REMEMBERING

BOOK I
RALPH WENDELL BURHOE
In Memory of
Ralph Wendell Burhoe

21 June 1911 - 8 May 1997

A Gift for Life

Ralph said good-bye a few days before his death. He spoke to those close to him, telling them that he soon would be going on his final journey. At dawn on the morning of May 8th, he left behind his life of cares, work and success. He left behind his contributions to the human community and many, many friends.

Ralph was a fortunate child, born as summer began near Boston in 1911. His father, Winslow P. Burhoe, had moved from the family farm to become a bank president in Boston at the age of twenty-five. His mother, May T. Stumbles, was the daughter of a respected preacher. Ralph and his three younger brothers grew up in a religious home where achievement was encouraged and expected. Ralph returned the gift of a fortunate childhood by working ceaselessly to build community wherever he happened to find himself.

Throughout his life, his energy, intellectual curiosity, and organizational abilities put him at the forefront of the groups within which he found himself: camp counselor at Ocean Park in Maine; assistant at Harvard's Blue Hill observatory; World War II Air Raid Warden; first Executive Officer of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; New Boston Committee; Institute on Religion in an Age of Science; and Professor at Meadville Lombard Theological School. In the vortex of these organizations, Ralph was guided by his deep concerns about human welfare.

His achievements have been deservedly chronicled and perhaps culminated in the 1980 award of the Templeton Prize for Progress in Religion, which hailed him for being not only a scientist and a theologian but also a missionary for a new reformation, a reformation which could be far more profound and revolutionary than those of the Sixteenth Century.

Meadville/Lombard Theological School and Rollins College bestowed honorary doctorates on him. The Society for the Scientific Study of Religion honored him with its first Distinguished Career Achievement Award in 1984. He was a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the American
Sundays were reserved for church where his mother May sang in the choir and his father was honored as Massachusetts Bible teacher of the year.

SEEKING HIS VOCATION

Ralph found Cambridge an intellectual and social feast. There he combined his love of people and love of knowledge in stimulating conversations. Though a student at Harvard in 1928, he kept in touch with his friends' scientific pursuits at MIT by running the three or so miles between the two institutions. Discussions in a campus ministry group expanded his religious horizons.

He eloped six weeks after his twentieth birthday on August 4, 1931, marrying Frances Bickford, a cum laude Radcliffe graduate. Since he was underage, they crossed over the border into Maine where they found the necessary parson.

During the next few years, he contemplated and tested his vocation while wintering in Frances' family cabin, living on a small houseboat between Boston and Cambridge, and also returning to his family home for a while.

In 1936 at Blue Hill he began an apprenticeship to the director, Dr. Charles Brooks. He examined and transcribed weather observations, and undertook the necessary administrative work for the institution. Friends there remember him: "He brought people together. He was lots of fun and a great friend."

As the first executive officer of the American Academy of Arts and Science between 1947 and 1964, he honed his skills in creating productive cross-disciplinary entities. Although

RALPH'S EARLY YEARS

Ralph grew in competence, resourcefulness, and self-reliance during the summers he spent on Deer Island near Stonington, Maine. He played with his brothers and visiting cousins or rowed into hidden coves in the bay or joined local fishermen at dawn for a day's work on the ocean. He surmounted the difficulties posed by fluctuating tides and sudden storms, and he acquired a life-long love of boats.

Music was a pleasure which began in the family home. He absorbed the musical knowledge given in piano lessons and often found solace in playing the piano as a boy.

Academy of Arts and Sciences, and the World Academy of Arts and Letters.

What led to these achievements were his serious concerns about the problems of human communities and his conviction that religion offered some answers. Yet he felt that the influence of religion was being undermined by our misunderstandings of technology and science. Convinced that science did not threaten the wisdom of traditional religion but rather reinforced it, Ralph developed an extensive theoretical framework to explain how religion emerged within the evolutionary process. He emphasized that religious traditions carry the core information about how humans can live together and thereby reach their full evolutionary potential.

That these achievements were realized by a man of lively good cheer despite the debilitating effects of severe, long-term diabetes and heart disease adds to our admiration of Ralph's human spirit.
initially a mundane job involving sending notices for meetings and keeping minutes, he soon expanded the scope of this stellar intellectual and academic group, energizing interdisciplinary committees and generating the Academy's journal, *Deadalus*. During this time, he became increasingly involved in Unitarianism and he became a founder in 1955 of the Institute for Religion in an Age of Science and its conferences at Star Island, New Hampshire. Throughout their marriage of thirty-five years, Frances was beside Ralph, advising, counseling and supporting him. She was his companion as he sought his vocation in the cabin and on the houseboat. While raising their four children she also found time for part-time employment at Blue Hill and at the Academy, utilizing her intellectual background and secretarial skills to aid him in his work. When Ralph began developing his vision of religion and science in the context of IRAS, she spent many a night editing his writing. Frances was Ralph's partner in his work as well as in his life until her death in 1967.

**FAMILY LIFE**

In the summer of 1941, Ralph chose a home for his family overlooking the broad tidal estuary of the Neponset River. Ralph and Frances were idealists who set up family chores which were rotated impartially without gender bias. They established a neighborhood association to improve community interaction.

Frances and Ralph shared a love of the natural environment. They took their children camping at Lake Winnipesaukee and on hikes in the Blue Hills where Ralph's imaginative announcements that there were candy mines just ahead proved true: there were the wrapped chocolates nestled on a rock just ahead.

Ralph installed a pump organ in the only space he had available, his garage. Children received lessons on the family 'Ivers and Pond' piano.

Ralph enjoyed the physically challenging experiences of sailing in a strong wind, kayaking in a rain storm or bicycling home from his office through the streets of Dorchester in the dark just as he enjoyed the challenges of bringing a precarious venture to fruition through uncharted intellectual territory.

Ralph was fortunate again in his partnership with Calla Crawford Butler, who became his wife in 1969. They knew each other from her active work for the Unitarian Universalist Association in the two decades following World War II.

Cal and Ralph devoted themselves to the multitudinous duties required for the development of the Institute on Religion in an Age of Science and its journal *Zygon*. Calla was Ralph's partner, as Frances had been, joining him in formulating plans and discussing issues that were fundamental to the religion-and-science projects. They traveled together to meetings and conferences, and Calla welcomed guests and frequent seminars into their home. Her vitality, graciousness, and understanding added a certain radiance to such meetings, just as her knowledge and interest in theology brought her respect.

**FULFILLMENT**

Ralph was called to Meadville/Lombard Theological School in Chicago as a professor with the Cl. theological con working found new field, four Religion and established the Studies in Religion 1972. He es Chicago Advanc Science, w annual basis. After his retir to Lombard in 1978 home and an School of Theo this latter inst Chicago Cent Science in 1981. Writing a Nobel Prize v observed: "In join religion an to have achieve impact than Wendell Burh..."

* Ralph is survived by Laura Main (Dallas, Texas) (Kittery, Maine) (Stockton, grandchildren, grandchildren.}
as a professor in 1964. In association with the Chicago scientific and theological communities, he created the working foundations to continue this new field, founded *Zygon: Journal of Religion and Science* in 1966 and established the Center for Advanced Studies in Religion and Science in 1972. He established in 1965 the Chicago Advanced Seminar in Religion and Science, which has continued on an annual basis until the present time. After his retirement from Meadville/Lombard in 1974, he worked out of his home and an office at the Lutheran School of Theology at Chicago. With this latter institution, he founded the Chicago Center for Religion and Science in 1988.

Writing in 1992, Roger Sperry, a Nobel Prize winner for brain research, observed: "In the history of efforts to join religion and science, none appears to have achieved more wide and lasting impact than the venture of Ralph Wendell Burhoe."

* * * *

Ralph is survived by his four children: Laura Maier (Walla Walla, Washington), Diana Chase (Greenfield, Massachusetts), Winslow Burhoe (Kittery, Maine), and Thomas Burhoe (Dallas, Texas); one brother, Douglas (Stockton, California), ten grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

Laura Burhoe Maier authored this brochure text.

Ralph will be memorialized, with Frances and Calla, by a plaque in the crypt of First Unitarian Church of Chicago.

9 June 1997

* * * *

Memorial gifts may be made to the Chicago Center for Religion and Science or *Zygon: Journal of Religion and Science*, at 1100 East 55th Street, Chicago, IL 60615-5199.
In Memoriam
"Albert Allen"
Ralph Wendell Burhoe
June 21, 1911 - May 8, 1997

First Unitarian Church
5650 S. Woodlawn
Chicago, Illinois
June 9, 1997
11:00 am
Order of Service
June 9, 1997

Prelude

Call to Worship  "Allelu, Allelu"

Opening Words  Rev. Cooley

Reading  "Psalm 111"  James Nelson

Hymn # 10  "Immortal Love"

Prayer  Dr. Spencer Lavan

Testimonials
Malcolm Sutherland, former President
Meadville/Lombard Theological School
Carl Peters, President
Institute on Religion in an Age of Science

Anthem  "The Road Not Taken"  Randall Thompson
First Unitarian Church Chancel Choir

Testimonials
Don Browning, Professor
University of Chicago Divinity School
Solomon Katz, Professor
University of Pennsylvania

Solo  "Where E'er You Walk"  G. F. Handel
Soloist: Alex Coutts

Eulogies
Thomas Burhoe
Philip Hefner
Chicago Center for Religion and Science

Hymn #103  "For All the Saints"

Closing Prayer  Rev. Cooley

Choral Response  "Go Now In Peace"

Postlude  *

Officiant  Rev. Terasa Cooley
Organist  Thomas Weisflog

All are invited to attend a luncheon following the service
at the Lutheran School of Theology, at 55th and University.

Memorial gifts in lieu of flowers may be made to the
Chicago Center for Religion and Science, 1100 E. 55th St.,
Chicago, Illinois 60615.

All things pass, all things return; eternally turns the wheel
of Being. All things die, all things blossom again, eternal is the
year of Being. All things break, all things are joined anew;
eternally the house of Being builds itself the same. All things
part, all things welcome each other again; eternally the ring of
Being abides by itself. In each Now, Being begins; round each
Here turns the sphere of There. The center is everywhere. Bent is
the path of eternity.

from Thus Spake Zarathustra
Friedrich Nietzsche
Ralph Wendell Burhoe:  
1911-1997

A Eulogy Offered by Philip Hefner  
9 June 1997  
at the First Unitarian Church  
Hyde Park, Chicago

Ralph Wendell Burhoe lived his life very close to the ground and at the same time, he kept his mind set on the stars. If we understand this about him, we shall at the same time comprehend what he was about, what he stands for. Ralph would want us to reflect this morning on what he stands for. He took his life and work with extraordinary seriousness, because he believed that he had a calling of the highest importance. As a consequence, he took pains at every opportunity to make himself transparent to that for which he stood.

Ralph lived his life very close to the ground. His was a hands-on approach. As Laura has so vividly described in the memorial brochure, he was a sailor of boats and a kayaker; he maneuvered coastlines and islands; he understood tides and winds and storms. He knew what it means to live in isolated mountain wilderness. I inherited his kit of tools for bicycle maintenance and repair. A few days ago, one of his neighbors in the Midway Apartments Condominium Corporation described for me how, as a member of the heating committee, he used a device to measure for himself the efficiency of the building's furnace. These all bespeak the style of a man who lived in no abstract realm, but on the contrary operated creatively and vigorously at the nuts-and-bolts level.

Another of his admirers, a geneticist, remarked after Ralph's death that the man truly understood what it means that human beings are "fully embedded in nature." Not surprising, then, that in his scientific thinking, he focused upon the most meticulous details of evolution, particularly the evolution of the human being, the human brain, and human culture. His crowning theoretical contribution was a hypothesis of how the brain emerged within genetic evolution and in turn gave rise to culture. From there he turned his attention to the dynamics of how humans relate to each other socially, and he developed his theories about altruism, religion and human cooperation. Ralph knew that we humans are born within this matrix of nature that he described in such detail, and he understood that about himself, as well, as he lived out his life thoroughly embedded in the womb of nature.

Ralph set his mind, however, also always high upon the stars. Nature for him was always spelled with an upper case "N." Perhaps this inclination was nurtured in his early religious upbringing, or perhaps out of the joy that he found in nature and in his own physical body in his strenuous life as a hiker, swimmer, cyclist, and sailor. He was possessed, as well, of a strong intuitive bent, a kind of mysticism. Although, for the most part, he held this dimension of his life in privacy, he would on occasion describe his dreams; they were important to him. He intuited a larger meaning and a larger purpose to the evolution that produced the human race. He understood how natural selection works, and he spelled it in capital letters, naming it God in his earlier writings and, later on, the Lord of History. This was a testimony to his own faith that the nature he found in his close-to-the-ground existence was a nature that sustained the most worthy human values and finally brought everything to a goodness that our religious traditions know as immortality.

As I have reflected more upon Ralph Burhoe's life and thought, I have come to understand that he was, as they say of Spinoza, intoxicated--intoxicated with nature and also intoxicated with God. He believed that nature lived inherently in God, and God likewise lived in the world of evolution. This intoxication was the ground of his self-understanding and of his seriousness about his calling. He was not arrogant or preoccupied with himself. Rather, he was preoccupied with his insights into the nature of evolution, on the one hand, and with that nature as a revelation of the Lord of History, on the other hand.

When he spoke to scientists, he sought to convince them, through rigorous analysis and argument, that religion and its values are thoroughly elements of evolution, and that they have been
selected for by evolution. When he spoke to theologians, he aimed, conversely, to convince them the evolutionary sciences are in fact a richer kind of revelation concerning the God that was at the heart of their religious faith.

Behind all of this lies Ralph Burhoe's deepest, most burning concern of all: that our society is in trouble and needs redemption. In his view, human societies are dysfunctional over against the energies of contemporary science and technology, and because of this, individual human persons are in jeopardy. Ralph not only had great compassion for persons in pain, he also was committed to setting right the faith of the society that governed those persons' lives. Neither science nor religion were ends in themselves for Ralph. Simple dialogue between religion and science was never his chief goal. He was after something bigger; he was seeking to reform both science and religion, both scientists and religious believers, so that together they could reform society into a more humane and cooperative ambience in which people can live.

He said it very directly in 1976: "My primary concern is one of constructive understandings of religion and advancement of its salvatory functions in the light of the sciences" (TST, 154). He saw that society is at a loss, because it does not perceive and practice the values that can enrich life for all people and enable them to know the highest quality of life. Our scenarios of the twenty-first century may end in tragedy, he said in 1971, "because the people have lost their vision and their awareness of the reality that transcends their own private desires" (SHV, 158-9). He understood how tragedy and salvation might work both on the large scale and the small. He moved among the top policy makers and analysts. He understood what nuclear war and environmental collapse could mean for the people of the world. But, as David Breed has recorded for us, Ralph could also write, recalling his younger days:

I was sometimes a bum among bums in a flophouse, sometimes a bum riding in a car with a stranger where self-revelations can outstrip the psychiatrist's couch. I saw the sources of divorce, murder, theft, and all manner of personal and social injustice; of bitterness, alcoholism, and insanity. These forms of derangement and suffering seemed to me far vaster than the First World War. (YSR, 4-5).

His intoxication with nature and human society led him to see that tragedy and derangement are very present dangers. His intoxication with God convinced him that salvation is possible. His synthesis of science and religion was designed as a vehicle for reforming human understanding so that salvation can happen. Religion, he believed, carries the wisdom that alone can enable adequate human living, but unless the religious traditions are reformed by contemporary scientific understandings, that religious wisdom will be inaccessible to the people who need it the most. If we are to understand what Ralph Wendell Burhoe stands for, we must understand this central core of his insight and his commitment. This is how he perceived his life's calling.
A central element in Ralph's vision was that all life is connected and that the core of our lives never dies. He expressed this most poetically in a tribute to his first wife, Frances:

The vision that life begins at birth and ends at death of the body is myopic illusion. The vision that our ultimate concerns and values are confined to this temporal sack of blood and bones is equally short-sighted and the source of tragedy... the ultimate values and reality of our life far transcend the brief hour and the small sack that struts upon this stage. No one is an island, either in the dimensions of space or time. The full meaning of life can come to us only when we recognize as the true soul and value of our being... that larger, immortally advancing pattern, integrated by real and unbreakable ties with the depth, breadth, and length of the stream of life and its cosmic source. This is at once a scientific and a religious truth. We have not heretofore been clearly enough aware of it, for, without this truth ingrained in both mind and heart, rational people find it difficult either to deal with death or to love their fellow human beings as themselves.

In this tribute to Frances, Ralph describes in detail the persons and situations which she touched and thus left a portion of herself. Thereby, she would join with all those persons and situations in constituting this deep and broad and long stream of life, from its cosmic source to its cosmic end. Ralph could speak of this cosmic belongingness in the astringent terms of science or in the poetry of his mystic intuition. In any case, he was telling us why his calling is important to us: he is speaking to us of our relatedness to eternity, through our embeddedness in nature.

On this day, we should recognize that Ralph's message is that he has left a portion of himself with each of us, whatever our angle of vision on him, whatever the shape of our touch to him. His calling becomes a part of our own calling, to share his concern for the salvation of our fellow human beings and to understand that that salvation is as large as the cosmos and the God of the cosmos, and as near to us as the nature that formed us, the nature in which we are embedded.

Denise Levertov captures something of this in her poem, "At David's Grave":

Yes, he is here in this
open field, in sunlight, among
the few young trees set out

he's here, but only
because we are here.
When we go, he goes with us

to be your hands that never
do violence, your eyes
that wonder, your lives

that daily praise life
by living it, by laughter.

He is never alone here,
ever cold in the field of graves.

When we go forth from this place, Ralph will go with us, and beyond us. He is here, because we are here. When we go, he goes with us. With us as we live our lives close to the ground and with us as we set our minds upon the stars.
Ralph Wendell Burhoe
21 June 1911-8 May 1997

Ralph Wendell Burhoe, a twentieth century pioneer interpreter of the importance of religion for a scientific and technological world, died on Thursday of natural causes at his home in the Hyde Park neighborhood of Chicago. He was 85 years old.

While Burhoe followed an unconventional academic path, beset by Depression era economic difficulties that prevented him from attaining any earned degrees, his intellectual and organizational achievements were recognized in 1980 when he was awarded the Templeton Prize for Progress in Religion. In a ceremony in London, at Buckingham Palace, the founder of the prize, noted financier Sir John Marks Templeton, said of Burhoe, "he is not only a scientist and a theologian, he is a missionary for a new reformation, a reformation which may be far more profound and revolutionary than the reformation led by Martin Luther."

Born in Somerville, Massachusetts, on 21 June 1911, Burhoe attended Harvard from 1928 to 1932, but dropped out before he could complete his degree. In 1935-36, he spent eighteen months in theological study at Andover Newton seminary. At one point, shortly after he was married in 1932 to Frances Bickford, when he and his wife were both penniless and unemployed, they retreated to a log cabin on the side of Mount Washington to "meditate upon their situation." His search in these years, as during his long lifetime, was to find "ontological and rational supports for the sacred meaning of his life." Those supports were eroded, Burhoe believed, for himself and for many persons, by the alienation that separated the traditions of meaning and value carried by humanity's religions from the knowledge attained by science and applied in technology. He was moved deeply by the confusion and meaninglessness that afflicted so many persons, and believed the root of the problem lay in this alienation of science from religion.

After he left his formal studies, in 1936 Burhoe became assistant to the director of Harvard's Blue Hill meteorological observatory, a position he held until 1946. During this time he was active in the American Meteorological Society and founded the journal Meteorological Abstracts as an organ for gathering international weather data, much of which was useful for military intelligence during the Second World War. From 1947 to 1964, Burhoe served as the first executive officer of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. This position brought him into contact with the finest scientists of the time, serving to provide the intellectual resources that he had not found in formal academic studies. Harlow Shapley (astronomy), Kirtley Mather (geology), George Wald (biology), and Hudson Hoaglund (biology) were among his closest mentors. He was instrumental in establishing the Academy's journal, Daedalus, and its Committee on Science and Values.

Convinced that science does not threaten the wisdom of traditional religion, but rather reinforces it, Burhoe developed an extensive theoretical framework to explain how religion emerged within the evolutionary process. His system of thought included the concept of God as demonstrated through the processes of natural selection, which, however, did not depend entirely on brutal competition. In fact, he saw trans-kin altruism, or love, as the central factor that enabled human culture to survive. The nub of his theories was the recognition that in the brain--the element that has given Homo sapiens its distinctiveness--genetic evolution converged with culture and its evolution. Culture carries the information that transforms the "ape-man" into a genuine human being. And it is the religious traditions that have carried core information, about how humans can live together and thereby reach their full evolutionary potential. This core information has been transmitted in the religious teachings that insist on altruism beyond the kin group, and it is this information that evolution has selected for, thus establishing the human species and its dominance. In one of his last published articles (1987), "War, Peace, and Religion's Biocultural Evolution," Burhoe argued that religion's success in sublimating the violent behaviors of smaller groups by fostering altruism within the larger religious community must now be extended to include the entire human race as the primary community. In spite of its failures up to now in this effort, he believed that religion was humanity's best hope for achieving peace. His theories of how religion has emerged and functioned within the evolutionary process were intended as intellectual supports that
would help people understand how, through religion, they could reach the goal of full trans-kin altruism.

An imaginative evolutionary concept of the soul and its immortality extended the scope of this theoretical framework. The information that comprises the personal center of a human being is released at death into the larger stream of cosmic information and continues its course through the selective processes of evolution. In their totality Burhoe's theories presented a comprehensive explanation of how traditional religion could be translated into serious scientific theories. Although this explanation was never recognized as the scientific advance that Burhoe envisioned, it was warmly received by some of the leading scientists who knew Burhoe, and it attracted many of them to his work and to conversation with religious thinkers. Among these scientists were Shapley, Mather, Hoaglund, Wald, E. O. Wilson (biology), Erwin Goodenough (history of religions), Anthony F. C. Wallace (anthropology), Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi (psychology), Solomon Katz (anthropology) and others. Writing in 1992, Roger Sperry, a Nobel Prize winner for brain research, observed that "in the history of efforts to join religion and science, none appears to have achieved more wide and lasting impact than the venture of Ralph Wendell Burhoe." Within the broad range of attention that was directed toward relating religion and science after the Second World War, Burhoe was distinctive for his effort to work with both mainstream scientific and religious thinking.

A number of these scientists, including those who were members of the Academy Committee on Science and Values, were responsible for that committee's becoming, in 1956, the nucleus of the Institute on Religion in an Age of Science. This Institute was the first of a number of enterprises founded by Burhoe. These include Zygon: Journal of Religion and Science, 1966, which under Burhoe's editorship became a renowned interdisciplinary vehicle, the only refereed academic journal in this field. The journal was supported largely through the efforts of Meadville/Lombard Theological School in Chicago, to which Burhoe had been called as a professor in 1964. The Center for Advanced Studies in Religion and Science was established in 1972. In 1988, Burhoe founded the Chicago Center for Religion and Science, in cooperation with the Lutheran School of Theology at Chicago. The latter school was the scene of his major work when he retired from Meadville in 1974. The earliest formulations of his theories found expression in the early 1960s in his work for the Commission for Theology and the Frontiers of Learning, established by the Unitarian Universalist Association. He elaborated his thought through many essays published in Zygon and other journals. A collection of essays was published in 1980 under the title, Toward a Scientific Theology. David Breed's biography, Yoking Science and Religion: The Life and Thought of Ralph Wendell Burhoe (Zygon Books) appeared in 1992.

In addition to the Templeton Prize, Burhoe's achievements were recognized by honorary doctorates from Meadville Lombard Theological School (1977) and Rollins College (1979). The Society for the Scientific Study of Religion, of which he was a founder, bestowed on him its first Distinguished Career Achievement Award in 1984. He was a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and the World Academy of Arts and Letters.

After the death of his first wife in 1967, he married Calla Crawford Butler in 1969, who died in February 1995. In addition to one brother, Douglas of Stockton, California, he is survived by two sons, Winslow of Kittery, Maine, and Thomas of Irving, Texas; two daughters, Laura Maier of Walla Walla, Washington, and Diana Chase, of Greenfield, Massachusetts; and ten grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.
Some Memories of Ralph Wendell Burhoe
by Karl E. Peters
Presented at the Memorial Service
First Unitarian Church, Chicago
June 9, 1997

I want to share with you three things from my personal experience about Ralph and one legend. Even though these are my own memories, I think they may awaken in some of the rest of you similar experiences and thoughts about this life we celebrate today. My memories concern Ralph’s body, his mind, and his caring heart.

Many of us knew about Ralph’s difficult physical condition, due largely to diabetes and heart disease. But one time I caught a glimpse of a quite different, and very physically fit Ralph. It was May 1980 when he and his wife Calla visited me and my wife Carol in our lakefront home in Orlando. Ralph was there to receive an honorary doctorate degree from Rollins College. Because we lived on a lake, Ralph decided to go for a swim. A few minutes later, when I looked out at the water, I saw a physically youthful Ralph, although at that time he was in his late sixties. He was stroking vigorously, surging in and out of the water. The best way I can picture what I saw is to say that he looked like a dolphin—as relaxed and at home in the water as any mammal can be.

Because of this experience, I tend to believe what may well be a legend about Ralph. Since the early 1950’s, Ralph attended conferences on Star Island. Star Island is a Unitarian Universalist and United Church of Christ conference center, on the Maine/New Hampshire border, about seven miles from the mainland. Most people go to and from Star Island on a sea worthy, rather large, power boat. But as the legend has it, one day Ralph decided to kayak from the island into Portsmouth. As he carried out his solo voyage, the fog set in. Imagine the surprise of some people on a yacht, when they saw this kayaker emerge upon them out of the fog, and the voice of Ralph called out to them: “Which way is America?”

And in light of my seeing him swim like a dolphin and this legend, a fact of Ralph’s early life, when he was first married to Francis, makes sense. I am referring to when they lived one winter on Mt. Washington. What a remarkable couple they must have been!

Ralph Burhoe had one of the best intellects I have encountered. His particular strength was the attention he paid to details. One of my greatest pleasures was spending two days in the
spring of 1979 in Ralph’s living room on 59th street in Chicago. During those two days we did only one thing: together we wrote three short paragraphs. We were trying to express what the journal *Zygov* was all about. Back and forth we went, examining our draft phrase by phrase. One of us would find something awkward, or with an implication we didn’t like. He would suggest an alternative phrasing. Then the other would see a problem with that. And on and on it went. We were relaxed, in no hurry. Calla would bring us coffee, or snacks, or her own suggestions about the text. We took walks, naps, broke for meals. But we always came back to our three paragraphs. It was one of the nicest two days I have ever spent—working with, learning from this great, careful mind of Ralph Burhoe. And our result has been printed in each issue of *Zygov* ever since. It is the journal’s “Statement of Perspective.”

I had first learned about Ralph’s careful thinking, along with his caring heart, in the spring of 1972. I had just completed my Ph.D. at Columbia University—Union Seminary in New York, and with the encouragement of one of my doctoral advisors had submitted a paper to be considered for publication in *Zygov*. One day I received a letter from the editor, Ralph, saying he was coming to a meeting in New York, would like to have dinner with me, and would like to discuss my manuscript. Carol and I arranged for me to pick up Ralph, whom I had never met, at Newark Airport, and to have dinner at our house. After dinner, he sat with me in my living room for two hours, carefully going over my manuscript with me, section by section, paragraph by paragraph. At the end of the two hours, I realized that this manuscript would never be published. But I was so impressed with Ralph, with the time he took, and the care with which he had considered my efforts, that I said to myself then and there, “I want to work with this man!”

And so that summer I went to Star Island and joined the Institute on Religion in an Age of Science. Ever since I have been part of the group of people working with Ralph and with one another on matters of science and religion. Currently as president of IRAS, I share with you the heartfelt tribute from this organization he founded—tribute to this man who has been a pioneer in showing how science and faith can be yoked together to address life’s profound questions. But I mainly stand here with you today because of that experience I had with Ralph twenty-five years ago, when he so kindly and thoughtfully rejected my manuscript. I stand here in loving gratitude for this man who cared about me, about my ideas, this gentle man who in so many ways is a “father of my own mind and heart”—Ralph Wendell Burhoe.
In Memory of
Ralph Wendell Burhoe
21 June 1911 to 8 May 1997
by David R. Breed
June 9, 1997

We have gathered together to remember Ralph Burhoe.

The Lord of History is now reclaiming and receiving those atomic particles of star dust which have for 85 years been organized into the human body who was given the name of Ralph Wendell Burhoe in 1911 on the 21st of June in Somerville, Massachusetts by his parents Winslow and Mae Burhoe. These pieces of star dust encoded the cosmic, genetic, and cultural information that guided his development and their combinatorial processes have produced the living self and person we have known and will continue to know as our beloved cosmic brother Ralph Burhoe, from whom we have learned a great deal and from whom we will continue to learn even more into the ages of the ages of the universes to come.

And now the life of Ralph Wendell Burhoe is complete. The aim which the Lord of History gave him to accomplish is now satisfied and Ralph has become objectively immortalized for all to enjoy God’s work of art and grace. Ralph is now at peace and harmony in, with, and under the eternal and everlasting stream of life which is creating the many worlds before us, our world today, and the many worlds to come.
In Memory of  
RALPH WENDELL  
BURHOE  
21 June 1911 - 8 May 1997

A GIFT FOR LIFE  
Ralph said good-bye a few days before his death. He spoke to those close to him, telling them that he soon would be going on his final journey. At dawn on the morning of May 8th, he left behind his life of cares, work and success. He left behind his contributions to the human community and many, many friends.
Ralph was a fortunate child, born as summer began near Boston in 1911. His father, Winslow P. Burhoe, had moved from the family farm to become a bank president in Boston at the age of twenty-five. His mother, May T. Stumbles, was the daughter of a respected preacher. Ralph and his three younger brothers grew up in a religious home where achievement was encouraged and expected. Ralph returned the gift of a fortunate childhood by working ceaselessly to build community wherever he happened to find himself.
Throughout his life, his energy, intellectual curiosity, and organizational abilities put him at the forefront of the groups within which he found himself: camp counselor at Ocean Park in Maine; assistant at Harvard's Blue Hill observatory; World War II Air Raid Warden; first Executive Officer of the American Academy of Arts and Science; New Boston Committee; Institute on Religion in an Age of Science; and Professor at Meadville/Lombard Theological School. In the vortex of these organizations, Ralph was guided by his deep concerns about human welfare.
His achievements have been deservedly chronicled and perhaps culminated in the 1980 award of the Templeton Prize for Progress in Religion, which hailed him for being not only a scientist and a theologian but also a missionary for a new reformation, a reformation which could be far more profound and revolutionary than those of the Sixteenth Century.
Meadville/Lombard Theological School and Rollins College bestowed honorary doctorates on him. The Society for the Scientific Study of Religion honored him with its first Distinguished Career Achievement Award in 1984. He was a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the American
Academy of Arts and Sciences, and the World Academy of Arts and Letters.

What led to these achievements were his serious concerns about the problems of human communities and his conviction that religion offered some answers. Yet he felt that the influence of religion was being undermined by our misunderstandings of technology and science. Convinced that science did not threaten the wisdom of traditional religion but rather reinforced it, Ralph developed an extensive theoretical framework to explain how religion emerged within the evolutionary process. He emphasized that religious traditions carry the core information about how humans can live together and thereby reach their full evolutionary potential.

That these achievements were realized by a man of lively good cheer despite the debilitating effects of severe, long-term diabetes and heart disease adds to our admiration of Ralph's human spirit.

