



The Wind Call

The Christian Community in and around

Cape Town: May – July 2019.

39 Timour Hall Road, Plumstead 7800

Tel 021 762 0450 e-mail: christianco@telkomsa.net

www.thechristiancommunity.org.za

Above: painting by a
Waldorf learner.

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Living under the cloud of "cutting edge ignorance".

THE EASTER MORNING SUNRISE this year was a particularly dramatic spectacle. At first light there was just a thin layer of cloud above the Hottentots Holland Mountains but as the time of sunrise neared the clouds grew thicker and began to spread. They continued to build thicker and thicker banks of dark greyness so that it was 15 minutes after the actual sunrise that the sun eventually broke through and bathed us in warmth and light. The suspense and longing amongst those watching silently on the mountain slope during those 15 minutes was almost tangible.

The mood of those 15 minutes is one that, even if quite unrecognised by most, pervades the souls of people in our time. Humanity longs for a change which will lighten the darkness of mood in the world and reveal a path ahead which is new and different and healing on all fronts. The problem is that we are looking for this sunrise out there in the world in the form of new political leadership, economic policies, educational methods or social forms.

What we have at the moment, which leaves us so dissatisfied, is all informed by the thick bank of cloud that separates us from what could bring meaningful change. The reality is that a change for the better out there in the world will only ever come about

as a consequence of an inner sunrise experienced within our own souls and in the souls of everybody else. And so we have to ask ourselves, "What constitutes such an inner sunrise experience?"

To answer this we need to grasp the fact that the whole of the coming into being of the world and of mankind is the consequence of a Will other than our own: in fact of a Divine, cosmic, creative will. It is this creative will which awakens in us a capacity for developing our own human will and human thinking. However, these soul strengths of will and thinking can only be fruitful if they remain aligned with that which brought them into being in the first place. The motto for the further path of the world is expressed in the Lord's Prayer very clearly: "Thy will be done as above in the heavens, so also on the earth." The darkness in the world is a consequence of us imposing our human will informed by a brilliant intellect on both the earth and the heavens in utter ignorance what we actually are as human beings. This darkness of ignorance about the reality of ourselves is a necessary stage in human development but not one in which we can linger for too long without becoming massively destructive. (See the aspirations of Artificial Intelligence Researches.)

Now is the time in which this ignorance needs urgently to be dispelled and with it the banks of dark cloud which

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separate us from reality. What constitutes an inner sunrise experience is an awakening to ourselves and to the essence of our true nature as an 'I' bearing spiritual being. Easter came about so that this awakening could be laid as a latent possibility – as a seed - in our souls. This 'I' nature is the element of "Christ in us".

Now is the time for this seed to germinate and it can only really do that when Easter becomes an inner personal reality for us. We need to realise that the Christ is united with and committed to every single human soul and that he has to die in us with every deed that we perform out of ignorance about our true nature. This he does freely so that he can also resurrect again in our thinking and in our whole being. His death in us can only lead to resurrection when we consciously engage with him in us as a living reality. As he says of himself "I am the resurrection and the life." When I realise that I have an 'I' in me that is not of this world but for this world's healing - when it is connected with the Christ in my thinking – then the clouds begin to disperse. I become aware of the fact that there is a place in me in which God's creative will "as above" can work into the world "so below" – that the true source of life can work through me into the world – that death has no hold on me anymore but only on my body which is of this world.

If we return to the Easter morning sunrise and think for a moment of the all-permeating cosmic might of the sun which gives life to everything and will fill every space that is open to it – and compare that with the weakness of the clouds which only affect a very small, local patch of the earth but can block out the mighty sun, then we have a true picture of the might of the human 'I' connected with Christ and all its possibilities - and on the other hand the puny weakness of selfhood steeped in worry, anxiety, self-indulgence and ignorance which prevents us from experiencing our own inner Easter sunrise and a life of healing newness.

Which of these we focus on is our choice and will determine our individual and collective future.

Richard Goodall.

Easter Sunrise Walk.

We had our regular silent sunrise walk on Easter Sunday morning. It was enjoyed by all who attended. Thanks to Richard Goodall for arranging it.

Rhoda, Chris, Marcel, the children and I decided to do a different walk via Cecilia Forest to meet up with the rest of the Church Community at the sunrise viewing spot. We started our walk at 06h00 in the dark, which was amazing as the moon was so bright we could see where we were going without difficulty! It was lovely to see how the sun lightened everything up as we hiked up the mountain side.



