship, that she had the revelation that she was in fact totally a Quaker and it was time to apply for membership. She became a member of the newly formed Mount Toby Meeting in 1967. In her later years, not wanting to use fossil fuels to drive so far, she transferred her membership to Northampton Meeting in 2017.

Frances was not only an active member of these meetings, but also a role model and mentor, as her living witness inspired countless F/friends to action, grounded in faith, on a variety of issues. When Frances spoke about her spiritual journey, she noted the importance of community when engaging in nonviolent activism, that with Spirit's guidance things sometimes happen that you don't expect. The support of her meeting and others helped her through challenging times. She said the more she took action, the more she found her soul. Everything she did was grounded by daily spiritual practices of sitting in silent worship and reading.

Frances was an avid reader, constantly keeping up to date on current events, ever seeking steps she could take to counter injustice and build peaceful solutions. To keep from descending into bitterness and cynicism, Frances would ask for a clearness committee to help her discern if she was following a true leading or a personal agenda. A vegetarian who preserved time for self care, and walking instead of driving to stay physically fit, Frances lived simply, every aspect of her life in keeping with her values. Reading and reflecting on the queries in Faith and Practice helped her to center down and strengthened her quality of worship.

If you had occasion to visit Frances, you would be welcomed by a bright red sign painted with white lettering on her front door asking: “Does Our Lifestyle Depend on War?” Frances’ life embodied this question as she constantly examined her own life under the bright beam of Spirit, ever seeking ways to weed out the seeds of war from her possessions, thoughts, or actions. She challenged us to look deeper for our own growing edges, figure out our next step—never with judgment, but inviting us to join in the sort of self reflection and discernment she held for herself.

Frances actively connected with that of God in everyone. Over the course of her long life, Frances’s activism, grounded in Quaker faith, spanned peace, racial justice, environmental and economic justice, health care, the environment, and the climate crisis. She worked with many organizations along the way, focusing her life’s work on peace education, stopping war, and eliminating nuclear power and nuclear weapons. In the 1970s she helped found Traprock Peace Center at Woolman Hill, and started offering nonviolence trainings. When she was arrested as part of the Clamshell Alliance while protesting the Seabrook nuclear power plant in New Hampshire, and was held for 2 weeks in an armory with hundreds of other activists from across the country, she experienced the enduring power of collective learning and community building. Later in life, Frances became a war-tax refuser, redirecting her tax dollars to victims of war and to peace groups.

Founding the Western Massachusetts AFSC Office: As part of her call to Quaker service, Frances was asked to serve on the Peace Committee of the New England Regional American Friends Service Committee (AFSC). The regional office in Cambridge would send speakers out to Frances, who set up speaking engagements for them at the local colleges. Over time this evolved into Frances starting the western Mass AFSC office in the basement of their home in Northampton in 1968. For over 30 years, Frances mentored interns and volunteers as they focused on ending wars—from Vietnam to Iraq—sanctions that harmed civilians and children, weapons production, nuclear power and weapons, homelessness, the death penalty, racism and more, while promoting peace and justice for all. Frances’ educational events, film series, vigils and a range of creative actions, both legal and involving non-violent civil disobedience, engaged and inspired a vibrant peace and justice community across western Massachusetts and beyond. Frances remained active with these efforts for decades after she retired from the AFSC in 1995. Frances was both the conscience of her Friends meeting, and a model of Quaker spirit and values for the wider community.

Frances was called to act both locally and globally. She was instrumental in establishing sanctuary for two Guatemalan men at Mt Toby Meeting in the 1980s. She traveled to Nicaragua with Witness for Peace, and was part of a Friends' delegation to China and Vietnam in the 1970s. She met with President Carter to persuade him against deploying nuclear Pershing missiles in Europe. Her work for divestment from South Africa resulted in UMass being the first university in the US to vote to divest. Wherever she learned of injustice and war, she researched, educated and took action.

In the mid 1960s, when her two sons began talking about the draft, Frances decided to learn more by attending a draft counseling training at the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors (CCCO) in Philadelphia. She came home determined to set up draft-counseling sessions at her home, but at first no one showed up. So she tried a creative tactic, mimeographing fliers to hand out to hitchhikers. She'd drive around picking up young men as they traveled between local colleges in Northampton and Amherst. Driving slow and talking fast, Frances asked what they planned to do about the draft, and invited them to a meeting at her home the following day. This time, the room was packed.

Ultimately, Frances counseled over 1,000 young men, helping them obtain Conscientious Objector status, and find meaningful alternative service placements. Several of these men came to her memorial service to testify to the enduring difference she had made decades earlier at a critical time in their lives.