**Ralph's Early Years**

Ralph grew in competence, resourcefulness, and self-reliance during the summers he spent on Deer Island near Stonington, Maine. He played with his brothers and visiting cousins or rowed into hidden coves in the bay or joined local fishermen at dawn for a day's work on the ocean. He surmounted the difficulties posed by fluctuating tides and sudden storms, and he acquired a life-long love of boats.

Music was a pleasure which began in the family home. He absorbed the musical knowledge given in piano lessons and often found solace in playing the piano as a boy.

Sundays were reserved for church where his mother May sang in the choir and his father was honored as Massachusetts Bible teacher of the year.

**Seeking His Vocation**

Ralph found Cambridge, an intellectual and social feast. There he combined his love of people and love of knowledge in stimulating conversations. Though a student at Harvard in 1928, he kept in touch with his friends' scientific pursuits at MIT by running the three or so miles between the two institutions. Discussions in a campus ministry group expanded his religious horizons.

He eloped six weeks after his twentieth birthday on August 4, 1931, marrying Frances Bickford, a cum laude Radcliffe graduate. Since he was under age, they crossed over the border into Maine where they found the necessary parson.

During the next few years, he contemplated and tested his vocation while wintering in Frances' family cabin, living on a small houseboat between Boston and Cambridge, and also returning to his family home for a while.

In 1936 at Blue Hill he began an apprenticeship to the director, Dr. Charles Brooks. He examined and transcribed weather observations, and undertook the necessary administrative work for the institution. Friends there remember him: "He brought people together. He was lots of fun and a great friend."

As the first executive officer of the American Academy of Arts and Science between 1947 and 1964, he honed his skills in creating productive cross-disciplinary entities. Although
initially a mundane job involving sending notices for meetings and keeping minutes, he soon expanded the scope of this stellar intellectual and academic group, energizing interdisciplinary committees and generating the Academy’s journal, *Delectarius*. During this time, he became increasingly involved in Unitarianism and he became a founder in 1955 of the Institute for Religion in an Age of Science and its conferences at Star Island, New Hampshire.

Throughout their marriage of thirty-five years, Frances was beside Ralph, advising, counseling, and supporting him. She was his companion as he sought his vocation in the cabin and on the houseboat. While raising their four children she also found time for part-time employment at Blue Hill and at the Academy, utilizing her intellectual background and secretarial skills to aid him in his work. When Ralph began developing his vision of religion and science in the context of IRAS, she spent many a night editing his writing. Frances was Ralph’s partner in his work as well as in his life until her death in 1967.

**FAMILY LIFE**

In the summer of 1941, Ralph chose a home for his family overlooking the broad tidal estuary of the Neponset River. Ralph and Frances were idealists who set up family chores which were rotated impartially without gender bias. They established a neighborhood association to improve community interaction.

Frances and Ralph shared a love of the natural environment. They took their children camping at Lake Winnipesaukee and on hikes in the Blue Hills where Ralph’s imaginative announcements that there were candy mines just ahead proved true: there were the wrapped chocolates nestled on a rock just ahead.

Ralph installed a pump organ in the only space he had available, his garage. Children received lessons on the family ‘Ivers and Pend’ piano.

Ralph enjoyed the physically challenging experiences of sailing in a strong wind, kayaking in a rain storm or bicycling home from his office through the streets of Dorchester in the dark just as he enjoyed the challenges of bringing a precarious venture to fruition through uncharted intellectual territory.

Ralph was fortunate again in his partnership with Calla Crawford Butler, who became his wife in 1969. They knew each other from her active work for the Unitarian Universalist Association in the two decades following World War II.

Calla and Ralph devoted themselves to the multitudinous duties required for the development of the Institute on Religion in an Age of Science and its journal *Zygon*. Calla was Ralph’s partner, as Frances had been, joining him in formulating plans and discussing issues that were fundamental to the religion-and-science projects. They traveled together to meetings and conferences, and Calla welcomed guests and frequent seminars into their home. Her vitality, graciousness, and understanding added a certain radiance to such meetings, just as her knowledge and interest in theology brought her respect.

**FULFILLMENT**

Ralph was called to Meadville/Lombard Theological School in Chicago
as a professor in 1964. In association with the Chicago scientific and theological communities, he created the working foundations to continue this new field, founded Zygon: *Journal of Religion and Science* in 1966 and established the Center for Advanced Studies in Religion and Science in 1972. He established in 1965 the Chicago Advanced Seminar in Religion and Science, which has continued on an annual basis until the present time. After his retirement from Meadville Lombard in 1974, he worked out of his home and an office at the Lutheran School of Theology at Chicago. With this latter institution, he founded the Chicago Center for Religion and Science in 1988.

Writing in 1992, Roger Sperry, a Nobel Prize winner for brain research, observed: "in the history of efforts to join religion and science, none appears to have achieved more wide and lasting impact than the venture of Ralph Wendell Burhoe."

* * * * *

Ralph is survived by his four children: Laura Maier (Walla Walla, Washington), Diana Chase (Greenfield, Massachusetts), Winslow Burhoe (Kittery, Maine), and Thomas Burhoe (Dallas, Texas); one brother, Douglas (Stockton, California), ten grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

* * * * *

Ralph will be memorialized, with Frances and Calla, by a plaque in the crypt of First Unitarian Church of Chicago.

9 June 1997

* * * * *

Memorial gifts may be made to the Chicago Center for Religion and Science or Zygon: *Journal of Religion and Science*, at 1100 East 55th Street, Chicago, IL 60615-5199.
from Rev. Kim K. Crawford Harvie, Arlington Street Church

Read at memorial service for Fran Nesbit:

"In a poem entitled "Instructions", Arnold Compton writes, "When I have moved beyond you in the adventure of life, gather in some pleasant place, and there remember me with spoken words, old and new. Let a tear fall, if you will, Memorial poem but let a smile come quickly, for I have loved (you)."
Karl Schmitz-Moormann devoted himself to the most difficult intellectual issues pertaining to Christian theology, philosophy, and the natural and social sciences. A portion of this legacy is in print, and we rejoice that one of his most important books will be published posthumously next year, by Pilgrim Press.

In nearly every group in which he found himself, Karl was the most learned person. The range of knowledge that he worked with, historical and contemporary, is itself mind-boggling. I consider him to be without peer in interpreting Christian theology within the framework of evolutionary theory. He was perhaps the premier scholar of Teilhard de Chardin in the world, and he stands as the leading member of the Teilhardian school of thought in this generation. He was in the midst of a project at his death that would demonstrate that the theological interpretation of the natural sciences was one of the oldest and most impressive traditions of theology since the early centuries. He revealed to me that a patriarch of my own church, Philip Melanchthon, was a major figure in this tradition in the sixteenth century. And in addition to all this, he earned his bread and butter at the Hochschule for Social Work in Dortmund by becoming a learned expert in such fields as geriatrics and addictions. His heritage was rooted in a scientific family, and almost by osmosis--combined with hard work--he became a polymath in the natural and social sciences. He was so deeply rooted in his Christian theology and in the sciences that his effort to relate them was marked by an uncompromising insistence that the most rigorous assertions of theology deal in turn with the most challenging theories of science.

When we speak of Karl in a personal way, we must not overlook this intellectual vocation--he took it with utter seriousness, and he made it his personal contribution to the church and to the world of thought in general. It is a major dimension of who he was as a person.

Karl was a full-orbed human being, however; his intellectual efforts were incarnated in a deep Catholic faith and a strong spontaneous interest in people. He is one of the most loyal friends I have ever known. He was a winsome and joyous man.

Let me offer four vignettes that speak of these dimensions of faith, joy and the love of people.

Neva and I first met Karl and Nicole, so far as I remember, years ago at Star Island--in the early 80s, at the end of July that year. Toward the end of the week, Karl said he would like to come to Chicago later in August. I naturally believed that he and Nicole wanted to do some sight-seeing, visit Chicago's museums, and the like. So, I made reservations for them at our seminary guest house and thought no more about it. When Karl and Nicole arrived, however, it was very clear that they had not only come to visit Chicago, but to visit Neva and me, to get better acquainted with us--to make new friends, to share basic human friendship. I realized immediately that Karl (and Nicole, of course) was offering himself as a friend, and in a short time he became an important person in my life.

Karl's joyfulness. Many of you know that Karl and Nicole would make regular trips to the wine country of France, with large plastic tanks in their car, which they would fill at their favorite vineyards and take back home. Karl had a marvelous wine-cellar built in to their contemporary townhouse in Bochum--underground off the first floor, very damp and cool, as it should be. He would empty the tanks of wine into bottles that were stored as proper wine should be stored. He and I were together one year at the conference center at Loccum, near Hannover. It was customary for the conferees--about 40 of us--to gather in a gracious lounge after the day's meetings, to drink wine and beer together, available at a little snack bar. This occasion was different. Karl announced that it was his birthday, and he would furnish the wine. He produced several cases of wine--from his excursion to the French vineyards--and he obviously took great joy in the fact that he could treat us all to fine wine in celebrating his birthday!

There was so much joy with Karl. Neva and I have a shelf that runs the length of our kitchen, lined with wine and whisky bottles that have special meaning for us. Four of those bottles carry the label, "Gutshofbrennerei Moormann--Feiner Kornbrand seit 1737"--a family distillery. On four occasions, when Karl and Nicole visited us, Karl handed me a bottle from this family distillery--the labels carry a crest and the contents: Wacholder, gin and the house specialty, black currant brandy, among them. Karl was a magnificent gift-giver!
When Karl suffered his first heart attack, it was in the midst of a soccer match. He literally took charge of his own trip to the hospital. I visited him in the hospital in Bochum a few days later—he and I had planned to travel together to a conference in Loccum. The Karl that I saw that evening, in his hospital bed, was a man full of peace. He spoke to me then in words that I shall never forget—and he repeated them to me several times afterwards. He said: "I had a close call, but I have also discovered that I can die, it is okay for me to die. I now what really matters, and I am at peace with myself and with God." He was clearly in touch with the depth of God's love and a sense of what life and death could be in the hands of God. Karl understood what Saint Paul meant when he wrote, "whether we live or whether we die, we are the Lord's."

Karl's death has affected me very deeply in the days since Wednesday morning when I first received the news from Wentzel van Huyssteen. It took a while for me to realize just why I have felt so lonely since that time. It is not so much that Karl has died, as it is that he is absent, absent now from my world, no longer the kind of personal presence that I have relied on so much. Our loss and loneliness will never fade away, but it will be overcome by our sense that Karl is still present, in a different way, but equally real. He is present in our memories, to be sure, and also in the gifts of love and inspiration that he bestowed upon us, as well as, in the writings he has left behind. But he is also present in the knowledge that we belong with him to the Lord, and that as we are companions in the Lord, we are never apart from Karl.

Philip Hefner
Karl Schmitz-Moormann

The world that Karl Schmitz-Moormann left behind is a lot better off than the world into which he was born in 1928. To focus on a few of the reasons why I believe he gave so much of himself to his world is to only touch the surface. Most of us know of Karl as the scholar whom Philip Hefner described: "without peer in interpreting Christian theology within the framework of evolutionary theory." Moreover Phil continued "he was the premier scholar of Teilhard de Chardin in the world, and he stands as the leading member of the Teilhardian school of thought in this generation."

But Karl’s life was much fuller than the scholarly achievements with which many of us are familiar. He was a joiner - and his vision, range of knowledge, and organizational and fund-raising skills brought him into contact with many folks, who over the years became his close friends. My knowledge about the real Karl began early in the summer of 1987 when 24 faculty-types from the US were invited by NEH to convene at the Univeristy of Georgia in Athens for six weeks with Frederick Ferre to study the topic "Concepts of Nature and God." Those without families there would often meet for dinner and it was then that I got to know the single delegate from Europe. One night Karl and I decided to continue our dinner conversation and we soon found that we both enjoyed a good intellectual bout over a few beers. Eventually this became a late night routine and we shared our lives in a way that close friends do - especially over a few beers. Over the years I traveled to meetings together with Karl and Nicole and visited with their families and friends in Germany and France.

Karl’s heritage says something about him. His mother was a PhD from Munich in political science who retained her friendship and correspondence over the years with the likes of the theologian Romano Guardini. His dad was an ophthalmologist. Karl recalled that one evening in the nineteen thirties his dad suddenly disappeared for six months. It turns out a member of the Nazi party made it known through the local parish network to warn the dad that he was to be picked up the next day because of his leadership role in the Catholic resistance movement. So his father left without notice and lived in Switzerland until an amnesty was declared.
Karl’s father had saved the eyesight of this Nazi’s son. Karl told me after the war he found a letter from a high Nazi official ordering his dad, who had been drafted, to be sent to the eastern front and to be placed in a situation where he would not return. The dad was killed in Russia and the mother left with seven young children.

Such behavior was an incentive to Karl to follow his dad in the resistance movement and he was ahead of his time. After completing his doctorate in philosophy at Munich he and an old friend from the Catholic Youth resistance movement conceived the idea to organize European youth through boys and girls scout groups. They received the support of Robert Schumann, an official in the French government at the time, and Cardinal Montini (Later Pope Paul VI), among others, and it became known as the Ecumenical European Scout Movement, a popular and powerful effort for unity in the post-war years. Incidentally he told me he met the most important person in his life during those summer scout camps, Nicole Bonnet, whom we know as Nicole.

In the process of working his way up in the German academic world, Karl finished the doctorate in theology at Bochum. But because of his growing interest in Teilhard and views on original sin (now taken for granted) and his public stand on Humanae Vitae he never was awarded a Chair in theology at a German university, despite assurances from colleagues that he was the person recommended by theological faculties. You all know of course that such academic appointments in Germany differ from ours. So Karl immersed himself in philosophical anthropology. When we invited him in 1990 to be the guest at the annual Cosmos and Creation Conference in Baltimore I was surprised to find in his CV a good number of publications and lectureships on gerontology. This leads to one of Karl’s favorite stories, which perhaps some have not heard. The annual meeting of the International Association of Third Age Universities, of which Karl was a member of the Board of Directors, was in Warsaw and the coordinating hostess was Halina Szwarc, Professor and Chair of Medicine at Warsaw University Medical School. Professor Szwarc had become a close friend of the Schmitz-Moormanns and, knowing the situation in Poland, Karl called to find out what they would do
about coffee breaks which were on the agenda and most of us westerners expect. Halina replied that she could get no coffee, tea, or sugar so Karl volunteered driving to Warsaw to the meeting with the ingredients for the coffee breaks. Halina requested that they fill the rest of their Volvo with writing paper and, more important, toilet paper, or it could be a disaster. Karl loved to reflect on that long ride from West Germany to Warsaw, past the guard-posts with a car filled with toilet paper.

Karl was active in two other organizations which recognized his talents. From his research in anthropology he gradually became recognized as a leading scholar in Germany during the nineteen seventies concerned with alcohol and drug addiction. Eventually he was elected to the Board of Directors of the Drug and Substance Abuse International Board.

And as the inherited Schmitz-Moormann interest in science matured he saw the need for an ecumenical and inter-European society dedicated to the study of theology and science. At a meeting at Cambridge in 1984 his vision was verified by Arthur Peacocke, Christoph Wassermann of the University of Geneva and a few others and what is now known as The European Society for the Study of Science and Theology, ESSSAT, was formed. Karl of course was a founding board member and elected the first President. Much of his time and energy over the last 10 years have been devoted to putting this society on solid intellectual and financial ground, and possibly hastened his death.

I pass over his dedication to IRAS, the Institute for Religion in an Age of Science, and the annual Star Island conferences - and his membership in their 7:00AM Polar Bear swimming group which he enjoyed so much, also his close association and friendship with Hans Kung and membership in that select circle that meets semi-annually at Tubingen, and his wonderful friendships with Phil Hefner and Bob Hermann and service to the Templeton Foundation Boards in the US and Europe.

What does one say about the Karl who was behind all this activity. I believe he was a shy man. He had deep love for his wife, his family and friends, and confident hope for the emergence of a better humankind. He told me when he had the first infarction at a faculty
soccer game in 1989 that when they got him to the hospital they put the EKG on him and he saw it go flat. I said do you remember what was going through your mind? He said yes. "It seemed that dying was really not very difficult." He said: "I said to the Lord if You want to take me fine - I'm ready. I only wish Nicole was here with me."

Ultimately, what is Karl's legacy? His professional contributions and leadership roles manifested his talent but, more significantly, I believe his dedication to ecumenism and international cooperation were not the outcome of his work on Teilhard. It came from his background with deep faith in Jesus Christ. A few years ago he asked me if I knew any way of helping him ship bibles to St. Petersburg for the Templeton Foundation. After the fall of the iron curtain he traveled to Russia whenever he could to carry bibles to his Orthodox friends because they could not afford to purchase them for their people. Moreover, I for one don't ever recall Karl speaking uncharitably about anyone. We all know he loved to argue, and make his point. But he always walked away your friend. I believe the basis for his internationalism, his ecumenism, his respect for others and unusual ability to make friends was his faith in the One who showed us all how to live and how to make this world a little better.

James F. Salmon, S.J.

May 10, 1997
I remember Karl's kindness to our grandson Michael in 1995 - Michael spoke very little English and, as a teenager (13), was shy of playing the flute in public. Karl took time to persuade him to play a duet with him and so they performed together at the talent show - Karl the expert and Michael the (almost) beginner!

Lusula Reich

Date: Mon, 4 Nov 1996 15:32:55 -0500
Message-ID: <961104153254_1880806531@emout09.mail.aol.com>
To: 76226.3135@compuserve.com
Subject: Re: Karl Schmitz-Moorman

Ruth:

This is sad news indeed. I will miss Brother Karl very much.

Lisette certainly remembers him, from playing flute for our Star Island Samhain service for which you provided some crowd organization assistance. And his willing participation in the congregation's part of that service. In the company of John Fryer and Chris Corbally, Kal Schmitz-Moorman was a Christian who could see through the differences in trappings of a Pagan ritual to the common ground of inarticulable faith (even if he didn't fully approve).

I remember layered years of his stubborn, probing mind, exploring the nature of everything from God to cockroaches (and the connection, better than most so-called nature worshippers). When I wanted an intelligent comment on the situation in Europe immediately after the reunification of Germany, that wouldn't be something I had already read in the papers, I talked to him -- and got it.

Now he knows the answers I'm still fumbling for. Bless him thrice times three.

Dave Burwasser
Eucharistic Liturgy for the Seventh Sunday of Easter

in memory of the life and work of Karl Schmitz-Moormann
1928 - 1996

Saturday, 10 May 1997
4:00 p.m.

St. John's Chapel
99 Brattle Street
Cambridge, Massachusetts

offered by
Weston Jesuit School of Theology
and the
Center for Faith and Science Exchange
We ask in the name of Jesus the Lord, Amen.

and behold the beauty of your love
for your Son has saved us in his wondrous love from death,
the universality of beauty that is yet to be,
and receive all things with your mighty arm
Eternal Father, teaching them to end on end of the universe,
Pause for silent prayer

Let us pray to our Father who has released us to life in Christ,

The Lord be with you. And also with you.

Amen.

with the Holy Spirit, in the glory of God the Father.
you alone are the Most High, Jesus Christ,
for you alone are the Holy One, you above are the Lord,
you are seated on the right hand of the Father, receive our prayer.
you make us share the bliss of your glory.
we worship you, we give you thanks, we praise you for your glory.
Lord Jesus Christ, only son of the Father, Lord God, Lamb of God,
Lord have mercy. Lord have mercy.
Christ have mercy. Christ have mercy.
Lord have mercy. Lord have mercy.
evangelizing. The Amen

May almighty God have mercy on us, forgive us our sins, and bring us to
Joys from me to the Lord our God.

everlasting life. Amen.

5 of the angelic and saints, and you, my brothers and sisters,
how dare I, and in what I have failed to do and all the bliss of glory.
I confess to almighty God and to you, my brothers and sisters, that I have
my mysteries, let us call to mind our sins.
My brothers and sisters, let us prepare ourselves to celebrate the sacred
The Lord be with you. And also with you.

PENITENTIAL RITE

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, Amen.

Ensemble Hymn: "Alleluia Sing to Jesus." See the following page.

Prayer of the Day.
**Entrance Rite**

Organ Prelude: *Prelude and Fugue in G Minor*, by Johann Sebastian Bach

Entrance Hymn: "Alleluia! Sing to Jesus" [see the following page]

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. *Amen.*

**Penitential Rite**

The Lord be with you. *And also with you.*

My brothers and sisters, to prepare ourselves to celebrate the sacred mysteries, let us call to mind our sins.

*I confess to almighty God and to you, my brothers and sisters, that I have sinned through my own fault in my thoughts and in my words, in what I have done, and in what I have failed to do; and I ask blessed Mary, ever virgin, all the angels and saints, and you, my brothers and sisters, to pray for me to the Lord our God.*

May almighty God have mercy on us, forgive us our sins, and bring us to everlasting life. *Amen.*

Lord have mercy. *Lord have mercy.*

Christ have mercy. *Christ have mercy.*

Lord have mercy. *Lord have mercy.*

Glory to God in the highest, and peace to God's people on earth.

Lord God, heavenly king, almighty God and Father,

we worship you, we give you thanks, we praise you for your glory.

*Lord Jesus Christ, only Son of the Father, Lord God, Lamb of God,*

you take away the sin of the world: have mercy on us;

you are seated on the right hand of the Father: receive our prayer.

*For you alone are the Holy One, you alone are the Lord,*

you alone are the Most High, Jesus Christ,

*with the Holy Spirit, in the glory of God the Father.* *Amen.*

The Lord be with you. *And also with you.*

Let us pray to our Father who has raised us to life in Christ.

*[Pause for silent prayer]*

Eternal Father, reaching from end to end of the universe,

and ordering all things with your mighty arm;

for you, time is the unfolding of truth that already is,

the unveiling of beauty that is yet to be.

Your Son has saved us in history by rising from the dead,

so that transcending time he might free us from death.

May his presence among us lead to the vision of unlimited truth

and unfold the beauty of your love.

We ask in the name of Jesus the Lord. *Amen.*
WEIANT WATHEN-DUNN
Autumn Colors

by Weiant Wathen-Dunn

When autumn comes and nights turn cold
New England paints its hills
In hues of orange, red, and gold,
All just as Nature wills.

Like autumn leaves we, too, shall die,
But we would go with ease
If we could blaze against the sky
In colors such as these.

But we have colors,
Though they be of quite a different kind.
Made up of deeds and progeny
That we shall leave behind.

And if these all be worthy,
We can count our lives well spent.
Our colors will blaze gloriously,
And we can go content.
A View of Spring at 81

by Weiant Wathen-Dunn

The trees are leafing.
Black birds sing.
The air is pure.
And shall I see another spring?

I can't be sure
So savor full the budding life
The sun, the rain.
Forget that there is so much strife,
A world in pain.

Remember beauty always comes anew each year.
And will long after man succumbs to pain and fear.

Or I am here.
The trees are leafing.
Black birds sing.
FOLLEN CHURCH SOCIETY
UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST
LEXINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS

CHOIR

Sopranos:
Epp Sonin
Wendy Strothman
Carolyn Kingston

Ruth Boyd
Joy C. Madden
Susan Halliday
Barbara Sandler

Altos:
Diana Cole
Melinda Ballou
Rudi Groblewski
Trudy Mott-Smith
Sandi Peaslee
Ellen Taylor
Marion Shepp

Persis Ballou
Ann Howe
Jennifer Mott-Smith
Alice Warner
Claudia Knight
Alice Warner

Kay Apgar
Betty Clark
Marilu Nowlin
Betty Clark
Nancy Martin
Carolyn Powers

Tenor:
Isham Peugh
John Wiesner

John Negele
Bob Halliday

Douglas Halsted

Bass:
Larry Abbott
Alan Shepp
Stan Griffith

Caleb Warner
Ben Richardson

Ted Sidley
Lawry Reid

Service of Memory
for
WEIANT WATHEN-DUNN
April 27, 1912 - February 13, 1997
March 9, 1997
3:00 P.M.

Service of Memory for

WELANT WATHEN-DUNN

Unitarian Universalist Follen Church Society
Lexington, Massachusetts

Prelude: Works of Brains. Bach, Buxtehude

Opening Words and Welcome
Thomas Sumpr's piano
Charlotte Miner, organist
Announce from the pulpit in memory of Wenden Stimson, organist

Prelude: I Will Lift My Voice by Wenden Stimson, organist

Hymn: #29: O Star of Hope

Praise: O, who art Thee, Our God by Wenden Stimson, organist

Reflections and Readings by the Family

David MacIntyre (son-in-law): Wenden's memories and praisings

Wenden's family (grandchildren): "Miss me, but let me go"

Robert Wattenburg (son): "Remembering Dad"

The Rev. Ludwig's, Duncan Parish Minister

I Will Lift My Voice

Thomas Sumpr's piano

Charlotte Miner, organist

Announce from the pulpit in memory of Wenden Stimson, organist

Prelude: Works of Brains. Bach, Buxtehude

The Rev. Ludwig's, Duncan Parish Minister

I Will Lift My Voice

Thomas Sumpr's piano

Charlotte Miner, organist

Announce from the pulpit in memory of Wenden Stimson, organist

Prelude: Works of Brains. Bach, Buxtehude

3:00 P.M.
Sunday, March 9, 1997

April 7-9, 1997 - February 1-3, 1997

WELANT WATHEN-DUNN
FOR

SERVICE OF MEMORY

LEXINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS

UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST
FOLLEN CHURCH SOCIETY
In Memory of Weiant Wathen-Dunn

Spoken by Peter Wathen-Dunn at a memorial service, April 1997

When Tanya called me up and asked if I wanted to say anything at Dad’s memorial service, I said “yeah” and I didn’t think I’d really have a whole lot to say. In fact I didn’t write anything down until this morning. But when I started to write, I just kept thinking of stories and thinking of his life as I learned it. I found it just got longer and longer. So you’ll have to bear with me. You can start throwing tomatoes or something like that if you find I go on too long. But I’m going to try to tell a story about my Dad from the beginning because he was a really great guy and I want you to understand who he was.

He was born in 1912 in April and he lost his Dad when he was just a few month old. Herbert Wathen Dunn, his father, was very sick and was sent to the hospital. They didn’t have insurance back then and he was damned if he wasn’t going to get out and support his new son. Unfortunately, when he was getting out of bed, he lost his balance and clunked his head on the end of the bed and that was the end of Herbert. So, my father grew up without a dad.

His first memory was that of celebrating the end of World War I. He remembered fire crackers going off, and people shouting “victory,” and men and women who were complete strangers dancing with one another in the streets. That was the start of recognition for him. His Mom worked as a governess and often couldn’t have her son live with her, so young Weiant lived with various Aunts and Uncles. He spent a few years here and a few years there. Weiant felt he had to be self reliant. No one was going to help you so you had to learn how to take care of yourself.

He graduated from high school and the great Depression was already upon the Nation. At that time he had been a student member of the choir and he also learned to play the piano. His high school guidance counselor sent him off to Wesleyan University for an interview. Dad showed up there and the dean showed him around the campus and they spent the day talking. At the end of the day, Dad was offered a spot in the freshman class. He just had to show up and pay room and board. And I just think of the process that I had to go through and kids have to go through today, taking SATs, writing lengthy applications and showing up for cattle calls at the University and I think, “Gee, Wow, why wasn’t I around then?”

After he got his bachelors of science and his masters in physics and spent six years in the choir at Wesleyan, Weiant was off to Istanbul for four years. He taught math and physics at Robert College. Again, Weiant was a member of the choir. He had many stories from that time. One summer, he told me, he was the nanny for two energetic young boys who were the sons of an American working at the consulate in Turkey. One summer he spent learning German in Munich and he chanced upon Hitler twice at his favorite restaurant. I always asked him why he didn’t just kill that guy. Just think, my Dad could have
prevented World War II! He always had to point out two things to me. First, in the summer of 1937, he didn’t know anything about Hitler other than the fact that he was a German politician. Second, if he had tried such a thing, there was a high mathematical probability that I never would have been born. I immediately forgave him for starting World War II.

There also was the summer he went to the Palestine with some of the students from his class. Dad was quite the amateur photographer and he has many photos of his time in Istanbul. In the Palestine, Dad was very interested in taking a picture inside a Mosque. Well, you’re not supposed to do that. But the father of one of his students was a respected leader in one of the towns they visited and they got permission to sneak into the mosque so Dad could take a picture. So they all got in the mosque and the students crowded around Dad and he very carefully set his f stop, focused the camera and took his picture. Well, there was this one man praying at the mosque and he discovered this great transgression. “Allah will surely strike you dead.” They all retreated very quickly out of the mosque and Dad was most embarrassed at the trouble he had caused his sponsor. He did, however, after considerable argument and apologies, manage to hold on to his camera and the film. It was quite a struggle. When he got back to his lab, he developed his pictures. And, what do you know, but every picture on that roll came out perfectly, except the one of the mosque. It was a totally blank frame. Allah had gotten his revenge.

Dad came back to the States and after a year teaching at Williston Academy in Western Massachusetts, landed a job at the Navel Research Labs, NRL, in Washington, D.C., doing research in sound and communications for the Navy. He was invited to a party at a boat house on the western shores of the Potomac river and met a woman there who was employed packing silk parachutes to return to the earth packages of weather instruments that had been carried aloft by balloons. All part of the war effort. Well this woman was quite a gal! An artist that went by the nickname “Peter.” Her college roommate gave her that name for her mischievous Peter Pan Ways. And it fairly stuck. She signed all her pictures that way. Well in six months this puckish character had converted Dad to Unitarianism and had married him in the home of the minister of the All Souls Church in Washington, D.C. It was December.

Now Dad had always envisioned that he would marry this musically gifted woman. They would have great musical talent in their family; they would produce a “Von Tropp Family” and they would go singing through the Nation. Well there was only one problem with this plan of Dad’s. That is that Ruth Swain Magnusson, this woman whom he married, had a tin ear. But she did have talent and her talent was carried on in our family. But, alas for Dad, there were no Von Tropps.

In April 1945, Tanya Wathen-Dunn was born. A couple of years later Rebecca Wathen-Dunn was born and in December 1948, Rebecca became sick with Meningitis and was
near death. They tried sulfa drugs and that didn’t work. They tried some powerful new antibiotics that were just out at that time. Becca survived but she was deaf. In January 1950, Peter Weiant Wathen-Dunn was born and so the Wathen-Dunn family was complete. The Wathen-Dunns moved to Massachusetts in 1951. Dad could get a good job working for the Air Force Cambridge Research Laboratories and Rebecca could get a great oral deaf education at the Clark School for the Deaf in North Hampton, Massachusetts. So, for me, the youngest son of very musically inclined physicist and puckish artist, this is the story of growing up in a family dealing with the sudden loss of hearing of its second child.

I am told that I have incredibly strong memories of my early childhood. My first memory is that of our move to Massachusetts. Specifically, we had just driven into the driveway at 44 Maple Street, our new home, in this big old black Plymouth sedan. The first and only house owned by Ruth and Weiant Wathen-Dunn. My Dad was walking me to the back of the house. And I, at the ripe old age of one and one half, was holding on to his finger with my hand. There was a cat sitting at the back door of the house. This aroused great curiosity and interest on my part. “Cat! Cat!” Well in my adult mind this was a direct question about what that cat was all about. My father understood immediately the importance of this question and he explained “Well, Peter, that kitty owns this house and she has consented to let us move in with her.” Well, I was just so impressed. We had such good connections with this cat that we landed a house.

