Index of Memorial Minutes

1. Alene Winifred “Wini” Brown Hall
2. Andy March
3. Bill Powell
4. Bob Atchley
5. Daniel Levinson
6. Glen McQuire
7. Garcia Hobson Hiatt
8. Jane Volckhausen
9. John Gibbons
10. Margaret Shirley Holmes Fritchoff
11. Phyllis Hoge
12. Ralph Lugbill
13. Richard Barchfield
14. Vinetta Augusta Oelrich Hale
Alene Winifred “Wini” Brown Hall

Alene Winifred “Wini” Brown Hall was born August 10, 1925 in Redlands, California. Her parents were George E. Brown, Sr. and Birdie Kilgore. She passed away on January 11, 2017 in Tucson, Arizona. She was 91.

Wini grew up in Holtville, California (known as the carrot capital of the world) along with two brothers and a sister. She was educated in public schools.

Wini moved to Los Angeles when she was 18, and graduated with a degree in sociology from UCLA. She then was employed as a social worker for Los Angeles County.

On March 9, 1951, Wini married Dr. Henry K. Hall, a post-doctorate researcher in UCLA’s Chemistry Department in Santa Monica, California. In 1953, the Halls moved to Wilmington, Delaware. They had three children, Joan K., Douglas E., and Lillian M. At the time of her passing, she also left a grandson, Trevor.

In 1969, the Halls moved to Tucson. Wini completed her Doctorate in Education from the University of Arizona in 1979.

Wini was most known for her social activism. It began at an early age, having compassion for people escaping the Dust Bowl and settling into a Hooverville outside of Holtville, upon witnessing mistreatment of Mexican migrant workers in the carrot fields of her hometown, and seeing friends of Japanese ancestry being put into internment camps.

Later, Wini’s primary concern was for her children and to improve the world they would grow up and live in. She worked on this effort to the very end of her life. Her influence can be seen in her entire family as they shared her passion for social justice. Henry, also, has a history of activism. Her children were often on picket lines with her. Today, Joan is an expert in micro-finance for impoverished nations; Douglas volunteered during the Sanctuary movement of the 1980s; and Lillian is a peace activist and farmer in Colombia, where she moved after decades of outreach and community service in Nicaragua.

Wini would challenge authority that was using its power unjustly. Wini was tireless in both energy and spirit in her participation on behalf of causes that were important to her.

- She worked for racial equality and integration with the Congress of Racial Equality (C.O.R.E.). Wini helped integrate the Rialto Theater in Wilmington, Delaware and she marched with Dr. Martin Luther King and attended his “I Have a Dream” speech in Washington, DC. (She was invited to stand on the podium with her Congressmen brother— Rep. George Edward Brown, Jr.) She picketed Bullock’s department store for its segregationist policies.

- She was an activist for peace: She demonstrated against the Vietnam War and was arrested at Davis-Monthan Air Force Base for protesting the deployment of cruise
missiles. She participated with the women’s encampment at the Royal Air Force Base at Greenham Common, England to protest cruise missiles and nuclear weapons. She also visited Hiroshima. Wini was an active member of Another Mother for Peace.

- Wini believed in **non-violent conflict resolution**. She participated in the Creative Response to Conflict programs in prisons and elsewhere and received many letters from prisoners thanking her for giving them conflict resolution skills and “treating me like a human being.” She also put on cross-cultural workshops to foster understanding.

- Wini worked on behalf of a panoply of **political candidates and causes**. She possessed decades worth of buttons representing those issues, movements, and candidates that were near and dear to her heart. Among her possessions was a letter from then-Senator John F. Kennedy thanking her for her efforts as he successfully campaigned for president.

Many other organizations benefited from her wisdom and energy. Wini was an active participant in the Women’s International League for Peace and Freedom (WILPF), the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC), and the Quaker Meeting of which she was a member, Pima Monthly Meeting in Tucson.

Wini Hall was accepted into membership in Pima Meeting in December, 1986. At Pima Meeting, Wini served the Meeting as Co-Clerk of the Meeting, Clerk of Ministry and Oversight, Clerk of Membership and Marriage, and Clerk of Peace and Social Concerns. Additionally, she was on the Communications/Newsletter Committee, on Nominating Committee, and served as a Greeter.

To rejuvenate, Wini got sustenance from art. She was an accomplished sculptor. She also found nurturance from the company of plants and animals.

Wini and her multitudinous examples of social activism and looking out for the needs of others inspired many. As was written on an announcement for her memorial meeting, “Wini’s love of life and willingness to speak truth to power will be sorely missed. But the good news is that her spirit stays with us and pushes us out of our comfort zone and our of our armchairs into the street and meeting houses to continue her life’s work, changing the world even as she loved it.”
Part of this memorial minute was prepared from materials distributed by Wini Hall’s family at her memorial service.
Andrew Lee March

Memorial Minute

Andrew Lee March, of Lakewood, CO, passed away on July 15, 2018 from Alzheimer’s disease. He was 85. He was born in New Haven, CT, and spent most of his youth in Swarthmore, PA.

He attended Kenyon College for one year before transferring to Swarthmore College, graduating in 1953 with a BA in Language and Literature. He was a Fulbright Scholar in 1953 and taught in Austria for one year. He married his first wife, Susan Marx, in 1954. From 1955-1963 he served as an officer in the U.S. Navy and in the Naval Reserve.

Andy received an MA in Geography from Syracuse University and a PhD in Geography and China Studies from the University of Washington. During his academic career that spanned over four decades, he held faculty teaching positions at Ohio State University, Columbia University, Queens College, the University of Denver, and the Metropolitan State University of Denver. In 1968, while a faculty member at Columbia, he participated in the campus-wide protests against the war in Vietnam. He taught a wide range of topics, including geography, environmental science, and English as a second language. Later in his career he taught online courses and worked as a school bus driver for Jefferson County Public Schools, primarily serving special-needs children and adults.

