

THE CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY

MOVEMENT FOR RELIGIOUS RENEWAL

North American Newsletter • Volume 2, Number 1

Passiontide ~ Easter ~ Ascension



1994

EDITORIAL

With the publication of this Easter Issue of the North American Newsletter, it seemed appropriate to take a look at the existence of it and consider among other things its direction, purpose, perhaps the "look", and even its very existence as such.

I recently sent a letter to the priests of The Christian Community because I wondered whether it would be all right for the "laity" to write things theological. From the responses I have gotten I tend to think that most of the priests feel this is perfectly fine and I found this, and the general tone of their generous letters, very encouraging. On the other hand, it seems plain that the newsletter, in the way that it fathoms things theological pertaining to The Christian Community or otherwise, will hopefully carry a tone of reverence and edification rather than, for instance, cynicism and argumentation.

It is assumed, at least on my part, that the Sacraments of the church are what they are as realities in the world. And, as such, one does not argue about a stone, or plant, or animal, but instead brings such realities more clearly, and in new ways perhaps, into the light of another's consciousness. *Sharing* might be a watchword for us in this regard.

I would hope that letters of comment upon the newsletter will be sent to me and be included in forthcoming issues. "Letters to the editor" helps to manifest the pulse of a publication - and in this sense might do much in the direction of manifesting the (unique?) identity of The Christian Community in North America in general.

Up to now the articles coming from members and friends have been sparse. Please be sure to identify yourself as we will be unable to publish anonymous articles or letters. If so desired your names can be kept confidential.

We had hoped that over time the newsletter would provide all with future dates concerning summer camps and various activities, but we are

finding that much of that planning happens after we have gone to press. If the newsletter takes hold - and it hasn't quite yet - perhaps these things would organize themselves around such logistics.

The opinion has been given that we should refrain from "heavy articles" and that the proper place for such things is the Great Britain publication "Perspectives." I personally would hope that that will not be the case. This is a unique land and out of the spiritual reality that lives here and not elsewhere in the same way, hopefully unique contributions can bring about a oneness in pondering the implications of various interesting and evocative offerings.

In closing, we would like to let anyone who is interesting know that the deadline for contributions for the next newsletter, which will be Michaelmas, is August 15, 1994.

Warmest Regards to you all in this Eastertide,
Dale Brunsvold

CONFIRMATIONS 1994

April 9, Saturday, Great Barrington
April 10, Sunday, Los Angeles and Toronto
April 17, Sunday, Denver and Detroit
April 24, Sunday, Chicago
May 1, Sunday, Boston and Washington D.C.
May 7, Saturday, San Francisco
May 8, Sunday, Philadelphia and Sacramento

AN ORIENTATION COURSE FOR THE PRIESTHOOD

is to be held in New York, Thursday, June 9, through Sunday, June 12, 1994. For information write to or call Gisela Wielki, 309 West 74th St. New York, NY 10023, Phone (212) 362-7204.

HEIMDALL BY CANOE, 1993

This summer I decided to try a new approach to Heimdall Camp, our Christian Community summer camp in Ontario. The plan was to take a maximum of 14 children between grades 5 - 8 and 3 leaders, on a 7-day wilderness canoe expedition. As soon as word got out the applications streamed in, not only from children, but from high-schoolers and adults who wanted to act in leadership roles. Finally, after having to refuse some, 22 children, 4 teen-aged helpers and 5 adults, after gathering for the Sunday Service for Children, left Toronto and headed for Lake Noganosh, some 4 hours to the north, on a Sunday in mid-July.

We spent the first night camping as a large group in a provincial park, but the next morning we broke up into 3 groups, with 4 canoes per group. Orchestrating such a venture took much headscratching. Fortunately, an old friend of mine, Irwin Gooen, an Outward Bound instructor, agreed to join us, and he provided the wisdom-born-of-experience to oversee this. Food, cooking gear, canoes, life vests, tents, bear-proofing rigs, maps, packs, tarps, shovels, first-aid kits...buying, borrowing, fenageling, renting...Deciding on the best groups was agonizing: girls, boys, ages, strength, canoe experience, special friendships. And of course parents called even though it was written: "PLEASE DO NOT REQUEST CHANGES UNLESS URGENT!"