After hearing Amy Goodman on her program Democracy Now!, Frances implored her local public radio station to broadcast the program. When they declined, in 2002 Frances illegally set up a transmitter and antenna in her backyard and broadcast the program illegally set up a transmitter and antenna in her backyard and broadcast the program herself, until 2005 when WMUA finally agreed to broadcast it. Amy Goodman and Frances became friends and Amy came to UMass for a well attended public interview with Frances in celebration of Frances' 95th birthday.

Frances received wide recognition and many awards, but they never went to her head. When she was presented an honorary degree at UMass – Frances wore a colorful hand painted T-shirt saying “Resist with Compassion” instead of formal dinner attire. When she spoke, knowing the Trustees would be there, she urged the University to divest from fossil fuels. She never missed an opportunity.

When other means did not succeed in leveraging change, and her family responsibilities allowed, Frances escalated her activism to risk-

ier levels. Frances was first arrested for nonviolent civil disobedience in 1972 at Westover Air Force Base protesting the Vietnam war. Over the following 46 years, she was arrested countless times, with sentences ranging from community service up to as long as a month in jail. In 1984 she spent 30 days in federal prison for breaking into the Electric Boat shipyard in Rhode Island and spray painting “Thou Shalt Not Kill” on Trident nuclear submarine missile tubes. Jesse Jackson heard about it and picked her up when she was released. Over time she was jailed in every New England state, and beyond. Engaging in years of actions as part of the Shut it Down affinity group, Frances helped close the Vermont Yankee nuclear power plant ahead of schedule. When possible, she worked to de-escalate the tensions inherent in legal processes, treating the police, court personnel and her jailers to her radiant smile as she looked to connect with that of God in them. Her faith, family, Friends Meeting and the mutual support of affinity group members sustained her in her activism. Her last arrest at age 98 for blocking construction of a gas pipeline through state forest land made international news. In solidarity with the poor, Frances never paid bail or fines. When asked how many times she had been arrested, Frances always replied: “Not enough!”

The same “you can do it” encouragement she gave to her deaf son Jarlath, she extended to activists, making success feel possible even against huge odds—and people stretched further because of her. Frances urged us to find our own callings and take action for change, encouraging everyone to: “Resist as much as you possibly can. Always be in trouble. It feels good!”

Frances modeled a Quaker life of integrity, living Love as a quest for justice. Her spiritual life, home life, community engagement, and activism were an inseparable whole. Many activists find balancing family and activism to be a challenge, but Frances modeled that balance. Frances’ love of her family radiated when she proudly shared updates about her three children and five grandchildren. Family always came first. She would prioritize a grandchild’s kindergarten graduation over attending a major protest action she had organized. Frances listened attentively, with her warm smile and twinkle in her eye, such that everyone she knew felt welcome, cared about and known. Her brilliant mind and memory were stunning—even at 100, she somehow kept track of myriad details not only about all of our lives, but also the names and activities of our children and families.

For her 100th birthday, Frances wanted an action instead of a party, so on March 15, 2019, over 300 people turned out for a parade down Main Street in Northampton to celebrate her long life. With Frances in

the lead, a sea of friends and family carried protest signs honoring the lifetime of concerns Frances had fought for.

Spirit lived so strongly in her, her flame was a light ever on fire. Although Frances looked up at most of us, it was we who felt her stature. A consistent, determined, energetic, sprightly dynamo, Frances was a legend who lived her faith, inspiring countless others as she let her life speak. Modeling her belief in that of God in every person, she reached out fearlessly with equal love to those in power and those struggling. She enthusiastically helped everyone she met find their next steps forward with conscience. Many of us often still ask ourselves: What would Frances do?

NORTHAMPTON FRIENDS MEETING, OCTOBER 9, 2022

CONNECTICUT VALLEY QUARTERLY MEETING, FEBRUARY 5, 2023

Paul Diamond
October 17, 1933 – September 9, 2022



Paul Diamond was a man for all seasons—a man who was very gifted, highly respected, and skilled in many areas. He was very tall and moved surely in his world. He knew how to listen, was kind, and shared with many his time and wisdom. He was a romantic who loved music. Paul was a birthright Quaker, born in Beckenham, Kent, England. His father's family went back to William Penn. His parents were Howard Diamond and Elizabeth Deane. Howard was an accountant and Elizabeth was a school teacher until she married and had a family. Paul was the youngest of three sons. His brother John was an architect; his brother Robert is an Emeritus Fellow at Christ's Church, Cambridge; and Paul chose to become an accountant, like his father.