His publications include The Idea of China: Myth and Theory in Geographic Thought, Common Edible and Medicinal Plants of Colorado, The Quest for Wild Jelly, The Mushroom Basket, The Wild Plant Companion, and The Wild Taste. The last five books were co-authored with his wife, Kathryn, whom he married in 1969. He also published numerous papers, poems, essays, and newspaper columns.

He loved nature, language, literature, and ideas. Andy believed in non-violence and simplicity of lifestyle and found spiritual comfort in nature, meditations, and the silent gatherings of Quaker meetings. He was also interested in Buddhism and Chinese Taoism.

Andy became a member of the Boulder Friends Meeting in 1999. He served on Ministry and Counsel and Ministry and Worship Committees. But his heart and dedication was to the Service Committee, where he served from 1998 until 2016, when his illness made continuing impossible. For many years he faithfully organized the Meeting’s monthly dinner preparation at the Boulder Homeless Shelter, went to distribute sandwiches to the homeless around the library, and provided rides to Meeting to Friends who lived in the south of Denver or Golden.

He was very quiet and strove everywhere for simplicity. But he was also warm and greeted us with a smile and a hug when we approached him. He is missed by our Meeting.

Andy is survived by his wife of 48 years, Kathryn, and his four children and seven grandchildren.

A memorial service to celebrate Andrew March’s life was held on August 19, 2018.

Respectfully submitted by Maria Krenz and Fran Boler, Boulder Friends Meeting
Memorial Minute for Bill Powell 1947-2017
Approved at a meeting for business held 1/13/2019

William H. (“Bill”) Powell was born January 7, 1947. He came from a long line of Quakers in New Jersey, at the old Hancock Bridge Meeting House (built in 1756), where his ancestors were members. This Meeting House is now also called Alloways Creek Friends Meeting House, and it is located in Hancock’s Bridge, Lower Alloways Creek Township, Salem County, New Jersey. One ancestor had been a surveyor for William Penn. Bill was a member of Lansdowne Meeting in Upper Darby, PA.

Bill attended George School, a Quaker boarding school in Newtown, PA, and he was on the swim team. Bill told his membership clearness committee that George School gave him a lasting grounding in Quakerism. Bill graduated in 1965. Bill attended many other meetings over time, including Pima and then Phoenix meetings. His attendance at Tempe Meeting went back to Danforth Chapel days.

Bill came to feel that Tempe Meeting was his home. He said he was moved more spiritually in Tempe Meetinghouse than in any other meeting he’d been in. He also said the Meeting members and attenders gave him the freedom to speak spiritually, or as a prophet. He quoted “There are two spirits in the world—the spirit of light and the spirit of darkness. When you try to connect to the spirit world always call on the spirit of Light rather than the Spirit of Darkness.” He said he matured from that view (like George Fox) and experienced this light as the spirit of Jesus Christ. In later years, Bill reflected on challenges in his family life and wrote a book “Consent and Worth is the Core of Happiness” that he hoped would teach others who might have similar family problems. During his life, he also had other personal triumphs and was proud to say that he stopped drinking on 11 September 2001.

Bill worked with his dad, Harold H. Powell, in Powell Electronics in New Jersey for about 10 years. Although he didn’t stay in the family firm, he later showed some of the entrepreneurial skills for which his father became well known. He worked for Frito Lay for several years and was a substitute teacher in the Maricopa school system. He founded a business in 1994 selling electronic component parts. He also ran an on-line business called Pow Wow Sales which sold evaporative coolers (including an automotive version), solar ovens, a permanent calendar of historical events, and business promotional items. His website contains photos and information about Arizona. He also researched historical and genealogical topics. In retirement he made pins and refrigerator magnets dealing with Friends’ testimonies, and many members remember him fondly whenever we see the ones he gave us. He was an exceptionally gentle and kind soul with a calm and loving presence.

Although it was a long drive, Bill attended regularly until ill health made the long drive impossible. He was a long time regular attender; he became a member on June 4, 2017. Bill was unable to make it to Meeting during the last 6 months of his life, and greatly appreciated visits to his home from Tempe Friends.

He died September 26, 2017, at the age of 70. He is survived by 3 daughters: Anne Marie Cooper, Becky Tobin, and Jeanette Powell.
Bob loved the experience of aliveness. He expressed this in many ways—a ready smile, making music, writing, a sweet serve, skiing, sailing, and listening to mountain streams. He loved hanging out with his wife Sheila, his kids—Melissa and Chris Atchley and Chris Miller, and his four grandchildren, Sydney, Hope, Sophia and Benjamin. He cherished his friends and loved good conversation. Bob married Sue Hyser in 1961 and they had two children, Christopher Atchley and Melissa Atchley. He married Sheila J. Miller in 1976; she had a son, Christopher Miller (wife, Rachel).

Bob graduated with a dual major in sociology and psychology from Miami University in 1961 and went on to complete his Ph.D. in Sociology from American University in 1965. He returned to Miami University as a professor in 1966 and was the director of the Scripps Gerontology Center for 25 years. He was named Distinguished Professor of Gerontology in 1986 and retired in 1998. He then moved to Boulder, Colorado and chaired the Gerontology program at Naropa University for 7 years.

More than a million people got their introduction to social gerontology by reading his textbook Social Forces and Aging, which went through ten editions from 1972 to 2004. His more specialized books Continuity and Adaptation in Aging and Spirituality and Aging were also widely read. In all, he wrote more than 25 books.