Irwin sent letters to all families with gear and clothing lists, and essays on wilderness ethics. There were statements like: "No soap! It pollutes, and in all my years of experience I've never known anyone to die from a week without a bath. If they come home smelly, don't throw 'em out, just into the shower." Or: "Sneakers are to be worn at all times. No bare feet ever! Also, bring no personal food or candy. If you leave it in your tent you may get a visit from someone with bear feet." The gear lists were designed to deal with wet and cold and to be compact. Would you

believe that only 2 underpants and no towels (they never dry) were allowed? Now Irwin is fanatical about his lists because he KNOWS whereof he speaks. So upon discovering an extra something or a missing something he'd go a bit berserk. He led pre-trip staff meetings to outline principles of safety, keeping warm, and minimizing environmental impact. The wild-grapevine revealed some violations here and there, so next time these ideas will need even stronger emphasis; it's not easy for mellow folks like us to keep to the strictness needed for these aspects of a trip like this.

Lake Noganosh lies amidst the granite of the Canadian Shield, and is surrounded by vast tracts of White Pine-Northern Hardwoods forest. It is large enough so that 3 groups could fan out and not see each other for a week. There are islands, coves for exploration, and massive granite outcrops often blanketed with moss and lichen. The water is crystal-clear-drinkable, a fisherman's paradise. There was just enough portaging to make everyone grumble, but only temporarily. So, was it truly "wilderness"? Well, the lake is only accessible by portage, or so we thought. We were but 1/2 hour into the lake when we passed a small cabin, in front of which was parked a vehicle with wings, propellor and pontoons. At 7 AM the next morning I thought I was in O'Hare! That was no loon calling.

Loons! One night, at about 12:30, I was awakened by a chorus of loon songs of an intensity, variety and duration I'd never experienced before. The lake, sky and forests were resounding with mystery and beauty. In my readings of anthroposophy I've never come across an explanation of how a bird call could send shivers up the spine.

Another evening we noticed a bank of clouds in the eastern sky. Overhead the stars were twinkling. Waves and flashes of lightning, sometimes sheets, sometimes classic dendritic bolts, shot through the cloud bank illuminating bizarre and beautiful cloud shapes. But there was no thunder. Spellbound, and in the quiet, our little

group sat at the lake's edge gazing with open mouths for an hour.

The kids especially loved rigging up tarp-sails and sailing, 2 to 4 canoes linked astride. It sure beats paddling. There was plenty of wind. Always. Irwin told me a secret rule for finding one's way if lost on a wilderness lake. Just paddle into the wind! We would console ourselves by saying: "Well, at least on the way back the wind will be behind us." No way. It seems to always be in your face when you are going the right way. Is that a metaphor for life, or what? So how come, you ask, could we sail now and then? Because we were never REALLY going anywhere at those times! You can't fool the elementals.

Food was a highlight. Lots of fish were caught. My son Philip caught a 22" bass which the group shared. In our group much was cooked by the method of "enhanced augmentation of residuals." Left-overs from one day were added to the stew-like creation the next day, and so forth. Five days into the trip you'd exclaim: "Hey, here's a piece of Monday...but good!" Wild blueberries (about the size of *Arnica globuli*) kept them busy picking, and in pancakes were creative of smiles.

One of the most critical issues was latrine construction. Irwin had outlined the basic principles, but in our group our teenaged helper got into some sophisticated designs. The first night was just your basic hole, log and shovel set-up. By the end of the trip, however, he had fashioned a truly comfortable seat, toilet-paper holder, and tarp for privacy. Next time he'll add devices for indicating "occupied" from a distance; we simply made do with shouting. There's no end to Waldorf-creativity. By the way, the children had to wear a whistle around their necks. This was mainly in case they got lost during a journey to the latrine, but also for other emergencies or long-distance signalling.