Paul attended Quaker schools and graduated from Frensham Heights, a Quaker boarding school, in the early 1950s. At that time he decided to study accounting and had an apprenticeship in accounting for 2 or 3 years. In 1957, when he was 24 years old, he went to Lenz, Austria, to volunteer with the Friends Ambulance Unit. It was there he met Viki Ann Seitz. Viki was an American in her late teens, raised north of New York City, who had found her calling in music, both instrumental and vocal. She also had become interested in Quakers. Paul and Viki fell in love and knew they wanted a life together. But Paul had to return to England and Viki to the United States. After over a year of correspondence, Paul flew to California and they were married under the care of the Palo Alto Meeting on June 20, 1959.

After a few years in California they decided to move to England with their two very young children, Karen and Katie. They had no definite job plans. On the way they stopped in New York and Paul had an exploratory interview with the United Nations. They were in London for less than a year when they decided to return to the U.S. London

didn't suit them as a family. On the day before they left England, Paul received a wonderful letter from the United Nations offering him a position in the Secretariat, the administrative and organizational department of the UN, headed by the Secretary General. He started in 1964 in the Accounts Division and held the highest position of Accounts Director when he retired in 1998. He also worked closely with the IT department. In his 34 years at the UN Secretariat he served under five Secretaries General (U Thant to Kofi Annan). He accompanied them and other officers of the UN to many countries all over the world to promote the work of the UN and to assist and aid the negotiation of conflicts.

While he served at the UN, Paul and Viki and their family made their home on Long Island, New York, in the town of Westbury. Two more children, Jessi and Joshua, were born there. When Paul retired in 1998, he and Viki moved to Rockport, Maine. Paul became a valued and loved member of Midcoast Meeting and was welcomed as treasurer for a number of years. With his amazing financial skills and knowledge, the Meeting knew its finances were in good hands. He also served on Ministry & Counsel and was active in Meeting outreach and other activities. His thoughtfulness and Quaker discernment helped the Meeting find ways to move forward. During Paul's tenure as Treasurer, Midcoast Meeting, as a member of the Maine Council of Churches, decided to make a loan to the Penobscot Tribe at Pleasant Point. The Tribe wanted to build housing for its retired members. Midcoast Meeting was the first member of the Council of Churches to offer a loan, and the Meeting was asked by the Tribe to present the check in person at Pleasant Point. Paul and the clerk of the Meeting did so, and the Tribe responded with a big celebration. Other churches then followed with financial support and the Tribe was able to move forward with its plans.

After living in Rockport for 13 years, Paul and Viki decided to return to California to be closer to their 4 children. They lived there for 4 years, but their love for Maine drew them back east. They also realized that they wanted a new life in Maine, and made a successful move to The Highlands in Brunswick. Health issues also concerned them, and Viki died in 2020. During this time in Maine, Paul was not directly involved with Midcoast Meeting; their life was in Brunswick, some miles away. However, they did renew many friendships with Friends, who were happy to welcome them back. When Paul died, the family had a celebration of his life at The Highlands.

Paul will always be remembered as a devoted Quaker and a loving member whose belief in Quaker tenets and his caring concern for others contributed so much to the Meeting.

MIDCOAST MONTHLY MEETING, APPROVED MARCH 19, 2023

VASSALBORO QUARTERLY MEETING, APPROVED APRIL 22, 2023

Anne McKinne “Kiki” Heitkamp Eglinton
March 24, 1928 – August 13, 2021



Kiki’s life speaks to her deep commitment to and passion for service to others.

Known to all as Kiki, Anne McKinne Heitkamp Eglinton described herself as a woman with “a foot in both the North and the South.” This sensibility was rooted in the rich tales told about her ancestors from both regions and from her own lived experiences. She was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, later moved to Short Hills, New Jersey, and then to New York City. She spent her summers at her family’s South Carolina tree farm, Melrose, a property that as an adult she actively managed for over 20 years. Her great esteem for her family’s history and her own experiences of living in both the North and the South deepened her understanding and compassion for the complexity of people’s values.

Early influences on Kiki’s path to Quakerism can be found in her accounts of her high-school education at the progressive Cherry Lawn School in Connecticut. Cherry Lawn was a place where she was able to participate in self-governance and in committee work through which students and staff shaped their shared community.

While the earliest seeds for her Quaker faith might have been sown at Cherry Lawn, it was her years at Oberlin College where Quaker faith and practice became a vital part of Kiki’s life. There she was introduced to Quakerism by a faculty member and began to attend Oberlin Friends Meeting. As she learned more about Quakerism, she was particularly drawn to Friends’ long tradition of social action and witnessing for peace.