Bob never shied away from responsibility. He served as President of the 10,000-member American Society on Aging from 1988-1990 and held positions in various other national professional organizations in social gerontology. He also served on the boards of several national, state and local philanthropic organizations. He was well-loved for his work with areas of positive aging, and Sage-ing International.

Bob had a lifelong interest in singing. He began writing songs in the 1970s. After retiring from academia he began studying and practicing to be a
professional-grade singer-songwriter. He published more than forty original songs and performed for a variety of audiences mostly around Boulder and at national conferences. He was proud of his four music CDs.

Bob's spiritual journey was profoundly influenced by two visits to India in 1978 and 1979 (with wife Sheila) to be with the Indian sage Sri Nisargadatta Maharaj, a teacher of existential spirituality. He later dedicated himself to encouraging and supporting others on their spiritual journeys. He published entries on spirituality for three encyclopedias.

Bob became a convinced Quaker, joining Oxford (Ohio) Meeting in 1996; he transferred his membership to Boulder Meeting in 1999. At Boulder Meeting he served in many capacities and on many committees: he served as Treasurer from 2015-2017; at various times he convened Program, Service, and Finance committees, and served on Ministry and Counsel, Grief and Bereavement, Higher Education Fund, Toward Right Relationship Oversight, and Fellowship committees. Bob was an active participant in Quaker studies groups, where his wisdom and sense of humor was treasured. He shared multiple installments of his Spiritual Journey with Friends. Just a few short weeks before his death Bob demonstrated beautifully how singing and song-writing were expressions of his spiritual nature by strumming accompaniment on his guitar and singing for Friends from the songs he wrote.

Bob and his wife Sheila shared an astounding journey. Sheila was Bob's guiding light, closest friend, and love-song muse. Their life together was an ongoing testimony to the many possible levels of loving, the power of trust and tenderness, and the rewards of staying spiritually connected.

A memorial Meeting for Remembrance was held at Boulder Friends Meeting on January 26, 2019. We will miss him deeply.
Memorial Minute for Daniel Levinson
Approved at a meeting for business held 1/13/2019

Daniel Levinson was born on Fourth month 23rd, 1926, in Chicago, Illinois. He died on Seventh month 26th, 2017 in Tempe Arizona. Dan’s father was a lawyer and a rabbi. Dan received his undergraduate and medical degrees from the University of Chicago. While doing his residency in Seattle, Dan was introduced by his mentor to Howard Brinton – author of *Friends for 300 Years*. Dan moved to Tucson Arizona for a teaching position at the University of Arizona Medical School. Initially he taught Family and Community Medicine and later Psychiatry. He also directed a mental health clinic in Tucson while on the University of Arizona faculty. He co-founded the Committee for the Study of Peace and Conflict Resolution, and he directed an outstanding conference on peace education. Dan began attending Pima Friends Meeting in Tucson. In 1981 he applied for and was accepted into membership. Friends of Pima Meeting remember him with affection. Dan served on committees for Adult Education, Hospitality, and Ministry and Oversight. He also worked to offer help in supplying special needs, by setting up a pilot project called Support Services Network. He will always be remembered for his caring and compassion.

In 2006 Dan and his wife Ellen moved to Tempe, and Dan applied to transfer his membership to Tempe Monthly Meeting. It was accepted by Tempe Monthly Meeting in 2006. At Tempe he sought to continue service to Friends as a counselor for those who asked for assistance. Friends in the Meeting remember his doing this with great appreciation. Dan’s view of Quakerism focused on service, where the Light he held greeted the Light in the other. His use of Quaker principles was sacrificial in so far as it involved caring for others, and helping others. Dan struggled with walking cheerfully despite his commitment to Quaker awareness of the divine Spark in all persons. The diminishment of age was not kind to Dan, and Friends in Tempe meeting grieve that they did not do more to reciprocate his service.

Aside from Howard Brinton, Dan found meaningful Victor Frankl’s book *Man’s Search for Meaning*. Among his papers was a 1981 Friends Journal piece titled “An 18th Century Jewish View of Quakers,” and also from the Institute of General Semantics, “Flaws,” a story about a water bearer with a pot which was cracked. The pot told the water bearer he was ashamed of losing so much water. The water bearer replied that where the water fell he planted flowers which are picked and beautify the house. Dan read many biographies and shared information with others about these books, such as the biography of President Herbert Hoover. Dan was a faithful follower of the PBS News Hour.

Dan is survived by his first wife Virginia, a son David, a daughter Miriam, a stepson Gilbert, and his second wife Ellen.
Glen E. McGuire

October 3, 1951- June 11, 2018

Glen was the youngest of three children born to Bill and Alice McGuire. He was born in Denver, Colorado, and there he lived most of his life. He was graduated from Thomas Jefferson High School in suburban Denver, and then earned an Associate degree in business from a Christian college in Texas.

Glen worked for a time in the front office of Wright and McGill, Denver manufacturers of fishing tackle. But he spent most of his adult life as a dedicated caregiver. Attentive, kind, and compassionate, he was the major caregiver for each of his parents and for his Aunt Thelma in their final years. He enjoyed visiting with his extended family and never missed a holiday, wedding or funeral.

As a valued member of the Mountain View Friends Meeting community for 18 years, Glen held various positions of responsibility, serving on Finance and Death & Memorials Committees, and clerking Care & Counsel Committee and Peace & Justice Committee. Glen represented Mountain View Meeting at the monthly gathering of religious leaders in the University Park neighborhood. When each was allotted five minutes to speak, Glen would stand in Quakerly silence for five minutes. “But,” said a colleague, “his silence spoke much wisdom.” Glen was particularly alert to the needs of newcomers to the Meeting, and was adept at making them feel welcome.