We took a slight wrong turn but did manage to meet up with the rest of the group just as the sun was rising which was sadly behind clouds but still beautiful. The story told under the trees by Richard is always a lovely ending to a long walk, and sharing bread and fresh spring water afterwards was a lovely treat too! The Easter bunny did hide some eggs for the big eyes of little children to find and it was a truly special Easter Morning.

Kind regards, Mascha Rutherford.

Accommodation.

Dear Friend,

I am a 21st Century Artist of Life. Over 60 years young, curious and learning. I am a carer, teacher and I am nutrition savvy. I seek accommodation (communal or separate) for a part rental and care presence exchange in the Southern Suburbs from 2nd May 2019. I look forward to hearing from you. Let's collaborate.

Eastlynne Cell: 082 830 1758 e-mail: eastlynne58@gmail.com

Aftermath of fires at Camphill Hermanus in January.

14 February 2019.

Dear Richard, Rosemarie & Friends,

Thank you for your generous donation.



On behalf of everyone here at Camphill, **thank you** for your generous donation of magnificent herbs for the Poultry Garden.

The single act of kindness to say 'thank you' does not even begin to express our sincere gratitude and appreciation in your support and interest in our Community through this distressing period. It is through generous and sincere support from warm-hearted people such as yourselves that our Community continues to thrive.

Yours sincerely,

Sam Hodson
Executive Manager

Michelle van Zyl
Fundraiser

THANK YOU.

Dear Community,

A rather belated, but heartfelt thank you to all those who so generously gave towards the collection for Camphill in Hermanus. The total amount collected was R7650, of which we used R2357.20 to purchase some of the plants for the "chicken garden" that had been devastated by the fire. A special thanks to Clare Bell who so kindly managed to obtain these plants for us at wholesale prices. Much gratitude also goes to our dear Richard Goodall, who not only transported all the fragrant bushes to the Hemel-en-Aarde valley, but also planted 60 of the 100 supplied by us. The balance of the funds was sent to Camphill to enable them to make plant purchases closer to home. Thank you also to those of you who, I believe, donated plants directly to Camphill village.

With good wishes to you all.

Rosemarie Enthoven.

The Church Office will be closed from 13th – 24th May as Marilize will be on annual leave.

A garden for all seasons on our doorstep.

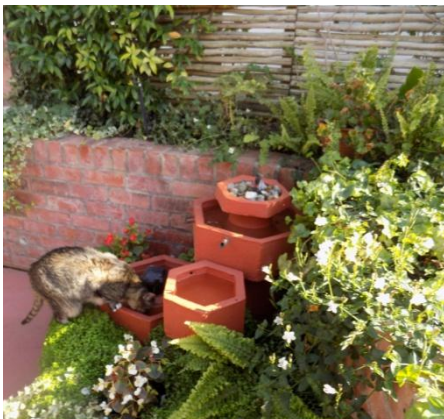


HAVING WORKED HERE AT THE CHURCH since the early days when our church grounds were only partly fenced with chicken wire and the front completely open, I have experienced a continual becoming of our environment through the efforts and care of its people. I used to look out of my office window onto an empty, overgrown field at the back where large birds visited to dig for their meals in the sandy soil. Now it has been transformed by our community of Timour Hall Cottages.

From the well established indigenous church garden in the front one can follow a path to the back where cottages are half-hidden behind endemic trees. In the centre an oasis of flowering shrubs meets the eye where Estelle Bryer (*on picture above in puppet mode*) and her gardener, Monde, work side-by-side to make it happen. Every part has been penetrated by care and an eye for form and beauty. Quiet corners lend themselves to contemplation or peaceful social interactions. This little garden is always evolving depending on the season and demands of the plants. From there it is but a short step across to Barbara Herbert's equally lush garden which extends the swathe of colour right to the back border of the church property.

When asked what it is about gardening that brings her so much joy Estelle says simply, "Establishing a garden is like doing a painting. You allow it to happen and when it is done you can perceive the next step of extending or adjusting it. It is a work of art always in progress."

Marilize.



Above from left to right: (1) A quiet corner in Estelle's garden where the tinkling of a water flow form creates a peaceful space and which seems to be the preferred watering hole for the Timour Hall cat who is shared by various residents. (2) A private area to enjoy the autumn sunshine and (3) the magical view from inside Estelle's kitchen window out into the garden.

Children's Camp 2019.