It was at Oberlin as well that Kiki expanded her lifelong interest in making positive change for her community. She served on the student council for all four years, and was instrumental in creating the first student co-op dormitory on campus. Kiki’s legacy remains today: the

expanded co-op dorms are a hallmark of student life at Oberlin. Kiki remained a loyal Oberlin alumna, serving on the Alumni Council, as class president, and as regional coordinator for Westchester County and southern Connecticut alumni activities. Throughout her life, she also encouraged many young people in her circles to apply to the college.

Following her junior year, Kiki participated in an American Friends Service Committee international work camp program in Europe, an opportunity for a new adventure combining service and foreign travel. This turned out to be a life-changing experience, as she discovered that Quakerism was both her social action and her spiritual home. It was also where she met her future husband, Art Wolf, who also was drawn to Quaker faith and practice. Kiki and Art were married in 1951 on the day that Kiki graduated from Oberlin.

After their wedding, Kiki and Art moved to Cleveland to pursue graduate degrees at Case Western Reserve University. Art was completing his medical degree, while Kiki worked toward her masters in social work administration. In Cleveland they attended Cleveland Friends Meeting and also started their family; their son, Jamie, was born in 1953.

In 1956 Kiki, Art, and Jamie moved to the Hartford area so Art could start his residency at Hartford Hospital. It was then that they joined the Hartford Meeting community. Hartford Monthly Meeting remained Kiki's spiritual home and social community for the rest of her life, with the exception of the time she lived in Pelham, NY, with her then-husband, Douglas Eglinton, and attended Scarsdale Friends Meeting. During her years in Pelham, she frequently returned to Hartford Meeting for worship and friendship.

Through Hartford Meeting, Kiki lived out her dedication to the Quaker commitment of service to community, within the Meeting and beyond. Among other contributions to the Meeting, she served on the Pastoral Care Committee and revised and expanded the Meeting's handbook. Kiki embodied Friends' values of pastoral care. She was attuned to people's needs, and is remembered for responding to Friends' personal issues—big and small—with kindness, compassion, and practicality. Within the Hartford Meeting community, Kiki formed many friendships which represented an important extension of her Quaker experience and a continuing source of pleasure and strength. These included the knitting group and the Quaker women's book club, which continued to meet for many years, during which its members supported each other through all the major phases and changes that their lives brought.

As a young mother with a growing family following the births of Anne and Tim, Kiki was eager to continue her involvement in community service and participated in a range of volunteer activities. She joined the League of Women Voters in Newington and eventually became the town's League president. As a result of this work, she was appointed to the board of directors of several social agencies, including the Women's League Day Care Center and the Family Service Society, for which she served two years as president, and she was appointed as a West Hartford representative to the Capitol Region Planning Agency.

In 1966, prior to moving to West Hartford, Kiki and husband Art sought to live their Quaker values and support the civil rights struggles of the time by selling their Newington home to a Black family as a step toward integrating the neighborhood. Unfortunately, the neighbors were not supportive and the family eventually moved out. In her later life, Kiki reflected that people need more than good intentions to effect such large social changes.

In 1972, at the age of 44, following her divorce from Art Wolf, Kiki began her professional career in social services. At the time she was serving as the president of the board of directors of the Family Service Society in Hartford. With the retirement of the Society's executive director, she was asked to serve as the interim director and eventually was hired as the agency's executive director, a position she held until 1980 when she moved with her second husband, Douglas Eglinton, to Pelham, NY. Kiki embraced the challenges of leading an agency with a range of services and personnel, as well as the eventual merger in 1980 of the Family Service Society with Child and Family Services.

With her relocation to Pelham, Kiki started a new chapter in her social-service career. She served for five years as the executive director of the 7,000-member New York City Chapter of the National Association of Social Workers, advocating for members' professional and legislative concerns. Kiki was eager, however, to get back to her real passion, working with a direct-practice agency. In 1985 she was appointed as the executive director of Family Service of Westchester, an agency that provided many similar services to Hartford's Family Service Society. During this time, she was active at the local, state, and national levels of the family service movement, serving as a board member of Family Service America; president of the N.Y. State Association of Family Service Agencies; and as a peer reviewer for the Council on Accreditation for Services to Families and Children. Following her retirement in 1993, Kiki reflected that she was glad for her 23 years of a very challenging and very rewarding professional life.

In 2006, Kiki moved to the Seabury Retirement Community, where she enjoyed participating in a variety of Seabury committees and the Adult Learning Program classes, especially the memoir-writing class. In 2015, following a stroke, she moved to Seabury's skilled nursing facility. Despite her health challenges and limited mobility, Kiki was an inspiration to those who knew her, maintaining a positive spirit and keen sense of humor, and actively following current events. She continued her connections with Hartford Meeting as part of a Meeting Creative Listening group and a Quaker book group. She enjoyed having many Hartford Meeting visitors and having the current Meeting newsletter read to her. While she could no longer "walk cheerfully" in these years, she could "cheerfully" talk to anyone.