He was a political activist, but a quiet activist. When war with Iraq was threatening in 2003, he and Paula VanDusen spearheaded efforts to have Denver City Council pass a resolution opposing war with Iraq. They organized letters, and packed the Council meeting, and succeeded in influencing the Council to pass the resolution. One of the councilors, impressed, suggested that Glen run for City Council; Glen quickly declined.

When Glen died, after a few years of decline and a brief hospitalization, we found among his effects a unique resource, a short essay entitled “A Good Death,” which he had apparently written a decade before, as an exercise for some workshop, or perhaps the Death Café in Denver. It specified for a good death:

“I have set everything in order for the end of my life… I know my time is near.
“...I make contact with F/friends and relatives to express my last thoughts and to put a good face and comfort to them …. Death is a beautiful part of life, not to be sad but a glad moment. I wait for the proper time with anticipation and joy…. I get in touch with the Divine at that time and just let go.
“As people gather to remember my life, I request a great celebration of joy as people remember.”

While not all parts of his end conformed to his forethoughts, it certainly was the case that on the day before he died, once he had made the decision to stop treatment, he was relaxed, at peace, joking with family and friends. When the memorial meeting occurred, with several members of the Death & Memorials Committee kitted out in Glen’s kilts, there were far more attenders than expected. Glen’s family members, friends from the Meeting, from the Coffee Roaster shop that he attended daily, from his book club, from Swallow Hill Music Community (where he was taking harp lessons) and other groups too, met each other for the first time. And it was “a great celebration of joy” as well as sorrow at our loss.
Memorial Minute for Gracia Elizabeth Hobson Hiatt

Approved at a meeting for business held 2/10/2019

Gracia Elizabeth Hobson Hiatt was born in Tulsa, Oklahoma on Eleventh Day, Eleventh Month, 1941. She died in Jefferson City, Missouri on Thirteenth Day, Tenth Month, 2018 of secondary complications from her recently diagnosed acute myeloid leukemia. She was courageous, confident and cheerful even as death approached. She was surrounded by her children and loving family and friends in her last days and at her passing into eternity. Over her life she was a member of Montclair Friends Meeting in Montclair, New Jersey, Pima Meeting in Tucson, Arizona, Claremont Friends Meeting in Claremont, California and finally Tempe Monthly Meeting in Tempe, Arizona.

Gracia was the firstborn child of Arthur and Arline Hobson, newlyweds who started their marriage as youth pastors, sponsored by Indiana Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers), in pastoral service for a year at Hominy Friends Church in Hominy, Oklahoma on the Osage Nation. The family returned east for a year when her father took a position as a teacher at the Dalton School in New York City. Art and Arline were then hired by the War Relocation Authority (WRA) to work as teachers at the Minidoka Japanese Internment Camp in Idaho from 1943 to 1945. Gracia remembered they lived inside the wire with Japanese detainees. She shared that she and her younger brother, Arthur, were the only two non-Japanese children invited to attend a nursery school run by Nisei detainee teachers and attended by Nisei and Sansei children. Gracia surmised that she and her brother spoke as much Japanese as English for their ages.

In the fall of 1945 after the end of the war as the WRA wound down its mission, Art took a position as the boys' advisor managing the two boys' dormitories at a Bureau of Indian Affairs Boarding School in Ft. Defiance, Arizona, a tiny oasis of a town more than 33 miles from where the pavement ended on Route 66 in Gallup, New Mexico. Gracia's curly blond hair was unusual in Ft. Defiance and she quickly acquired the Navajo nickname Tlizi ba gaa (goat hair). She shared a story that reflected her confidence as a child. Before the Navajo Tribal Council building existed in Window Rock, the council used to meet in the large assembly room in one of the boys' buildings managed by her father where the family lived in an apartment. She remembered walking into a council meeting and, to the great amusement of all, wandering from councilman to councilman asking “Where's my daddy? Where's my daddy?” She was known to all as “Hobson's girl.” Gracia's Ft. Defiance friends were children of the Navajo, Japanese-American and Oklahoma Indian colleagues of her parents. A friend of Gracia remained a friend for life. She stayed in touch with all even into the last few weeks of her life.
Secondary schooling for children of non-Navajo's was limited in the 1950s on reservations. When Gracia was only 12 years old, she applied to Wasatch Academy, a Presbyterian boarding school in Mt. Pleasant, Utah. She recalled her careful monitoring of the daily mail in Ft. Defiance, and her joy and delight to find an envelope with a letter admitting her. She remembered running home and shouting to her mother, “I'm going to Wasatch! I'm going to Wasatch!” The perspective of years brought to her the memory of her mother's crestfallen look and the sad question “Do you really want to go?” to which Gracia remembers saying “Yes! Yes! Walter [Stepp] and Russ [Shimizu] will be there and I will too.”

Wasatch years were good ones for Gracia and she developed other friends which she carried through her life. Her hope, even with her leukemia diagnosis this past summer, had been to attend the next gathering with surviving classmates. One of her achievements while at Wasatch was as a vocalist. Her brothers remember hearing her sing the soprano aria from Handel's Messiah “I Know That My Redeemer Liveth” in the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City where Utah music competitions were held. She was frequently invited to sing at local churches in the Mt. Pleasant area and was always pleased to do so.

Gracia was accepted to Earlham College in the Fall of 1959 and delighted in her time there. She studied for a semester in Italy while at Earlham. In her last year at Earlham, the family learned that her father's MS had progressed seriously. They chose to move to Tucson. The reports of her father's imminent demise, while ultimately mistaken by more than 25 years, nevertheless had her transfer to the University of Arizona for her senior year and where she finished her B.A. degree.