The dates for the Children's Camp this year will be from the **13th to the 20th of December.**

Fridge needed. After 21 years of children's camps out trusty camp gas 'cupboard' fridge which is at least 40 years old has given up on us and died. We don't manage without such a fridge with its small freezer compartment. Is there anyone out there who either has an old but functioning gas fridge which they no longer use - or access to such a fridge for the camp – or connections through whom we could get one? We would be extremely grateful for any help in this regard.

Many thanks, Richard Goodall.

A brief walk through Julia's life.

CONTINUING DOWN THE GARDEN PATH just across from Estelle, Julia O'Leary's delightful home welcomes the visitor. Here a rich variety of soft toys, mythical animals and flower children meet the eye. A family of felted and stone owls at the front door is especially eye-catching.

Born in Zimbabwe she and her family moved to Uitenhage in the Eastern Cape when she was only two years old. This was after the death of her father. Her mother then started teaching in a primary school.

Julia has had a very full life as she reached out for all the opportunities which came her way. Several big decisions had to be made while raising her family. She started her Eurythmy training at age 21 with Ilse von Baravalle-Kimbell, who had trained with Rudolf Steiner. After two years Julia did further training both in Cape Town and England.

In Cape Town she started training with Sigrid Quednau. When she became pregnant she left, only to return when her daughter was three. During her subsequent pregnancy of her twins she had to take more time off. However, Ursula Zimmerman came to Cape Town and encouraged Julia to complete her diploma at Kairos with Silke Sponheuer and trainers namely Michelle Kaplan and Beverley Hart. *(Picture right: Julia with her children.)*

Julia did her Eurythmy Therapy training in England. She first worked at Park Atwood Clinic as a therapist. Back in Cape Town she did her B.A training at Kairos and at the end of that her teachers encouraged her to start her own training course. She is also part of The Circle of Trainers at the Goetheanum.

Decades ago when Julia had finished high school she enrolled as a student at an Art School in sculpture – that was before she had even heard of eurythmy. Afterwards she taught art at Lake Farm, a care centre for disabled adults in Port Elizabeth, where she discovered eurythmy. She had grown up in a home surrounded by her mother's Rudolf Steiner books but her interest in Anthroposophy was only truly kindled when she went to Lake Farm – on her mom's recommendation.



Julia's eldest son, Zhasha, was born when she was 20 and that's how she found her way to The Christian Community. Rev. Heinz Maurer, who was then the first priest in Cape Town, baptized the child and from then on Julia became very involved in the church, serving regularly with Heinz and other priests. She is still serving today and still as active in the church as her work allows her to be.

Another interesting aspect of her life is that Julia and Zhasha were living in an Ashram in East London where she was a house mother to a community of young people who needed support. There she cooked for everybody, grew vegetables and taught the young people to make candles which became known as "Etheldene Candles" from the name of the farm where they were living. She was left in solo charge of everybody during the day while also having a very young baby to look after. Since then she has been making her own candles and teaching others to do it. For many years it was a regular feature at our Church Family Fairs and markets all over.

During 1998 while teaching at Khanyisa School in Plumstead she visited Sacramento College in USA to attend a conference. The aim was to hopefully interest a medical doctor to come to South Africa to help in the schools for children with special needs. Dr Ulf Beckmann volunteered. At the time the founder teachers of Khanyisa School were Veronica Jackson and Hanna Hack.

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By 2002 Dr Michaela Glockner started the IPMT (International Post Medical Therapy course) whereby she took medical training to many different countries world-wide. When Julia started her Southern Cross initiative together with Christiane Wigand and Stephen Lloyd they also needed doctors for the eurythmists to work with, so Julia asked Michaela to bring the IPMT to South Africa.

This Southern Cross Eurythmy Therapy Training was first initiated by her in 2013. It is a three year course in six blocks. The medical lectures by International Anthroposophic doctors are open to the public. Upon completion the students will receive a diploma recognized by the Medical Section of the School of Spiritual Science in Dornach (Switzerland). It is now open for applications. Julia can be contacted for further details at tel. (021) 761 2359 or e-mail: juliaoleary021@gmail.com.

Unfortunately Julia broke her foot a few weeks ago, just a day before she was due to visit Kenya in East Africa for the 100 year celebration of The Waldorf Education "Being in Movement" Conference, another of her passionate interests, and she had to cancel her flight. We wish her a speedy recovery.