Dad became very involved in the local community. He became a stalwart of the base section of the Follen Church choir and he was a member of the Lexington Choral Society. I can remember crawling around in the attic of the Town Hall building, helping him hang microphones so they could record the Choral Society concerts. I also benefitted from his love of music. This is an inside story, so bear with me here. I was in the third grade when Louise Curtis showed up at Follen Church with her idea of starting a junior choir. On the day she held her first try-outs, a bunch of us sat down in the community center downstairs behind the church. We sat in a half circle and we started seeing how well we could all sing. One-by-one, Louise would send kids who passed the musical test over to the corner by the library. Well, it finally got down so there was only me left in the circle. And finally Louise said to me with a big sigh “Oh well Peter, I guess I’ve got to let you in the choir because if I don’t your father will kill me.” So I can sing at all and carry a tune barely because of the kindness of Louise and the influence of my father.

I can also reveal now that Dad is dead, and the U.S. Government can’t take any action against him, that my father was an annual transgressor of the First Amendment of the U.S. Constitution. You know, the amendment that requires separation between the church and the state. Every fall Follen Church held a fair to raise money and he would go out on the Friday before the fair and check out all sorts of equipment from the Air Force Cambridge Research Laboratories. The reason he signed on the forms when he checked out the equipment was “Personal use at my home.” O.K. That equipment would always
mysteriously show up in the vestibule out here in front of the church. I can remember helping Dad string the lines out and putting speakers facing out this way and that so everybody could hear. Dad was quite good at playing those martial tunes and getting everybody stimulated so they would really want to spend money. He would announce these events with such great fanfare that people would be running here and there to go to the next event. So the Follen Church received government support for its religious purposes. Now, I grew up to become a government lawyer and we spend a good deal of time protecting the First Amendment from those religious zealots like Weiant Wathen-Dunn. I ask you all, personally, to keep this a secret. I wouldn’t want anyone chasing after Mom’s pension. So, let's just keep it between us folks here.

Weiant also was a man of science. He was fascinated by the properties of sound, particularly, the intricacies of human communication. The little branch of the AFCRL that he headed was intensely involved in pure research that lead to digitized sound. The Air Force was certainly willing to let my father play in this field because digitized speech afforded the armed services with an uncrackable code, bearing no relationship to the logic of speech — a code that only depended upon a mathematical formula to jumble sound into meaningless bits of information. Weiant worked closely with people at the Bell Labs, funded research at various organizations throughout Europe and the United States and did a lot work at his own lab at AFCRL. Well, the military has benefitted greatly and we have all benefitted from the biggest commercial application of this research, the CD -- music could not get any better.

Weiant was a great guy. I personally had trouble with him as a kid because I so wanted to attach myself to him and absorb his knowledge. He didn’t know how to deal with a kid that wanted that kind of attention and had those kinds of demands. In his mind a child had to be independent, not rely on anyone. At least a son should be that way so he could make a living in the world. I always felt so isolated and confused by the concerns he showed for my deaf sister when I felt so alone. But at the same time, he was a great guy who could hold a conversation with anyone and keep it entertaining. Whenever I threw a party when I was in high-school, half of my friends would end up hanging out with my Dad, talking about politics, talking about science, talking about gardening or just listening to one of his patented stories. How could you be angry at a Dad who was so popular with your friends?

Dad was very vigorous despite having rather severe asthma. He put a foundation under our kitchen and side porch. He loved to get out in the fresh air, except in the spring, which aggravated his asthma. In January, 1995, he and Mom went out snow shoeing through snow a few feet thick around Brookhaven. As I recall the story, Dad was a bit in front of Mom when she fell over and got stuck. Dad was so involved in the scene that he was unaware of this predicament and had gone about a 100 feet ahead. He turned to point out something and discovered that Mom was in a pile of snow some way behind him. He came back and pulled her out. That summer Dad got careless with a cold and came down
with pneumonia. He almost lost his life but he pulled through. The pneumonia brought on congestive heart failure and that, eventually got the best of him. Until last summer Dad was still managing to be fairly active, considering his condition.

I am thankful that he took this time with his illness because he gave me time to come and visit often. We got a chance to confess our family sins and to forgive each other for our sins. We got a chance to tell each other how much we loved each other and I got a chance to tell him how much I was going to miss him. I really appreciate that. He was a class act to the end. In December, I organized a family get together. Dad excused himself in the middle of this video taping session to go to the bathroom. He was gone a long time. Tanya decided that she ought go back and check on him and see if there was anything she could do to help him. She came back with this little smile on her face (I’m sorry, we’re in a church, but I just have to say this). She reported that she had asked Dad if he needed any help and his only response was “Not unless you can scare the shit out of me.” Always the comedian!

On Thursday, February 13th Dad got his hospice nurse to give him a nice bed bath and get on his clean pajamas. He called Mom to his side. They held hands together until Dad closed his eyes and stopped breathing. I still want to share things with him. Just this past week in the Post there was an article about how kids learn speech and I immediately started cutting it out to give to Dad. I will miss you, Dad. But I still have you right here with me. I love you. Thank you, and goodbye.
Memorial Service for Weiant Wathen-Dunn  
March 9, 1997

Death this year has taken men  
Whose kind we shall not see again.  
Pride and skill and friendliness,  
Wrath and wisdom and delight,  
Are shining still but shining less,  
And clouded to the common sight.  
Time will show them clear again,  
Time will give us other men  
With names to write in burning gold  
When they are great and we are old,  
But these were royal-hearted, rare.  
Memory keeps with loving care  
Deeds they did and tales they told.  
But living men are hard to spare.  
(John Holmes)

Yes, living men like Weiant are hard to spare but memory will certainly keep with loving care the deeds he did and the tales he told. Weiant was a wonderful doer of deeds and teller of tales.  

Weiant grew up in Connecticut, an only child whose father died when he was very young. He attended Weslyan University from which he received both a BA and a Masters degree in physics. After graduation he taught science at Robert College in Istanbul, Turkey. During his career he specialized in acoustical physics research working in Washington DC at the Naval Research Lab and when the family moved to Lexington in 1951 he worked at the Air Force Lab in Bedford. He retired in 1974.

Weiant and his beloved Ruth were married for 53 years. They set a wonderful example of faithfulness and devotion - each uniquely talented and both supportive of the others interests. They were the parents of three children and the loving grandparents of 6 grandchildren. Only a few days after Weiant’s death a great grandchild was born into the family. This family was richly blessed by Weiant’s life and they have our loving support through this sad time.
Weiant and Ruth adventured together through their retirement years. With the whole family, they took memorable trips around Ireland and Iceland. They enjoyed travel, exploring new territory enriched by his inexhaustible curiosity.

Weiant above all, loved people and made friends everywhere he went. He was proud to be a citizen of Lexington and he was active in this community for half a century. He served several terms as a Town Meeting member and always took a keen interest in civic affairs.

Weiant loved this church and congregation. He was a loyal supporter through good times and bad. In 1974 he was on the Search Committee that chose me to be the minister here and so we felt a very special bond.

He was proud of the church's history and he truly personified the spirit of its founder Dr. Charles Follen. Follen wanted to have a church where "no one would be excluded because of any honestly held opinion". Weiant made it his mission to welcome everyone genuinely and personally. For years he was the first person to greet newcomers. He always made them feel welcome and included. Weiant saw and appreciated the need for a caring church community to support individuals on their life journey. He himself contributed enormously to Follen's spirit of community and mutual support.

Weiant participated in every aspect of church life. He sang in the choir. For 10 years he taught in the church school a curriculum for 8th and 9th graders called "The Church Across the Street". It was basically a study in comparative religion. As a result of this experience he says, "I came to see that there is basically unity of purpose in all religions. They may differ in belief and rituals but they support and give meaning to the life of the individual, both in daily living and in times of stress. They are repositories of basic concepts of good and evil."

Weiant devoted a lot of his time and energy for many years to a conference at Star Island called Religion in an Age of Science.
He really appreciated the scholarly dialog between religion and science. Wei ant always enjoyed intellectual stimulation and lively discussions.

I have so many vivid memories - snapshots - of Wei ant:
    all the warm wonderful loaves of bread he used to bake for the fair
    the stories, poems and limericks he loved to recite at the slightest provocation;
    the thoroughness with which he researched the acoustical system for the church and all the years he set it up each Sunday;
    His bubbling sense of humor - he was the voice of the Follen Fair for years

    I can see him helping kids with their homework at the Thursday pot luck suppers. and he always continued to follow their progress with sincere interest;
    I remember how Ruth and Wei ant used to bicycle all around Lexington because they really believed in an environmental ethic;
    I remember our lunches together in their warm kitchen on Maple street;

    Yes, men like Wei ant are hard to spare but this last year was difficult for him. He was impatient with limitations and so release was not unwelcome. We will surely miss him but we must let him go. Wei ant leaves a family and many friends who truly loved and appreciated him. His immortality is assured by so many good memories of this unique and dear person.

He chose the music for this service - and he said to me; "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted.” Even now he ministers to us here this afternoon.
My personal memories of Weiant Wathen-Dunn go back 20 years to my first year at Star Island. I got to know him on a Whale Watch which followed the IRAS week. As it goes in IRAS history, my son, Mark, then age 7, who also met him on that Whale Watch, worked with him in his last years on the material for the new IRAS Manual. Weiant is one who will always be on this island for me. Yes, in Spirit, and his ashes will eventually find their next home in the harbor here.

Weiant had a rich and full life apart from IRAS and Star Island, of course. He had a family (3 children and 6 grandchildren), a career in acoustical physics, a Unitarian church, and the community of Lexington, Mass. to which he was committed, and to which he gave much. He often talked of his church, whose founder wanted a church "Where no one would be excluded because of any honestly held opinion." Doesn't that sound like Weiant? One of the poems Weiant wrote gives expression to this dimension of his thinking:

My thinking is a pilgrimage,
A hodge to understanding
This quest will last throughout my life
And keep my mind expanding
So when I tell you what I think
I speak from some way station
And no one should assume it's from
My final destination.

Weiant loved IRAS. He was present at its founding in 1954 and continued to remind us of what IRAS was all about." He was Secretary from 1876 to 1992, and Honorary Secretary since 1992. I recently found a letter written by Weiant to Isobel Robinault in 1976. Here are a few paragraphs:

Dear Isobel:

As you may know, I have just been elected secretary of the IRAS Council, more likely, I suspect, because of the symbolism involved in having a male in that position than because of any secretarial ability I might have. Even if that assumption be false, I still have a personal commitment to equalization and have decided it might be appropriate to record women's names in the minutes as their own with their husbands" (if any) names in parentheses. Thus, I intend to report that Mary Lou Atkins (d'Aquili) and Judith Kapustin (Katz) are members of next year's Program Committee"

This brings me to the embarrassing fact that I neglected, before leaving on the heaving boat last Saturday, to ascertain how I should record your name. You, too, are on the Program Committee, and thus I need to know if Robinault is a maiden or a married name and, if the latter, what your maiden name might be, so that I can write Isabel Something (Robinault). Of course, if you would like to have it another way, I would certainly acquiesce. You are, after
all, the final arbiter.

That leaves only the matter of your first name. The registration list spells it Isabel, but I seem to recall that your name tag says Ysobel. Which do you prefer?

I enclose a stamped and addressed envelope, and a minimal-effort procedure would be for you to jot down on this sheet, either below or overleaf, your preference as to name and put it in the mail. I hope this won't inconvenience you unduly.

With thanks for your help, I am

Yours Sincerely,

Weiant

Doesn't that sound just like Weiant?

Weiant took over being the embodiment of the IRAS Institutional Memory from Ralph Burhoe, and worked on the last revision of the Constitution and ByLaws with Tom and Paula Fangman and Harlan Griswold. IRAS Presidents came and went, and Weiant was coach to many of us. For his dedication and contributions to IRAS, Weiant received IRAS's Service Award in 1986.

Loyal Rue published in the IRAS Newsletter this statement he made to the LongRange Conference Planning Committee:

Now, everyone in this room, I suspect, has a different view of what IRAS is all about, and I can only state what my view is. As far as I am concerned, IRAS is a place that helps me develop an ongoing, improving religious outlook in a world that is dominated by the technology that science makes possible. I sometimes think that the topics we pick are sort of peripheral to this. Now, I may be off base because nobody else has this view of IRAS, but it seems to me that it would be very salubrious if it were a requirement in the long range conference planning committee that anyone who proposes a conference topic include in that proposal at least one paragraph - well thought out explaining how the proposal relates to the fundamental idea of IRAS's mission."

Doesn't that sound just like Weiant?
During the conference this week, I have been asking people about their memories and images of Wei ant, and writing them down. As I read them as a collage of collective memories, I imagine that you will be nodding your heads to many, and recalling others of your own.

We remember...

- his fondness of puns and limericks
- some good jokes he told, especially ones about growing older and forgetting things
- his "courtly" manner
- he was, in a full way, a gentleman, a gentle man
  If you challenged him, he would neither back down nor defend himself. He remained grounded and polite.
- his embodiment of graciousness and respect for people. He was gracious himself and recognized graciousness in other people
- his compassion
- his great personal warmth, friendliness and interest in others
  He was always glad to see you and would ask how you were doing
- his non-intrusiveness
- his joie de vie and enthusiasm
- his lovely smile, the twinkle in his eyes
- his response to being asked how he was, "As well as can be expected in this uncertain world."
- his kind seriousness
- his tremendous support and modesty
- transcending some personality differences with him through coming to a common understanding that the purpose of IRAS is bigger than any one of us can see
- his talking, and talking, and talking, even as Ruth started the car and began to drive away.
- his gratitude and sense of thankfulness, even when he was sick
- his stability and dependability He was a rudder for IRAS
- his thoroughness and great sense of responsibility If you gave Wei ant something to do, it would be done well.
- his meticulous note-taking and absolute rigorousness
- his making sure that IRAS had a set of rules. He was not a lawyer, but a man of law
- his seeking the correct and proper phrase or word
- his setting up of his elaborate stereo tape recording equipment at Council meetings -with 2 tape recorders so as not to miss a word, even while he changed tapes
- how meticulous he was when driving, especially to catch a plane or train. He recorded the time, the odometer reading down to the last decimal in a tiny notebook, after first licking his pencil. Then, upon arrival, he once again licked his pencil, recorded the time and asked Ruth the odometer reading to the last decimal
- his little poking comments about the irrationality of Christian belief
- his gathering of people here on Star Island to celebrate Ruth's birthday
- Ruth's asking his permission to appear in her slip in the Variety Show skit on Star Island showers. He granted it.
- his brief service as Star Island registrar in the 70's when the registrar died mid-year, recruiting Bonnie Falla as the next registrar and handing her a black loose-leaf binder with complete notes of what to do and how and when to do it, and then continuing to ask her, year after year, How did it go this year?
- suggesting him in 1976 to be the next secretary, thinking that he was being (until that time) distinctly underutilized
- his gifts of fresh bread he had baked
- his friendship with Sandy and Lois Brown, former neighbors in Lexington
- his hospitality - visits to his home, and to Brookhaven, the retirement community where he and Ruth had moved

For all these memories, and for all those others held in the hearts of those who loved Weiant, we are grateful. But memories can tell us only what we have been, in relationship to Weiant. Those who live no more still echo in our thoughts and words. Who they were and what they did are a part of who we have become.

Marj Davis
Star Island 1997
JAMES B. ASHBROOK
IN MEMORIAM: JAMES B. ASHBROOK

James B. Ashbrook died on January second of this year. He was a various man, whose efforts to integrate his wide-ranging knowledge and interests yielded creative advances for the religion and science dialogue, especially in the interface between religion and neuroscience.

The creativity of Jim’s thought, the breadth of the personal and intellectual resources he brought to bear—and the contributions that resulted—are important reasons why we are remembering him here today. But it’s also hard to think of Jim without hearing his laughter and feeling his ironic sense that the paradoxical and the ridiculous often lurk just behind our dignified certainties.

Still, for Jim, to appreciate the ridiculous was not to ridicule its perpetrators, for they are all of us. Even when his friends shared with him their vulnerability—their own ridiculousness—they felt affirmed, never betrayed. His confidence freed us each to grow in our own particular way.

And finally, we are awed by his bravery. During a struggle with non-Hodgkins lymphoma that lasted more than thirteen years, he kept on keeping on. Year after year, he dared to confront new boundaries of understanding, and also to build new friendships, rather than withdraw in grief at his own mortality, as might have been expected.

Bravery would have been more difficult if Jim’s wife, Pat, had fallen apart. But like Jim, she kept on keeping on, extending hospitality, nurturing
close family ties, and, for a number of years, maintaining her own professional life as a social worker.

Jim's thinking was many-sided from the first. His initial professional degree was a B.D. from Colgate Rochester Divinity School. The next two, a master's and doctorate in psychology from Ohio State University, addressed the sciences. Important influences during these years included both Paul Tillich—whose thought provided a foundation for his theology—and psychologist Rollo May, with whom he studied for a year. Jim became a parish pastor at the American Baptist congregation in Granville, Ohio, and at the same time, he continued his training in psychiatry. He served ten fulfilling years in the parish.

Jim rather reluctantly left parish ministry to join the faculty at Colgate Rochester Divinity School and its successor, Colgate Rochester/Bexley Hall Crozer Theological Seminary. In Rochester, he provided creative consultation in group dynamics to the public schools, the court system, and a nursing home. He also dissected a human brain in a class at the medical school. The foci remained: science, religion, and the human person—the continuing motifs of his life.

In the mid-1980s, Jim, Pat, and the younger of their four children moved to Evanston, Illinois, where Jim had an appointment as Professor of Religion and Personality at Garrett-Evangelical Theological Seminary. At about the same time, he discovered the Chicago Center for Religion and Science—and was diagnosed with non-Hodgkins lymphoma.
Jim claimed that his involvement with CCRS and Phil Hefner, and later in writing projects with Carol Albright, helped to lengthen his life. For the first time, he was part of a group who shared his interests at the science/religion interface. Thus began a period of special creativity, as he wrote thirteen articles for *Zygon* and published a number of books. These included his final book on pastoral theology, *Minding the Soul: Pastoral Counseling as Remembering*, and his final book on the interface of neuroscience and religious belief, *The Humanizing Brain: Where Religion and Neuroscience Meet*, co-authored with Carol Albright. Jim kept putting off dying, as he had too much else to do, thank you very much.

Five years ago, in early 1994, leaders of Garrett-Evangelical Seminary, feeling the end was near, sponsored a day to celebrate the life of James B. Ashbrook. Jim’s response was to evoke Huck Finn. Huck, you recall, was given up for dead, presumed drowned in the Mississippi, along with his friends Tom Sawyer and Joe Harper. While the townspeople of Petersburg (a.k.a. Hannibal, Missouri) gathered to mourn their passing, Huck and the others hid in the choir loft to watch. But unable to contain themselves, they soon strolled up the aisle, to the consternation and relief of the congregation. Jim Ashbrook, like Huck, thought the eulogies were nice, but enough was enough!

The speakers at this seminary-sponsored Fest talked of Jim’s contributions as psychologist, as community leader, as teacher, as pastoral counsellor, as theologian. But what came through, in virtually every
presentation, was their remembrance of Jim as friend. Clearly, he’d played the role of catalyst in many lives. Each speaker knew that to Jim the particular project they shared was special.

His own intellectual project was special as well. He followed it where it led; he was a pilgrim. His "real" memorial service—which he planned himself—evoked the continuing theme of pilgrimage, “for God hath not given us the spirit of cowardice, but the spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.” His pioneering work on the boundary between neuroscience and religion was an effort to build what he called “a new natural theology in an evolutionary mode,” drawing on evolutionary psychology, Tillich and Augustine, and other sources from art history to child development. The work was foundational; he knew he wouldn’t complete it all, but he also believed he could lay a few good courses of bricks.

In mid-1998, the cancer established a beachhead in Jim’s liver, and his resourceful physicians ran out of weapons. He finished various projects, and he enjoyed the autumn serenity of his Japanese-style garden. He determined to participate in the holidays with his family, and he did. On New Year’s Day, 1999, he watched the snowflakes quietly pile up outside the window. And at 5 a.m. on January second, after a ten-minute struggle, he left.

Jim understood “religion as a means of humanizing the mysterious ‘Ground of Being,’ to use Tillich’s phrase. That,” he said, “ brings God within human understanding. In turn, new understandings of the brain provide new awareness of the structure, the processes, the activity of seeking for
meaning and for the ultimate. So, in the era of the brain, religion finds its logos, its inner logic, in terms of the accumulating evidence of neuroscience.”

(The Humanizing Brain, xxvi)

In her Foreword to The Humanizing Brain, Harvard’s Anne Harrington observed:

“The question of this book is whether here, too—in our understandings of the brain—might be found material and insights for a ‘reinvention of the sacred’ in terms our age can hear and believe. . . . In fact, as they proceed in their explorations, the authors end up posing as many challenges to more traditional Christian assumptions about God as they do to more traditional scientific assumptions about humanity.”

Here in this audience, gathered during this special week on Star Island, others of you are preparing to continue this quest for “‘reinvention of the sacred’ in terms our age can hear and believe.” Jim would invoke in us some laughter at our occasional follies—and encourage us to carry on.

--Carol Rausch Albright
meaning and for the ultimate. So, in the era of the brain, religion finds its logos, its inner logic, in terms of the accumulating evidence of neuroscience.” (The Humanizing Brain, xxvi)

In her Foreword to The Humanizing Brain, Harvard’s Anne Harrington observed:

“The question of this book is whether here, too—in our understandings of the brain—might be found material and insights for a ‘reinvention of the sacred’ in terms our age can hear and believe. . . . In fact, as they proceed in their explorations, the authors end up posing as many challenges to more traditional Christian assumptions about God as they do to more traditional scientific assumptions about humanity.”

Here in this audience, gathered during this special week on Star Island, others of you are preparing to continue this quest for “‘reinvention of the sacred’ in terms our age can hear and believe.” Jim would invoke in us some laughter at our occasional follies—and encourage us to carry on.

--Carol Rausch Albright
EUGENE D’AQUILI
Eugene d’Aquili, Psychiatrist and Internationally Renowned Theorist on Brain Processes

Eugene d’Aquili, 58, Clinical Associate Professor of Psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania, and whose work on theories of brain function and religious and mystical experiences won him international acclaim, suffered a massive heart attack at his Berwyn, Pa. residence on Saturday morning. He died several hours later at Bryn Mawr Hospital.

Dr. d’Aquili was born in Trenton, NJ, on June 4, 1940 to Marguerite and Guido d’Aquili. His father was a member of the art colony that flourished in New Hope which created the style of the Delaware Valley School of Art. Dr. d’Aquili’s mother was a descendant of French nobility, and his father’s family, the gens aquilia, traces its roots back for over 2000 years. Indeed, notable ancestors of Dr. d’Aquili include the famous Renaissance painter Antoniazzo Romano, a canonized saint, St. Peter d’Aquili, Charlemagne, and two consuls of ancient Rome. Dr. d’Aquili was heir to the titles of Hereditary Baron of the Holy Roman Empire, Count of Poggiovalle and Mogliano, and Papal Baron. In 1992, he was made a Knight Commander of Justice of the Sovereign Military Order of St. John of Jerusalem Rhodes Malta, better known as the 900-year old Knights of Malta.

After attending Trenton Catholic High School, he graduated from Villanova University in 1962. In 1966 he received his M.D. from the University of Pennsylvania, and was awarded the Priestley Prize for Original Scientific Research.

Dr. d’Aquili studied human ritual and religious experience for over 20 years since creating the field of Biogenetic Structuralism. His theoretical work using biogenetic structuralism models gained national and international acclaim. Further, he was one of the pioneers and great proponents of the field of science and religion. He had a prominent role in the Institute for Religion in an Age of Science, and with the Center for the Advanced Studies of Religion in an Age of Science. He has published numerous books including Biogenetic Structuralism, The Spectrum of Ritual, and Brain, Symbol & Experience. Another book, The Mystical Mind, will be published by Fortress Press in early 1999.

He had also published numerous papers and book chapters regarding the relationship between brain function and religious and mystical experiences. In recent years, he and his colleagues began to refine and develop specific models of brain function during religious and mystical experiences. His most recent work includes the exploration of why religion is an integral part of human behavior from an evolutionary and physiological perspective.

He is survived by two daughters, Julianne and Elena. The family requests that donations in lieu of flowers be made to the d’Aquili Memorial Fund, c/o 376 Camp Hill Road, Ft. Washington, PA 19034.
GEORGE A. RIGGAN
INSTITUTE ON RELIGION IN AN AGE OF SCIENCE

A Fond Remembrance of George Riggan

The death of George Riggan has been noted with sadness by members of the Institute on Religion in an Age of Science. His life is being remembered with gratitude. A number of us who knew him have posted our reflections on E-mail to a network of IRAS members.

George was one of the most important leaders of IRAS during its first twenty years. He served as a chaplain and as a conference organizer and chair at its annual conferences. From 1973-75 he was the first academic theologian to become the President of IRAS in its then twenty years of existence. For his leadership and his pioneering work in science and religion he was elected to the lifelong position of Honorary Vice President of IRAS.

George was one of the first mainline theologians to identify with IRAS and its program for doing theology in light of the sciences. He also helped develop the Center for the Study of Theology and Science at Meadville/Lombard Theological School in Chicago, as one of its first visiting residential scholars. And he was a key person in the development of Zygon: Journal of Religion and Science, the leading scholarly publication in the interdisciplinary enterprise of religion and science.

As he helped lead organizations and enterprises, he also positively influenced the lives of many of its members and emerging leaders. He helped a young scientist understand that a Christian could fully accept science and its findings; as a result she joined a church in her community. He gave a young philosopher of religion a chance to present a paper at an IRAS conference, which helped that man at the beginning of his long and fruitful career. He invited a mother who had been attending some of his lectures in churches to take one of his courses at Hartford Seminary. This woman who had earned a graduate degree in science went on to be a United Church of Christ minister. George Riggan was the catalyst in key turning points in the lives of people such as these. They gratefully remember him for the impact he had on their lives.

The Institute on Religion in an Age of Science extends its condolences to the family and friends of George Riggan. We give thanks for his life which has graciously blessed people and institutions.

Karl E. Peters, President
To IRAS MEMBERS

I met George Riggan in 1972, when I attended my first Star Island Conference. He was the Chaplain that year, and I was impressed by his clear, didactic chapel talks. For the following year, he was the chair of the conference program committee. As such, he took a chance and invited me to give one of the lectures. I was fresh out of graduate school, and that invitation helped start me on my career, and I think, helped me get the good job I've had at Rollins College since 1973.

I also knew George as one of the leaders in IRAS's sister organization, CASIRAS. Back then it was hoped that George, along with Ralph Burhoe, would be one of the senior fellows at a well-funded Center for Advanced Study in Religion and Science. But in spite of the efforts of many, the funding never materialized. Still, it was clear that George, along with Ralph, was a key leader in both CASIRAS and IRAS.

I also remember two ideas I got from George. The first is that God is the "System of systems"--an idea worth pondering. The second was in response to one of my papers in which I contrasted religious language as metaphorical with scientific language. George said to me, "All language is metaphorical."

The early 1970's and its difficult economic times adversely affected the careers of both George and Ralph. At Meadville in Chicago, it was decided that the Center for Advanced Study in Theology and Science (CASTS), where Zygon was founded, could no longer be supported. Ralph resigned as a member of the faculty at Meadville, CASTS was reorganized as CASIRAS, and the Lutheran School of Theology with Phil Hefner and Bill Lesher opened its doors to religion and science.

Hartford Seminary, where George taught, underwent a major crisis, terminated the positions of many of its faculty, and sold its great theological library to Emory University. Unlike Ralph, George had no other institution to turn to. He retired, continued to be modestly active in IRAS, and devoted his time to his town, Rowe, MA, where he was a selectman in the town government.

I wonder what George might have done for religion and science if the early 1970s had been more like the late 1990s. He certainly would be recognized as one of the most careful, critical, and imaginative thinkers in the field. To see what he was capable of, read his thirty-eight page "Epilogue to the Symposium on Science and Human Purpose" in the September-December 1973 issue of Zygon. It will be worth your while.

Karl Peters
I first met George Riggan in the early 1960s when he gave a Lenten series of lectures at my UCC church in Granby, CT. After that, I showed up at as many of his lectures and courses in Connecticut churches as I could manage. I also took a course from him on Bonhoeffer in the evening program at Hartford Seminary. George ("Dr. Riggan" to me then) became my lifeline to keeping my brain alive while I was at home caring for three babies after graduate work and research in neurology and neurochemistry. Of all the teachers I have ever had, he stands out as one who never just answered questions. He always turned the question back with a challenge to think it through yourself. After one of the programs he led for UCC laity in the mid 70's, he loaned me a copy of Zygon and wrote me a letter inviting me to take a course with him in the regular program at Hartford Seminary. That led to several more courses there and finishing my M. Div. degree at Yale.

It was through knowing George that I learned about IRAS and first went to Star Island in 1977. I read that issue of Zygon from cover to cover. It was the Sept.-Dec. 1973 issue with papers from the Symposium on Science and Human Purpose by Burhoe, Schlegel, Birch, Dobzhansky, Eccles, Emerson, Lazlo, Katz, Peacocke, Hefner, Riggan and others. Some of the rest of you met George through IRAS. I met IRAS through George.

I remember being blown away by a talk by Gene d'Aquili at that 1977 conference, and on the porch during coffee, George must have noticed the expression on my face, because he took me aside and helped me put together that science with my faith. When I was ordained by the UCC in 1986 in a service in which Phil Hefner preached the sermon, I asked George to give me the "Charge to the Minister." I had the opportunity to visit George and Merle a few times at their retirement home in Rowe, MA. They believed that you shouldn't take social security without giving back what you could, so continued to do significant volunteer work in the community on Boards of Selectmen and Education for many years.

I can think of no one who has influenced the direction of my life more than George, and I am very grateful for his life and friendship.

Marj Davis
CHARLES THURLLOW
Shortly before she died, Barbara attended a Unitarian Universalist writing workshop. Following are two selections from her participation in the workshop:

**What is my immediate purpose on earth?**

My immediate purpose is to become the best me I can be. That is to keep learning, to keep developing insights into how I can make this a better place than it was before I came. I hope I influence people to become who they are. We all have seeds of greatness in us, and we come into the world with unique gifts and talents that need to be nurtured and encouraged. I hope I did this as a mother to my two daughters, Helen and Lucille. I am very pleased with how they “turned out,” and I think both Peter and I played a large part in encouraging the growth of their gifts. I also think that it is important to pass on the wisdom of the past to future generations.

**What are your earliest memories?**

My earliest memories are visual and tactile. The visual one include the slick skin of brown clay that appeared at the top of my sand pail after a rain in Bogate, New Jersey. My parents rented a house a block away from my grandparents house on Beechwood Avenue. My mother and I could walk through the corner of our backyard into the corner of my grandparents’ backyard. My grandmother had gardens -- Lily of the Valley next to the back steps that led up to her kitchen which I remember smelling of something sweet -- she made her own grape jelly, and baked apple pies. I was told to call her Grammy, but Mimi was all I could manage. The name stuck and she was Mimi for the rest of her life.