Gracia took a position providing services for the blind in Northern Arizona. She regularly travelled across remote areas, much of it on the Navajo Nation to deliver and pick up material aid. Gracia reminisced about showing up at a trading post at Steamboat looking for a client. She chuckled as she recounted when the trader turned around and said, “Oh, you're Hobson's girl.” On one occasion, her supervisor was curious about the lack of detail in locating clients and insisted on accompanying her. His awareness was appropriately expanded about clients whose mail is general delivery and who don't have street or rural route addresses. Her reports were never challenged thereafter.

A close friend from the U of A told her about a master's degree program in vocational rehabilitation counseling. She and her friend signed up and after graduation she volunteered for the Peace Corp. She was assigned to Nigeria. Her experiences in Africa were rich and exciting too. She told about a cabin where she lived near Lagos and heard in the early morning a scraping sound that kept recurring. At first light she went to investigate and found a two meter green mamba, one of Africa's
deadliest snakes, undulating up a window screen trying to find a way into her living quarters. The caretaker was called and the snake was dispatched. Her service in a Nigeria coincided with the civil war. She eventually was sent by the Peace Corps to Liberia for the second half of her term and shared the nervous transit she made during the fighting in the company of a number of Roman Catholic nuns from the Yoruba area where she lived, through the Ibo area and then on to Liberia.

Gracia took a position with the California Department of Vocational Rehabilitation where she spent the remainder of her career. She was a counselor initially but eventually became the supervisor of the immense Riverside district, which required her to travel long distances. In 1971 she met Herschel Hiatt. Gracia took an interest and soon they were married at Pima Meeting in Tucson, Arizona on Twenty First Day, Eighth Month, 1971. Gracia undertook to be a mother to her three step-children who were soon joined by three more siblings born to Gracia and Hersch. California years were full ones for this burgeoning family. And there were rich friendships with many others. The Hiatt and Ortega children were in one another's homes frequently. Waldmans, Kriegers and Hiatts shared Jewish, Christian and family celebrations for years in one another's homes. While there were trials that tested them, Gracia and Hersch remained devoted to one another.

Navajo kinship is warm and accepting and, as it turns out, vast. Gracia delighted in eventually having Navajo family when her brother Art married Dottie Francis from Chinle, Arizona in 1967. Over the years, Gracia regularly visited and renewed contacts with Navajo family and held a special place in her heart for Dottie's mother, Ida Francis.

Hersch's dementia was not immediately apparent but eventually was diagnosed as Alzheimer's Disease. After five years in El Paso and Tempe, he and Gracia relocated to Austin to be nearer to family. Gracia's suffering through Hersch's decline was disguised even from those closest to her by her perpetual cheerfulness and joy in life. With his passing, one might have wished for some rest and repose for Gracia in her later years. Sadly, that was not to be.

The month before she was diagnosed with leukemia, Gracia and her family were invited to a month on the beach at Rita and Hank Krieger's place at Dana Point. She spent that month with much of her family in joyful contemplation of their lives. The regrets she shared were always occasioned by a hope for renewal and reconnection. Gracia took special delight in all of her grandchildren as well as many nieces and nephews and their offspring, and she would regularly report their status and opine about how great they were and how much more they were to become.
The great mystery of our lives and the passing over into eternity is ineffable. Gracia’s cheerful acceptance of the limits imposed by mortality echoed her insistence that *The Eternal Goodness* (a John Greenleaf Whittier poem she and Hersch treasured) should be included in his memorial minute. It was read during her memorial meeting as well, in contemplation of her remarkable life and her passage.

… I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies. …
Memorial Minute

Jane Braucher Volckhausen

Jane Braucher Volckhausen died peacefully at home in Boulder, CO, surrounded by her family, at the age of 100 years, on January 26, 2019. Jane lived her long life with compassion, joy, and commitment to helping to create a better world for all of us.

Jane was born July 9, 1918 in Massapequa, Long Island. She received her B.A. in Sociology from Bryn Mawr College. Her father was director of the National Recreation Association and her early jobs involved creative family recreation programs. At age 20, she lived in Geneva working for the International Labor Organization, until the escalation of World War II forced her to take one of the last passenger ships still sailing to the USA. While working in public housing in Washington, D.C., she met a young man involved in organizing healthcare and food cooperatives - Bob Volckhausen. They married in 1947 and lived in Greenbelt, Maryland, a town built as a model of cooperative housing during the New Deal.

Moving to Hampton, Virginia, Jane and Bob joined the Virginia Beach Friends Meeting, where Quaker values of simplicity, justice, and caring for all people shaped their lives. Working for peace and civil rights, they took their four children to demonstrations against the war in Vietnam. Jane agreed to speak to a small rally against segregation, but then found herself in front of television cameras and a huge crowd which broke into applause at her words. Later the family attended Highlander Folk School, where Martin Luther King spoke with great inspiration. A photo of Jane with an inter-racial group of children went out on the AP wire across the country, and Jane and Bob were labeled 'Communists.' They continued undaunted. Jane was a leader in the League of Women Voters and the United Nations Association in Virginia, recipient of a Humanitarian award, and Hampton Woman of the Year.

Jane and Bob never forgot how to play. The family enjoyed summers swimming and sailing at their cottage in Monterey, Massachusetts. Jane and Bob danced together every evening until shortly before Bob's death. Jane loved theatre, books, music, dance, and song. Her family feels that in the world of spirit, she is dancing now in the light with Bob.

After Bob's death in 2003, Jane moved to Boulder, Colorado, to live near her son Tom, daughter-in-law Françoise, and grandchildren Taran and Tasia, who embraced Jane into their family and community of friends for many wonderful years. Jane blossomed in her new life at the age of 85, finding close friends and immersing
herself in the community of Boulder. In 2005 she transferred her membership from Virginia Beach Meeting to Boulder Meeting, which she called her 'spiritual family.' Jane was a faithful presence at Meeting for Worship and meeting fellowship. In her late nineties, Jane coordinated the Meeting’s letter writing campaigns in response to FCNL action alerts as an active member of the Peace and Social Justice Committee.