One of the co-leaders in my group was Michael Yetman, a Newfoundlander, and master of the ghost-story. Now Newfoundland is no ordinary place, probably an Atlantean remnant

stuck up there in the North Atlantic and shrouded in perpetual fog. Some Canadians think the fog has entered the brains of the inhabitants, but that in another story. I had taken from the library some classic ghost stories...Poe and the like. But Michael didn't tell these kind. He told TRUE ghost stories, as passed down by oral tradition in the family and village he grew up in; stories about what his aunt saw a few days after his uncle died as she was walking late, under a street lamp in the fog. Or about the death of the strange hermit living down the street from him. He told them as a reporter, with just the facts, dry, and without oooooos or shrieks. After these, I didn't bother to tell the book kind.

I could go on and on, but perhaps from these vignettes you can get a feeling for the wonderful experience this canoe trip was. Most likely we will do this again in the future.

Peter Skaller, Toronto

SUMMER CAMP AND BACKPACKING TRIPS 1994!

HEIMDALL CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY CAMP WILDERNESS CANOE TRIP is again planned to be held this year on August 8 through the 19 for children in grades 5-9. There is also a need for counselors age 17 and older. If you are interested call Peter Skaller at (416) 508-1431.

CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY SUMMER CAMP ON THE EAST COAST: Branchville, New Jersey, August 8-27, for boys and girls 8-13 years old. Costs \$350 per child. It will be our 20th season, and we expect between 90 and 100 children. For Application Forms write to or call Gisela Wielki, 309 West 74th St., New York, NY 10023, Phone (212) 362-7204. We are also looking for staff: counsellors, life guards, nurse, kitchen helpers. If you are interested in being a part of this adventure, please contact Gisela Wielki at the above address.

CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY CAMP IN CALIFORNIA, for boys and girls age 7-13, June 22 - July 9, at Camp Tamarack near Shaver Lake, East of Fresno in the High Sierras. The cost is \$450 per child; applications received before June will be discounted \$50. The camp is directed by Dale Robinson, Rev. Everett Moraine will be present. Information from Dale Robinson, 1962 Asilomar Drive, Oakland, CA 94611, Phone (510) 339-2769.

A CALIFORNIA BACKPACKING TRIP is again being planned for this summer, presumably for July. For information phone Everett Moraine at (916) 362-4330.

PARZIVAL SUMMER CAMP COLORADO, for boys and girls between 7 and 14 years of age, June 12-25, at Trinity Ranch, Wetmore CO. The cost is \$385 per camper, the staff is under the direction of Ina Jaehnig. For information write or call Deborah Stephenson, 1006 Fillmore, Denver, CO 80206, Phone (303) 399-2295.

WHAT I DID ONE SUMMER VACATION

There's a slogan someone came up with that has, of late, enjoyed increasing popularity. One sees it on bumper stickers, billboards and T-shirts. I don't know what they're asking us to consume. I have become fond of the saying, however, and find that when I use it, I'm usually better off. I've made it my own in the course of writing this article: after a month of procrastination, I'm going to just do it!

Eastertide: the flower blossoms carry our feelings of love and gratitude upwards toward heaven. At Whitsun, one of the busiest times of the year, we can experience the Flame-like rush of having too many earthly things to do. Then comes mid-summer, with that wonderful sense of seeing time stretch before you. There's no school,

no deadlines, no rush to get things done, childhood memories of sunny days at the swimming pool, clear nights sleeping under the stars, magical journeys to grandparents' homes to romp between the corn stalks, or to the Pacific Ocean to romp in the waves.

As adults it can be a challenge to re-acquaint our Selves with this summer dreaminess and experience this "magic consciousness" again. In June 1992, the Detroit, Michigan and London, Ontario congregations met for a weekend of fellowship at Lake Huron for camping, swimming, picnicking and sharing services, on Sunday morning, in the lovely Willison cabin. What made this weekend so special for me? Why does it stand out as a favorite memory, one even that compares to idyllic childhood summer adventures with a close-knit family?