It would appear now as if all the cords of her life can be pulled together in an integrated whole. With 47 years of experience in her professional field she still has much to offer. It is now to find the balance between undertaking too much out of her enthusiasm to help the many who need it, and meeting those needs without burning herself out. Thanks to Julia for sharing her story with us. Marilize.

In Memoriam.

LIA GABLER, OUR FIRST RESIDENT AT TIMOUR HALL COTTAGES, died on 15th February 2019 in Munich, Germany, where she had been living near to her daughter and family for the last three years. Born on 1st February 1923 she was 96 when she passed on. Lia moved into her Timour Hall Cottage in 2012 which made her the pioneer resident of the project. She was known for her tireless devotion to her garden and her care of the wild birds. She was also a great supporter of The Christian Community since its starting days in Cape Town. Her whole life was devoted to Waldorf School teaching – she spent many years at Michael Oak School where she and Heinz Schotte were the founder-parents in 1962. She finally relocated to Munich to be near her family where she spent the last years of her long life in peace and joy.

Marilize.



A Visit to Marion Penfold in Prince Albert.

ON THE OCCASION OF OUR GETAWAY to Prince Albert two weeks ago, we were delighted to visit Marion on Palm Sunday, 14th April in her new abode, aptly named Marigold Cottage, tucked away at the side of a larger building which houses a yoga studio and restaurant. She took us on a guided "tour" of her cosy living room with paintings and maps of Italy, giving us a veritable Main Lesson on where she had been, and also on Francis of Assisi, and from where the Crusaders departed. She showed us dainty works of sculpture in wood by Sebastian Mieke (on the occasion of her farewell) and a framed photograph of Jeanne Malherbe in her old farm kitchen at Bloublommetjieskloof.

Then came a tour of the garden which had been a desolate yard with sandpit, now flourishing with several herbs and flowering shrubs. This was followed by traditional tea with antique crockery. Over tea she regaled us with stories of people whom she had met in the town, in the schools and churches, and lesser known humble Christian groups. When asked to write for the Wind Call she said, "Oh, my hands are a bit stiff... you do it..."

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On a more serious note, Marion is having time to review her life situation for the future, as she misses her Cape Town connections. The extreme heat in Prince Albert is also rather overwhelming for her. Before we left, she showed us her favourite window scene from her lounge framing a tall palm tree, a large windmill slowly turning and cypress trees, with craggy mountains in the background. "Now isn't that beautiful!" she said.

After three hours, it was time to leave, although we had not yet finished the conversation, there being much more news to share especially between Annette and Marion about the early days (1960's). This follows on a recent Alumni Gathering at the Constantia Waldorf School in February, celebrating 60 years of Waldorf in Cape Town, of which Annette had been part. That will be for another time ... Warm wishes, Annette and Charles.

Picture above: Marion introduces Annette to her garden-in-progress outside Marigold Cottage.

Thank You. A very big thank you to Ulrich Feiter and his extended family who all rolled up their sleeves and spent hours on a marathon grape juice bottling project for the church which resulted in 4 milk crates packed with bottles of delicious juice for our services. Ulrich also purchased all the juice for us as a contribution. We are extremely grateful.

Richard Goodall.

Baptisms. On Palm Sunday, 14th April, two children were baptized: Kai Marnewecke and Ethan Collins. Our congratulations go to them for having taken this important step in their lives. They will be confirmed with the rest of the group on Sunday, 12th May.

In Memoriam. Doris Wiessler passed away on the 19th October 2018. (Rev. Neville Adams requested that it be published as he only heard about it from her daughter last week.)

Marilize.

Notre-Dame Cathedral's smallest residents.

LESS THAN A WEEK BEFORE EASTER on 15th April people all over the world saw the spectacle on their computer screens of the Notre-Dame Cathedral in Paris going up in flames. Even for those who had never visited there it represented devastation and sadness for this 850 year old iconic landmark which had housed an invaluable collection of religious art work and architectural treasures, including stained glass windows. The fire had started under the roof and soon the spire collapsed, watched by millions of incredulous viewers.



In addition to the devastation of bricks, mortar and art work, a miracle had also happened concerning the cathedral's smallest residents. Some 200 000 bees living in three hives on the roof were thought to have died in the blaze. However, the cathedral's beekeeper, Nicolas Geant, has confirmed that the bees have survived and are buzzing. Mr Geant has looked after these bee hives since 2013 when they were installed as part of an initiative to boost bee numbers across Paris. (*Picture left: Mr Geant at work on the*

roof of the sacristy.) The hives escaped the flames as they sit on top of the sacristy on the south side about 30 m below the main roof. Mr Geant further explained that when the European bees sense danger, they gorge themselves on honey and work hard to protect their queen. They never abandon their hives. Although high temperatures would have posed a danger, these bees would have become intoxicated from the carbon dioxide in the smoke and they would have gone to sleep. This survival of the bees Mr Geant calls a miracle.