While planning one of her three 100th birthday parties, she said, 'If it's going to be a party, there better be dancing.' And dancing there was, led by her son Jim and friend Tamara. Jane remained vigorous, doing errands by foot in her neighborhood, touching people she met. Jane loved singing with her daughter Janet Rose, playing Scrabble with her friend Wendy, and meeting with her women's coffee group at Vic's. Visits to the Monterey cottage and to Paul and Karen's farm in Maine provided cherished reunions with her family.

Jane is survived by four children and their spouses: Janet Rose, Paul (Karen), Tom (Françoise Poinsatte), and Jim (Gabrielle) Volckhausen; eight grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.

A memorial service for Jane was held at Boulder Friends Meeting on February 16, 2019. We miss Jane and treasure our memories of her.
MEMORIAL MINUTE for JOHN GIBBONS 6 October 1937 to 20 April 2018

John Felton Gibbons was born on 6 October 1937 in Bauxite, Arkansas. His parents were George C Gibbons, a metallurgical engineer at the local Bauxite Mine and Anne Donor Gibbons. This background gave John his calling as a geologist which he taught, researched and explored all his life.

“Peddler”, a poem he wrote in later life, described how he worked with a vegetable vendor, earning a “handful of coins” and learned life lessons:

“Great riches for a six-year-old
The most important lesson came at the end of the day
Unpurchased produce
Delivered to those, of all colors, in need,
PERFECT respect, discretion and courtesy

Empty hand inserted in pocket while leaving, to
Mime the acceptance of payment.”

After High School he studied at Arkansas State University where he graduated with Bachelors and Masters degrees in geology and then a PhD at Syracuse University. He joined the geology department at Lafayette College in Pennsylvania in fall 1966 and after three years, moved to the geology department at Rutgers University in New Jersey. Two years later he left academia to work in the private and government sectors, including research for US Geological Survey and private commissions including work with a group of Marine engineers and biologists in the South Pacific and searching for safe drinkable water in the Philippines.

His professional passions were water and earthquakes and he continued to give strong opinions on how to ensure sustainability of quality and quantity of water supply, the dangers of underground storage of nuclear waste, and controversially denied that fracking caused earthquakes. He predicted the big 2011 earthquake that damaged the Washington Monument in DC, although the prediction does not seem to have been documented.
He married Barbara in December 1961 and in 1967 they adopted a son, Jason. Several years later they separated. Barbara married Stephen Schlossman and they had a son Mikhael whom John regarded as his son. Jason died tragically from a seizure in 2002. In his last decades, John had two further extended close relationships for which he expressed continuing gratitude while feeling sadness that they were not fulfilled.

For his whole life John engaged in deep, wide-ranging conversations. In his last years some of these ended in feelings of mutual misunderstanding. However, his sharings continued in deep bedside and phone dialogues with his charm, grace and concern overcoming the many limitations of his situation.

He had an extensive circle of friends, many dating back to his student and early working days and he was always looking and hoping to bring more of them together. One of his last projects – sadly unfulfilled - was to have a bedside seminar series on “The significance of the things that cannot be proved”

He wrote and appreciated poetry. His poems contain hints of early insights into human values, relationships and many which use geological images to meditate on the aeons of time and human smallness, the tensions of the living Earth.

He raced motorcycles as a teen but his love for riding big motorbikes led to a serious accident that left him wheelchair bound. Dauntless, he was still able to practice as a field geologist until a series of falls in 2015 produced paralysis of his lower body making it impossible to even be in a wheelchair.

While he tried hard to work with physical therapy to return strength at least to his upper body it became clear that he would have to live out his days bedridden, in assisted living. He gave away all his possessions but his room gradually gathered gifts from friends which he specially valued including several pictures, an ammonite fossil whose age of over 60 million years delighted him and a giant geological map of New Mexico which covered one wall.

John had come to New Mexico because of a close relationship and because there were people here he felt he could relate to. Rejecting the prevailing fundamentalist Christianity of the Arkansas community, he had engaged in a lifelong search for meaning and a spiritual home, finding clues in Buddhism,
especially Zen. Sometime before his accident he was attending a group led by Mother Judith Culver whom he referred to as “my late spiritual guide”. Around 2010, he and a close friend agreed to correspond in a discussion on Quakerism and Zen.

This led to his attendance, in Albuquerque, on 21 November of that year, at his first Quaker Meeting, after which he recorded his impressions:

“Now, back to my experience with the Quakers, yesterday. My admiration of the children grew out of several observations. Calm, No brattiness or willfulness, great poise. NO purely formal deference to adults. Quiet respect for everyone including each other. One toddler went about the room touching and beaming at the meditating adults. They most strongly reminded me of the children of several marine engineers that I worked with in the south Pacific many years ago, who had been reared mostly at sea. Part of my strong response to these kids yesterday was because they will never be killed while serving in a war, nor will they be asked to take other’s lives. This seems the most direct way to peace. Raise peaceful kids who will not serve in war.”

Children had a special place in his heart. A later poem records the death of a marine engineer family while sailing back to Hawaii

“Children of the sea are special beings

We need all of them

Their unobstructed viewpoint makes them priceless

Fewer and fewer all the time in this world

Grown too full.”