It was a celebration of Community: nomad-like, we erected tents in a semi-circle, reminiscent of that time before History when man did not have to account for himself. We are transported to this magic consciousness. The intellect does not predominate. We don't tend to be philosophical, we merely play. Logical thinking is left behind. Summer is not the time for great deeds. It is the time for community fellowship, for games, swimming, walks along the sandy beach, searching for shells and colorful pebbles. At night, one can almost hear the stars speaking. Nature forces are beckoning, calling out to us, inviting us to become immersed in the lushness of Summer. We can observe Nature, no, not just observe, *become involved* with Her and learn of Her inner spaces, Her intervals — the spaces where beings speak to each other and beings speak also within themselves.

Air, Water, Fire and Earth are ushers leading us from senses' revelation to cosmic thinking. The butterflies are flitting, bird life is abundant, there are sounds of raccoons scratching in the night. Adults and children swim, dip, leap, race through the waves, rejoicing in the cleansing, exhilarating spray of the water. Later, after the potluck, a campfire inspires stories and songs of

Saint John. Then “Goodnight” to the little ones, it’s time to be tucked in. Late-night conversation is sparked between adults: newly made friends, and friends of long ago. One can’t resist a midnight walk on the beach. Then, a sound sleep.

At dawn, no one else is yet awake, a dream causes me to awaken: “Come for a swim! Come and dance with the waves, rejoice in Life!” Stealing out of the tent, careful not to wake fellow campers, I walk over the dunes to the lake. It is so much like the Pacific! I expect a taste of salt, and can hardly comprehend that this body of water is just a lake. I feel like Eve in the garden before the temptation: no shame, no knowledge or consciousness of her Self: “Come in, come, swim,” beckon the waves that early morning in late June. “Commit yourself!” It will be cold and uncomfortable, but say you’ll do it, and then, “Just Do It!” I will myself to dive into the cold, cold water on that Sunday Saint John’s morning.

Inspired and given renewed energy, feeling also the strength in the community of Christians who are just returning from Dreamland, I walk back to the campground with wet hair, tingling skin, wanting to shout to all, “Go jump in the lake!” But this experience was only mine. It was a marker to help me remember later to take the initiative, to “Just Do It” when the time is right and the Voice says yes.

St. John used water to baptize. Human souls made a commitment to their Lord, saying, “Yes, I seek You.” I wonder if those christened souls warmed themselves around the campfire, as I did that summer morning?

Esther Centers

"NEWS"

Newspapers seem to work according to the word: “No news is good news.” It is their business to find and bring news - and consequently most of it is bad. If one leaves news to itself it seems to have a tendency to go bad. It

deteriorates fast and easily seems to take on that smell of decomposition - unless we find a method of proper “conservation.” We do not think that it ought to be sterilized, because that would kill it or make it impotent. We need to practise a method of keeping it young and fresh.

We may orientate it at the “news par excellence”, the Good Message given to humanity as a continuous nourishment. The Good Spell, the Gospel once began to rise over the horizon of humanity’s history: an ever-rising sun in whose light we may keep our news crisp and alive. We may recognize that we always create something new when we induce a new idea into our daily life, an idea which has the faculty of transforming, of making our matter-dominated life more spiritual, permeated with light - as He did when He entered the life of humanity. This news was THE news, an ever-flowing well of light.

Every time we celebrate The Act of Consecration of Man this light-well is stimulated anew. There is no service like the one before; each one is entirely new, a new creation through the active community. When reading a “News” - letter like this we may remind ourselves: the real news is not what may be expressed in this or that report, the real news lives “behind the scenes” in the communion services celebrated by the congregations in all our centres worldwide. That is the place where the news is kept alive, and where it all comes from.

No news really may be good news because we know: the real news cannot be put into writing easily.

Werner Grimm



Linocut by Dietlind Junge

WEST COAST TRUSTEES MEETING JANUARY 14-15, 1994

Three times a year the members of the Los Angeles, Sacramento and San Francisco Boards of Trustees meet to share problems, solutions and visions. Vancouver belongs to the region but faces its specific Canadian conditions; Denver has been invited to join this "Western" and has for some time now and then been able to participate. Although in the various board personal changes happen regularly, the continuity of the boards themselves is reflected in the continuity of working together in a regional setting.