Kiki's lifelong dedication to social service and activism responds to the Friends' Query on Social Responsibility:

Do you respect the worth of every human being as a child of God? Do you uphold the right of all persons to justice and human dignity? Do you endeavor to create political, social, and economic institutions which will sustain and enrich the life of all? Do you fulfill all civic obligations which are not contrary to divine leadings? Do you give spiritual and material support to those who suffer for conscience's sake?

APPROVED BY HARTFORD MONTHLY MEETING, OCTOBER 16, 2022

APPROVED BY CONNECTICUT VALLEY QUARTERLY MEETING, FEBRUARY 5, 2023.

Penelope Jackim
June 5, 1930 – March 5, 2022

Friend Penelope “Penny” Wolcott Jackim, 91, passed away peacefully at home in Wakefield, Rhode Island, on March 5, 2022. Penny was born in Bronxville, New York, to Wallace Wolcott and Elizabeth Tyler Wolcott, of Scarsdale. She resided in several states in the northeastern U.S. (Pennsylvania, Vermont, and Massachusetts), and she finally alighted in Rhode Island in 1964. A single parent for many years, Penny is survived by her two children, Clifford Jackim and Robin Jackim Spachman; Robin’s husband, Roger Spachman of Rhode Island; and her older brother, Roger Wolcott of Maryland.

Penny attended Swarthmore College for a short period of time and earned a bachelor of fine arts degree from Pratt Institute in 1956. She later studied calligraphy at the University of Massachusetts in Dartmouth. Her talent and skills in art were varied and included drawing and painting in watercolor and other media, as well as graphic design.

Penny, like Picasso, went through different art periods. Early on, she focused on modern art pieces that reflected her own energy and creativity. Later, she produced many watercolor paintings in a more traditional style and expanded her art with calligraphy and printmaking. She was recognized by her peers and became an active member of the Rhode Island Watercolor Society, the Wickford Art Association, and Massachusetts Scribes. She found time to teach painting and calligraphy, and frequently exhibited her artwork in juried shows in Rhode Island and Massachusetts. While her artwork and teaching kept Penny busy, in the 1980s Penny started the company Ahimsa Graphics. She used the Sanskrit word Ahimsa, meaning “to do no harm,” to produce and sell designs that promoted nonviolence in all aspects of life. Her art was printed on T-shirts, note cards, and tote bags available in stores nationwide and at many events and crafts fairs.

Participants in the 2022 New England Yearly Meeting told about how they cherished her art as seen on T-shirts, cards, and posters at the annual conference. Some of the comments were as follows:

Penny was always generous with her art! She would quickly agree to design a card or a wedding certificate for friends and neighbors.

NEYM Friends recall enjoying her teaching during summer workshops at Bowdoin College. *She was making incredibly fluid artwork and I always loved to see her at work. Her life and art were a blessing to all of us!*

I've missed Penny's presence at Sessions and the ability to purchase her artwork, cards, and T-shirts, which were a highlight of my NEYM time.

Penny was not limited to speaking her mind through art. She was also active in many social-justice causes. She supported organizations that care for the environment, and spoke out to promote equality and equity in women's issues, civil rights, antiracism, and respect for Native Americans. She attended many conferences and events in an effort to be part of the progress towards peace and nonviolence. She was a proud member of the "Raging Grannies," an international group that uses creative and humorous demonstrations, including music, to provide political education. She involved her friends and colleagues at the Sandywood artist colony in Tiverton in many of her social causes into her late 80s, when she moved into her daughter Robin's home.

As a Quaker, Penny was a deeply spiritual being who was open to Eastern thought as well as activism. A member of Providence Monthly Meeting, Penny was a leader in the Peace and Social Action Committee. She also edited the meeting newsletter and was seen helping out at a variety of tasks at many meeting events. As an organized and energetic person, she knew what had to be done and moved to get it accomplished. She was not a big person, but her voice was heard and her ideas were powerful.

Longtime members of the Friends Meeting in Providence were eager to share their thoughts about Penny:

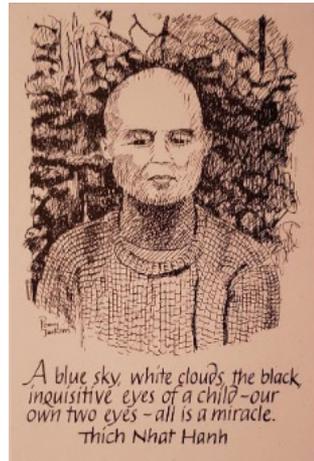
She was a loyal friend. (She and I were friends for 45–50 years.) She was supportive, not only to me, but to [my family]. She was modest and quiet spoken, with a gentle sense of humor. I already miss her.