Mimi’s gardens were a delight. She had tulips in spring, and a peony bed which bloomed every year -- great, glorious, white, pink and dark rose flowers that I could barely see over the tops. She roses, sweet smelling pink and yellow and a “Paul’s Scarlet Climber.” There was a green grape plum tree in the back yard, but I don’t remember eating any of the plums. She also had Chinese lanterns, a wonderful plant for a child -- it bore bright orange seed pods, shaped like little lanterns. The most wonderful thing about Mimi’s gardens was that she allowed me to pick some of the flowers. I was allowed to pick all of the dandelions in the lawn. I didn’t know I was doing her a favor. Then she let me pick some from the garden -- she showed me how to pick them with long stems so they could be put in a vase of water in the house.
Peter’s sister wrote the following poem which she read at Barbara’s memorial service:

Barbara Avakian, My Sister-In-Law
(Like a Blood Sister)
by Mary Avakian Freericks

You were the driver - driving high and fast. - You led the way.

Swimming - racing - horseback riding
throwing on the wheel - firing your own kiln
the lovely red glaze - the pie plate with 3.14159...on its border
decorating floors - with woven gardens - Herizes, Kermans, Baktiaris.

You lectured, - you sang. - I drew you singing - and the elders clapped.

Whalers’ blood coursed - in your veins.
You went boating on Bombay Hook streams.
Took me and John - navigating the bumpy jaunt - splashing the pleasure of it all -
your laughter.

Raised two lovely daughters.

Opened your home to waifs
skittish Nero - the huge black dog - teaching him to trust.

Bluebell and Daffodil, the Siamese - meows cozing to Brandy
the Golden Shepherd
And you newest love, - the Dalmatian Spotty - pulling your arm as you
held the leash - protecting him from the dangers of Limestone Road

From our family reunion driving me - to Providence airport. Talking
about your love of horses. Telling me,
you’d like to ride again.

An now I see you singing - in the heavenly choir
and riding golden-maned mares,
Teaching the angels
how to mount.
Barbara with Allegra & Spotty at home.

Barbara, Helen, Lucille & Peter at Christmas.

Barbara in her showroom.
REFLECTIONS ON THOMAS FANGMAN
(An IRAS Memorial Service on Star Island)

Would that I could with you to read this! Many thanks to the friend who does so.

My thoughts have often turned to Tom and Paula Fangman since his illness and now his death. It is a cruel thing that befell him, he who has given and done so much for so many. But that would not be what Tom would have said. When we spoke on the phone not much more than a week before he died, he seemed as laid back as ever, realistic about his life expectancy, yet seemingly sworn to live it out as best he could, including returning to Star Island still again.

Paula knows better than all of us what a fine and beautiful human being Tom was. I first met him and Paula when I made my first trip to IRAS on Star in the middle seventies. I came alone and knowing little, yet found by the time the ship arrived I had two new friends in this couple. I learned to know him as unassuming, modest sometimes to a fault, and truly unselfish. He was devoted to his wife and children, his God and religion, his students and the minds of those he touched. He was gentle while sometimes crusty, demanding yet tolerant of lesser abilities or efforts, hewing to higher standards for himself, and always happy to share his knowledge with others. Among other things he was of great service to IRAS through the years serving the often thankless (even though we heartily thanked him!) job as our Treasurer.

I miss Tom mainly for reason of what I said at the outset; he was a fine and beautiful human being. And there is more. He was a pioneer in science teaching, early realizing how much our country needed to inspire and enlighten its high school students, to be comfortable with science and put its principles to work. He excelled in distinguishing between faith and foibles. There is so much to say about Tom's perspective and many lives in one. Paula: did Tom have diaries? Journals? Unpublished writings? His life cries out for someone to write his biography.

I cannot help but be reminded of how Keats described the beauty and creativity that human beings are capable of achieving, and which Tom Fangman surely personified: "I am certain of nothing but the holiness of the heart's affections and the truth of the imagination."

Robert Sorensen
In Memoriam

T. James Fangman

Tom Fangman, Educator
(Deceased 2002)
In Memoriam  
J. Thomas Fangman

Tom Fangman, who died at the age of 68 in Louisville, KY, was a rare individual who successfully balanced a full life in career, faith, and family. Tom lost his battle with cancer on March 26, 2002.

Tom played a major leadership role in the National Science Education Leadership Association for more than a decade. Tom's involvement began as New Jersey SciLink Director and later he was elected as Region B Director to the Executive Board. He was the coordinator for the highly successful NSELA Mini-Conference at NSTA Philadelphia in 1995. In 1997, Tom was the recipient of NSELA's most prestigious award, the Outstanding Science Supervisor Award. He served as the NSELA treasurer for the past eight years.

Active in the New Jersey Science Education Leadership Association, Tom served as the chairman of numerous committees, organization treasurer, and as president in 1977-78. He was honored with a number of presidential and distinguished service awards.

His career in science education began in New Jersey where he was the science department chair for New Providence, Mountain Lakes, and Hunterdon Central High Schools. He was an enthusiastic leader in the New Jersey Science Teachers Association in addition to serving as their president. He also co-founded the New Jersey Science Convention in 1976. From 1976-1998, Tom was General Management Chair for the convention where he coordinated the logistics committees.

Tom's devotion to his faith was equally impressive. He was a priest for the Diocese of Covington, KY, for 13 years prior to becoming an educator. In recent years, he served as treasurer for the Institute on Religion in the Age of Science (IRAS), chair of the Federation on Christian Ministry, and was active in his local church as a choir member, hospice volunteer, and leader of the fund raising campaign for a new organ.

Jerry Doyle knew Tom well. "Tom and I often shared a room at the NSTA/NSELA national conventions when we both served on the NSELA Executive Board. During our many conversations, he talked proudly about his and Paula's adopted family of 7 troubled Vietnamese teenage orphans. They have since all graduated from college, some have married and have provided Tom and Paula with many grandchildren. Members of Tom's family attended memorial services in both Kentucky and New Jersey."

Tom was a unique person whose warmth, intellect, strong family ties, and religious beliefs were models for all of us. We will miss him and his many contributions.

Memorial donations may be made to Hospice of Louisville, Catholic Church of the Annunciation Organ Fund or the American Cancer Society.
CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF J. THOMAS FANGMAN, Ph.D.
1933-2002

NJSELA Life Member, Tom Fangman, a nationally prominent science educator and leader for a quarter century, died at the Hospice Inpatient Unit in Louisville, Kentucky on 26 March 2002. He was 68.

Tom was President of the New Jersey Science Supervisors Association (now NJSELA) in 1978 and also President of the New Jersey Science Teachers Association in 1981. It is noteworthy that only two people have ever presided over both organizations, NJSSA/NJSELA and NJSTA.

His contributions to the New Jersey Science Convention are enormous. He was one of eight people, representing both associations, who met on 9 November 1976, to form a new entity, the New Jersey Science Convention. Not only was he a founding member of this group but he served on the NJS Convention Steering Committee for 25 years. Joe Krajkovich, another of the eight charter members who worked with Tom for many years, writes that “Tom was a key person on the NJS Convention Steering Committee, one of a handful of people who were central figures on the Committee since they were responsible for important facets of the convention. Tom’s primary responsibility was the convention banquets. He also coordinated the convention awards and was responsible for the history boards. Tom could always be counted on to complete any task he was assigned and was the first to volunteer for additional assignments.” Also noteworthy is the reasoned vision and clear thinking he brought to the Steering Committee as well as all the other endeavors he was engaged in over his entire career.

It is because of Tom’s dedicated service to the Convention for a quarter century that the NJS Convention has named an award in his honor. The Thomas Fangman Memorial Award will be presented for the first time at the 2002 Convention to honor someone outside the Steering Committee for dedicated service to the Convention.

Born in Covington, Kentucky on 22 October 1933, Thomas Fangman was the son of John and Celeste Timmerman Fangman. Prior to going into chemistry and science education, Tom studied theology, was ordained, and served as a priest for the Diocese of Covington, Kentucky for 13 years. Afterward, Tom earned a masters degree in chemistry from Notre Dame University and a Ph.D. in chemistry from the University of Kentucky. His dissertation involved spectrophotometric analysis of inorganic
compounds. Many years later he earned a masters degree in educational administration from Rutgers.

Tom taught chemistry at Thomas More College in Kentucky. After many years in that state, he and his wife, Paula Hunt Fangman, moved to New York. They lived there for a year, then, in 1972 they moved to New Jersey and resided for a time in Warren Township before settling in Franklin Township, Hunterdon County.

Following a period when he taught chemistry in Dunellen, Tom served as Science Supervisor in three districts: New Providence for ten years; Mountain Lakes for two years; and Hunterdon Central for twelve years. In all these positions Tom contributed much and left a mark of excellence. In New Providence he revamped the K-6 science curriculum, using an innovative mix of two NSF-funded hands-on curriculum projects. One of these, the Elementary Science Study, is perhaps the most enlightened approach to introductory science ever developed. Tom saw this and acted on it. At Hunterdon Central he revamped the entire curriculum, introducing considerable technology, and much more. Pages could be written about what he contributed to Hunterdon Central.

Tom had an extensive library and was known for his ability and desire to keep up with the latest issues and trends in science education. But he also had a sense of history and had the wisdom to know when change was desirable. He attended many conferences and was always learning and indirectly helping others to learn, even after his retirement in 1997.

Among his many interests were brain studies and the differences in male and female brains, learning styles, cooperative learning, wait-time, and the interface between science and religion. These diverse interests are reflected in a handbook he compiled, while at Hunterdon Central, for SciLINC: Science Leadership Institute Network Centers. This is a national endeavor developed by the National Science Supervisors Association (later NSELA). SciLINC provides a long-term leadership development program that will link national, regional and local leaders in science education. This was Tom’s vision and he was the New Jersey Director.

The design was to establish centers in every state that will strive to improve science education at the “grass roots” level. SciLINC was to reach out to science supervisors, department chairpersons, teacher advocates, lead teachers, and others in leadership roles who are responsible for science education in local districts.

Under Tom’s leadership and direction, SciLINC conducted the first state leadership workshop on 16 and 17 October, circa 1994 at the PSE&G Training Center in Edison. As part of this workshop the following trends and ideas were discussed: cognition, supervision, science curriculum, management, instruction, educational technology, safety, networking, assessment, values, and business/industry interaction. Concerns indicated by the participants were addressed as well. The
Internet was also proposed to facilitate interaction among district centers. Who will continue this initiative?

Another notable endeavor that Tom played a prominent role in spearheading and bringing to fruition (along with others) was a Secondary School Safety Manual published by Hoffman-LaRoche in the late '80s, early '90s.

At the national level, Tom was at one time elected District Director of the National Science Teachers Association; he also served for seven years as Treasurer of the National Science Education Leadership Association, a post which he held until shortly before his death. When facing imminent death, he met in Kentucky with a successor from NSELA.

For almost four decades Tom had a deep concern about the relationships between the concepts developed by science and the goals and hopes of humanity expressed through religion. Thus, for twenty-eight years, Tom and Paula participated in a week-long summer conference sponsored by the Institute on Religion in an Age of Science, which was held on Star Island, ten miles off the coast of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. IRAS is a non-denominational, independent society established on 9 November 1954. Harlow Shapley, the world-renowned Harvard astronomer, was its first president, 1960-1962. For each conference, topics are selected that are relevant to scientific thinking and to basic religious questions. Tom was very active in IRAS and served as its treasurer for eighteen years. In 1998 the society presented to him its Award for Outstanding Service. At the conference later in July, Tom will again be honored as Honorary Treasurer. Paula will be there to accept the award. She is the IRAS Membership Committee Chair.

In light of Tom’s long-time interest in the activities of IRAS, it was not surprising to see and unpublished paper he wrote, dated 27 September 1999, “A Science and Religious Educator Looks at Evolution.” This paper was included, along with many other items, in a document compiled by the author for a session presented at the 25th Annual NJS Convention, Tuesday, 9 October 2001, “The Evolution-Creationism Controversy.” Unexpected but a pleasant surprise, Tom turned up in the audience sitting at the back of the room. After being invited to participate, he contributed much to a very spirited discussion, particularly since the Chair, a science teacher from Garfield, was a creationist.

At last year’s convention, Tom also contributed to the annual NJSELA “round table” Forum; and at the Banquet he led an informal, extremely intellectual discussion for those at his table. This centered on an article which he considered quite significant and highly recommended. It appeared two days before the convention in the New York Times Magazine, “Who Says It's Not About Religion?” by Andrew Sullivan (7 October 2001).
In the years ahead, we may see evidence of Tom’s wisdom and insight in placing so much emphasis on Andrew Sullivan’s discussion of religious fundamentalism in relation to the epic battle the United States faces. This was the focus of Tom’s informal “seminar” at the banquet table.

In addition to the accolades already mentioned, Tom was elected an NJSTA Fellow and also received NJSTA’s highest honor, the Citation Scroll, “awarded to a person who has made an outstanding contribution to science and/or science education.” In 1990, the NJSSA presented to Tom its award for New Jersey Outstanding Science Supervisor and in 1997 the National Association gave Tom its award for National Outstanding Science Supervisor. He was also honored by the Chemical Manufacturers Association as a Regional Outstanding Chemistry Teacher.

On 15 May 1997 Tom gave a very useful and well-thought-out presentation at the Annual Spring Banquet of the New Jersey Science Supervisors Association (shortly thereafter to become NJSELA). Highlights of this talk will be published in a forthcoming issue of the NJSELA Newsletter.

Tom’s last supervisory/teaching position was at Hunterdon Central High School. He retired in August 1997. A year later, he and Paula returned to their old Kentucky roots where they built a home in Bagdad, a hamlet 43 miles from Louisville.

Although Tom was deeply immersed in and dedicated to his work, there were other facets of his rich and rewarding life. He and Paula nurtured and guided seven Vietnamese foster children to the point where they all became United States citizens, and five of the children finished college.

For eighteen years Tom and Paula sang in the four county Diocesan Festival Choir. They were also hospice volunteers in Hunterdon and Louisville. Their interest in this noble service was sparked by Elizabeth Kubler Ross (“death and dying”) whom they met at an IRAS summer conference on Star Island.

For twenty-five continuous years, Tom and Paula hosted authentic Kentucky Derby parties each Derby Day in May. Tom, both a Kentucky Bourbon connoisseur and aficionado, made the finest Mint Juleps in North America. Their last Derby Day party in New Jersey was on 3 May 1997. What an event!

This tribute to Tom Fangman would not be complete without highlighting the fact that, transcending all else, he was a quintessential gentleman, scholar, moral man, and a paragon of integrity. Tom will be sorely missed.

Mitch Batoff
President Elect, NJSELA
13 July 2001
JOHN FRYER
Obituaries

John E. Fryer, 65, psychiatrist

By Rusty Pray
INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

John E. Fryer, 65, a psychiatrist whose appearance as Dr. H. Anonymous before the American Psychiatric Association was a seminal moment in the history of the gay-rights movement, died Friday of aspiration pneumonia at Albert Einstein Medical Center.

He had been a resident of the Germantown section of Philadelphia for many years.

A professor emeritus of psychiatry at Temple University Medical School, Dr. Fryer appeared before the association at a meeting in Dallas in 1972 wearing a wig and full face mask. He spoke through a voice-distorting microphone to further disguise his identity.

"I am a homosexual. I am a psychiatrist," he said, galvanizing the audience and marking the first time a gay psychiatrist had spoken to colleagues in a public forum. He went on to describe to them the difficulties of trying to practice in a field that at the time listed homosexuality as a mental illness.

"It made a big difference," said gay-rights activist Barbara Gittings, who recruited Dr. Fryer for the appearance and was at the table with him when he spoke.

"Here, for the first time, was a gay psychiatrist telling his colleagues why his career would be ruined if people knew he was gay."

It opened up things a great deal, because it made many psychiatrists realize gays were not some abstract idea, but were in fact in their profession — there was one right in front of them."

Dr. Fryer’s appearance indirectly helped set the stage for the American Psychiatric Association’s board of trustees in 1973 removing homosexuality from the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders, the profession’s bible.

"The delisting of homosexuality removed a major obstacle in our gaining equality and full civil rights," Gittings said.

For Dr. Fryer, the appearance was "something that had to be done," he wrote in a 1985 bulletin of the Association of Gay and Lesbian Psychiatrists.

"I had been thrown out of a residency because I was gay. I lost a job because I was gay. ... It had to be said, but I couldn’t do it as me. I was not yet full time on the [Temple] faculty. I am now tenured, and tenured by a chairman who knows I’m gay. That’s how things have changed."

Dr. Fryer, a native of Kentucky, was a brilliant student who graduated from high school at age 15 and earned a bachelor’s degree in premed from Transylvania College in Kentucky at 19. He received a medical degree from Vanderbilt University in 1962.

Five years later, he joined the Temple faculty. He not only got his tenure, he gained full professorships in psychiatry and in family and community medicine. He retired in 2000.

Since his talk, the need for wigs and masks and voice-altering amplification has all but disappeared.

"We made the point. We made ourselves visible. And then we moved forward from there," Gittings said.

Dr. Fryer was also an accomplished musician who played the organ. For 30 years, he was organist and choir director at St. Peter’s Church in Germantown.

Dr. Fryer was active in numerous organizations. He founded or helped to found Physicians in Transition, Temple’s Family Life Development Center, the Institute of Religion and Science, and the Philadelphia AIDS Task Force.

He was recognized many times, including in 2002 by Vanderbilt University Medical School with a distinguished alumns award and by the Association of Gay and Lesbian Psychiatrists with a distinguished service award.

He is survived by a sister, Kathy Helmbock. Memorial donations may be made to Manna, Box 30181, Philadelphia 19103.

— John F. Morrison

Fryer

Dr. John E. Fryer, Temple professor

Services will be held tomorrow for Dr. John E. Fryer, professor emeritus of psychiatry at Temple University and a major influence in gaining acceptance in the medical establishment for gay psychiatrists.

He died Friday of aspiration pneumonia. He was 65 and lived in Germantown.

Services will be at 4:30 p.m. at the Episcopal Church of the Good Shepherd, 3820 Oak Road. Burial will be private.

In 1972, Fryer appeared before a meeting of the American Psychiatry Association in Dallas wearing a mask and wig, his voice distorted to avoid identification.

He told the assemblage he was a gay psychiatrist who had suffered discrimination and had to remain anonymous because at the time homosexuality was listed by the profession as a mental illness.

That designation was lifted the following year.

Fryer, a native of Kentucky, received his pre-med bachelor's degree from Transylvania College in Kentucky at the age of 19. He got his medical degree from Vanderbilt in 1962. He joined the Temple faculty in 1967 and became a full professor of psychiatry and family and community medicine. He retired in 2000.

Fryer was a founder of the Philadelphia AIDS Task Force and received a Distinguished Service Award from the Association of Gay and Lesbian Psychiatrists.

He is survived by a sister, Kathy Helmbock. Donations may be made to Manna, Box 30181, Philadelphia 19103.
John Fryer, 65, Psychiatrist Who Said He Was Gay in 1972, Dies

By DUDLEY CLENDINEN

Dr. John E. Fryer, a psychiatrist who electrified his colleagues by telling the 1972 convention of the American Psychiatric Association in a mask that he was a homosexual at a time homosexuality was classified as a mental illness, died on Feb. 21 in Philadelphia. He was 65.

The cause was aspiration pneumonia, which he suffered after a degenerative lung disease, his sister Katherine F. Helmbock, said.

No gay American psychiatrist had risked speaking publicly before Dr. Fryer's appearance. When Dr. Fryer, wearing a baggy suit, a rubbery mask and a huge wig and using a microphone that distorted his voice, spoke at the association's meeting in Dallas, it was a dramatic moment in the gay rights movement, and it helped change psychiatrists' attitude toward homosexuality.

For 20 years after finding in 1952 that homosexuals were "ill primarily in terms of society and of conformity with the prevailing social milieu," the psychiatric association included homosexuality in its Diagnostic and Statistical Manual, an official list of mental illnesses. Though the diagnosis was based on a departure from social norms, it stamped homosexuals as emotional deviants and lent medical authority to laws that made homosexual acts and even homosexuals' public gatherings illegal.

The classification was attacked as early as 1964, when Dr. Franklin E. Kameny, an astronomer trained at Harvard who had been ostracized because of his sexuality, insisted on television that homosexuality was "not a disease, a pathology, a sickness, a malfunction or a disorder of any sort."

Not until 1971, when Dr. Kameny seized the microphone in Washington, did gay protesters confront psychiatrists at their annual convention. As a result, gay advocates were invited to a panel with psychiatrists at the 1972 convention.

Psychiatrists were not used to hearing from homosexuals who felt sane and normal. When Dr. Fryer slipped through a side curtain at the convention appearing as Dr. H. Anonymous and announcing, "I am a homosexual, I am a psychiatrist," fellow therapists were riveted.

More than 100 gay psychiatrists were at the convention, Dr. Fryer told the audience, "and several of us feel that it is time that real flesh and blood stand up before you and ask to be listened to and understood, insofar as that is possible."

His remarks were reprinted last year in The Journal of Gay and Lesbian Psychotherapy.

The risk of speaking was real. Dr. Fryer, then an untenured faculty member at Temple
University, did not formally say he was the psychiatrist behind the mask until the association's annual meeting in Philadelphia 22 years later.

"I had been thrown out of a residency because I was gay," he wrote in 1985 in the bulletin of the Association of Gay and Lesbian Psychiatrists. "I lost a job because I was gay. It had to be said. But I couldn't do it as me. I was not yet full time on the faculty."

In December 1973, after more protests and debate, the board of the psychiatric association voted to remove homosexuality from its list of mental disorders and to urge that "homosexuals be given all protections now guaranteed other citizens." The members ratified the decision in April 1974.

Dr. Fryer was born in Kentucky. He graduated from Transylvania College in Lexington, Ky. At the Temple University medical school, he became professor of psychiatry. Last year, on the 30th anniversary of his speech, he received a alumnus award from the Vanderbilt University Medical School and a distinguished service award from the Association of Gay and Lesbian Psychiatrists.

He is survived by his sister.
IRAS MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR JOHN FRYER

Star Island Chapel, August 1, 2003

Rev. Philip Hefner presiding

Introit: Isaac Toppa, trumpet

Hymn: *Blessed Assurance*

Remembrances of John

*Allelulia*, Randall Thompson

IRAS Choir

Remembrances of John

*In Paradisium*, Gabriel Fauré

IRAS Choir

To Thee Together, J. S. Bach
Two Shakespeare Sonnets, Carl Smith

Thomas Heuser, countertenor
Carl Smith, keyboard

Hymn: *When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder*

Postlude: Isaac Toppa, trumpet
When the Roll is Called Up Yonder

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather
for Messiah from the dawn till setting sun, Let us

2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
glory of His resurrection share; When His chosen ones shall gather
talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is over,

3. Let us labor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun, Let us
the other shore, And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Blessed Assurance

FANNY J. CROSBY

1. Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
the roll is called up yonder, When the
2. Perfect submission, perfect delight, Visions of rapture now
roll is called up yonder, When the
3. Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my Savior am
roll is called up yonder, When the

Glorious divine! Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Sing, Praise my Savior all the day long; This is my story,
Chorus

Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love. This is my story, this is my
this is my song, Praise my Savior all the day long.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP
Memorial Service – Star Island – John Fryer
August, 2003

John E Fryer, psychiatrist, musician, sometimes poet, long term IRAS member, and regular presence at the IRAS Conferences, died on February 19, 2002, in Philadelphia, of a short acute illness. He is survived by his sister, Katherine F. Helmbock.

John was born in Winchester, Kentucky, graduated from high school at age 15, and from Transylvania College in Lexington KY at 19. He received his medical degree from Vanderbilt University in 1962. Five years later he joined the faculty of Temple University where he became full professor. In 1972 he shocked his colleagues at the American Psychiatric Association Convention, wearing a baggy suit, huge wig and full face mask as Dr. H. Anonymous, announcing, “I am a homosexual, I am a Psychiatrist”. This was the first time a gay psychiatrist had spoken to colleagues in a public forum and led to the subsequent removal from the Diagnostic and Statistic Manual in 1973, of the listing of Homosexuality as a mental Illness. During that talk in 1972, he stated that he had been thrown out of a residency program and had lost a job because he was gay.

Recently, John participated in a panel discussion of this issue on NPR "This American Life", which aired on January 18,2002. In late 2002 at an alumni reunion at Vanderbilt Medical School he received an alumni award on the 30th anniversary of his initial speaking out. He also recently received a distinguished service award from the Association of Gay and Lesbian Psychiatrists.

As a professor of Psychiatry and of Family and Community Medicine, John's areas of focus included alcoholism, dual diagnosis patients, the relationship between religion and psychiatry, hospice care, care of HIV patients, death, and care of the dying patient. He was a cofounder of The International Work Group on Death Dying and Bereavement. He was interested in topics nobody else wanted to teach. He was an advocate for medical students caring for their own emotional and mental health and usually had students living in his home. He retired from Temple in 2000, but continued to maintain a small private practice, and continued to be involved with Temple students. He played the Great Organ at the Academy of Music for every Temple U. and every Temple Medical School graduation for over 25 years.

John was an accomplished musician throughout his life. He supported himself through undergraduate school as a church organist. He had been organist and choir director at St. Peters Church, Germantown for 30 years, until 1994, and continued to play at other Philadelphia churches, and to sing in a Baroque music group.

John first attended an IRAS Conference at Star Island in 1958 and attended many if not most years since then, his last year being 2000 when he came back late, just in time for the Great Gospel Sing. He joined IRAS on August 6, 1966. As a member of IRAS he chaired three conferences: 1971 “Conflicts of Values and Sources of Power”, 1980 “Change, Aging, and the Passage of Time”, and in 1990 “Creativity, Non-Conformity, and Madness”, co-chaired with Betty Lau. John was our choir director/organist for about 20 years, breathing a new and dramatic life into our old chapel organ and inspiring the choir to unexpected levels of excellence. One of his special joys on the Island was to lead us into boisterous singing of old gospel hymns after a morning chapel, singing along and at times nearly drowning us out.
John served on IRAS Council 1978–1982, and again 1989-1995. He gave multiple professional papers and spoke at nine Candlelight Services. In 1996 he received the IRAS Service Award. He had been a member of The Star Island Corporation since 1970.

At his funeral in Philadelphia, John was remembered by Rt. Reverend Edward L. Lee, a long term close friend, who did the homily. He spoke of John as precocious, a multitaled man, generous, brilliant, but prone to “hissy fits”, and angers of short duration, and insistent in his high expectations of his friends and colleagues. He noted that John was a very religious, spiritual man, very involved in the Episcopal Church, but acting within his beliefs solidly on his own terms.

John had recently had great dreams for his future, a move and continued professional practice in Australia, which never materialized. His revised plan, which he was actively pursuing at the time of his death, was the selling of his home in Philadelphia so he could move to Nashville TN, with has two Dobermans, to a one floor house near old friends.

John was a man of many dreams, plan, hopes and disappointments. He loved to travel, see new places, meet new people. Wherever he was he met and talked to people. He collected people, making new friends, creating family. He had good friends scattered on many continents, kept in touch with all of us. He always dreamt of change, in himself, his life, and the organizations he encountered. He was not always easy to be with, but he was a generous man, a loving person, a close friend, a sharing person who will be missed.

He had recently written in an article for the January, 2002, issue of “Illness, Crisis, and Loss”: “As I enter the last half of my sixties I find that many, many of my closest friends have died and others don’t seem as close as they once did.” “But another part of me is grateful for the freedom which this offers me. I will leave this eighteen room house. I will live in a different part of the world, make new friends, massage new interests, live in a different way... but I do not plan to stop my quest for the transfigured self nor do I seek to remove myself from this quest and others. Perhaps then I can know a good life and a good death, the life worth living.”

John's home has been sold. His two Dobermans have gone together to a loving home. His 70 boxes of personal papers have been accepted by the Philadelphia Historical Society.
Memorial Church of the Good Shepherd
The Oak Road, Philadelphia, 19129

JOHN E. FRYER, M.D.
1937 – 2003
†

ORDER FOR THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

28 February 2003                  4:30 P.M.

Prelude  Blessed Ye Who Live in Faith Unswerving       J. Brahms
Setting of American Folk Hymns:
There is a Balm in Gilead            S. B. Owens
Jerusalem, My Happy Home            W. Held
Deck Thyself, My Soul, With Gladness     J. S. Bach

Order of Service       Book of Common Prayer, p. 491

Anthem: “I am Resurrection and I am Life, says the Lord.”

Hymn 210                  Ellacombe
The Collect
The First Reading            Wisdom 3:1-5,9
Psalm 121                   BCP 779
The Second Reading          1 Corinthians 15:20
The Gospel                  John 5:24-27
The Homily                   The Rt. Rev. Edward L. Lee
The Apostles’ Creed         BCP 496

The Prayers of the People   BCP 497
The Peace                   Azmon
Offertory Hymn 493          BCP 361
The Great Thanksgiving (Eucharistic Prayer A)
Sanctus S-128               W. Mathias
The Lord’s Prayer
Agnus Dei S-165             W. Mathias
Communion Hymn 325          Let us Break Bread
Prayer after Communion

Almighty God, we thank you that in your great love have
fed us with the spiritual food and drink of the Body and
Blood of your Son Jesus Christ, and have given us a
foretaste of your heavenly Banquet. Grant that this Sacra-
ment may be to us a comfort in affliction, and a pledge of
our inheritance in that kingdom where there is no death,
neither sorrow nor crying, but the fullness of joy with all
your saints; through Jesus Christ our Savior. Amen.

The Commendation           BCP499
The Blessing and Dismissal

Hymn 287                  Sine Nomine
Postlude         Now Thank We All our God             S. Karg-Elert
†
Organist: Kathleen Moyer

You are invited to a reception in the Parish Hall.
HENRY EVERETT
A Celebration of the Life of
HENRY C. EVERETT III, M.D.
February 14th, 1928 - December 9th, 2003

Unitarian Universalist Church
Reading, MA
December 20th, 2003
Prelude

Opening Words  Reverend Doris Hunter

Hymn # 21  “For the Beauty of the Earth”

Readings  Reverend Hunter

Hymn  “There’s a Wideness in Your Mercy”
   (insert in your program)

Prayer

Silent Meditation

Remembrances  Reverend Hunter
   Peter Everett
   Harold Zeckel, M.D.
   Beverly

Hymn # 108  “My Life Flows on in Endless Song”

Benediction

Postlude

Organist:  George White
Ushers:  Robert Cary, John Perry,
        Charles Beauregard, Tom Mottl
Guest Book:  Gene Richey

“There’s a Wideness in Your Mercy”

There’s a wideness in your mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There’s a kindness in your justice
Which is more than liberty.

But we make your love too narrow
By false limits of our own,
And we magnify your strictness
With a zeal you will not own.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of our minds
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
Dr. Henry C. Everett, prominent Andover area psychiatrist, died on Tuesday night, December 9th, from complications of prostate cancer.

As a passionate advocate for the mentally ill who fought against discrimination by insurers, Dr. Everett helped to dispel the social stigma that has accompanied mental illness. By speaking at public gatherings and on radio programs, as well as through countless private efforts, Dr. Everett played a significant role in this sensitive and often controversial issue.

He was named Psychiatrist of the Year in 2002 by the Massachusetts chapter of the National Alliance for the Mentally Ill for his work in educating teachers, the clergy and community leaders on mental health topics.

Throughout his battle with cancer, Dr. Everett continued to care for his patients and inspire his family and friends, living according to the humanistic philosophy he outlined in his books. He was an eternal optimist, a sentiment he expressed in quoting the Dalai Lama, "My religion is simple; my religion is kindness."