The legal and financial situation in the congregations of course are shared but the meetings go much further, into questions which affect the whole framework of what we are doing. As happens so often, the mere fact of communication already helps one to understand one's own situation. This time, the principal topic of discussion was the question "What is the role, the responsibility of the priest and of the Board of Trustees in America?" To prepare, the various boards were asked to discuss the issue beforehand, using the following questions: "What do the priests see as their spiritual and temporal vision in this?"; "Do the priests feel they are able to fulfill their duties? If not, what are the obstacles that stand in their way?"; "How do the priests and the board members see the role of the board? Do we share a common vision?" Good questions; lively discussions and an open atmosphere allowed participants to share their views, experiences and hopes to further the life of the congregations in their various aspects. Even if local conditions differ, a general picture of shared opportunities and difficulties arose.

Having experienced the gracious hospitality of the Los Angeles congregation, participants leaving Saturday evening did not imagine that 36 hours later their hosts and their city would be

shaken and taxed to such an extent. Out of this meeting a deeper understanding of people and what they have to face will emerge even more powerfully than before.

Rachael Flug, Los Angeles, chaired the meeting and intended to write a report for the North American Newsletter. We do hope she will be able to do so later.

Arie Boogert, Denver

Easter Sunday: The Sun Dances

The gold-bright sun at its rising
Now reaches the crest of the hills
And suddenly changes its color
To green and purple and red,
To blood-red, intense-white and gold-white;
The glory of the God of the elements
For his creatures, his children to see.
Now up and then down on the hills
It is dancing in exultation
At the joyous, the resurrection
Of our Saviour, the victorious, our beloved!

In order to see this happen,
As a privileged one among men,
Do ascend to the top of the hill,
The highest of hills before sunrise
And trust, and trust in your heart
That the God who raises the grass,
The small blade of grass in the meadow,
Is the same who makes the sun
The mighty and powerful sun move.

Reported by *Barbara Macphie* of Dreimsdale, put into verse by *Hartmut Junge* (See: **The Sun Dances** - Prayers and Blessings from the Gaelic, Floris Books, Edinburgh, reprinted 1993)

O day of mirth begone all mirth of old!
You over and above the green earth's womb
Have raised Christ's radiant figure from the tomb
And woven into the world of spring the gold.

Hartmut Junge

Cover: "Touch Me Not.." by *Rembrandt*

THE CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY IN
NORTH AMERICA AS OF JANUARY 1994

Congregations

Addresses, Times of Regular Services
(Please inquire for exceptions: for instance at Christmas,
during Holy Week and Summer Holidays)
S = The Act of Consecration of Man
Ch = The Sunday Service for Children
Info: Not Every Week, Inquire please

Boston USA (617) 277-6266
366 Washington Street, Brookline, MA 02146
Rev. Susan Lowndes, Rev. Sanford Miller
S = Sun 11:00 AM, Tue 9:30 AM, Thu 7:00 AM;
Ch = 10:30 AM

Chicago USA (312) 465-3375
1545 West Pratt Boulevard, Chicago, IL 60626
Rev. Gregg Brewer, Rev. Robert Patterson,
S = Sun 11:00 AM, Tue 9:15 AM, Thu 7:00 AM;
Ch = 10:10 AM

Denver USA (303) 758-7553
2180 South Madison Street, Denver, CO 80210
Rev. Arie Boogert
S = Sun 10:30 AM, Wed 9:15 AM, Thu 6:00 AM;
Ch = 9:50 AM

Detroit USA (313) 546-3611
1320 Camden at Wanda, Ferndale, MI 48220
Rev. Hartmut Junge (313) 823-5315
S = Sun 11:00 AM, Thu 6:30 AM; Ch = 10:00 AM

Los Angeles USA (818) 762-2251
and Phone and Fax: (818) 830-0438
11030 LaMaida Street, North Hollywood, CA 91601
Rev. John Pajunk
S = Sun 10:00 AM, Wed 9:00 AM, Sat 9:00 AM;
Ch = 11:10 AM