Penny was beloved—quirky, creative, and devoted to issues of injustice and protection of the earth and all beings. Her ministry was always profound—often reminding us of this one earth that we share and are responsible for and of those living without the benefit of education or privilege, and challenging us to be our best selves.

I remember her being part of holiday craft fairs at the meeting-house. I still have a few of her cards. Thanks for this chance to reflect on an inspiring woman. To me, Penny was someone who lived her life as close to her moral compass as she could. She was an entrepreneur of her art, which always carried a message of peace. She reminded us to look beyond our Euro-centric culture at a time when that was unthought of. She worked hard at living Friends testimonies by speaking out against war and working for peace in the ways she moved through each day. Her messages in meeting often shared her readings and interactions with peace activists.

Penny's artwork was a testament to her creative spirit and her deepest values. Those of us who were blessed to know her recall her ability to use humor to bring us back into unity and leave the clouds behind. It is this quirky humor and her ability to put all her efforts into contributing to a better, non-violent world that we celebrate at this time of her passing. While we miss her presence and her voice, Penny's Light is within our hearts and minds.

PROVIDENCE MONTHLY MEETING
SOUTHEAST QUARTERLY MEETING



Allen David McNab
January 26, 1941 – December 21, 2022



Late in 2022 we lost a valued member of Providence Monthly Meeting, Dave McNab. Dave had been a member of Meeting for decades and served on Communications and Ministry and Counsel committees. Despite the long distance from his home in Kingston, RI, he attended Meeting for Worship faithfully, and he was always a model of a cheerful and friendly presence while advocating for peace and social justice. When needed, he would provide rides for Friends living in the southern part of RI.

Dave graduated from Belmont (MA) High School and Bates College (Lewiston, ME), and he received a master's degree in chemistry from the University of Alaska (Fairbanks). He taught at Moses Brown School for 35 years, initially science and then technology/computers. He was passionate about his support of LGBTQ youth, and for many years he worked for PFLAG (Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays) and YouthPride.

The words of family, F/friends, colleagues, and students provide the best sense of Dave as a person:

At the heavy brown door of Ross House entrance stands a beefy man. He has chubbiness and charisma. Long, gray hair tied at the back of his head gives him a hippie look. His glasses let me see big rolling eyes that seem synchronized with each sentence that comes out of his mouth lost in the forest of hairs that one would call mustache and beard.

Dave McNab was one of the first Friends I met at Providence Monthly Meeting. His cheerful greeting at the front door made me feel welcome right away. He was always ready to regale us with a story from his years at Moses Brown and it was clear that his career there had been a joyful experience. He made our time at the meetinghouse a joyful experience as well. The Light Within him was always visible. His wise and peaceful voice was an anchor whenever decisions were difficult. We will miss him, but his spirit will stay with us!

Our daughter marched to a “different drummer” a little too often in middle school, putting her in the position of being teased or at least not appreciated. With Dave McNab as her teacher, however, all of a sudden she had reason to be excited about getting ready for school in the morning, as he was overseeing her project of making a traditional dulcimer. They may have started from a kit, but it was real and it played in key, and it made her year. I’m sure she was not the only student whose happiness and success could be attributed to Dave, with his easy warmth, sense of sympathy, and humor.

Dave’s care and affection for every student came through each day on campus, and certainly on the countless team trips in which he participated. Dave truly enjoyed his time at Moses Brown and will be remembered for regaling everyone with his stories.

One of my favorite neighbors from South Kingstown! Dave, you were one in a million. From numerous conversations we’ve had you always found a way to leave the discussion with me learning at least one fact. Wisdom and kindness like yours is becoming harder to find.

He was a true advocate for his students and a proud grandfather when his grandson, Doug, entered 5th grade at MB.

Dave was a wonderful and welcoming guy ... Brilliant, kind, and interesting to speak with always. The world could use many more Daves and kids would be blessed to have someone like Dave as their teacher.

Whenever I made a foray to Middle School, Dave greeted me with unfailing good cheer and silly humor, and was always ready to help. I smile whenever I think of him.

Dave was an embodiment of cheerful kindness in Providence Meeting and a grounded presence in discernment.

Dave's Quakerism was not limited to the redundancy of a slogan or a poster on a classroom wall. In his lab or classroom, during faculty meetings, in his daily interactions with others, he lived it, experimented with it, and shared it.