Dr. Everett joyously shared the natural world of the outdoors with his family, as well as the world of ideas. He had a particular enthusiasm for science and philosophy, and enjoyed staying current in astronomy, cosmology, and ethics. He was a member of the Institute on Religion in an Age of Science, and believed that science and medicine need not conflict with spirituality and religion, but rather complement each other. He celebrated the spirit of overcoming great obstacles by handing water to the runners of over twenty Boston Marathons, just past the top of "Heartbreak Hill."

Dr. Everett was born in Boston on February 14, 1928, the second child of Henry C. Everett Jr. and Clara Barnes Everett. He was one of the closest living relatives of the former Governor of Massachusetts, Edward Everett, and a descendant of Tristram Coffin, among the first European settlers of Nantucket.

It was on Nantucket, following a personal revelation at the age of 15, that he dedicated himself to a life of service, eventually choosing a career as a physician, rather than that of the ministry or as a medical missionary, which he had also considered.

Dr. Everett interrupted his undergraduate education at Harvard to serve in the Army in Korea, returning to receive his undergraduate degree in 1951, and later his medical degree from Johns Hopkins in 1955. After a two-year medical internship at Rhode Island Hospital and a year in general practice, he returned to Johns Hopkins for specialty training in psychiatry.

He then spent three years in Madison, Wisconsin, teaching, doing research and beginning a private practice. In 1965 he returned to Massachusetts, practicing in Cambridge and teaching at Harvard Medical School. In 1975 he relocated to Andover, where he continued in private practice until October 2003.

His two books, From Adversity to Invincibility: From Cutting Edge Psychiatry to an Empowering Philosophy, and How to Reach Your Goals, along with 25 professional publications are based on research in neurology, group therapy, support groups, family therapy, and psychopharmacology. He was also an active member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, Massachusetts Psychiatric Society, Mensa, and was a supporter of the Boston Museum of Science.

Dr. Everett is survived by his wife, Beverly, his sister Claire Low, five children, Peter, Christopher, Elizabeth, Jonathan and Michael, their mother Joan Reals, and five grandchildren, Theodore, Vivian, Catherine, Cynthia and Ken.
A Remembrance
Beverly Everett

Oliver Wendell Holmes said many people die with their music still in them. Why is this so? Too often it is because they are always getting ready to live. Before they know it, time runs out. Tagore wrote: “I have spent my days stringing and unstringing my instrument, while the song I came to sing remains unsung.”

Henry’s song did not remain unsung. His sister Claire remembers well, how, as a young man visiting Nantucket he literally sang his song on Main Street as people gathered in the evenings. As he was growing up, he enthusiastically sang hymns as he attended Trinity Church with his family and many years later he enjoyed singing them here in this church. He and his sister, somewhat to the dismay of other members of the family present, would sometimes sing in restaurants. (Here I added something about going out for Thanksgiving and singing “We Gather Together”.)

But Henry sang other songs – sometimes they were songs of frustration and dismay at the plight of his patients due to managed care and lack of parity in insurance plans. However, these were often followed by songs of hope as he saw these same patients make progress.

His song as he saw his children grow was one of satisfaction, pride, and great joy.

At other times he sang songs of wonder and fascination as he explained something he had just read in Scientific American —which, try as I might, I seldom grasped and he waited patiently until he could talk with one of the children about it. They would understand.

Now, Henry’s life flows on in endless song, through his sister, his children and grandchildren, all those he helped along the way — and through you and me.
Remembrance of Henry C. Everett, III by Peter C. Everett:

Many fathers try to mold their children into images of themselves. If anything, my father tried to mold us into people who would be interesting to talk to, and an intellectually curious person like Daddy would not find an echo of himself very interesting. Ironically, now that I find myself to be a 43 year old medical student, he might have saved me some time if he had directed me more towards medicine.

My father enjoyed life very much, and his joy became multiplied when he could share it with others. He enjoyed simple things, like frolicking in the waves of a Nantucket beach, or walking under the stars on Sandy Island. He enjoyed the challenge of balancing the forces of wind and water to make a sailboat go, and didn't mind if he wasn't always successful. He enjoyed the things that made him feel close to that which was fundamental, eternal, and true. He had a dislike of artifice, fluff and formality.

But for Daddy, the pleasures of the senses took a back seat to the pleasures found in the world of ideas. His reaction to the discovery of a new insight, or a new connection was practically physical. His whole body would move with delight. His mind was drawn to the very biggest questions: What is the universe made of? What is our essential nature as human beings? How should we regard each other and ourselves? By pursuing these questions, I think he found what was best in himself, and led me to find what was best in myself.

My father had an awareness of the enormity of human suffering, and devoted much of his imagination to lightening the burden of suffering in the world. He was constantly inventing tools to assist in this process and encouraged others to apply their creativity as well. Most of these tools were intellectual or philosophical, and following the long-standing tradition of medical self-experimentation, he applied them to his own thinking first.

My father found for himself a path to spiritual invincibility and
followed his natural urge to share it, which he did in his book.
Throughout his illness with cancer, he was never defeated and always optimistic. He never stopped acting on what he called our "instrumental nature," the natural impulse to do good in the world.

He liked to close many of his public speaking engagements with the last part of Tennyson's poem, Ulysses. I will do the same.

... You and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil.
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the guls will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are --
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.
Emily Dickinson wrote “One need not be a chamber to be haunted, one need not be a home; the brain has corridors surpassing material place.” Every Memorial Service affirms this truth. We all have special memories of Henry Everett that will haunt the corridors of our minds and hearts for days and years to come. These memories are so private, so individual and reveal emotions that are ours only in relationship to Henry. As the interim minister of the Reading Unitarian Universalist Church, arriving on the scene last September, I had only a brief time to visit with Henry and Beverly in their home. On the first occasion Henry spoke of his ongoing work with patients helping them to find some mental health. He gave me his book, “How to Reach your Goals: How to conquer procrastination, fear and other obstacles on your way.” We laughed to think about all these obstacles life presents to prevent us from reaching our goals. And then seriously talked about one of life’s greatest obstacles, painful illness and death. I felt so much at home with Beverly and Henry that day that when the second opportunity came to visit them, I was delighted to take that trip to North Andover. The second visit presented an unforgettable moment to talk about dying and death. Henry had given up seeing his patients and with a candor that was his said, “I am dying. What do you think about life after death?” Most people
believe that ministers are ready to answer that question without any hesitation and I know that there are clergy who affirm belief in a certain interpretation of life after death. As a Unitarian Universalist minister, I find the answer to this question to be such a mystery. Talking with Henry that day, I sensed in him the same appreciation for that mystery and a willingness to confront his death with honesty and courage. We spoke about the Universalist faith in the loving nature of God and that whatever death might bring, it would be within the embrace of love and not hate, of forgiveness and not damnation, of the deepest kind of reconciliation and not eternal loss. How could he not agree being the person who he was, ministering to those who need love, forgiveness and reconciliation--who wrote in his book, "...relate to people in ways that are therapeutic. Praise generously when it is deserved. People long for appreciation. Give it at every opportunity. Show respect for their ideas, even if you do not agree with them. Hear them out. Resist temptation to interrupt. If you let them talk, you may be able to get them to feel that your ideas are theirs. Always let them save face." When life has meaning, it is during those moments of love, forgiveness, courage and reconciliation and it is those moments that sustain us in our dying and in the meaning of our death. When I left Henry that day, he gave me a hug and beautiful smile of benediction. Beverly and I stood at the door and
somehow we knew that that difficult passage of dying would be possible for Henry and that his death would release for all of you here moments of love, forgiveness and reconciliation.

Prayer: Eternal Presence, in Whom we live and move and have our being, let the faiths and philosophies that sustain us separately meld into a unity of the most human and of the universal, where differences dissolve in the awe-inspiring yet wonderful harmony of the moment.

Before the wonder of living and dying we are humbled. In the midst of our sorrow and grief we feel a river of sacredness. Out of our memories and unending affections flows a thanksgiving. In our gathered concerns and compassion, a healing begins.

Let the gifts of courage, wisdom, and thanksgiving come to each of us and dwell among us today and in the days to come. Courage to face Henry’s death. Wisdom to speak openly and honestly of our loss. And thanksgiving for Henry’s life.
Henry Everett, 75, psychiatrist, author

By Emma Stickgold, Globe Correspondent, 12/15/2003

Dr. Henry Coffin Everett III, a North Andover psychiatrist who wrote several books on how to overcome depression and other mental illnesses, died Tuesday at Massachusetts General Hospital from complications of prostate cancer. He was 75.

"Depressed patients often say, `I want to lick this on my own.' I compare their condition to diabetes of asthma and say, `would you refuse insulin or inhalants?" Dr. Everett wrote as part of the literature he produced with his book "How to Reach Your Goals: How to Conquer Procrastination, Fear and Other Obstacles on Your Way."

With his trademark "So, what's new with you?" Dr. Everett was "very economical with his words," his son Peter, of Sherborn, said yesterday. "He got over his shyness when he got into subjects that really interested him," his wife, Beverly, said.

Hoping to erase the stigma associated with mental illnesses, Dr. Everett often spoke at local schools, and visited the Andover Senior Center as well as other venues, urging people not to fear psychiatric treatment.

A firm believer that many of life's problems could be treated biochemically, Dr. Everett thought medication was instrumental in overcoming mental illness.
"Some say they do not want to use a medication as a crutch. I ask them what's wrong with crutches if one has a sprained ankle," he wrote.

Initially practicing out of a Cambridge office, the Boston native moved his private practice to North Andover in 1975. Throughout his nearly half-century career, he was vehemently opposed to seeing patients just to prescribe medication, insisting that he become their therapist as well.

He blamed some of people's problems, in part, on the way children are raised.

"Unless your parents had exceptional child-rearing skills, you were probably trained to be a `good little child,' not a fully realized, self-motivated individual," he wrote. "You may need to reverse some of that training in order to succeed as an adult."

He also attacked a common issue among his patients: procrastination.

"Very often, the reason for procrastination is some inner fear, such as being afraid to make a mistake or to be perceived as inadequate," he wrote.

Dr. Everett also was constantly coming up with new inventions, to solve other life problems, such as keeping the body cool as temperatures climb. In the 1960s, he came up with a device he later had patented, consisting of two insulated pouches designed to carry dry ice, which would cool the large blood vessels. Although he tried to persuade the Baltimore Orioles to buy his "body coolers," the invention did not last long as a commodity in commercial markets. Nonetheless, he enjoyed
using it, at one point strapping it to his chest and wearing it under his tuxedo to a wedding in 90-degree temperatures.

"When everyone else was sweating, I was cool," he told the Globe at the time.

"It wasn't like he was a tinkerer who was in his garage," Peter Everett said. He was continually generating ideas for inventions that should exist and would often break the ice with those he was trying to get to know by asking what devices they would like to see invented.

Even in his later years, as he noticed the nurses administering chemotherapy struggling to find his veins, he proposed the creation of a vein-finding machine to make it easier on both doctors and patients.

"He was a very optimistic man," his son said. "He would even confess to being a utopian."

Interrupting his studies at Harvard College, Dr. Everett spent two years serving in the Army in Korea before returning to receive his bachelor's degree in health sciences in 1951.

"He did not like his Army experience very much, but he liked the Korean people very much," Peter Everett said.

He earned his medical degree from Johns Hopkins University in 1955, and after a two-year internship at Rhode Island Hospital and specialty training at Johns Hopkins, he spent three years at the University of Wisconsin in Madison, teaching and conducting research.

He returned to the Bay State in 1965, settling in Lexington. He
practiced psychiatry until October.

In 2000, his two books were published, and in 2002, he was named psychiatrist of the year by the Massachusetts chapter of the National Alliance for the Mentally Ill.

In the last few years, he launched a website that included literature that laid out the fundamental concept in his writing, at http://www.reachyourgoals.org.

"We are like surfers on a perpetual wave, surging into the future and leaving the past behind. We cannot change the past, so we should not waste mental effort on how we should have acted," he wrote.

In addition to his wife and son, Dr. Everett leaves his first wife, Joan Reals of Lincoln; three other sons, Christopher of New York City, Jonathan of Arlington, and Michael of Chappaqua, N.Y.; a daughter, Elizabeth of Riverdale, N.Y.; and five grandchildren.

A memorial service will be held at 1 p.m. Saturday in the Unitarian Universalist Church in Reading. Burial will be in the Mount Auburn Cemetery in Cambridge.

© Copyright 2003 Globe Newspaper Company.
MALCOLM SUTHERLAND
In Memoriam

MALCOLM R. SUTHERLAND
November 11, 1916—November 19, 2003

Malcolm Sutherland was one of the people most responsible for establishing the science and religion dialogue in Chicago and the journal *Zygono: Journal of Religion and Science*. Educated at Miami University, Western Reserve University, and Meadville Lombard Theological School, he ministered to congregations in Hoopeston, IL, Charlottesville, VA, Milton, MA, and Harvard, MA. In 1959—1960 he was Vice President of the Unitarian Universalist Association, and from 1960-1975 he was President of Meadville Lombard Theological School.

As the President of Meadville Lombard, Sutherland led the reformulation of the seminary’s curriculum to help future ministers reflect theologically in the light of contemporary scientific knowledge. In 1959 he had become acquainted with the work of the Institute on Religion in an Age of Science (IRAS) and especially with Ralph Wendell Burhoe, the Executive Director of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Sutherland invited Burhoe and other IRAS scientists and theologians to Chicago during the early 1960s to give lectures on science and religion. In 1964 he offered Burhoe the invitation to become a professor at Meadville Lombard, to direct a new Center for Advanced Study in Theology and the Sciences (CASTS), and to establish *Zygono* as the joint venture of CASTS and IRAS.

Since the first issue of the journal in March 1966, Sutherland has served as the co-chair of the Joint Publication Board of *Zygono*, representing CASTS and its successor CASIRAS (Center for Advanced Study in Religion and Science). He also was President of IRAS (1967-1968, 1975-1977) and Chaplain at the 1977 and 1982 IRAS Star Island Conferences. In 1982 he received an Academic Fellow Award from IRAS, and he was awarded the most distinguished honor of the Institute, that of an honorary officer, when he was elected in 1980 to the permanent position of Honorary Vice President.

To those who have worked with him, Sutherland will be remembered as a wonderful and supportive friend, a quiet counseling partner, a man with a smile and a twinkle in his eye, a gracious enabler of the work of others, and one who inspired others with his vision and high standards.

In his 1964 remarks that helped inaugurate the work of CASTS and *Zygono*, which are published in the March 1966 issue, Sutherland envisions an approach to theological reconstruction that “reflects the faith that the knowledge coming out of the frontiers of learning today is not basically destructive but, on the contrary, is a rich resource for our understanding of our destiny and its determinants. It presupposes taking science seriously, not using it simply to prove the truth of an already accepted doctrine or scripture but to help illumine our understanding of the human enterprise and its environment.

“But this engagement also takes theology seriously. We are not abandoning this intellectual enterprise nor ignoring the church and its history, pretending that there is nothing to learn from our rich heritage. Religion has had its superstitions, its naïvetés, and its moments of resistance to newly acquired knowledge that threatened earlier convictions; but the sciences have occasionally had their misconceptions and their own peculiar moments of arrogance, too.
"We do not arbitrarily discard the patterns and the myths informing religious institutions of our own or of others but seek, rather, to bring them into significant discourse with the models of reality posited by the various sciences. We do not confuse the task of worship with tests in a laboratory, but we do say that they can no longer remain apart as though one had no message to bring the other.

"Our present stress upon the contributions of science for theology should not be interpreted as implying our disregard for the contribution of the humanities, especially the arts, for theological inquiry, or as suggesting that theological affirmations as expressed in the monumental patterns of worship and myth have nothing to say to the scientists and their understanding of the human enterprise. Clearly, we seek reciprocity, a genuine dialogue between these disciplines where participants respect and seek to understand one another."

Sutherland’s vision of forty years ago is strikingly current, and his spirit continues to be present in the work of new generations of women and men who stand on the shoulders of one of originating giants of our enterprise.

--Karl E. Peters
JOAN GOODWIN
Sunday, December 3rd, 2006

A Celebration of the Life of Joan Goodwin

Joan Goodwin
1926 – 2006

Arlington Street Church
Boston, Massachusetts
Founded in 1729

Gathered in love and service for justice and peace
Arlington Street Church, Unitarian Universalist
Boston, Massachusetts

Sunday, December 3rd, 2006
A Celebration of the Life of Joan Goodwin

Piano Prelude
Pastoral Works – “Songs of the Earth”
La Colombe (The Dove)
Pining for the Spring Breeze
In Autumn (from Woodland Sketches)
Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal
Song of the Lark
The Grasshopper
Song to the Seals
Wild Rose
Where Beauty Dwells (“How Fair this Spot”)

Rodger Vine
Olivier Messiaen
Deng Yu-Sian
and Stephen Hough
Edward MacDowell
Roger Quilter
and Stephen Hough
Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky
Horatio Parker
Granville Bantock and Stepehn Hough
Edward MacDowell and Noreen Sauls

Sergei Rachmaninoff and Earl Wild

Call to Worship
To My Old Brown Earth

Joe Della Penna
Pete Seeger

Opening Words
Rev. Kim K. Crawford Harvie

Family Candle Lighting
Alan and Clare Goodwin, Rebecca Stiles and Nick Sophinos,
Dimitri Sophinos, and Naomi Stiles
Anne Goodwin and David Langford, Lyda Langford

*aHymn 410
Suprised by Joy

Joan Goodwin

We, the members
of our community,
affirm our commitment
to:

Acceptance, growth in the spirit and
respect for all;

The right of each person to grow and
process with dignity;

The goal of spiritual and intellectual
growth for all;

Respect for everyone, for all, as we are a part
of the living tradition

Direct experience and affirmation of
the spirit as the source of human
uplift and development;

Words and actions that challenge
injustice, discrimination,
Wisdom from the Jewish, Christian,
and Humanist traditions,

Jewish and Christian traditions
of reason and
idolatries of power,

Spiritual teachings that
celebrate the dignity of
harmony with all.

Grateful for the
faith, we are
inspired by our
vision. As free
congregation,
we care for
one another our
CALLING OF THE DIRECTIONS
To the Four Directions
Called by Marilyn Castriotta, Lisa Howe,
Liz Regan, and Kate Toomey.
with Judy Chambliss, Carolyn Cronin, Pepper Greene,
Kate Hardin, Terry Murphy, Laura Pattison,
Richard Schultz, Heleni Thayer, and Molly Uline.

LIGHTING OF THE CHALICE
Carolyn Harrigan
and Lyda Langford

POEMS
selections from the works of Joan Goodwin
Anne Goodwin

*HYMN 21
For the Beauty of the Earth

EULOGY
Rev. Kim K. Crawford Harvie

MUSICAL INTERLUDE
Queen of the Earth and Child of the Skies
traditional Appalachian air
David Langford

REMEMBRANCES
Alan Goodwin
Rev. Eugene B. Navias
Ursula Goodenough

MEMORIALS
Presentation of the Memory Book  Rev. George G. Whitehouse
Thanks to Barbara Coeyman, Elz Curtiss,
Holly Hendricks, and Bonnie Hurd Smith
The Joan Goodwin Seventh Principle Fund
**Hymn**

The Fire of Commitment

*Mary Katherine Morn*  
and *Jason Shelton*

From the light of days remembered burns a beacon bright and clear  
Guiding hands and hearts and song both brave and free  
Calling pilgrims still to new, prophetic voice Which demands a deeper spirit Into faith set free from fear  
Witness to the life of liberty. When the fire of commitment sets our mind and soul ablaze  
When our hunger and our passion meet to call us on our way  
When we live with deep assurance of the flame that burns within  
Then our promise finds fulfillment and our future can begin.

**Benediction**

Rev. Kim K. Crawford Harvie

**Organ Postlude**

In Thee is Gladness  
*Giovanni Gastoldi*

You are invited to bring home a shell, a stone, or a piece of driftwood from Joan's collection. Please join us for a collation downstairs in the parish hall, following the service.
The Principles of the
UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST
ASSOCIATION

We, the member congregations of the Unitarian Universalist Association, covenant to affirm and promote

The inherent worth and dignity of every person;
Justice, equity and compassion in human relations;
Acceptance of one another and encouragement to spiritual growth in our congregations;
A free and responsible search for truth and meaning;
The right of conscience and the use of the democratic process within our congregations and in society at large;
The goal of world community with peace, liberty and justice for all;
Respect for the interdependent web of all existence of which we are a part.

The living tradition which we share draws from many sources:

Direct experience of that transcending mystery and wonder, affirmed in all cultures, which moves us to a renewal of the spirit and an openness to the forces which create and uphold life;
Words and deeds of prophetic women and men which challenge us to confront powers and structures of evil with justice, compassion and the transforming power of love;
Wisdom from the world’s religions which inspires us in our ethical and spiritual life;
Jewish and Christian teachings which call us to respond to God’s love by loving our neighbors as ourselves;
Humanist teachings which counsel us to heed the guidance of reason and the results of science, and warn us against idolatries of the mind and spirit;
Spiritual teachings of Earth-centered traditions which celebrate the sacred circle of life and instruct us to live in harmony with the rhythms of nature.

Grateful for the religious pluralism which enriches and ennobles our faith, we are inspired to deepen our understanding and expand our vision. As free congregations we enter into this covenant, promising to one another our mutual trust and support.
THANK YOU
Thank you to Peter Lowber, head usher, and to all of you who brought food for the collation.

ARTIST IN RESIDENCE PROGRAM
Formalized in the summer of 2006, Arlington Street Church established an Artist in Residence Program (AIR) to recognize and support the talents of the artists in and around our community. To learn more, visit www.ASCBostom.org/music/AIR.html. Our current residents are: Rodger Vine, organist/pianist; The Boston Choral Ensemble, a mixed chamber choir.

CHILDREN’S PROGRAMMING
Children’s Religious Education classes are held during the 11:00 AM service downstairs in the Perkins Room. Infant care is provided in the nursery, right off the sanctuary. An usher will be happy to lead you and your children there. For further information about our Children’s Religious Education program, please contact Vera O’Brien, lifespan religious educator, through the church office or via e-mail.

ALLELUIA!
At ASC, we raise a hand and circle two fingers above our heads to signal joyful affirmation.

SPECIAL CONSIDERATIONS FOR SPECIAL NEEDS
FM amplification headsets are available from the ushers. Please do not remove them from the sanctuary. Accessible entry is via the ramp on the Arlington Street alley at the right-hand side of the front doors to the Church. Braille hymnals are available! Please ask an usher for assistance.

PARKING AT ARLINGTON STREET CHURCH
Parking on Sundays is available at the Back Bay Garage for a discount. Discount coupons are available from Alison Green Will, or at the Welcome Table after worship. Additional parking may be available on Arlington Street past “The Castle.”

CONGREGATIONAL LEADERSHIP
The Prudential Committee is the elected governing board of ASC. The members are: Sherene Aram (co-chair), Emily Dunn, Wendy Ellerton, Charlene Galarneau, David McClain, Steven Procopio, Liz Regan, Jenn Shaw, and Mark Watanabe (co-chair). Officers of the Church are Herbert Gleason (moderator), Sarah Richards (vice-moderator), D. Richard Pooler (treasurer), and Carol Smith (clerk).

Directory

Ministry
Rev. Kim K. Crawford Harvie, Sr. Minister
office@ASCBoston.org, ext. 10

Rev. George G. Whitehouse, Minister at Large
GWhitehouse@ASCBoston.org, ext. 10

Mr. Kelly Weisman Asbrook-Jackson,
Intern Minister
KAsbrook-Jackson@ASCBoston.org, ext. 18

Mr. Barb Greve, Intern Minister
BGreve@ASCBoston.org, ext. 18

Program
Alison Green Will,
Membership and Leadership Coordinator
AWill@ASCBoston.org, ext. 19

Vera O'Brien, Lifespan Religious Educator
VO'Brien@ASCBoston.org, ext. 12

Alyson Dame, Assistant Lifespan Educator
ADame@ASCBoston.org, ext. 12

Music
Miguel Felipe, Director of Music
MFelipe@ASCBoston.org, ext. 10

Branden Grimmett, Organist
BGrimmett@ASCBoston.org, ext. 10

Administrative
Edward Thomas, Business Administrator
ETHomas@ASCBoston.org, ext. 16

Miguel Felipe, Print/Web Coordinator
inside@ASCBoston.org, ext. 10

Corey Spence, Administrative Assistant
office@ASCBoston.org, ext. 10

Jeffrey Bouchard, Facilities Manager
JBouchard@ASCBoston.org, ext. 14

Brad Nobles, Sexton
office@ASCBoston.org, ext. 17

NB: To reach any staff member by phone, dial 617-336-7050. When prompted, enter their extension.

Arlington Street Church, Unitarian Universalist
351 Boylston Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02116-3399

Office Hours: Monday - Friday, 9:00 AM to 5:00 PM
Phone: 617-336-7050 • Fax: 617-336-7051
E-mail: office@ASCBoston.org • Web: www.ASCBoston.org
Thank You
Thank you to Peter Lowber, head usher, and to all of you who brought food for the collation.

Artist in Residence Program
Formalized in the summer of 2006, Arlington Street Church established an Artist in Residence Program (AiR) to recognize and support the talents of the artists in and around our community. To learn more, visit www.ASCBoston.org/music/AiR.html. Our current residents are: Rodger Vine, organist/pianist; The Boston Choral Ensemble, a mixed chamber choir

Children’s Programming
Children’s Religious Education classes are held during the 11:00 AM service downstairs in the Perkins Room. Infant care is provided in the nursery, right off the sanctuary. An usher will be happy to lead you and your children there. For further information about our Children’s Religious Education program, please contact Vera O’Brien, lifespan religious educator, through the church office or via e-mail.

Alleluia!
At ASC, we raise a hand and circle two fingers above our heads to signal joyous affirmation.

Special Considerations for Special Needs
FM amplification headsets are available from the ushers. Please do not remove them from the sanctuary. Accessible entry is via the ramp on the Arlington Street alley at the right-hand side of the front doors to the Church. Braille hymnals are available! Please ask an usher for assistance.

Parking at Arlington Street Church
Parking on Sundays is available at the Back Bay Garage for a discount. Discount coupons are available from Alison Green Will, or at the Welcome Table after worship. Additional parking may be available on Arlington Street past “The Castle.”

Congregational Leadership
The Prudential Committee is the elected governing board of ASC. The members are: Sherene Aram (co-chair), Emily Dunn, Wendy Ellerton, Charlene Galarneau, David McClain, Steven Procopio, Liz Regan, Jenn Shaw, and Mark Watanabe (co-chair). Officers of the Church are Herbert Gleason (moderator), Sarah Richards (vice-moderator), D. Richard Pooler (treasurer), and Carol Smith (clerk).

Directory

Ministry
Rev. Kim K. Crawford Harvie, Sr. Minister
office@ASCBoston.org, ext. 10

Rev. George G. Whitehouse, Minister at Large
GWhitehouse@ASCBoston.org, ext. 10

Mr. Kelly Weisman Asbrook-Jackson,
Intern Minister
KAsbrook-Jackson@ASCBoston.org, ext. 18

Mr. Barb Greve, Intern Minister
BGreve@ASCBoston.org, ext. 18

Program
Alison Green Will,
Membership and Leadership Coordinator
AWill@ASCBoston.org, ext. 19

Vera O’Brien, Lifespan Religious Educator
VOBrien@ASCBoston.org, ext. 12

Alyson Dame, Assistant Lifespan Educator
ADame@ASCBoston.org, ext. 12

Music
Miguel Felipe, Director of Music
MFelipe@ASCBoston.org, ext. 10

Branden Grimmett, Organist
Bgrimmett@ASCBoston.org, ext. 10

Administrative
Edward Thomas, Business Administrator
ETHomas@ASCBoston.org, ext. 16

Miguel Felipe, Print/Web Coordinator
inside@ASCBoston.org, ext. 10

Corey Spence, Administrative Assistant
office@ASCBoston.org, ext. 10

Jeffrey Bouchard, Facilities Manager
JBouchard@ASCBoston.org, ext. 14

Brad Nobles, Sexton
office@ASCBoston.org, ext. 17

NB: To reach any staff member by phone, dial 617-336-7090. When prompted, enter their extension.

Arlington Street Church, Unitarian Universalist
351 Boylston Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02116-3399
Office Hours: Monday - Friday, 9:00 AM to 5:00 PM
Phone: 617-536-7090 • Fax: 617-536-7051
E-mail: office@ASCBoston.org • Web: www.ASCBoston.org
The Unitarian Universalist Association is sad to announce the death of Dr. Joan W. Goodwin, religious educator and historian, on October 13, 2006.


After working in religious education at First Unitarian Church of Milwaukee and First Unitarian Church of Cleveland, she took a position at the UUA with the Sharing in Growth program in 1973. She was named Director of Volunteers for the UUA in 1974, Extension Field Consultant in 1977, Director of Extension in 1981, and Vice President for Extension and District Services in 1986. She retired from the UUA in 1987.

During her time at the UUA, Dr. Goodwin was the author of two major curriculum kits, "Human Heritage Part I," (1971) and "Human Heritage Part II," (1972). She was also the author of several adult programs: "Our Chosen Faith: A Study Guide," (1991); and "We Believe: Learning and Living Our UU Principles," (1990 and 1998).

The Rev. O. Eugene Pickett, who served as UUA President during much of Dr. Goodwin's time on the staff said of her, "Joan was a person for all seasons. Her work in the areas of Religious Education and Extension made major contributions to the growth and vitality of our movement. Whatever her assignment – and they were many and varied – she undertook them with competence, sensitivity, and good humor. She was exceptional as a
mediator, she was gentle and strong, and she had the respect and love of those of us who worked with her. As the poet wrote:
"Must death be proud to take a royal soul." I will miss her."

After retiring from the UUA Dr. Goodwin served as Director of Religious Education for the Church of the Larger Fellowship until 1992. She contributed material to the UUA's worship resource, "Singing the Living Tradition," and from 1973-75, she was President of the Liberal Religious Educators Association (LREDA). In 1984, she received an honorary Doctorate of Humane Letters from Starr King School for the Ministry. She has served on the UU Historical Society Board and was active as the reference librarian for the UU Women's Heritage Society website, http://www.uuwhs.org/library.php. She was an active member of the Arlington Street Church, Boston, since 1974, a contributor to the Dictionary of Unitarian and Universalist Biography, http://www.uua.org/uuhs/duub/index.html, and a member of the Institute on Religion in an Age of Science (IRAS).

Kay Montgomery, Executive Vice President of the UUA said of Goodwin, "Joan Goodwin was the face of the UUA when I was a layperson in Atlanta and she was my touchstone when I came to Boston: always serene, always smart, always bringing the values of Unitarian Universalism right into the middle of any discussion or decision. She was a big, big influence on the UUA and its staff and we are all the richer for her presence among us."

A service in celebration of Joan Goodwin's life will be held at Arlington Street Church in Boston on December 3 at 2:00 PM, the Reverend Kim Crawford Harvie officiating.
CLAUDINE BLANCHARD
If I should die and leave you for a while,
Be not like others, sore undone, who keep
long vigils by the silent dust and weep.
For my sake turn to life again and smile.
Nerving thy heart and trembling hand to do
something to comfort weaker hearts than thine.
Complete those dear unfinished tasks of mine,
and I perchance may therein comfort you.

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for, thou art not so,
For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor death, nor yet can thou kill me.
And soonest our best with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and souls delivery.
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy, or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

A Celebration of the Life
of
Claudine (Ischer) Blanchard
October 7, 1926 - March 9, 2010

Congregational Church
Little Compton RI
June 19 2010
Lord, make me an instrument of your peace;
where there is hatred, let me sow love;
where there is injury, pardon;
where there is doubt, faith;
where there is despair, hope;
where there is darkness, light;
where there is sadness, joy.
O divine Master,
grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled
as to console;
to be understood, as to understand;
to be loved, as to love;
for it is in giving that we receive,
it is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
and it is in dying that we are born to Eternal Life.
Amen.