New York USA (212) 874-5395
309 West 74th Street, New York, NY 10023
Rev. Erk Ludwig, Rev. Gisela Wielki
S = Sun 11:00 AM, Tue 8:30 AM, Thu 8:30 AM;
Ch = 10:30 AM

Philadelphia USA (215) 647-6869
212 Old Lancaster Road, Devon, PA 19333
Rev. Richard Dancey, Rev. Franziska Steinrueck
S = Sun 10:30 AM, Wed 9:00 AM, Sat 9:00 AM;
Ch = 10:05 AM

Sacramento USA (916) 362-4330
3606 Eisenhower Drive, Sacramento, CA 95826
Rev. Richard Lewis, Rev. Everett Moraine
S = Sun 10:30 AM, Wed 9:00 AM, Sat 9:00 AM;
Ch = 10:00 AM

San Francisco USA (415) 928-1715
906 Divisadero Street, San Francisco, CA 94115
Rev. Phillip Nusbaum
S = Sun 10:30 AM, Wed 9:00 AM; Ch= 10:00 AM

Toronto CANADA (416) 783-6294
1766 Avenue Road, Toronto, Ont. M5M 3Y9
Rev. Susan Locey, Rev. Peter Skaller
S = Sun 11:00 AM, Wed 10:00 AM, Fri 10:00 AM;
Info Ch = 10:15 AM

Vancouver CANADA (604) 988-4038
5050 East Hastings Street, Burnaby, B.C. V5B 1P6
Rev. Werner Grimm
S = Sun 10:30 AM, Thu 10:00 AM; Ch = 10:00 AM

Western Massachusetts USA (413) 274-6032
The Granary, 37 Rosseter St., Great Barrington, MA
Rev. James Hindes, 1070 Main Street, Housatonic,
MA 01236
S = Sun 11:00 AM, Tue 8:30 AM, Info Thu 7:15AM;
Ch = 10:30 AM

Affiliated Congregations

Albuquerque, New Mexico USA Contact
(505) 293-2608 Dennis Kane (Or contact Denver)

Amherst Area, Massachusetts USA
Contact Western Massachusetts

Austin, Texas USA Contact (512) 448-4373
Jennifer Mellet (Or contact Denver)

Barrie Area, Ontario CANADA Contact Toronto

Boulder, Colorado USA Contact (303) 440-5310
Claudia McLaren. One Saturday a Month: S=10:00 AM;
Ch=9:30 AM (Or contact Denver)

Copake Camphill Village, New York USA
Contact Western Massachusetts

Dallas, Texas USA Contact (214) 826-5027
Gerald and Janet Palo (Or contact Denver)

Durham Area, Ontario CANADA Contact Toronto

Edmonton, Alberta CANADA Contact Vancouver

Elkhorn, Wisconsin USA Contact Chicago

Eugene, Oregon USA Contact (503) 686-3547
Paul Niedermeyer (Or contact Sacramento)

Houston, Texas USA Contact (713) 623-6303
Rita Roxas (Or contact Denver)

Kimberton Hills, Pennsylvania USA
Contact Philadelphia

London Area, Ontario CANADA
Contact (519) 433-0090 Carol Lewis (Or contact Detroit)

Meadow Vista California USA Contact Sacramento

Minneapolis, Minnesota USA Contact Chicago

Montreal, Quebec CANADA Contact Toronto

Ottawa, Ontario CANADA Contact Toronto

San Diego, California USA Contact Los Angeles

Santa Cruz, California USA
Contact (408) 426-9584, Shea Maloney
One Saturday a Month: S=10:30 AM; Ch=10:00 AM
(Or contact San Francisco)

Santa Rosa, California USA
Contact (707) 544-6206, John Engel
One Saturday a Month: S=10:30 AM; Ch=10:00 AM
(Or contact San Francisco)

Spring Valley, New York USA Contact New York

Tucson, Arizona USA Contact Los Angeles

Washington DC, District of Columbia USA
One Sunday a Month: S=11:00 AM; Ch=10:45 AM
Contact Philadelphia

Wilton, New Hampshire USA Contact Boston