And finally, we hear that the Hebrew word for bee is "dabar" which is the same word for "word". The Word also survives. Thank you to Rachelle Napier for submitting the link to this BBC internet report which juxtaposes the destruction of the fire with the collective cosmic wisdom of these tiny creatures in their lofty hives.

Marilize.

Part One: Our Lady, House of the Global village in a river of Sorrow.

(Thank you to Etienne Bruwer for sharing his thoughts on the Notre-Dame fire.)

IN THE WAKE OF THE INFERNO - and loss of the spire over the transept - at Notre Dame de Paris on April 16 2019, followed innumerable accounts of heroic actions by firefighters, tallies of saved relics (like the Crown of Thorns) and architectural treasures spared (stained glass windows), much outpouring of grief, and many benevolent utterances. Parisians and global citizens of all persuasions alike reported feeling bereft, as if something central, pivotal, and reliable in the scheme of things had been effected. However, it was the outcry *against* the financial support for restoration that most conspicuously marked the moment. In addition to the Yellow Vest protests in teargas-filled boulevards in its 24th week, cultural warriors, wearing their 'masks of compassion', from the ramparts railed against 'the patriarchy'. Less touched by the destruction of Notre Dame, the 'donation backlash' was a 'storming of the Bastille', citing 'the crisis of inequality' as being 'more deserving' of financial compensation. Two millennia later, inevitably, the materialist's *réponse de ressentiment* instantly presenced pursekeeper Judas' complaint about Mary anointing the Lord's feet with spikenard.



The fire also conjured memories of destruction of other cultural artefacts in the recent past: in April 1945, exactly 74 years before Notre Dame, the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Cathedral first had its bells melted for the making of munitions, and then got destroyed by bombs, its spire toppling much like that of Notre Dame. Left as a gaping blue-lit wound yawning skyward, the ruin stands in the middle of Berlin as symbol of reconciliation, housing one of four crosses made of nails from Coventry Cathedral (itself bombed in 1940). Inevitably, the burning, falling spire also raised again the spectre of the most prominent destruction of another, albeit secular, twin tower 'cathedral' post 1945; the Notre Dame fire quickly becoming referred to as 'The 9/11 of Europe'.

If anything, the enormous heartfelt response bore testimony to the fundamentally religious nature of the human being; the need to aspire, praise, worship, for 'affirmation through reverence'. Poignantly, it also attested to the human need for environments that reflect, embody, express - and can meet - what is truly human in us. Faith is alive. Its expression evolves over time. Hopefully, in time, the cleansing effect of the fire will take effect, and the disruption be perceived as a chance to reset and renew - and as such, lead in to a new season in the development of the religious ethos. The fire highlighted the role that Architecture plays in this process.

In the global village of 2019, the life of a church like Notre Dame - in a city of the size and significance of Paris - is complex, multilayered. To be appreciated at all, it must be viewed through several lenses. Whether we view what lives in and around the church (in the worshipful and uninterrupted maintenance of the sacraments) as much as on the *parvis* out front (the Edenic image of the cathedral precinct as 'God's garden'), or, if we view it as the social calender of a community, a chronology of memorable events and celebrations that accretively and collectively make up the story of history, the key moments bearing witness to the life events of those who represent us all (marriage of Henry 1V in 1572, the decapitation of the 28 statues on the main facade during the revolution, the crowning of Napoleon in 1806, beatification of Joan of Arc in 1909, etc) or, viewed as a global site, a point of contact for 13 million 'global villagers' annually, probably outnumbering *les congrégants fidèles* 70-to-1. Perhaps, remaking Notre Dame presents an opportunity less for the vicarious celebrity aspirations of the memory-trophy-hunting global-citizen, and more as an architectural embodiment of both the striving for freedom and the taking of responsibility that ethical individualism implies.

All things considered, the fire incident and prospect of remaking begs the question: what might be the right gesture in 2019 and beyond? Amidst all the earthly goings-on, the question we - and the church - might want to ask could be "How, in *l'esprit du temps* would worshipful ethical individualism find expression?" In Part 2, we will look at the options.

Etienne Bruwer.