And in the above letter he wrote

“Like you, I think I am interested in Quakerism for what it is not. The strain of Quaker practice that interests me is what [Pink] Dandelion describes as “liberal”. I have become thoroughly frustrated at the Christian inability to recognize the futility of forever trying to frame spirit in words, creeds, and ceremony....Quakers use the silence, I believe, to encourage contact with something called God, outside
the verbal/conceptual and to try to frame action (business) in a way that makes the insights gained part of life.”

About a year later he requested Membership of Albuquerque Monthly Meeting and after due process was accepted into membership on 6 November 2011.

He quickly became involved in many aspects of the Meeting’s life and served on several committees. He is remembered for his unfailing cheerfulness and enthusiasm. Even after he was bedridden, Friends who visited were always asked for the latest news and he again and again said how important Meeting was to him and how he missed the company of Quakers. In his last months a few bedside Meetings for Worship were held although he was not always able to sustain the silence for long, preferring to feed on the friendship of conversation.

He died peacefully at 2 am on 20 April 2018.

We give thanks for his life and work among us.
Margaret Shirley Holmes Fritchoff

Shirley Holmes Fritchoff was born on November 11, 1919 in Shoshone, Idaho to Elizabeth Wimmer and James Robert Holmes. She passed away November 17, 2016 in Tucson Arizona after a brief illness.

Shirley was married to Norman Edgar Fritchoff for a short time. They had one daughter Melinda “Mende” Fritchoff Davis, Mende’s husband Owen and two grandchildren, Kent (Katie) and Cameron. A long-time resident of Tucson and San Carlos, Mexico, Shirley always called herself a farm girl from Idaho.

Shirley founded and directed Idaho’s Coalition for Advocates for the Disabled (COAD). Later she ran the United Cerebral Palsy Foundation of Idaho. Shirley earned a master’s degree in sociology from the University of San Francisco and practiced as an art therapist for more than 30 years.

Shirley worked internationally after WWII in Saudi Arabia. She then worked in the United States for the Federal Aviation agency until retirement. She worked full time all while raising a daughter as a single mom.

Shirley looked for a warm and economical place to live in semi-retirement and discovered a pristine stretch of beach at the edge of a nature preserve in San Carlos, Sonora, Mexico. She lived there for over 20 years. She explored her creativity, guided by the gifts of the sea and sand. She led groups and worked with individuals using a variety of methods for self-discovery, utilizing sand tray, a form of art therapy. Shirley brought people together for exploration and reflection. She encouraged one another to find their authenticity and live it.

Shirley strove to be a conscious navigator of her life’s ups and downs, as well as twists and turns becoming ever more honest with herself. She spiced her environment and her relationships with humor and taking delight in mischief. An image she loved was the lighthouse. She would say, “It’s our responsibility to fuel our light and let it shine into life.”

Shirley became a member of Pima Meeting in 1993, transferring from San Diego Meeting. Shirley attended the newly formed Pima Monthly Meeting’s Early Meeting and made it a welcoming and cordial time to worship. After the rise of meeting the group stood in a circle and shared. She usually had something to share, mostly wise, which made one think. She invited folks over to her home for coffee after meeting. She was a wise member on Pima Meeting’s on Ministry and Oversight Committee. Shirley also served on Adult Education Committee, sharing her wealth of experience working with adults.

Shirley would open her home to the meeting for a spiritually-engaged potluck. Her positive energy was infectious. She would lean in and smile when asking you about your life embracing you with her warmth and love.
Memorial Minute for Phyllis Hoge

Phyllis Hoge was born on November 15, 1926 in Elizabeth, New Jersey, one of three daughters of Philip Barlow Hoge and Dorothy Morgan Anderson. She grew up with her sisters, Eleanor and Langley, in New Jersey and Rhode Island. Her love of words and poetry started early in life, fortified by her mother’s reading poetry aloud to her and then “putting the right books into my hands while I was still very young” and taking her to poetry readings. Phyllis was also fortunate that her early schooling provided more food for her poetic appetite.

Although her Vitae includes a long list of academic accomplishments, starting with her Bachelors from Connecticut College, Masters from Duke University and PhD from the University of Wisconsin, Phyllis declared that “nobody could ever mistake me for a scholar. My degrees were a union card. From the time I could push a pencil and make marks on a page I knew I needed to write and talk about poems. The only way I could think of to do that was to teach at a University. So I got ready.”

While working on her PhD in Madison, Wisconsin, she also brought her four children into the world with husband John Rose. Phyllis and the children moved to Hawai’i in 1963 where she spent the major part of her professional career as an English professor at the University of Hawai’i. Her passion for nurturing poets and appreciation of poetry gave birth to projects in Hawai’i such as “The Only Established Permanent Floating Poetry Game in Honolulu” and the nation’s first poetry in the schools program, Haku Mele o Hawai’i. Phyllis’ first book of poetry Artichoke and Other Poems, was published in 1966, followed by seven more volumes of poetry and a memoir about her time in a New Mexico ghost town.

Aside from her life of writing and teaching, Phyllis dedicated herself to mothering, friendships and caring for her home. She loved art and things of beauty. She said that “worship stands at the center of my life” as a lifelong church-goer, first in the Episcopal Church, then as a Quaker. She was introduced to Quakers through a cousin in Wisconsin but did not become a member until joining Honolulu Friends Meeting in 1969. As her spiritual life changed, so did her poetry, her inspiration coming less from outer events...
and words of others, and more from “the truth revealed in silence” and the “inward listening for light.”

Retiring to New Mexico in 1984, Phyllis sought a contrast from her life in Hawai‘i, in environment, culture, and experience. Her adventurous nature embraced the expansion of sky and opportunity for connection that the relative isolation of an island in the middle of the ocean could not always offer. In Albuquerque, she moved into her beloved little house that she personally painted yellow and which inspired her last book, *Hello House* (2012). Her writing and travels continued, including a year in China that inspired another volume, *Letters from Jian Hui and other poems* (2001).