Welcome and Invocation
Welcome and Invocation
Rev. Richard DenUyl Jr

Prelude: Morning Has Broken
Prelude: Morning Has Broken
Ron

The Odyssey
The Odyssey
Michael Bahmann

Piano/Harpsichord
Piano/Harpsichord

Reading
Claudine's Wish
Reading
Claudine's Wish
Veronique

Memories
Memories
Rev. Richard DenUyl Jr

Reading
Sonnet X  John Donne
Reading
Sonnet X  John Donne
Ron

Benediction
Benediction
Rev. Richard DenUyl Jr

Postlude: Om Namaha Shivaya
Postlude: Om Namaha Shivaya

A reception will be held at St. Andrews parish hall
after the service. All are invited.
In Loving Memory of

LUTHER BENGTSON
December 27, 1921 - April 22, 2010

Services
Sunday, May 23, 2010
The Hearthstone Chapel
Seattle, Washington
The Rev. Paul E. Hoffman, Pastor

Saturday, May 29, 2010
Grace Lutheran Church
LaGrange, Illinois
The Rev. Said Ailabouni, Pastor

Interment
Abbey View Memorial Park
Brier, Washington
LUTHER BENGTSON

December 27, 1921 – April 22, 2010

Luther Bengtson, loving father and grandfather, beloved Lutheran minister, and generous friend to many, died peacefully in his sleep on 22 April 2010. He was 88.

The son of a Lutheran pastor and school teacher, Carl and Esther Bengtson, Luther was born on 27 December 1921 in Belview, MN. His family moved to Marcus, IA, in 1923 and to Seattle, WA, in 1928, where his father was pastor of Emmaus Lutheran Church. Luther was the middle child of three, he enjoyed school, and had a happy childhood, nurtured by wonderful parents.

After graduating from Ballard High School, Seattle, in 1939, Luther attended Pacific Lutheran College in Tacoma, WA, where he majored in biology, and Augustana College, Rock Island, IL, where he graduated in 1943. He continued his studies at Augustana Theological Seminary, and was ordained into the Lutheran Church in 1946.

Luther’s ministry spanned 44 years and touched thousands of lives, serving Lutheran congregations in Wenona, Streator, Glenview, and LaGrange, IL. He served his last parish as Associate Pastor of Grace Lutheran Church in LaGrange for 35 years until his retirement in 1990. The legacy of Luther’s ministry lives on through the congregations he served and in the hearts of those who knew him.

Luther married Margaret Seelander (from Iron Mountain, MI) in 1949 and together they became the parents of a daughter, Jane, and two sons, John and Robert. Luther was a dedicated father, and the years in La Grange were filled with many happy memories of annual camping trips, picnics, bike rides, and time spent together as a family. Upon retirement in 1990, Luther moved to Andover, MA, where he lived until 2005 when he moved to Seattle, WA, to be near his children and grandchildren, who all reside in the Seattle area.

Luther was an enthusiastic, life-long athlete and traveler. As a boy, he liked playing softball and soccer, and he lettered in track and field during his high school and college years. The 1930s included annual cross-country family car trips to church conventions and to visit family in Kansas and Minnesota. During the 1960s and 1970s, he was an avid advocate of running and bicycling. Luther undertook many long-range bicycle trips, covering thousands of miles throughout the Midwest and Great Lakes region of the U.S. He loved riding through the countryside with a tent and sleeping bag strapped to the rack of his bike. During the 1980s and 1990s, Luther completed bike trips in Ireland, Italy, France, Portugal, and New Zealand. In the mid-1980s, Luther and his brother, Paul, rode their bikes coast-to-coast across America from the Pacific Northwest to New England. In 1998, he spent two months in India as a volunteer at a school north of Calcutta.

Luther is survived by his daughter, Jane Bengtson, of Mountlake Terrace, WA; his son and daughter-in-law John and Rebecca Bengtson, and their children Britta and Erik J. Bengtson, of Lake Forest Park, WA; and his son Robert Bengtson, Lynnwood, WA; his sister, Ruth Jackson, of St. Paul, MN; his brother, Paul Bengtson, of Weston, CT; and 15 nieces and nephews.

Luther will be lovingly remembered by family and friends as a kind, active, and generous man, who devoted a large part of his life to the service of others and his Christian faith. Goodbye, Luther – we will miss your easy smile, the sparkle in your eyes, and your warm embrace.

The last picture I took of my dad. April 5, 2010
SOON AFTER

I was a member of the local Church of Christ and a regular attender of their Bible study sessions. The pastor, a man named George, was well-known in the community and respected by many. He was a man of great wisdom and insight, and his teachings always left me feeling enriched.

As we gathered in the pastor's study one Thursday evening, I noticed that something was different. The atmosphere was more serious than usual, and the pastor took a moment to address us.

"I have some news," he began. "There's been a change of plans for this week's meeting. Instead of discussing the usual Bible passages, I want to talk about a topic that's been on my mind for some time." 

Silence fell over the group as everyone waited for the pastor to continue. He went on to explain that he had been reading through the New Testament and had come across a particularly powerful passage.

"I want you to think about this," he said. "The word 'love' is used many times throughout these books, and I believe it's the key to understanding our faith. Jesus said that love is the greatest commandment, and I think we can all agree that it's true." 

The pastor went on to share his thoughts on how we could apply this love to our daily lives. He encouraged us to think about how we could love those around us, not just verbally but in our actions as well.

As we dispersed that night, I felt a sense of purpose. The love that the pastor had talked about seemed to be living inside of me, waiting to be expressed. I knew that I had to find a way to let it out, to show others that love is the most important thing.

A week later, I found myself standing in front of a group of people I didn't know, sharing my thoughts on the power of love. It was a scary experience, but I felt a sense of gratitude for the pastor's teaching and for the courage to speak about something so important.
Briefly noted

- Louisiana’s Gov. Bobby Jindal has signed a bill allowing people to carry concealed handguns to church, his office announced on July 6. The law does away with earlier provisions that banned concealed weapons inside churches, synagogues and other houses of worship. It allows churches to choose whether to permit handguns inside their facilities, and it requires those who hold permits for concealed weapons to take eight additional hours of tactical training. The training must be renewed annually. The law also requires pastors or other heads of religious communities that allow concealed weapons to announce to worshipers that there might be gun-toters in their midst. The state’s ban on guns on school grounds, including inside churches that share campuses with schools, remains in force.

- South African Methodist minister Paul Verryn, whose Central Methodist Church in Johannesburg has been serving as a haven for more than 3,000 homeless refugees daily, has been cleared of undisclosed charges brought to a church arbitrator. Verryn and his congregation were featured in a CENTURY cover story published April 20. “The arbitrator ruled in May that Verryn had done nothing wrong, and all charges against him were dropped and his suspension ended,” according to Paul Jeffrey, writer of the story.

Church of England moves to allow women bishops

THE CHURCH of England will proceed with legislation to allow the ordination of women bishops, despite fierce opposition from Anglican traditionalists. After a marathon 12-hour debate in York, the church’s General Synod on July 12 rejected calls for further delays in developing a draft law to allow female bishops. The earliest women bishops could be ordained is 2014.

But the decision did little to tamp down furious infighting that some fear could prompt conservatives to defect to the Roman Catholic Church.

Archbishop of Canterbury Rowan Williams told London’s Daily Mail newspaper July 13 that avoiding a schism over the contentious issue would be “desperately difficult.” Williams’s earlier attempt at a compromise—a model of conservative congregations to be overseen by male bishops—had been rejected July 10, but he insisted that the Synod’s decision to go ahead was “not the end of the road.”

Meanwhile, Rachel Weir of the group Women and the Church described the Synod ruling as “momentous.” Since 1994, some 5,000 women have been ordained priests in the Church of England. In 2005, church leaders approved in principle the idea of women bishops.

The next step for Williams and his no. 2 official, Archbishop of York John Sentamu, is to draft legislation allowing women bishops and send it to all 43 dioceses for approval. If a majority of the synods approve the draft, it will be presented to the 2012 General Synod.

If all three houses—bishops, clergy and laity—approve the measure by the necessary two-thirds majority, women bishops could start being ordained in 2014.

Deaths

- Don S. Browning, a founding figure in “practical theology” and a catalyst in studies of religion, family and marriage, died of cancer June 3 at his home near the University of Chicago Divinity School where he earned his degrees and taught for decades. He was 76. His 1991 book A Fundamental Practical Theology is widely cited for its integration of religious theory and religious practice. A Christian Church (Disciples) minister and a frequent contributor to the CENTURY, Browning started the Religion, Culture and Family Project that, among other things, examined the social implications of the decline in marriage. “It’s going to be impossible to find someone else to do what he did,” said Jean Bethke Elshtain, a faculty colleague at the divinity school.

- George W. “Bill” Webber, 90, a minister and educator who was among leading Protestant advocates of social justice, died July 10 in Maplewood, New Jersey, of complications from Alzheimer’s disease. President of New York Theological Seminary from 1969 to 1983, Webber was hailed by religious and human rights leaders as a model of Christian activism. “He was not only a great leader in theological education,” said Michael Kinnamon, general secretary of the National Council of Churches. “Bill Webber was a social activist whose ministry helped renew the church in this country through encouraging (and modeling) its engagement with social issues.” When many white social activists lived in the suburbs, Webber and his family lived out their commitment to the poor in a housing project in Harlem, and in 1948 he cofounded the East Harlem Protestant Parish. A U.S. Navy gunnery officer during World War II when he decided to become a minister, Webber would later become a vehement opponent of the Vietnam War. He was arrested several times at antiwar protests. Yale gave him an honorary doctorate in 1981, citing him as a “prophet for the cause of justice.” While heading New York Theological Seminary Webber introduced innovations to attract minorities, including admitting students without a college degree.

- Indonesian musician Christina Mandang, 38, who died after a road accident while attending an international church gathering in the United States, has been praised for helping Christians in her country develop their own style of hymns and worship. She died on June 27 after a car struck her the previous evening in Grand Rapids, Michigan, during the founding meeting of the World Communion of Reformed Churches. “Echoes of what a talented musician she is and ... how much she has contributed to helping Indonesian churches bring their own [style] into the development of hymns and worship have been ringing all round,” WCRC general secretary Setri Nyomi said from Jakarta.
Don S. Browning, 1934-2010
Longtime theologian at University of Chicago's divinity school
June 09, 2010|By Trevor Jensen, Tribune reporter

Don S. Browning brought Ivory Tower theological theory to earth by bridging the study of religion with fields including psychology and law, and issues such as marriage and family.

A professor at the University of Chicago Divinity School for nearly 40 years, Dr. Browning, 76, died of cancer on Thursday, June 3, in his Hyde Park home, said his son Christopher.

Dr. Browning was one of the architects of Practical Theology, which, as its name implies, looks into ways to link theology to law, psychology and pastoral care. The ideas were laid out in one of his most widely known books, "A Fundamental Practical Theology," which was published in 1991 and is about to be translated into Chinese.

"How does theology work on the ground?" was the key question that his scholarship explored, said Kristine A. Culp, dean of the Disciples Divinity House at the U. of C. (a post Dr. Browning held from 1977 to 1983), where she is also a professor.

Theology and the social sciences he held it up against are "not always contradictory. They try to explain the plights and possibilities of human life," Culp said.

The titles of Dr. Browning's many books attest to the breadth of his scholarship: "Atonement and Psychotherapy," "Religious Thought and Modern Psychologies," "Marriage and Modernization: How Globalization Threatens Marriage and What to Do About It."

He edited or contributed to several other books and publications. In his final days, he continued to work on a book covering family law and religion with Emory University law professor John Witte Jr.

His work was aimed not only at fellow academics but public policy leaders, pastors and health professionals. Theologian Martin E. Marty,
his longtime friend and colleague, said Dr. Browning felt the most important theology was written both for the university and the church — academically sound theory that works for scholars as well as a pastor tending the wide-ranging needs of his congregation.

"He found those dimensions of religious thought that do have applications to the way lives are lived," Marty said. "Browning took (theological thought) and did not let it stay with the academy, but (examined) how it applies to the lives of people."

In 1990, Dr. Browning undertook a far-reaching project on religion, culture and family that brought together scholars from a variety of disciplines and delved into issues including family law and biblical perspectives on the family.

Raised in a small town in north central Missouri, Dr. Browning funded his undergraduate education at Central Methodist College (now Central Methodist University) in Missouri by preaching at a local church, his son said. He went on to receive his master's and doctoral degrees from the University of Chicago, and also was an ordained minister in the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ).

During his long tenure at the U. of C., he oversaw thesis work for 85 master's of divinity and doctoral students, his son said. Serious in demeanor but with a ready smile, he was deeply involved in the lives and careers of his many students and was active in university affairs.

"He took responsibility for the institution. He didn't just live off of it," Marty said.

Dr. Browning also is survived by his wife, Carol; a daughter, Elizabeth; a sister, Carolyn Muncy; and two grandchildren.

Services are set for 2 p.m. Thursday at Hyde Park Union Church, 5600 S. Woodlawn Ave., Chicago.

ttjensen@tribune.com
Don S. Browning, a long-time friend and co-worker in the work of the Zygon Center, died on June 3, 2010. He served as a professor in the University of Chicago Divinity School for nearly 40 years. At the time of his death, he was the Alexander Campbell Professor Emeritus of Religious Ethics and the Social Sciences. His prolific writings include significant interpretations of psychology and psychotherapy, as well as foundational work in practical theology, and wide-ranging discussions of religion, marriage, and family.

Browning saw the importance of the natural and social sciences, leading him to years of association with the Zygon Center and other projects in the area of religion-and-science. For the past few years, he was a member of the Templeton Foundation network for research in religion and science at the University. He initiated the nomination of the Center’s founder, Ralph Wendell Burhoe, for the Templeton Prize, which was awarded in 1980. The prize money from this award is the substance of Burhoe’s bequest to the Center and also to Zygon: Journal of Religion and Science. He was a board member of CASIRAS (Center for the Advanced Study in Religion and Science), which is the co-sponsoring organization for both ZCRS and the Zygon journal. In May, he completed his term as co-chair of the journal’s publication board. For many years, Browning was a participant in LSTC’s annual Advanced Seminar in Religion and Science. He made a major presentation at this seminar on April 26.

He was a major link between the work of ZCRS and the University of Chicago. In remarks to the LSTC faculty in June 2002, Browning commended the seminary’s religion-and-science activities, which, he said, are invaluable in fostering conversation between faculty from the fields of science, philosophy, and theology.

On the occasion of Don Browning’s death we express our condolences to family and friends; we remember with gratitude his presence among us; and we re-affirm the conversations that he championed so brilliantly.

Phil Hefner
Dear Phil, On behalf of our Joint Publications Board and me personally, please pass along our deepest sympathy to Carol Browning and Don's children and grandchildren over our shared loss of Don Browning.

Don was a great scholar, a most supportive friend and colleague, and a truly committed supporter of the entire religion and science movement. He wrote the primary nomination letter for Ralph Burhoe for Templeton Prize for Progress in Religion and served for many years as an associate editor of Zygon.

More recently for the past four years until just a few weeks ago, Don actively served as co-chair of the Joint Publications Board of Zygon where he provided a great deal of invaluable leadership, insight and hard work that resulted in the transition between the distinguished Editorship of Philip Hefner and the passing of this torch to the leadership of Willem Drees of Leiden, the Netherlands as Editor in Chief of Zygon.

Throughout Don's nearly 40 years of service and association with our endeavors involving the "yoking of religion and science together", time and time again, Don conducted himself with grace and kindness and became a true exemplar of leadership for this movement that now encompasses the world.

We shall all miss him greatly and long remember his many intellectual and personal contributions that have helped shape who we are. And once again, please offer our and my sincerest condolences to his wife, Carol and his family on this day of his funeral.

Sincerely yours, Solomon Katz Co-Chair Joint Publications Board of Zygon
NORMAND LAURENDEAU
Hello, Friends,
Norm died yesterday, May 20, here in Brunswick, Maine ...

He was great in everything he did, even in dying. As a patient that I and Hospice took care of for less than a week--he was intelligent, prayerful, loving, and always the teacher/mentor to those who desired that. Thank you for all your kind words of the past--YOU were great, for you gave us a kind word or two when we really needed it ...

Goodnight, until we meet again,

Marlene (& for Norm)
It is with deep regret that we record here the passing of Normand, dear friend and colleague to so many of us, and active member of IRAS.

Graduate of Notre Dame (B.S.), Princeton (M.S.E.), and UC Berkeley (PhD), Normand had a very productive professional career in the course of which (among other things) he was Director of Purdue's Coal Research Center, Ralph and Bettye Bailey Professor of Combustion, Research Associate at Bowdoin College (Brunswick, ME). He also served as a visiting scholar at the Graduate Theological Union (Berkeley, CA). Dr. Laurendeau authored or coauthored more than 175 refereed publications and some 225 presentations and reports. His textbook, Statistical Thermodynamics: Fundamentals and Applications, was published in 2005 by Cambridge University Press. Laurendeau was a Fellow of the Optical Society of America and of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, a also member of the Combustion Institute and of the American Chemical Society.

Normand was an avid reader; he enjoyed swimming at the Laurendeau family "camp" in Buttermilk Cove; watching his favorite sports teams; and being with family in Maine and California. He was a life-professed Lay Dominican, and also served as a sacristan at All Saints Parish in Brunswick.

We at IRAS will always remember him for his energy, enthusiasm, commitment, and organizational skill.

IRAS conveys its condolences to his wife of 40 years, Marlene Carlos Laurendeau of Brunswick, to his son Jules Laurendeau, and to all his family.

I invite all IRASians who wish to reminisce on him to send me brief notes which we will publish in our next Web-edition.

V. V. Raman
President of IRAS

www.iras.org
Normand M. Laurendeau
Obituary
August 16, 1944 - May 20, 2012
Print

On May 20, 2012, after a nine-month battle with leukemia, Brunswick resident Normand Maurice Laurendeau, age 67, passed away in his home surrounded by family. He was born on Aug. 16, 1944, to Maurice and Lydia Laurendeau of Lewiston, Maine. He graduated from Lewiston High School in 1962; from Notre Dame University in 1966; from Princeton University in 1968; and he received his Ph.D. in Mechanical Engineering from the University of California, Berkeley, in 1972.

In 1972, he married MarleneCarlos of California. About three months later, with his wife’s support, he moved to Lafayette, Ind., to pursue his dream of becoming a professor, and joined the faculty of Purdue University, Indiana, rising through the ranks to Professor of Mechanical Engineering in 1982, and retiring in 2007. He achieved the Ralph and Bettye Bailey Professor Emeritus of Combustion. He wrote a textbook, Statistical Thermodynamics: Fundamentals and Applications, published in 2005, in addition to his other numerous publications.

His academic interests were in energy and environment, with a focus on laser-based diagnostics, pollutant formation, and the energy-religion dialogue. He was co-chair for a conference, The Energy Transition: Religious and Cultural Perspectives, held in 2010, under the auspices of the Institute on Religion in an Age of Science (IRAS). He was a continuing Visiting Scholar at the Center for Theology and the Natural Sciences (CTNS), at Graduate Theological Union, Berkeley, Calif. He was also a Research Associate at Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine.

Norm was a Fellow of the Optical Society of America and of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. He was also a member of the Combustion Institute and of the American Chemical Society.

He was an avid reader; he enjoyed swimming at the Laurendeau family “camp” in Buttermilk Cove; watching his favorite sports teams; and being with family in Maine and California. He was a life-professed Lay Dominican, and also served as a sacristan at All Saints Parish in Brunswick. He is most remembered by his family for his hearty laugh and being a great teacher/mentor.

Surviving is his wife of 40 years Marlene Carlos Laurendeau of Brunswick; his son Jules Laurendeau of Topsham; his brother Phil Laurendeau (and wife Carol) of Brunswick; sister Lorraine Laurendeau Pandolfe (and husband Tom) of West Hartford, Conn.; sister-in-law Lidia Carlos Reyes of Castro Valley, Calif., (and her husband Charles Reyes); and mother-in-law Odette Carlos of Oakland, Calif.; and numerous nieces, nephews, and cousins. He...
Oakland, Cal., and numerous nieces, nephews, and cousins. He was preceded in death by his mother Lydia, his son Andre, his father Maurice, his father-in-law Luiz Carlos, and his stepmother Sheila Laurendeau.

Funeral arrangements are by Stetson's Funeral Home 12 Federal St. Brunswick, with visiting hours from 4-7 p.m. on Thursday, May 24 at the funeral home. A Mass of Christian Burial will be held at 12 noon at St. Charles Borromeo Church-All Saints Parish on Friday, May 25. A reception will follow in the parish hall.

In lieu of flowers, please make donations to the Hospice House Development Fund at CHANS Hospice Care, 60 Baribeau Dr., Brunswick, Maine.

Memorial condolences may be expressed at stetsonsfuneralhome.com
JEANETTE HOPKINS
There will be a small memorial gathering in the Star Island chapel today (Friday) at 4 p.m. to celebrate the life of Jeannette Hopkins who died at age 88 on August 4, 2011. Jeannette was active with IA many years ago, publishing the *Sandpiper*, attending as a conferee and on the IA Conference Committee in 1956 when it was then called the World Affairs Conference. The year she was on the IA Committee, the theme printed on the pamphlet labeled “World Order Week” was *Human Unity & Cultural Diversity*. Most of Jeannette’s 30 years as a conferee at Star were with the Institute on Religion in the Age of Science Conference (IRAS) which she chaired one year and was a member of the IRAS Council for 12 years: 1963-'66; '69-'72; '79-'82 and '88-'91.

As an editor and publisher for more than half a century, Jeannette’s career focused on civil rights and other social justice issues. She co-authored a book with Kenneth Clark called *A Revolution Against Poverty*. An ardent Unitarian, she authored a booklet called *14 Journeys to Unitarianism* and another called *Books That Will Not Burn*, detailing the history of Beacon Press. She organized a successful national campaign to save Beacon Press from being sold by the Unitarian denomination from 1977-1979.

Two of Jeannette’s rules of life were: never assume and never take a passive position. She was a member of the National Advisory Board of the ACLU for decades and was editing books up until the day before she died.

Following some brief remembrances and a few songs in the Star Island Chapel, we will go to the point by the summer house and scatter Jeannette’s ashes into the sea as her will suggested. There will be light refreshments of lemonade and a fruit and cheese platter with crackers in the summer house afterwards. If you knew Jeannette or are just curious to know what she was like, please feel free to join us.
Celebrating the Life of former IA Conferee & Unitarian Activist, Jeannette Hopkins
Submitted by Carol Jeannette Gray, niece of Jeannette Hopkins

There will be a small memorial gathering in the Star Island chapel today (Friday) at 4 p.m. to celebrate the life of Jeannette Hopkins who died at age 88 on August 4, 2011. Jeannette was active with IA many years ago, publishing the Sandpiper, attending as a conferee and on the IA Conference Committee in 1956 when it was then called the World Affairs Conference. The year she was on the IA Committee, the theme printed on the pamphlet labeled “World Order Week” was Human Unity & Cultural Diversity. Most of Jeannette’s 30 years as a conferee at Star were with the Institute on Religion in the Age of Science Conference (IRAS) which she chaired one year and was a member of the IRAS Council for 12 years: 1963-’66; ’69-’72; ’79-’82 and ’88-’91.

As an editor and publisher for more than half a century, Jeannette’s career focused on civil rights and other social justice issues. She co-authored a book with Kenneth Clark called A Revolution Against Poverty. An ardent Unitarian, she authored a booklet called 14 Journeys to Unitarianism and another called Books That Will Not Burn, detailing the history of Beacon Press. She organized a successful national campaign to save Beacon Press from being sold by the Unitarian denomination from 1977-1979.

Two of Jeannette’s rules of life were: never assume and never take a passive position. She was a member of the National Advisory Board of the ACLU for decades and was editing books up until the day before she died.

Following some brief remembrances and a few songs in the Star Island Chapel, we will go to the point by the summer house and scatter Jeannette’s ashes into the sea as her will suggested. There will be light refreshments of lemonade and a fruit and cheese platter with crackers in the summer house afterwards. If you knew Jeannette or are just curious to know what she was like, please feel free to join us.
WARD GOODENOUGH
OBITUARY OF WARD HUNT GOODENOUGH

Ward H. Goodenough, 94, died on June 9, 2013 in Haverford, Pennsylvania. Transcending the triteness of the terms, he was a true renaissance man and a consummate gentleman. A long-time Professor at the University of Pennsylvania, he shaped the discipline of Anthropology in the second half of the 20\textsuperscript{th} century, was active as a composer and poet, and was loved as a friend, a mentor, and a patriarch of his family. Born May 30, 1919, in Cambridge Massachusetts, he lived in England and Germany as a young child while his father studied for a doctorate at Oxford. He became fluent in German by age 4, and his fascination with languages continued throughout his life. In his later childhood, the family moved to the New Haven, Connecticut area. He attended high school at the Groton School in Groton Massachusetts and earned a B.A. in 1940 from Cornell University. There, he majored in Scandinavian languages and literature, lived in Telluride House, and, most importantly, met his soon-to-be wife, Ruth Gallagher, through a campus organization in which they both served as officers.

Although he enrolled in graduate school at Yale University, his studies were interrupted by World War II where he served as a noncommissioned officer in the United States Army from November 1941 to December 1945. During the last years of the war, he did research under Gen. George Marshall that helped enable two of Marshall's signature achievements: showing that integration of the armed forces was both feasible and desirable, and that the GI Bill would meet the needs of returning soldiers and thereby prevent destabilization of civilian society.

Returning to Yale after the war, Goodenough earned his Ph.D. in Anthropology in 1949. He was greatly influenced by George Peter Murdock, who supervised his dissertation. With Murdock, he followed in the footsteps of Bronislaw Malinowski, but the tradition of American Pragmatism, such as George Herbert Mead's theories of the self and language, also had a particular influence on Goodenough. Goodenough worked with Murdock as a Research Assistant on the Cross-Cultural Survey in 1940, and then did fieldwork on Chuuk (Truk) in Micronesia with Murdock for seven months in 1947. His resulting PhD thesis was published as Property, Kin and Community on Truk (1951). He had a life-long attachment to Chuuk and its people and was the author and compiler of the Trukese English Dictionary (1980).

Goodenough's later fieldwork was also in Oceania, both in Micronesia (Kiribati and Chuuk), and in Melanesia (New Britain and Papua New Guinea). An expert on kinship, his best known early work was the development of a method for applying componential analysis to the study of kinship terminology, particularly in his articles "Componential Analysis and the Study of Meaning" (1956) and "Yankee Kinship Terminology: A Problem in Componental Analysis" (1965).
Ward Goodenough in the Field


A teacher as well as a scholar, Goodenough first taught Anthropology at the University of Wisconsin–Madison from 1948-1949. He moved to the University of Pennsylvania in 1949, where he remained until his retirement in 1989, serving as the department chair from 1976 to 1982 and as a University Professor from 1980-1989. Goodenough also held visiting positions at Cornell University, Swarthmore College, Bryn Mawr College, University of Hawaii, the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee, Yale University, Colorado College, the University of Rochester, and St. Patrick's College in Ireland.

His scholarship was not just a matter of academic interest; it also had application in public policy decisions, including work on emergency planning for the National Research Council, on arms control and environmental health, on agency structure and public health programs, on the activities of the Peace Corps, and on multiculturalism. He served on a committee of the Ocean Studies Board of the National Research Council appraising fishing quota shares and on a panel of consultants that advised the Department of Energy on how to mark its Waste Isolation Pilot Plant, a project for disposing of radioactive waste, so as to "prevent inadvertent intrusion for the next 10,000 years." ("Communicating 10,000 Years into the Future" (1999)).

He was appointed to many leadership positions and received many honors in his career. He was a Fellow at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences at Stanford (1958), President of the Society for Applied Anthropology (1963), Editor of the American Anthropologist (1966-70), a Guggenheim Fellow (1979-80), and president of the Institute on Religion in an Age of Science (1987). For many years he was active in the management of Human Relations Area Files, including service on its board (1986-98). He was elected to the National Academy of Sciences (1971), the American Academy of Arts and Sciences (1975) and the American Philosophical Society (1973), where he served in several capacities. He received the American Anthropological Association's Distinguished Service Award in 1986
and the Bronislaw Malinowski Award from the Society for Applied Anthropology in 1997. He was named as the Groton School Distinguished Grotonian for 2012.

His marriage to Ruth Goodenough lasted until her death in 2001. A fitting partner, she often served as his editor, and the success of his writing owed a debt to her lively intellect and lightness of touch. They raised four children, Hester Gelber (now living in Palo Alto, California), Deborah Gordon (Millington, New Jersey), Oliver Goodenough (Woodstock, Vermont) and Garrick Gallagher (Phoenix, Arizona), and he leaves ten grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. He is also survived by Joan May, his beloved partner of recent years. His poetry includes work in English and in Trukese. A formalist at heart, he was particularly devoted to the sonnet in his poetry, and in music he specialized in keyboard fugues and other contrapuntal forms.

A Memorial Service will be held at the Quadrangle, 3300 Darby Road, Haverford, Pennsylvania on June 27 at 2:00 pm. Memorial contributions may be made to the American Philosophical Society, 104 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia, PA 19106-3387

May
By Ward Goodenough

Yellow and red tulips stand arrayed
In close formation. Lilac scents the air,
While dogwood floats its flecks of white, and there
Along stream-edged viburnum, brightly splayed
With many-petaled arms, lifts up the heart.
This hour of hope and expectation clear
Of doubt, when youth sets off on life’s career
And fresh beginnings have auspicious start,
Revives for me a world where all is well
For yet a while, where dreams come true, our plans
Have promise, voyagers seek the farthest lands,
Research brings revelations rich to tell.
No matter senses fail and years get few.
My spirit knows the joy of life anew.

The Peace that Passes Understanding
By Ward Goodenough

The "dance of death" is danced not by the dead
But us, the living, learning how to age,
Our lessons choreographed for every stage
Of life’s relentless step-school. We are led
Through fortune and misfortune up each stair
To pirouette at every pleasure, plight,
And pain up to the top tread of the flight—
Then, stepping off, we find there’s nothing there.
The void from which all living things arose
Receives us back within its hollow womb,
Dissolves us down into an empty tomb
Whose nothingness gives infinite repose.
Transcending all, released from space and time,
At one with nothing, such is peace sublime.

(From Sonnets from After Middle Age and Other Verse, 1997)

Further Biographical References are available at:

http://www.sfaa.net/malinowski/monograph/Chapter27.pdf


http://www.indiana.edu/~wanthro/theory_pages/goodenough.htm

http://www.asao.org/pacific/honoraryf/goodenough.htm
BIOGRAPHIES: Ward H. Goodenough

Ward H. Goodenough
By Arwen Kimmell

The Peace that Passes Understanding
By Ward Goodenough

The "dance of death" is danced not by the dead
But us, the living, learning how to age,
Our lessons choreographed for every stage
Of life's relentless step-school. We are led
Through fortune and misfortune up each stair
To pirouette at every pleasure, plight,
And pain up to the top tread of the flight—
Then, stepping off, we find there's nothing there.
The void from which all living things arose
Receives us back within its hollow womb,
Dissolves us down into an empty tomb
Whose nothingness gives infinite repose.
Transcending all, released from space and time,
At one with nothing, such is peace sublime.
(Goodenough: 2000, 3)

Background
Ward H. Goodenough has influenced many areas of Anthropology including but certainly not limited to kinship studies, linguistic anthropology, comparative studies, and cognitive anthropology. He was born on May 30, 1919 in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He married Ruth A. Gallagher on February 8, 1941, has four children and eight grandchildren and currently (2006) resides in Pennsylvania. Goodenough graduated from Cornell University in 1940, where he majored in Scandinavian languages and literature. He enlisted in the United States Army, serving from November 1941 to December 1945. While in the Army he attained the rank of technical sergeant. From January to August 1946 Goodenough worked as a civilian case analyst in the corrections branch of the Adjutant General's Office in the War Department. He completed his Ph.D. at Yale University in 1949.