We loved that Dave always had engineering jokes for us

Dave was the kindest soul and most welcoming partner to work with. I recall his wisdom frequently and pass it along to younger colleagues often. When I am struggling with some challenging kids, I remember one of Dave's beliefs that you can always find the goodness in someone. You have to look harder in some people than others, but it IS there.

Dave was a wonderful colleague, always humble and positive in his demeanor and approach. I remember being in hundreds of faculty meetings with Dave, and Dave, with his Quaker roots, always made sure we stuck to our guns regarding Quakerism. He always looked for the good in kids and was positive in all his endeavors. He made everyone pause and think, Are we on the right track and does our decision mesh with our Quaker philosophy? I also remember Dave telling me that, at Christmas time when he was out and about, young children would ask him if he was Santa Claus. He certainly looked the part and I'm certain any child, after talking with Dave, would really think that he/she had actually met Santa! Finally, I remember after Dave retired, he would come back to our Middle School Quaker meetings in the meetinghouse. He would sit quietly at our meeting, and one by one, after the meeting, kids would come up to Dave and say hi while greeting him with hugs. He was a special man who was an anchor at Moses Brown for so many years. Dave had the ability to keep everything in perspective, and in his quiet way, let you know that everything, in the end, would be okay. I will miss him.

I served with Dave on a committee for many years, and always noticed his unusually welcoming persona. At his memorial service, I learned just how unusually welcoming he was.

Dave was always a joy to have when he joined us for Meeting in Saylesville. His appreciation of and respect for the building was exceeded only by his expressed love of worshiping in the quiet of the meetinghouse.

He was a great teacher and a very good man.

Dave is survived by his wife Elizabeth, his son Allan and his wife Sidney, his daughter Deborah and her husband Warren, and four grandchildren. We at Providence Monthly Meeting will certainly miss him.

PROVIDENCE MONTHLY MEETING
SOUTHEAST QUARTERLY MEETING

Margaret “Teddy” Milne
October 17, 1930 – November 16, 2021



Teddy Milne was an early member of Northampton Friends Meeting. We now mourn the passing of her lively and adventurous spirit. She was the yeast leavening our meeting.

As a young woman just out of college, Teddy spent three years hitchhiking in Europe. She wrote about this experience with great glee in her book *Thumbs Up*, which she published herself. She worked her way on ships from Istanbul to Marseilles and Rotterdam to New Brunswick, Canada. During her long life, she travelled the United States, ultimately reaching every state. She also traveled to China, Japan, Poland, the Czech Republic, and to Hungary.

She was deeply concerned with issues of peace, and peace work was at the center of her life. Among her many publications was *Peace Porridge*, a collection of resources and suggested actions. She led two tours to the USSR promoting cultural understanding.

She had a deep and delightful connection with children. She wrote many books for children, including *Kids Who Have Made a Difference*, telling, for example, of Samantha Smith, who wrote a letter at age 11 to the leader of the USSR; and Trevor at age 11, who took his own blankets to give away to the homeless. *Peace Child* combines storytellers and characters from the U.S. and the USSR. She edited *Laser*, a newsletter for children about peace topics.

In 1980, Teddy became co-director of Powell House, a Quaker conference center in Old Chatham, NY. She helped start Quaker meetings on two continents: one in Elgin, Scotland; and the other in Northampton, MA. She organized and led two tours to Quaker sites in Britain and Northern Ireland. She worked for the Foreign Language Aptitude Project at Harvard, the Peace Development Fund, and the Salvation

Army, and taught French for a Peace Corps training group at UMass. She coordinated a Pete Seeger concert at Smith College for SANE/Freeze and the Pioneer Valley Folklore Society. She did volunteer work for several organizations, including Cooley Dickinson Hospital, Red Cross, and Community Chest. She wrote seven novels, including *London for the Seasons* and *Turquoise Mountain*; a book of original songs; and a collection of her articles for the *Gazette* named *Calvin Coolidge Doesn't Live Here Any More*.

In later years, she married Alexander Milne, the owner of a local radio station. When Alexander retired, they moved to Cullen, in Scotland, for seven years before returning to Northampton.

When she wanted to celebrate arriving at the age of two-thirds of a century, she rented a hot-air balloon and invited anyone who wanted in the Meeting to accompany her. One Friend did.

This quotation from *Thumbs Up* describes how she approached the world: "I figure I belong to this planet so there's no place on it where I shouldn't feel at home. So far I haven't found one." It's what let her travel with curiosity, a sense of adventure, and a sense that she would always find a place in it; it's what kept her open to new ideas.

She was beloved for her wicked sense of humor. Near the end of her life, she declared that the title of her next book would be *I'll Be Right Back*.