Fieldwork and Influences
Goodenough conducted several ethnographic field studies between 1947 and 1965. He first studied in Chuuk (Truk) in 1947 and returned for further work in 1964 and 1965. He spent time in both Kiribati in the Gilbert Islands and in Papua New Guinea in 1951, and in 1954 he returned to Papua New Guinea and worked in Lakalai, New Britain Island. Ward Goodenough's dissertation was directed by George Peter Murdock, whose interests in comparative research into social organization had lasting influence on Goodenough's work. In 1940, Goodenough was a Research Assistant to Murdock in the Cross-Cultural Survey, and in 1947 he accompanied Murdock to Truk for seven months of field research as part of the Coordinated Investigation of Micronesian Anthropology (CIMA). He was also impacted by anthropologist Bronislaw Malinowski and linguist George Trager, who were interested in the description of both languages and cultures, and also taught at Yale University (Caughey, 202).

Positions
Ward Goodenough taught Anthropology at the University of Wisconsin from 1948 to 1949 while he completed his PhD degree. In 1949 he accepted the position of Assistant Professor at the University of Pennsylvania, was promoted to Associate Professor in 1954, Professor in 1962, University Professor in 1980, and retired in 1989.

http://www.indiana.edu/~wanthro/theory_pages/goodenough.htm
changing his status to University Professor Emeritus. Goodenough served as acting chairman of the department of Anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania from 1959 to 1961, and served as chair of the same department from 1976 to 1982. In addition to his position at the University of Pennsylvania, Goodenough has served as a visiting lecturer at Cornell University, Swarthmore College, Bryn Mawr College, University of Hawaii, University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee, Yale University, and Colorado College between 1950 and 1983. He was the Lewis Henry Morgan Lecturer at the University of Rochester in 1968, the Phi Beta Kappa Visiting Scholar from 1983 to 1984, and a Fulbright Lecturer at St. Patrick's College in Ireland in 1987.

Honors

Ward Goodenough has received many honors throughout his career. He was a Fellow at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences from 1957-1958. In 1971 he was elected to the National Academy of Sciences, and to the American Philosophical Society and American Academy of Arts and Sciences in 1973 and 1975 respectively. Between 1979 to 1980 Goodenough was a Guggenheim Fellow. In 1986 he received the American Anthropological Association's Distinguished Service Award, and was also president of the Institute on Religion in an Age of Science. He received the Society for Applied Anthropology's Malinowski Award in 1997. He is an Honorary Fellow of the Association for Social Anthropology in Oceania. Goodenough has also served on the editorial boards of several journals including American Anthropologist (1966-1970); Science (1976-1979); and Bobbs Merrill Reprints in Anthropology and Addison-Wesley Modules in Anthropology. Additionally, Goodenough has served on a long list of committees and associations and boards of directors.

Important Works

Between 1944 and 2003 Goodenough produced a substantial body of work including 3 edited volumes, more than 10 books, including one book of poetry and one of piano pieces, more than 150 articles, 55 book reviews and 35 unpublished manuscripts. Searches of the Social Science Citation Index show that Ward Goodenough has had over 80 separate publications cited in over 700 scholarly works. In order to illustrate some of the ways in which Goodenough has influenced the field of Anthropology, I will briefly discuss some of his most highly cited and often reprinted works. His top cited works span the topics of language, kinship cultural change, descriptive anthropology, property, residence and the area of Polynesia, specifically in Truk, and help to illustrate the ways he has contributed to both Anthropology and Linguistics.

The article "Residence Rules" published by Goodenough in 1956 in the Southwestern Journal of Anthropology, and reprinted in Paul Bohannan and John Middleton's Marriage Family and Residence in 1968 and again in the Bobbs-Merrill Reprints in Anthropology volume A-92, has been cited in over 100 different publications. In this article Goodenough describes a situation in which he and another scholar, John Fischer, had collected census data in the same community (Truk) within three years of each other and obtained very different data, which Goodenough contributes to different interpretations of the forms of residence found. He concludes that these differences are because of a combination of vague definitions of residence forms that could end up being applied in different ways and a difference in the kinds of information used for interpreting the census material. He goes on to discuss the implications of these kinds of problems for ethnographic reliability and attempts at comparison across cultures. He shows that there is a danger in not recognizing the differences between the anthropologists structuring language and the conceptual frameworks employed by the individuals in a given culture. In the end of the article he notes that with this kind of recognition, Anthropology could be catching up with comparative Linguistics, where the knowledge that "every language presents a new structure unlike any other, and that only by developing rigorous methods for arrive at precise theoretical statements of these structures would it be possible significantly to advance farther the study of language in general" (315-316 – in the version appearing in Marriage, Family and ...ence) occurred a generation earlier. The reproductions of this work in several places, and the fact that it has been cited over 100 times, seems to suggest that...
Goodenough's call to apply these ideas to cultures as well as languages has been heard.

Goodenough's second most cited work, "A Problem in Malayo-Polynesian Social Organization" was originally published in 1955 in the American Anthropologist, and has been reprinted four times, in Kinship and Social Organization (1968), Peoples and Cultures of the Pacific (1968), Selected Papers from the American Anthropologist (1976), and Bobbs-Merrill Reprints in Anthropology (A-90). "A Problem in Malayo-Polynesian Social Organization," in it's various printings, has been cited in almost 100 individual works. In this article Goodenough complicates previous constructions of social structure and kinship relations by noting that in the Malayo-Polynesian system of organization, descriptions of kinship alone are not complete. In order to more accurately describe the ways individuals and groups to understand their relationships to others, an ethnographer must take their relationships to land into account. In the Malayo-Polynesian case Goodenough identifies two kinds of kin groups specifically associated with land (82). Recognition of these issues has great implications for future kinship studies.

"Yankee Kinship Terminology: A Problem in Componential Analysis" originally published in 1965 has been cited in the literature in over 70 different publications. This article was originally published in Formal Semantic Analysis a volume edited by E.A. Hammel, which was a special edition of American Anthropologist, and was reprinted in Cognitive Anthropology edited by S.A. Tyler in 1969. In this article Goodenough applies componential analysis, a process borrowed from Linguistics of utilizing binary feature matrices, to the analysis of one kind of American/Yankee kinship system. Goodenough suggests that the utilization of componential analysis is one way of "evaluating the adequacy of ethnographic statements regarding the cultural organizations of phenomena we presume other people to have" (286). Goodenough specifically states that this is not a definitive answer to questions regarding cognitive processes at the time, but according to Tara Robertson in her discussion of Goodenough on her website regarding cognitive anthropology, he has played an important role in the development of that field, and this work along with others have been very influential (Robertson).

Goodenough's 1970 book Description and Comparison in Cultural Anthropology, part of a Lewis Henry Morgan Lecture series, was translated into Japanese in 1978, and released in paperback in 1980, and has been cited in 54 works in the literature since its publication. This book, based on four lectures is divided into sections on "Marriage and Family," "Kindred and Clan," "Sibling and Cousin," and "General and Particular" all of which are devoted to illustrating problems which occur in anthropological descriptions because of our own cultural assumptions, and then suggestions for overcoming these problems and more accurate methods for the description and comparison of different cultures. Goodenough calls for the construction of a set of universally applicable categories, similar to the set of phonetic categories utilized by linguists that would aid in the description of different cultures, and limit the influence of the researchers cultural background. In the chapter on "Kindred and Clan" Goodenough challenges the conventional anthropological categories of descent and then encourages the reader to think about the validity of the anthropological theories which are based in those questionable categories. In Chapter four, "Sibling and Cousin" Goodenough questions the universality of kinship as anthropologists understand it, and states that before cross-cultural comparison would be possible better conceptualizations will be necessary. In the final chapter, "General and Particular," Goodenough concludes by reiterating the need for accurate etic typologies, and states that researchers must remember that typologies are tools, and "must be judged by the uses for which we design them" (129).

Culture, Language, and Society, published in 1971 has been cited in 51 different publications. This book was translated into Spanish, and a second revised edition was published in 1981. Culture, Language, and Society addresses the issues regarding the intersection of languages, cultures and peoples, and how they relate to each other. It discusses language itself as an object of study, and then puts language into the context of speakers illustrating all of the different levels at which language can...
Goodenough's essay "Cultural Anthropology and Linguistics" has appeared in multiple books, and has been cited in 39 different publications. It was first published in 1957 in P.L. Garvin's edited volume Report of the Seventh Annual Round Table Meeting on Linguistics and Language Study. In 1968 it appeared in Dell Hymes' Language in Culture and Society, and the Bobbs-Merrill Reprints in Linguistics (L-29). Additionally, it appeared in the 1956 Bulletin of the Philadelphia Anthropological Society. In this short essay Goodenough again addresses the intersection between Linguistics and Anthropology, and the parallel problems that occur in both descriptive linguistics and ethnography. He discusses how sign theory and structural linguistics can contribute to the issues at hand, and that culture, like language is best understood as a system of knowledge. He concludes that linguistics, and by extension learning languages is the most useful tool available to both the linguist and the ethnographer (39 - in the version printed in Language in Culture and Society).

In addition to these works, Goodenough has several other publications that have been cited a remarkable number of times. The book Property, Kin and Community on Truk published in 1951 and based upon his dissertation has been cited in 36 different publications. Goodenough's contributions to the book Explorations in Cultural Anthropology: Essays in Honor of George Peter Murdock that he edited in 1964 have been referenced in 31 different publications. The article, "Oceania and the Problem of Controls in the Study of Cultural and Human Evolution" published in the Journal of the Polynesian Society in 1957 has been used in 25 different books and journals. The books and articles found on Goodenough's impressive list of publications also cover the topics of education, religion, philosophy of science, theoretical and descriptive linguistics, linguistic change, evolution, and population control.

Impact on the Field

Ward Goodenough has had a lasting impact on the field of Anthropology. He had particular influence on the areas of Oceanic Anthropology, Cognitive Anthropology, and General Anthropological Theory. In 1989 Mac Marshall and John Caughey edited Culture, Kin, and Cognition: Essays in Honor of Ward H. Goodenough, that includes contributions from Caughey and Marshall, Ann Chowning, Anna Meigs, Jay Norick, Anne Salmond, William Alkire and Roger Keessing on topics including culture, social structure, kinship, land tenure and language. Goodenough applied elements of theory from Linguistics to the furtherance of Anthropological theory including works on kinship, componential analysis, role analysis, and focus on social
including work on kinship, complementary analysis, role analysis, and focus on social identities and development. In his biography of Ward Goodenough as an Honorary Fellow of the Association for Social Anthropology in Oceania (ASAO), Mac Marshall states, “Over the years, Ward Goodenough has been arguably the association’s most esteemed Honorary Fellow... It seems safe to say that every ASAO member has been influenced in some way by Ward’s theoretical and ethnographic insights” (Marshall). It is clear that Ward Goodenough has had a lasting impact on the field of Anthropology, both in theoretically and through his contributions to the anthropological study of Oceania.

Waasééna [in Chuuk]

Ngaang waasééna.
Wuwa pasato ngaang
mé wóñi fénúwey,
soonóóni inen,
soonóóni Kachaw.
Núkúni ppeyinen
iyaani fénúwey.
Enúúmawáriinen
esee mwo wúriye,
ngé ese turufíye
Nisowukepiinen.
Rongen akkananaw
aa túmwùnùwey.
Waasééna ngaang.

Ngaang waasééna.
Inisíy epwee ñòmw
pwipwpwùnú me pwpwùn,
ìngùnìy epwe ñiwin
fùnìi imwan-
changanó neefùú,
áséé Fëwûkséé;
ássinó Fachcharmô,
tùtù neenómwun;
changatá wungowungan,
toneyi amaman;
soonó soonóó
neewoon wunusan.
Waasééna ngaang

Drift Voyager

I am a drift voyager.
hither I’ve strayed
from on my land,
the far side of heaven,
far side of Space Worlds.
Outside of heaven’s edge
is the place of my land.
The heaven-garland god
Has not yet assailed me,
nor has laid hold of me
Mistress of the Lower sky.
Life-giving spells
I watched over me.
A drift voyager I.

http://www.indiana.edu/~wanthro/theory_pages/goodenough.htm
IAN BARBOUR
Date: Tue, Dec 31, 2013 11:33 am

Dear Members of the IRAS Council,

Sadly, I have received word that Ian Barbour passed away a few days ago. Over the 40 plus years Ian and I were associated; I was always deeply impressed both by his enormous pioneering contributions in developing much of the entire framework for the emerging field of science and religion, and by his sense of humanity and kindness. I will miss him greatly.

As well, I am sure he will be also be deeply missed by all of the members of our Institute on Religion in an Age of Science (IRAS). Ian served throughout the entire history of Zygon on its editorial board in various capacities and was one of the original members of IRAS.

We were especially appreciative that he chose to come to our summer conference for his 90th year and were deeply impressed with his presentation in which he addressed his recent views on science and religion since giving his Gifford lectures and developed a new discussion of his perspectives on ethics, technology and food. See more at http://apps.carleton.edu/farewells/?story_id=1081774

Best and sad regards -sol

PS For those IRAS members who were unable to attend our week-long 2013 IRAS conference, we also had an opportunity to celebrate a belated 90th birthday with him. For those wishing to see the videos of his presentation from this summer, please find further information at this site http://irasconference.com/plenaries/. (More details at http://irasconference.com/ and at http://www.youtube.com/user/WorldFoodForum/videos?sort=dd&flow=list&live_view=500&view=0%20%20)
My first time at an IRAS meeting on Star, in 1987, was at the invitation of my brother Ward. He had picked up an interest in IRAS from our father, Erwin Goodenough, who was one of the original conferees and had been elected to serve as IRAS president in 1965, but had died before taking office.

Ward was a polymath who could talk both science and religion with the best of them, while I was a lab rat who'd given no thought to religion whatsoever. But I was intrigued by the conversations taking place, and a major reason to come back in those early years was to spend the week with Ward and his magnificent wife Ruth.

Ward was 24 years older than I, and family relationships had been complicated, but those complexities evaporated in the IRAS context and we became deeply close friends, engaging in long conversations during meals and at the snack bar, and thoroughly enjoying the inimitable experience known as IRAS Happy Hour.

Talking ideas to Ward was both challenging and rewarding. If you came up with something banal or sloppy, he'd narrow his eyes a bit from behind those thick glasses and then skillfully suggest ways to get your thinking back on track, greasing the wheels with his beautiful smile and a great deal of patience.

Here's an emblematic Ward Goodenough story, told at his memorial service in Pennsylvania last month. Towards the end of a long dying process, some of his kids had gathered round his bed and were singing songs they'd sung as a family. One of the songs was in Trukese, a language Ward had specialized in as an anthropologist. As they sang a verse, their apparently unconscious father suddenly roused, opened his eyes, corrected their Trukese pronunciation, and then slipped back into his haze.

Ward and Ruth had a ritual on Star of walking round and round the perimeter of the tennis court after dinner, hand in hand, to get their exercise. A cameo memory is of their coming back up the lawn, greeting me with beaming faces, and saying "You know, we just figured it out. IRAS is our church."
BETTY LAU
ELIZABETH E. "BETTY" LAU, 79, passed away on March 7, 2014 surrounded by the love of family, friends, her cat Emilia and her favorite classical music. All agree the world is a different place without Betty Lau. She was a person of faith, a dedicated social worker and a lifelong artist. A celebration of Betty Lau's life is planned for 11 a.m. on Saturday, April 5 at the Unitarian Society of Cleveland, 2728 Lancashire Road in Cleveland. Memorial gifts can be made in Betty's name to the Society. Betty was beloved by her chosen family: Barbara Lau and partner Gail Crabtree; Michael Lau and his children Megan and Braden; Leslie Fay and partner Sue Ditty; Susan Treleaven and partner Stephen Blakney and their children Noah Blakney and Gabriel MacConaill and his partner Joanna Litt; and Tim Emeis, his wife Peggy and their daughter Rachel. Betty was predeceased by her parents, Theodore August and Genevieve McGee Emeis. Betty believed in love, tolerance and justice and worked hard to align her life with her beliefs. She was an active member of the Unitarian Society of Cleveland for 50 years and a part of the Star Island family through her 40+ year involvement with the annual IRAS conference: Institute on Religion in an Age of Science. Betty graduated from Cleveland Heights High School and earned a BA from Oberlin College and an MSW from Case Western Reserve School of Social Work. Betty's more than three decades career as a social worker included pioneering research on elder abuse that led to federal legislation aimed at protecting vulnerable older adults. She used her social work skills to help patients with chronic illness stay in their homes, and later in her career she helped found the first medical geropsychiatric program in the area. Betty was an award winning water colorist and designer whose wall-sized Joy mural has graced the intersection of Silsby and Lee Roads since the 1970s. Her felt banners ring the sanctuary of her church. A committed patron of the arts, she was a lifelong member of the Cleveland Art Museum and a frequent ticket holder at Cleveland Orchestra performances. She was a founding member of the Plein Air Painters and a talented photographer. Betty will be missed by family, friends, neighbors, members of her church community, and her fellow artists. She leaves behind a legacy of beauty, caring, and commitment to making the world a better place.

Karl Peters

Betty Law was one of the people who welcomed me to IRAS on Star Island in 1972 when I first attended. She was a quiet, kind, thoughtful person.
For many years she was the "official" IRAS photographer. And her paintings were appreciated by many.
Betty served on the Council (Governing Board) for six years from 1991-1997. She also co-chaired the 1990 IRAS Summer Conference conference with John Fryer on "Creativity, Nonconformity and Madness."
We will remember you Betty, on your Star Island home, this summer.

Love and peace to all.
MARJORIE YOUNG
Marjorie Ann
(Priest) Young, 72

PORTLAND -- Marjorie Ann Young, 72: Always an enthusiastic volunteer for the arts, music, theater, and the movies. In 1970 she returned to her beloved Portland and traced her roots back 11 generations in Maine. She suffered a stroke and died 12 days later in Gosnell Memorial Hospice on June 16, 2012.

She leaves behind a daughter, Julia Leslie, son-in-law, Mark; grandchildren, Andrea and Nicholas; a son Jonathan and his wife Diana. A memorial service will be held at Allen Avenue UU Church on Sept. 15th at 2 p.m.

In lieu of cut flowers, donations can be made to PSQ, Gosnell Hospice, Portland Stage, Kotzschmar Organ fund, and the PPL.

She lived with a passion for everything.
DANA WOODBURY
Dana Lord
Woodbury, 87
PORTLAND -- Dana Lord Woodbury, 87, of Portland, died peacefully on Dec. 5, 2013, with his children and first grandchild by his side.
Born in Portland, Dana attended Deering High School and Bridgton Academy, and then went on to serve in the Navy upon the USS Fall River during World War II. Upon returning he attended The University of Maine at Brunswick and Boston University.
A man with extraordinary talents and compassion for others, Dana lived his life fully-engaged and appreciated each and every day.
He made his career in freight transportation, with various companies including Hannaford Brothers, Roadway and St. Johnsbury.
A notable multitasker, Dana always found time for Sunday drives with his family, fishing expeditions, and cheering on his children at sporting events.
In most recent years Dana enjoyed working for the City of Portland. Whether it was ushering at Merrill Auditorium, providing security at the Portland Expo, or helping someone find their seat at a Sea Dogs game, he relished in meeting new people. A great joy to Dana was volunteering through the Foster Grandparent Program.
With a love for books, a thirst for knowledge, and an appetite for good food, Dana also welcomed philosophical and lively political discussions.
A member of the Unitarian Church, he frequented spiritual and educational retreats at Star Island for many years.
An avid outdoorsman, Dana had a fine appreciation and respect for the natural world around him. His flower and vegetable gardens produced a rainbow of color.
He deeply loved Maine - from the ocean, the blueberry fields, the deep green forests to the majestic mountains.
Wherever he was, Dana made it a better place with his graceful and loving presence.
Dana is survived by his four children, John Woodbury of Windham, Richard Woodbury of Green, Peter Woodbury of Gorham, Barbara Woodbury Marzelli of Newbury, N.H.; and 10 grandchildren, Jessica, Sara, Brian, Eric, Kassandra, Justin, Joshua, Jason, Brooke and Leah.
A private ceremony will take place in the spring. To offer words of condolence and share memories with the family, please go to www.athutchins.com.
Dana and his family are especially most thankful for the long-term support and care he received at Southern Maine Dialysis Center and for the comfort given at Gosnell Hospice.
In remembrance of Dana, his wish was for those who knew him to continue offering kindness to one another each and every day.
Dana Lord
Woodbury
LAWRENCE FAGG
Lawrence Wellburn Fagg Obituary

Date of Birth:  
Wednesday, October 10th, 1923  
Date of Death:  
Tuesday, May 5th, 2015  
Funeral Home:  
Jones Funeral Home  
www.jonesfuneralhomes.com  
228 S. Pleasant Valley Road  
Winchester, Virginia, UNITED STATES  
22601

Winchester, Va – Lawrence “Larry” Wellburn Fagg passed away Sunday, May 3, 2015 at The Willows Assisted Living Home in Winchester, Virginia. He was born October 10, 1923 in New Jersey, to Doris Virginia Shea Fagg and Lawrence W. Fagg, Sr. Larry grew up with his family in Washington, DC and after graduating from high school entered the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, graduating with a degree in military engineering.

His academic accomplishments next included a Master of Science in physics from the University of Maryland, Master of Arts in physics from Illinois University and a Ph.D. in nuclear physics from Johns Hopkins University. To help balance his scientific background he also earned a Master of Arts in Religion from George Washington University.

His employment included two stretches as a nuclear physicist at the Naval Research Laboratory, a plasma physicist at the Atlantic Research Corporation, Acting Director of the Linear Electron Accelerator Laboratory and research professor in nuclear physics at Catholic University. Larry received many honors including Fellow, American Physical Society; Navy Meritorious Civilian Service Award; Academic Fellow, Institute on Religion in an Age of Science; and Templeton Foundation Award to teach science and religion courses. He authored five published books, which included “Two Faces of Time” and “Electro-Magnetism and the Sacred: At the Frontier of Space and Matter” and three other books which integrated concepts of time in science and religion. He also drafted sixty-five papers for physics reference journals and lectured at universities in the U.S., Europe, Canada, Australia, Japan and China.

Larry married Mary Godfrey Skipp in 1993, which has been called the perfect union by those who knew them. They were both warm and engaging with superlative intellect and wit. They were world travelers, cultural icons of literature and the arts and widely considered the perfect dinner guests. He is survived by niece Kerry Shea, grand nieces Ellen Shea and Erin Shea, Niece Catherine J. Farrell and grand nieces Cristina, Caitline, and Charlotte Farrell and Brother-in-Law Stefan Rogers Skipp and sons Richard, Brendan and Phillip Skipp.

A funeral service will be held on Saturday, May 30, 2015 at Jones Funeral Home in Winchester, Virginia, services will begin at 2:00 p.m. A reception will follow at Larry’s home. Larry will be laid to rest next to his beloved wife, Mary, in Chestertown, Maryland at a later date.

In lieu of flowers, contributions may be made to the Intrepid Fallen Heroes Fund and Save the Children Federation, Inc.
On Lawrence Fagg

It is always sad when someone we know passes away. That sadness is mitigated, if not erased, when we recall the happy memories the person has left behind.

Those of us who had the privilege of seeing and interacting with Larry recall him as a gentle and thoughtful individual with a friendly smile. He never was aggressive, was invariably considerate, and symbolized, as it were, the spirit of IRAS. He was a scientist by profession, humanist by conviction, and religious at heart in the best sense of the term.

I was charmed by his book on *Electromagnetism: Nature's Force that Shapes our Lives* (published in 2011) for which he asked me to write a Foreword. This is what I wrote:

Aside from flipping the switch or resorting to a flashlight a in a dark room, we in the modern world use a thousand gadgets that use electricity. But not everyone may be aware that electricity is intertwined with magnetism, the glue that helps us display items on the refrigerator door. The undergirding principle of electromagnetism plays an indispensable role in virtually everything we see and experience as human beings in this physical world that is wrought with so much splendor and wonder. Not just the materials we find around us but our own bodies too are such as they are because of electromagnetic forces. More than that: every aspect of our perception from sight and smell to hearing, tasting, and touching, involve electricity. Even our very emerge from our brains whose neurons carry electric current also. Electromagnetism is an the invisible undergirding principle that sustains the whole universe such as it is: very like the God of religious visions.

In this fascinating little book, Lawrence Fagg introduces the reader to the multifaceted aspects of this fundamental force in nature whose mysteries have been unraveled only in the past hundred and fifty years of humanity's quest to understand the physical world. He does this with grace, making the book a great delight to read. The personal touches here and there add considerably to the charm of the book.

This book is a treasure chest in the enormous breadth in the topics it covers. Ubiquitous electromagnetism is the central topic, and we
learn about its enormous impact on a variety of aspects of world. The author talks about the macroscopic world and also about the microcosmic. If the earth is a huge magnet, atoms and molecules carry electricity also. The book informs us about the great James Clerk Maxwell who gave the known laws of electromagnetism a unified mathematical formulation from which he made what may well be regarded as the most revolutionary scientific discovery in humanity’s history in terms of its transforming power on modern civilization. That discovery was of electromagnetic waves.

These pages also present in intelligible terms some of the most esoteric fields of modern physics, without burdening the reader with mathematical symbols. Einstein’s famous formula connecting matter and energy is the only representative of the horde of mathematical jargon that clutter technical treatises on physics. Still we get a taste of the quantum theory of light and of quantum electrodynamics also. We read about the connection of electromagnetism to evolution, and we become aware of practical questions such as time measurement and GPS. Other matters explored here are electric power and computer chips.

It is remarkable that such a wealth of knowledge has been compressed within so few pages, and with such clarity in an engaging style. What adds to the interest of the book are the reflections of a very thoughtful physicist and his insightful comments sprinkled all through the text. The work reflects the author’s extensive knowledge of and involvement with technical physics, his enormous respect for the grandeur of science, and also deep humility that befits a man of wisdom.

From my perspective Larry has merged with that cosmic grandeur on which he had reflected knowledgeably with great insight.

V. V. Raman
May 26, 2015
A Service in
Celebration and Thanksgiving
for the Life of

LAWRENCE WELLBURN FAGG

OCTOBER 10, 1923–MAY 3, 2015
May 30, 2015 at 2:00 PM

Congregation stands as they are able for the reading of the anthem

I am Resurrection and I am Life, says the Lord.  
Whoever has faith in me shall have life, 
even though he die.  
And everyone who has life, 
and has committed himself to me in faith, 
shall not die for ever.

As for me, I know that my Redeemer lives 
and that at the last he will stand upon the earth.  
After my awaking, he will raise me up; 
and in my body I shall see God.  
I myself shall see, and my eyes behold him 
who is my friend and not a stranger.

For none of us has life in himself, 
and none becomes his own master when he dies.  
For if we have life, we are alive in the Lord, 
and if we die, we die in the Lord.  
So, then, whether we live or die, 
we are the Lord’s possession.

Happy from now on 
are those who die in the Lord!  
So it is, says the Spirit, 
for they rest from their labors.

The Collect

Officiant: The Lord be with you.  
People: And also with you.  
Officiant: Let us pray.  
O God, who by the glorious resurrection of your Son Jesus Christ destroyed death, 
and brought life and immortality to light; Grant that your servant Larry, being 
raised with him, may know the strength of his presence, and rejoice in his eternal 
glory; who with you and the Holy Spirit lives and reigns, one God, for ever and 
ever.  
People: Amen.
The Liturgy of the Word

First Reading (people seated) Lamentations 3:22-26, 31-33
The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases, his mercies never come to an end; they are new every morning; great is your faithfulness. "The Lord is my portion," says my soul, "therefore I will hope in him." The Lord is good to those who wait for him, to the soul that seeks him. It is good that one should wait quietly for the salvation of the Lord. For the Lord will not reject forever. Although he causes grief, he will have compassion according to the abundance of his steadfast love; for he does not willingly afflict or grieve anyone.

Reader: The Word of the Lord.
People: Thanks be to God.

Psalm 23 King James Version (read in unison)
The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
he leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul;
he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his Name’s sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil;
for thou art with me;
thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies;
thou anointest my head with oil;
my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

The Gospel Reading (people seated) John 14:1-6
Jesus said to his disciples, "Do not let your hearts be troubled. Believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father’s house there are many rooms. If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, so that where I am, there you may be also.
And you know the way to the place where I am going.” Thomas said to him, “Lord, we do not know where you are going. How can we know the way?” Jesus said to him, “I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me.”

*Reader:* The Word of the Lord.
*People:* Thanks be to God.

**Psalm 139:1-11 (read in unison)**

Lord, you have searched me out and known me;
you know my sitting down and my rising up;
you discern my thoughts from afar.
You trace my journeys and my resting-places
and are acquainted with all my ways.
Indeed, there is not a word on my lips,
but you, O Lord, know it altogether.
You press upon me behind and before
and lay your hand upon me.
Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;
it is so high that I cannot attain to it.
Where can I go then from your Spirit?
where can I flee from your presence?
If I climb up to heaven, you are there;
if I make the grave my bed, you are there also.
If I take the wings of the morning
and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,
Even there your hand will lead me
and your right hand hold me fast.
If I say, "Surely the darkness will cover me,
and the light around me turn to night,"
 Darkness is not dark to you;
the night is as bright as the day;
darkness and light to you are both alike.

**Family Remembrances**

**Homily**

The Rev. Bridget E. Coffey
Officiant: In the assurance of eternal life given at Baptism, let us stand and proclaim our faith and say,

Apostles' Creed
I believe in God, the Father almighty,
creator of heaven and earth.
I believe in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord.
   He was conceived by the power of the Holy Spirit
   and born of the Virgin Mary.
He suffered under Pontius Pilate,
   was crucified, died, and was buried.
He descended to the dead.
On the third day he rose again.
He ascended into heaven,
   and is seated at the right hand of the Father.
He will come again to judge the living and the dead.
I believe in the Holy Spirit,
   the holy catholic Church,
   the communion of saints,
   the forgiveness of sins,
   the resurrection of the body,
   and the life everlasting. Amen.

And now, as our Savior Christ has taught us, we are bold to say,

People and Officiant
Our Father, who art in heaven,
   hallowed be thy Name,
   thy kingdom come,
   thy will be done,
   on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
   as we forgive those
   who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
   but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
   and the power, and the glory,
   forever and ever. Amen.
Prayers of the People

In peace, let us pray to the Lord.

For our brother, Larry, let us pray to our Lord Jesus Christ who said, “I am Resurrection and I am Life.”

Lord, you consoled Martha and Mary in their distress; draw near to us who mourn for Larry, and dry the tears of those who weep.

People:  Hear us, Lord.

You wept at the grave of Lazarus, your friend; comfort us in our sorrow.