She leaves three sons: Tim Wallis, Peter Douglass, and James Milne, and several grandchildren.

NORTHAMPTON FRIENDS MEETING, FEBRUARY 12, 2023

CONNECTICUT VALLEY QUARTERLY MEETING, MAY 7, 2023

Kenneth B. Perkins
December 18, 1931 – March 27, 2023



Kenneth B. Perkins, 91 (formerly of East Winthrop, where he was a member of Pondtown Friends), died peacefully in Sussman House Hospice in Rockport, Maine, on March 27, 2023, surrounded by his family.

Ken was born in Bath, New Brunswick, Canada, on December 18, 1931, the only child of William Kenneth Perkins and Nellie Clapp. After graduating from Maine Central Institute, Ken joined the U.S. Navy in 1950 and served three tours as a corpsman on *The Haven*, the world's largest hospital ship. During the fiercest fighting in the Korean War, Ken would not kill or harm others, but tended to the wounded above and beyond the call of duty, even foregoing a medal for his bravery in saving lives. He continued in healthcare as a pharmacist, eventually serving in the Togus VA Hospital in Augusta, Maine. Ken rarely discussed his U.S. Navy experience until his final year, when he shared scrapbooks with a U.S. Navy nurse whose career overlapped with his.

Ken and his wife, Marie, became Quakers, and in 1981 co-founded Pondtown Friends, an unprogrammed monthly meeting in Winthrop, Maine. To his family and the meeting community he brought a calm optimism, a passion for building peace at the local level, and his connection with the natural world (organizing weekend retreats and hikes).

In 1985 Ken co-founded Veterans For Peace, Inc. (VFPI) and was soon joined by Winthrop Friends Tom Sturtevant and Burt Richard-son. Maine's Chapter #1 was followed by over 130 VFPI chapters worldwide. In 1988 he and Pondtown Quakers found a way to send used medical equipment and supplies to Nicaragua to alleviate suffering during the Contra War. He travelled there himself to deliver medical supplies and to show support for ending the war. Along with

Tom Sturtevant, he participated in counter-recruitment activities in area schools. VFP bookcovers that they distributed to students have continued to be shared with thousands who pass by the Quaker table at the Common Ground Country Fair, hosted annually by the Maine Organic Farmers and Gardeners Association.

After they retired, Ken and Marie were volunteer mediators in the Consumer Fraud Division of the Maine Attorney General's office. Their expertise in conflict resolution enabled them to work with the most contentious cases and return over \$250,000 to Maine consumers.

A fiercely competitive man, Ken never wanted to "beat" anyone else, but strove all his life to push his own limits to find his best self. In the Senior Olympics held throughout New England, he earned medals into his late 70s. He was committed to avoid over-politicizing partisan beliefs, but instead served as an example of how to push one another to be our best, humanitarian selves. Ken will always be remembered for his witty sense of humor, intellectual curiosity, and compassionate mind.

Ken was an avid reader, often exchanging books with friends. In his final days he had requested to be read to. With barely a clue about what to select, the reader picked a book of poetry from her extensive library, let it fall open to any page ("The End of March" by Elizabeth Bishop). She saw that Ken had annotated how much ("I really like this!" twice) he appreciated the poem—a rare gift to them from the Universe for her to be able to read it to him.

Ken was predeceased by his beloved partner and wife of 61 years, Marie (Mallard) Perkins, and son-in-law Ronald "Goldy" Goldstein. Ken is survived by his three children, Scott Perkins of Searsmont; Cheryl Mallard of Searsmont; Robert Perkins and his wife, Irene, of Springfield; and an "honorary daughter," Rebecca Hewitt of East Winthrop. Ken is also survived by two grandchildren, Lea Goldstein and her partner, Ben, of Cumberland Foreside, ME; Noah Goldstein and his wife, Erin, of Scituate, MA; and two great-grandchildren, Ari and Ophelia.

A memorial service under the care of Farmington Monthly Meeting (which began as a worship group under the care of Pondtown Friends) was held April 7, 2023, in Winthrop, Maine. Family, Friends, and friends held Ken and their relationships with him in the Light. Many shared messages about his kind and gentle spirit (whether confronting injustice or removing a splinter from a child's foot), his love of nature (rain or shine), his commitment to serving others, the depth of Ken and Marie's relationship, and his readiness to rejoin her in the

afterlife. In his final days he sensed that she was impatiently tapping him on the shoulder.

FARMINGTON MONTHLY MEETING, APRIL 16, 2023

VASSALBORO QUARTERLY MEETING, APRIL 22, 2023



**NEW ENGLAND
YEARLY MEETING
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