People:  Hear us, Lord.

You raised the dead to life; give to our brother eternal life.

People:  Hear us, Lord.

You promised paradise to the thief who repented; bring our brother to the joys of heaven.

People:  Hear us, Lord.

Our brother was washed in Baptism and anointed with the Holy Spirit; give him fellowship with all your saints.

People:  Hear us, Lord.

He was nourished with your Body and Blood; grant him a place at the table in your heavenly kingdom.

People:  Hear us, Lord.

Comfort us in our sorrows at the death of our brother, Larry; let our faith be our consolation, and eternal life our hope.

Officiant concludes with the following prayer:

Lord Jesus Christ, we commend to you our brother, Larry, who was reborn by water and the Spirit in Holy Baptism. Grant that him death may recall to us your victory over death, and be an occasion for us to renew our trust in your Father’s love. Give us, we pray, the faith to follow where you have led the way; and where you live and reign with the Father and the Holy Spirit, to the ages of ages. Amen.
The Commendation
(Congregation please respond at the italicized print)

Officiant: Give rest, O Christ, to your servant with your saints,
People: where sorrow and pain are no more,
         neither sighing, but life everlasting.

Officiant: You only are immortal, the creator and maker of mankind; and we are
         mortal, formed of the earth, and to earth shall we return. For so did you ordain when you
         created me, saying, "You are dust, and to dust you shall return." All of us go down to the
dust; yet even at the grave we make our song: Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

People: Give rest, O Christ, to your servant with your saints,
         where sorrow and pain are no more,
         neither sighing, but life everlasting.

Officiant: Into your hands, O merciful Savior, we commend your servant Larry.
         Acknowledge, we humbly beseech you, a sheep of your own fold, a lamb of your own
         flock, a sinner of your own redeeming. Receive him into the arms of your mercy, into the
         blessed rest of everlasting peace, and into the glorious company of the saints in light.
People: Amen

The priest blesses the people, saying
The God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, the great
Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant: Make you perfect
in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his
sight; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, be upon
you and remain with you forever.
People: Amen

Dismissal
Officiant: Let us go forth in the name of Christ.
People: Thanks be to God.

All are invited to join the family immediately
following the service at Larry's home for a reception.
In lieu of flowers, contributions may be made to:

Intrepid Fallen Heroes Fund
or
Save the Children Federation, Inc.

**Officiant**
The Rev. Bridget E. Coffey

Christ Episcopal Church
114 West Boscawen Street
Winchester, Virginia 22601
540 662-5843
[www.christchurchwinchester.org](http://www.christchurchwinchester.org)
BETTY HOSKINS
Betty B. Hoskins

First woman professor at WPI

I came to Worcester in 1973. [Imitating people’s reactions] ‘You’re coming to WPI? It’s a boy’s-- men’s school.’ But utterly welcoming ... It was a curious experience and let me just preface, each college did their own way of going co-educational or integrating. Holy Cross had hired a dean of women and started planning before they brought students.... But WPI had had some applications from women, and my guess is they said, ‘Well, you know, no reason to turn them down, they’re good,’ and then they said ‘Oh my goodness, we need women’s facilities.’ Originally, I was in a lab building which had no women’s room so they had to designate one of the men’s rooms. And there were grumbles like, ‘Oh, you know the secretaries didn’t mind going to the next building, even in winter.’ Yeah, they’d put their coats on and walk through the snow to go to the bathroom. I said ‘What’s it coming to?’ That’s funny, in a way, but it’s also, it meant that I got called ‘the one who’s not smart enough to stay in her own department.’ Because I’m in the Women’s Movement ...

Born in 1936 in Baltimore, Maryland, Betty B. Hoskins grew up with her parents, John and Bessie Miller, and a younger brother and younger sister. Betty attended Goucher College, an all-women’s school at the time, graduating at 19 years old with a bachelor’s degree in biology. Shortly after, she obtained a master’s degree in embryology at 21 years old from Amherst College. She eventually married and moved to Texas with her husband, Godfrey Curtis, earning her doctorate from Texas Women’s University. She came to Worcester in 1972 when she heard that Worcester Polytechnic Institute (WPI) was searching for a professor, and has lived here since.
Sensitizing Introductory Biology

Students to Bioethics Issue

Betty B. Hoskins

Our present society needs educated citizens, including scientists, who are willing to become better informed and to take an active role in selecting the ways in which our society applies the discoveries of basic research. Yet, the professional training of biologists provides little opportunity for considering the ramifications of scientific research. We learned our values "by osmosis"; our attitudes were influenced, to a great extent, by the views of our mentors. Professional training fostered the appreciation of facts and theories over interaction with people and groups (Holton 1976).

In the past, we slowly applied the knowledge gained from basic research. Our present era is different. We rapidly put the discoveries made by basic researchers to practical, and sometimes questionable, use. For example, the observation of a mechanism to increase fruit and flowers in short-day plants led to the development of a devastating defoliant used in Viet Nam (Galston 1973). Where decisions about funding research and applying new knowledge should be made and who should make them are questions without clear answers.

We suspect that scientists themselves must have a voice in setting our value priorities and in fostering governmental and public understanding of science, but a suitable forum for conveying the complexity and subtlety of these issues in balanced fashion is not always accessible. The professional academies provide discourse on the appropriateness and implications of recent research techniques to scientists. The public, including the students in our colleges, may receive more information on social implication in the media than in an academic setting.

Consideration of the implications and applications of basic research should occur in the science classroom. The students we teach now, whether in science or in the humanities, will be expected to be informed on scientific issues. Those who enter the sciences will be expected to consider the implications of their work and to make sound value judgments. Biology teachers can offer their students opportunities to consider bioethical issues (Kieffer 1977); respondents to a recent survey that 45% of bioethics courses offered were taught through biology departments, and 31% through philosophy departments (Hendrix 1977).

I have described lecture, laboratory, and discussion exercises to awaken student consciousness of bioethical issues previously (Hoskins 1977). At that time, I did not present examples of their impact on students; the responses of my classes to laboratory questions are given here.

Laboratory Exercises and Queries

One way to help students develop sensitivity to ethical and social questions is to pose questions that permit them to probe into fundamental ethical issues. Who are we as individual human beings? Do we have inherent dignity, rights, obligations? What is our relationship to other inhabitants of the earth and to the earth itself? On what basis do we answer such questions? Is our value structure rational, coherent, and seasoned?

We included such questions as part of several exercises in our introductory life sciences course. LS 1001 at Worcester Polytechnic Institute is a seven-week survey of biological concepts, with emphasis on the departmental theme of "synthetic" biology. (Our understanding of the structure and function of life at all levels of organization is being extended and applied to the "creation" of unique, nonevolved, human-designed life forms. Of course, the enormous social questions of choice, crite-

Bettys Hoskins is associate professor in the department of life sciences and assistant dean for academic development, Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Institute Road, Worcester Massachusetts 01609. She was awarded her B.A. degree in biology from Goucher College (Towson, Maryland) in 1966, her M.A. degree in embryology from Amherst College (Massachusetts) in 1968, and her Ph.D. degree in molecular biology from Texas Women's University in 1973. At WPI, she has taught a variety of courses including embryology, microanatomy and introductory biology; she coordinates bioethics projects on death and dying, genetic engineering, and professional ethics; and she has been active in program development. She holds membership in AAUP, AAAS, AWIS, AIBS, the National Organization of Women (NOW), Collegium, and the Worcester Forum for the Study of Values, Inc. of which she is president-elect.

SENSITIZING STUDENTS 151
Over the years, anytime I went anywhere people of different faiths were gathered together in Memphis, I ran into Eunice and Chip Ordman. They were more than a couple. They were a pair. Fellow travelers. Cultural explorers. Interfaith emissaries. During their 32 years of marriage, they traveled with microlenders in Peru, medical missionaries in Malawi, teachers in Poland and Ukraine, artists in Cuba, students in China, peace activists in the Middle East, and medical supply smugglers in Thailand.

They shared meals and prayers with Buddhists in Bhutan, Hindus in India, Muslims in Morocco, Jews in Israel, and Catholics and Protestants in Europe and South America — not to mention members of all major and minor faiths in Memphis.

"Eunice and Chip, Chip and Eunice," Rabbi Feivel Strauss, one of their rabbis, said at Eunice's memorial service Wednesday afternoon.

"Chip and Eunice, Eunice and Chip," Dr. Nabil Bayakly, one of their imams, said at the service.

"They were always there together, on behalf of all of us," Rev. Carla Meisterman, one of their pastors, said at the service.

When was the last time you attended a memorial service led by a minister, a rabbi and an imam? Wednesday's memorial service was the first for me.

Eunice died over the weekend. She was 91. At Wednesday's service, she was remembered for her courage, compassion and commitment to people of all faiths.

The service was held at Balmoral Presbyterian Church, where the Ordmans were members. They also were members of Temple Israel. After 9/11, they also began attending regular prayers and events at Masjid As-Salaam, their neighborhood mosque.

"I was a Jew who loved to study the New Testament and other holy scriptures," Edward 'Chip' Ordman, Eunice's husband since 1983, explained. "She was a Christian who loved to study the Old Testament."

A match made in heaven.

Eunice and Chip were fellow scientists and professors. They met in New England
in the 1970s and moved to Memphis in the early 1980s to teach at the University of Memphis.

It was her third marriage, his second. Together they had nine children by birth, marriage or adoption, 13 grandchildren, three great-grandchildren, and several "honorary" children.

"It is probably the way society works, but women are too often underestimated," Chip said.

"She was the one who knew how a large, complex, blended and extended family worked. She was the one who knew where the wires went inside the computer and made my professional career a success.

"She was the one who, when we were both active in our church and our synagogue, said it's time we started attending our neighborhood mosque.

"She was the one who proposed the colorful travel, and the one who understood the stock market well enough to be able to make significant charitable donations. "I've long regarded her as one of the great colorful characters of the world, and I have felt it a privilege to go along for the ride."

Several years ago, on a trip to Israel, Eunice was mugged and her arm was broken in three places.

"The first emergency room doctor said, 'She's 83. She may have limited use of her right arm," Chip recalled. "I pulled out a small picture book showing her rowing a rowboat in the ocean and white-water rafting. 'She's not that kind of 83-year-old,' I said."

Eunice Eleanor Breckenridge Niles Stetson Ordman wasn't limited at any age. She was born in New Jersey in 1924. She counted passengers on the Mayflower among her ancestors. Her grandfather was a pioneer in the telephone industry. Her father worked for legendary Bell Labs. Eunice wrote her own history.

She taught physics at the dawn of the atomic age and computer science at the dawn of the digital age. She helped start computer science programs at two colleges. She did most of her traveling and exploring after she retired. She was white-water rafting in her 60s and 70s, and continued ocean rowing into her 80s.

Five years ago, doctors discovered the lining in Eunice's aorta was torn. She was 86 and already suffering from aortic stenosis. Her prognosis was not good. "I've had a very full life. Life doesn't owe me anything," she told her doctors. "But I'm having much too much fun to leave."

About David Waters
David Waters is a local news columnist for The Commercial Appeal. He writes about people, places and issues that have an impact on the community.
CHARLOTTE (CHA) BREWER
CHARLOTTE JARVIS KIDDER BREWER

Of Chevy Chase, Maryland died on January 22, 2016.

Born in Elmira, NY, Cha attended Miss Hall’s School and Barnard College. She was a vivacious and energetic citizen, ever committed to making this world a better place. She worked hard for causes in which she believed; environmental, conservation and political initiatives, including the Student Conservation Association, Rock Creek clean ups and she was a life long crusader for issues addressing climate change. Other groups that were dear to Cha’s heart are: the Woman’s National Democratic Club, the Cosmos Club, the Sycamore Island Club, Cedar Lane Unitarian Church, Star Island, Ski for Light, the Tahawus Club, and her Barnard Book group. She held dear her many friendships which connected her to these places and activities.

Cha is survived by her children, Purky Kidder, Fraser Gilbane, Mika Brewer and Polly Beyer, and also by her seven grandchildren; Emily Brewer, Will Brewer, Jami Gilbane, Drew Beyer, Ryan Gilbane, Michael Brewer and Anna Beyer. Her husbands, Michael Fraser Brewer and Henry Purkitt Kidder, predeceased her.

A Celebration of her life will be held in the Spring, at Cedar Lane Unitarian Church in Bethesda, MD.

In lieu of flowers, please consider a memorial gift to one of her favorite organizations or places.

CLIFFORD NORMAN "CLIFF" MATTHEWS
Clifford Norman "Cliff" Matthews (1921 - 2016)

NORTHAMPTON - Clifford Norman Matthews was born Dec. 20, 1921, in Hong Kong, and passed away peacefully May 22, 2016, in Northampton. His early college education at Hong Kong University was interrupted when he was taken to Japan as a prisoner of war in 1941. After World War II, he moved to London, where he met his future wife, Ibi, and completed his degree in chemistry at Birkbeck College, University of London. Cliff and Ibi married in 1947 and immigrated to the U.S. in 1950, living first in Connecticut, where he completed his doctorate in chemistry at Yale. They subsequently lived in Ohio, Boston, St. Louis, Chicago, and Northampton, making good friends in each location. After Ibi's death in 2013, Cliff moved to Rockridge Retirement Community.

Cliff had many passionate interests from an early age. His professional focus on science did not prevent him from engaging deeply with music, literature, visual art and philosophy. These interests sustained him when he was a prisoner of war. His scientific research was pioneering and grand in scope, encompassing bold theories of cosmochemistry and the origin of life. He published scientific papers in journals such as Nature, Science, Journal of the American Chemical Society, Journal of Organic Chemistry, Origins of Life, among others.

After working as a researcher in industry for many years, Matthews became Professor of Chemistry at the University of Illinois at Chicago in 1969, teaching there until his retirement in 1992. He won multiple awards for his creative teaching of science to non-scientists, incorporating the arts fully into his courses and using evolution as the organizing theme.

Matthews saw parallels in the human pursuits of science, religion, and the arts. He was active in IRAS in the early 2000’s. He co-edited three books exploring these ideas, titled *When Worlds Converge: What Science and Religion Tell Us about the Story of the Universe and Our Place in It* with Mary Evelyn Tucker and Philip Hefner; *Cosmic Beginnings and Human Ends* with Roy Abraham Varghese; and *Environmental Evolution: Effects of the Origin and Evolution of Life on Planet Earth* with Lynn Margulis and Aaron Hazelton.

He also edited a history of Hong Kong University during the war years entitled Dispersal and Renewal and, in 2010, wrote a memoir with Michael Silverstone, entitled "Star Ferry to Stardust: A Life on Three Continents".

Until he lost his eyesight in 2007, Cliff was a voracious reader and book lover. He was especially passionate about music; his favorite composers included Jean Sibelius, Hector Berlioz, Richard Strauss and Edward Elgar. He played the harmonica and often burst into song.

Known for his great enthusiasm and generosity, Cliff maintained a remarkably positive outlook in the face of all difficulty. "Only connect!" he exhorted, quoting E.M. Forster. He thought of humans as being made of "recycled stardust"; the world will be a lesser place as he now returns to stardust.

Matthews leaves two children, Sandra and Christopher; four grandchildren, Matthew Goldfield, Rina Goldfield, Zachary Matthewstearn and Quinn Matthewstearn; a sister Jacqueline Matthews; and a niece Anne Jenkins and her family.

Matthews' papers will be preserved in the University of Illinois at Chicago Archive.
Dr. Lyman Page, 84, of Kennebunkport, a retired Pediatric Endocrinologist, in Maine, July 3, 2016. Dr. Page was born in Hartford, CT, a son of Isabelle Murtland and Charles Whitney Page. attended Loomis School in Windsor, CT, is a 1953 Graduate of Yale University, earned a Doctor of Medicine from The Columbia School of Physicians and Surgeons in 1957; and did his internship at Stanford University. He served with Public Health Service in Washington, DC, performed medical research at Dartmouth College and Stanford University.

From 1970 to 1985, he practiced pediatrics in Maine. He was the first Board Certified Pediatric Endocrinologist in the State and served at Maine Medical Center. Seeking new challenges in medicine, he moved to Waterbury, CT where he was the Chief of Pediatrics in two hospitals. As a Professor of Pediatrics at Yale University, he helped train future pediatricians from around the world and led a Yale program in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia at the King Faisal Hospital.

He returned to practicing pediatrics in Providence, RI with Dr. Jay Orson and joined the faculty at Brown University's medical school. While in Providence he also joined Rev. Daehler Hayes to serve as pediatrician for the Mission Evangelique Babtiste, Bethesda in Haiti. He retired to Kennebunkport in 2002.

Survivors include his wife Gillet Thomas Page of Kennebunkport; his sons Lyman Page, Jr. of Princeton, NJ and New York, NY, Andrew Murtland Page of Berkeley, CA his daughter Gwen Meredith Page of Kennebunk, ME; and 5 grandchildren. Visitation 4 - 6 PM Friday, July 15, 2016 at Bibber Memorial Chapel, 67 Summer Street, Kennebunk. Memorial service 11 AM Saturday, July 16, 2016 at the South Congregational Church, Kennebunkport, ME.

Should friends choose, memorial donations to the following causes would be appreciated: Loomis Chaffee School, 4 Batchelder Road, Windsor, CT 06095; Sweetser Children Home, 50 Moody Street, Saco, ME 04072; Hospice of Southern Maine, US Route One, #1, Scarborough, ME 04074; and The Mission Evangelique Babtiste Bethesda/UCC, 600 Fall River Avenue, Seekonk, RI 02771 To share a memory or leave a message of condolence, please visit Lyman's Book of Memories Page at bibberfuneral.com. Arrangements are in care of Bibber Memorial Chapel, 67 Summer Street, Kennebunk, ME 04043.
This photo hangs in the home of Lyman and Gill page. It was taken by a friend Liam Crotty who did many photographs based on the work of Norman Rockwell.
July 7, 2016

Dear IRAS Members,

This note is to let you know of the death last Sunday, July 3, 2016, of long-time IRAS member Lyman Page. The news is not unexpected, but still very sad for those who knew him, were touched by his warm and wise presence, or knew of the many contributions he made in his medical work and to IRAS.

Lyman died at the age of 84 in Kennebunkport, ME, after difficult cancer treatments, which had weakened him significantly.

Last summer Lyman received an IRAS Service Award, but was unable to come to the Star Island conference due to his health challenges. However, the Council held a catered lunch in his honor, and presented him with the Award on the Friday before the conference, during our business meetings in Portsmouth. As Lyman and his family members gathered, the following commendation was read to him and all assembled:

*Lyman has been a mainstay of IRAS leadership for a generation, and his constant wise counsel has been one of the ways IRAS has stayed the institute and the community that it is. Most recently on Council from 2005-2008, and Secretary 2008-2012, he also has served yeoman’s duty as co-chair of the Archives Committee for many years.*

*Lyman is one of the people who has made IRAS what it is, part of the glue that has held our community together for a generation, and for that he deserves an award for his service to our Institute.*

Lyman also served as Parliamentarian on the IRAS Council, including during the first two years I was President, for which I was very grateful. I have fond memories of his practical support, reassuring sense of humor, and hearing some of the fascinating stories of his work in the medical world.

For most of his career Lyman worked as a practicing and research Pediatric Endocrinologist in various locations in the US, but also in Saudi Arabia and Haiti; and he served on the faculty of both Yale and Brown Universities.

I have attached Lyman's obituary as it appeared in the Hartford (where he was born) Courant today, for any who would like to read more about his life, his surviving family members, how to make memorial donations or send messages of condolence, and the date and location of his memorial service in Kennebunkport.

For many years, and especially recently, Marj Davis and Karl Peters have been among the IRAS members who have kept in close touch with Lyman and his wife Gill, and they alerted me about his passing, saying that Gill welcomes this news being sent to IRAS members and friends.

As is our custom, Lyman's life also will be remembered and celebrated next summer on Star Island during the IRAS conference week's Memorial Service.

With gratitude for the blessings bestowed upon the community of IRAS by Lyman, and so many others,

*Barbara*
Rev. Dr. Barbara Whittaker-Johns
*President, IRAS*
Responses from IRAS Members and Friends, on the Death of Lyman Page

July 10, 2016

Introduction from Barbara Whittaker-Johns, IRAS President:

Lyman died on July 3, 2016. On July 7, 2016, I sent to the Google Group of current IRAS members an email about Lyman’s passing, including my own reflection about him and the words of commendation from his IRAS Service Award the summer of 2015; and I attached his obituary from the Hartford Courant.

IRAS member Bill Shoemaker, on the same date, having read the obituary in the paper, sent an email about Lyman’s passing to a large group of IRAS leaders and to the list serve, IRASnet.

I have compiled the responses, or excerpts from the responses, offered by IRAS members and friends who received the news of his death in one of the above ways. A few are duplicated on the Bibber Funeral Home page for messages of condolence.

I am sending this compilation to Gill Page, Lyman’s wife, on July 10 so that she will receive it well in advance of Lyman’s Memorial Service on July 16. I also am sending her my note to IRAS members and Bill Shoemaker’s message to many in the IRAS Leadership. Responses which come to my attention after July 10, I’ll send to her separately at a later date, and all responses will be sent to Marj Davis, IRAS Historian, for the IRAS Memorial Book.

To All,

It is sad news that the obituary of Lyman Page was in the Hartford Courant today. He was born in Hartford, went to prep school here and graduated from Yale in 1953. That is why they printed his obituary here, even though he has been residing in Kennebunkport. He passed on July 3rd in Maine at 84 years of age.

In Peace,
Bill Shoemaker

Responses as of July 10, 2016

Ted Laurenson:

Lyman was a treasure: brilliant, funny, tough and tender minded at the same time, and a consummate gentleman. I, and I think everyone who knew him, will miss him very deeply.

Jane Penfield:

I am so deeply sorry and sad to hear this news. Lyman was such a wonderful, warm, kind and affable man. His wisdom and wit will remain embedded forever in the essence of IRAS.

Chris Corbally:

Thanks for sharing this with all of us who knew and loved Lyman. He was a great gift to IRAS, as the commendation on his award declared. Besides all his wonderful work for Council, I remember how he lent me a Chautauqua cap for an act at the "Variety Show" there, and after said "Do keep it." I did - and it always reminds me of him!
Jennifer Whitten:

Oh...this is sad news. I had hoped to see him once more. I'm so glad we honored him at our Council meeting, and all sang together with him. I miss his poetry, good sense, and good humor. He was fond of poetry, and liked to put his poems in the Beacon. We enjoyed "arguing" over their nuances and techniques. We had many in depth conversations, and through these, I came to see him as the quintessential IRASian, a "church person" rather than a "minister person," if you know what I mean (staying on and weathering changes in leadership, location, and ideology). I especially remember one conversation about polio and his thoughts about it, since my grandmother also had it and Lyman had some interesting ideas based on his own experience with polio.

I can't imagine a finer human being.

Whitney Bauman:

So sorry to hear this. What a great person Lyman was.

Ruben Nelson:

Oh, Barbara, I am at a loss for words.

Lyman was a living exemplar of our highest aspirations. He cultivated a community of informed and respectful inquiry and dialogue at the intersections of science with religion, spirituality and philosophy in service of global, societal and personal well-being.

Jack Pearce:

Let me say how much I appreciated the gentle, astute, thoroughly constructive, thoroughly gentlemanly persona of Lyman Page.

John Teske:

I knew Lyman Page as a member of the Institute on Religion in an Age of Science, and on its Council. Lyman was genuinely a gentleman and a scholar, and I remember both his incisive mind and his great charm and humor. My favorite memory of Lyman is watching him dance the night away with his wife, remembering their younger years, as we club-hopped Lower Manhattan after one of the midwinter Council meetings some 50 years after his time in Med School. They put us all to shame, and got cheers and applause into the bargain. Lyman was a lesson to us all in how to live! I will miss his smile, his laugh, and his Mainer's immunity to the cold!

Pat Bennett:

I too remember that evening watching him and Gillet dance the night away. Also the way he used to check the top of my head to see if I qualified as a ‘true’ polar bear!!

RIP Lyman - you were a true gentleman.

Ursula Goodenough:

Yup. The best of the best. I hope I am able to age 1/10th as gracefully.

V.V. Raman:
Lyman Page was a gentle and gracious soul. As Executive Secretary, he was a constant support and encouragement to me during the time I served as President. He was enlightened and cheerful, always friendly. Those of us who got to see and know him are fortunate he crossed our lives. For that we are grateful.

I recall my interactions with him as secretary of IRAS in the following Acrostic:

Lyman Page was a friend to all
Young in spirit, grand and tall.
Modest when he talked to us
And patient when he listened to us.
Never missed a person in his greeting,
Punctual for every meeting
Always sticking to Robert’s Rules,
Gracious, though, in using these tools
Everyone will miss the sage we all know as Lyman Page.

Jeff Dahms:

Lyman!
Old mate!

I look away briefly and you take to the exit.
All those times we roomed together in adventure land.

Mighty instrument mind.
But you were an even better nose, ......the scent of the true.

Species best.
Unyielding care.

We are a little more than what we are, for your time.
Miss you old mate.

Marj and Karl

We are grateful that we were able to visit with Lyman only 10 days before his death. We had visited with Lyman and Gill several times when he was no longer able to be at IRAS conferences. We remember their gracious hospitality.

As Co-chair of the IRAS Archives Committee with Marj, he wrote interesting stories about the evolution of IRAS.

Besides his interest in science and religion, Lyman was an avid reader about public affairs and would tell us about the latest book he had read, which led to an interesting and insightful conversation.
Especially this July, we admired Lyman’s persistence, strength and determination to keep going as he told us stories about his family.
We will always remember his walking us out to our car and our farewell hugs.

From Gillet Page

Dear Reverend Barbara Whittaker-Johns,

We as a family can’t thank you enough for your attention and for sending the many condolences from members of IRAS. I have forwarded them to my family and will copy them for his many friends who are coming this Saturday. It was marvelous talking with you and hearing how helpful Lyman was as Secretary. He was devoted to the organization and very proud of the award you presented to him in Portsmouth. It is in our kitchen.

With Warm Regards,

Gill Page
Roger Gillette
During his undergraduate days at Cornell College Roger was recruited by the track coach to fill an empty slot on relay the team. Yet it was his quick mind and loving heart that enabled him to successfully complete the long relay of his nearly 100-year long life and faithfully carry forward ideals and values that serve the common good. Having an intellectual and scientific bent of mind he earned his Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, Masters degrees and then completed his Phd. in physics and engineering during the daunting early days of World War II. The government recognized that the best use of Roger's gifts would be in working with other physicists to insure the scientific supremacy of the allied forces, so he worked at MIT in the radiation lab doing research he was never at liberty to discuss. He went on to have a successful career as a physicist and systems engineer, yet the successes that counted most for him were the ones he found in his loving relationships, his personal philosophical and religious explorations and his philanthropic endeavors. Roger found a loving mate in Bettelaine (Betty) in 1947 and they were the proud parents of Kenneth Lee and Sandra Jo. Loving others always poses the painful risk of losing them, and Roger was predeceased by his wife, then his adult daughter and most recently his adult son. He was blessed to have loving familial support from his niece Caroline Ashton and his honorary daughters Diane Copeland Bosworth and Roxanne Copeland as well as the countless friends he made during his fruitful life. Although he officially retired at the age of 75, Roger never retired from his quest to find truth and meaning. He was always striving to build bridges between the worlds of science and religion (his thoughts on these subjects found their way into print in scholarly journals) and he frequently found opportunities to share these views amongst his fellow Unitarian Universalists. He was committed to life long learning and participated in Willamette University's Institute of Continued Learning, the Westar Institute - promoting religious literacy, American Academy of Religion, Institute on Religion in the Age of Science. He was always refining his personal theological statement of belief and was seeking new ways to faithfully embody his values (his reverence for all life led him to become vegetarian in his latter years). Then, too, Roger was extraordinarily generous to the educational, environmental, cultural and religious institutions that promoted his life affirming values. It has been noted that "the great use of a life is to spend it on something that outlasts it." Simply put, Roger's life was wisely and well spent, and thus, we are immeasurably enriched.

A celebration of Roger's life will be held on Sunday March 19 at 3 PM at the Unitarian Universalist Congregation/ 5090 Center St., NE, Salem, OR.

Published in Statesman Journal on Mar. 15, 2017
REMEMBRANCES
April 1, 2017

John Teske
Yes, another marker of the passing of an era! Roger Gillette, Mladen Turk, and I were, roommates on the top floor of the building right over the Tennis Courts, the first IRAS conference I attended as a “scholar,” in 1994. Late night discussions with Roger are some of my fondest memories, that and the double rainbow I saw upon first arrival, a portent of a generation of involvement. I met many of you that summer. Roger’s spirit now joins the Island’s many winds.

Ahhh.

Paul Carr
Being a physicist like myself, Roger Gillette and I had many stimulating conversations at our Star Island IRAS conferences. "Now he knows even has he has been known." I Cor 13.

With fond memories,

Joan Hunter-Brody
I remember him well. What a lovely gentleman.

Jennifer Whitten
Roger Gillette was one of the sweetest people I have ever met at IRAS. A couple of years ago, I think, we ran a letter from him to IRAS in the Beacon--maybe our last year at Silver Bay?

Karl Peters
I have fond memories of Roger and his Star Island roommate for many years, George Brooks. Roger, a physicist, and George a Unitarian-Universalist minister had different ways of approaching religion and science, but together they had a synergy that helped each other develop their ideas. One of the interesting personal items about Roger is that he travelled by bus; he often would leave an IRAS conference, go to the Portsmouth bus station, and take the bus to friends and relatives in New York state.

Roger published two essays in Zygon: Journal of Religion and Science:
The Search Principle
We can develop a religion and ethics for the current scientific age through a free and responsible search for truth and meaning. The search for truth involves evidence-based scientific research. The search for meaning involves experience based religious reconnection. (The Latin word “religare” – “to reconnect” – may be taken to be the root of the word “religion”; the prefix “re-” is given the same meaning in “reconnect” as in “Research”).

Scientific Naturalism
Evidence-based scientific research indicates that we humans are an integral part of an interrelated, interactive, and interdependent web of all that exist. We call this emerging and evolving web the cosmos and our scientific knowledge of it cosmology. More particularly, we are an integral part of an interrelated, interactive, interdependent web of all life. We call this emerging and evolving web the biosphere, and our scientific knowledge of it biology. An emerging and evolving information handling capability is an important factor in the emergence and evolving of the biosphere. This capability involves both instinctive and learned capabilities. The biosphere can also exist only in combination with an atmosphere, and aquasphere, and a terrasphere. We call this combination an ecosphere, and our scientific knowledge of it ecology. Our ecosphere is a hollow shell extending from some distance below the surface of the earth to a greater distance above. We know of no other. This ecosphere is also often called the natural world or nature, and those who study it naturalists.

Religious Naturalism
Religious beliefs normally call for the extension of respect, honor and love to one’s family and community. Religious Naturalism calls for their further extension to biosphere and ecosphere.

Religious Ethics
Modern science and technology have been seriously affecting the health of anthroposphere and ecosphere. Religious naturalistic ethics holds the human species responsible for optimizing the net effect of their behavior on the wellbeing and progress of the ecosphere.

P. Roger Gillette
July 7, 2014

References
Geering, Lloyd, 2013; “From Big Bang to God.” Polebridge Press, Salem, OR.
P. Roger Gillette

May 12, 1917 – March 2, 2017

A Celebration of Life

Sunday, March 19, 2017, 3pm
The Chambered Nautilus
Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maidens rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Roger's favorite poem