After transferring her membership to Albuquerque Monthly Meeting in 1984, Phyllis served Albuquerque, New Mexico Regional and Intermountain Yearly Meetings through many committee roles and her gift of writing. There was little that could keep her from Monthly Meeting for Business—which she affectionately referred to as “the Holy Day of Obligation”—because, as she liked to quote another Friend: “if I don’t (go), they usually end up doing some darn thing or other.”

Phyllis spoke often in Meeting for Worship, weaving strands of beloved poetry, literary allusion and honest reflection on the experiences of her life. Her keen observation and sense of humor sparkled in her vocal ministry and in her conversation. Belonging and connection, which she found in Meeting, were integral to her sense of well-being but also for her creative process as a writer. “I’m a writer and this is my spiritual center.” Phyllis hoped that “poets remember me as a Quaker and Quakers remember me as a poet.”

With a fierce commitment to the precise use of language, and a major appetite for hard work, Phyllis was quick to laugh, to recite Yeats, Whitman and more, to sing the old tunes, to listen, and to love.

“Whatever my poems mean in particular, they begin and end as celebrations of the world entrusted to me by my life. Poetry--my own and that of others--helps me to understand how things are for me and to live more peaceably with what I have. It is my common prayer.”

Phyllis balanced independence with sincere interest in other people and she valued many profound connections with family and friends. In the last decade of her life she reunited with a friend from her youth named
Robert Sommerfeld, with whom she shared loving companionship until his death about a year before her own. She is survived by her daughter Kate Roseguo, her sons John Rose and Willie Rose. Her son Mead Rose passed away earlier in 2018.
Memorial Minute

Ralph Waldo Lugbill

Ralph Lugbill was born February 5, 1931 to Sylvanus and Mary (“Mamie”) Schmucker Lugbill in rural Archbold, Ohio. He died July 4, 2017 in Boulder, Colorado.

Ralph attended Goshen College (Indiana), graduating in 1953. During summer break he went west to work for his sister and her husband on their ranch in Westminster, Colorado and to study at the University of Colorado. Through mutual friends, he met Viva Stoltzfus, who was in a Mennonite nursing program in La Junta, Colorado. They married in 1952.

Ralph and Viva served in La Plata, Puerto Rico under the Mennonite Mission Board from 1953-1955, with Ralph working on rural agricultural projects and as administrator of the tobacco barn-turned-hospital there and Viva working as an RN in the hospital, where their oldest child, Ann, was born. Ralph and Viva returned to Archbold, Ohio in 1955. Sons Ralph Kent, Ron, and Jon were born in Archbold. Ralph worked in the family livestock auction and supply businesses.

Ralph and Viva were charter members of Zion Mennonite Church in Archbold, Ohio. Ralph was part of the church council that established the new church. He was an active youth leader there and at Little Eden Camp, Onekama, Michigan.

In 1964, Ralph and Viva and their family moved to the Washington, D.C. area. He was self-employed, managing commercial real estate. They attended the Oakton, Virginia Church of the Brethren near their home in Fairfax. They began attending Langley Hill Friends Meeting in Langley, Virginia in the 1970s, and soon became members. They were active in Vietnam War protests and successfully organized to prevent a ROTC program from starting up in Fairfax County schools.

Ralph served on the Boards of the Friends Committee on National Legislation and Sandy Springs Friends School in Maryland, serving both as treasurer. He was President of the Goshen College Alumni Board. He and Viva established Goshen’s Ralph and Viva Lugbill Multicultural Award, providing scholarships to students from diverse backgrounds. He was trustee of the first women’s federally-chartered bank, Women’s National Bank in Washington, D.C., which opened its doors in 1978.
Ralph was active in the lives of his four children and an avid canoeist, skier, and hiker. He and Viva travelled to Europe for their sons’ international canoe and kayak competitions. They were thrilled to watch Jon compete in the 1992 Olympics in Barcelona, Spain and encouraged son Ron’s coaching of Olympic paddlers.

Beginning in the late 1980’s, Ralph and Viva began taking long summer vacations at Meeker Park Lodge, above Estes Park. All the grandchildren came to enjoy hiking and mountain climbing with Grandpa in the Rocky Mountains. In 1997, Ralph retired and he and Viva built a home in Estes Park, Colorado, facing Longs Peak. He was active in the Trail Trekkers hiking group and “Over the Hill” skiing group, until age 80. He scaled Longs Peak eleven times.

Ralph was an active member of Boulder Friends Meeting, having transferred his membership in 1998 from Langley Hill Meeting. Ralph served on the Peace and Social Justice Committee for many years and championed peace-oriented and grassroots development projects in Latin America for support by the Meeting.

In 2014, Ralph and Viva moved to Boulder, Colorado. Ralph passed away July 4, 2017 following a year-long bout with cancer. He died peacefully without pain and with family by his side.

Ralph is survived by his wife, Viva, his brother, Chuck Lugbill, his four children and spouses, Ann Lugbill (Brewster Rhoads), Ralph Kent Lugbill (Leslie Boyhan), Ron Lugbill, and Jon Lugbill (Gillian), and seven grandchildren, Elizabeth, Caroline, Alex, Brian, Anna, Kelly, and Stephanie.

A memorial service in celebration of Ralph Lugbill’s life was held at Boulder Friends Meeting on July 15, 2017.
Richard “Rich” Donald Barchfield

Richard Donald Barchfield was born on December 2, 1948 in Summit, New Jersey, to parents Carl Fredric Barchfield and Winifred Christophersen Barchfield. Rich passed away on September 25, 2018, at age 69 in Tucson, Arizona.

Rich spent his childhood in Chatham, New Jersey. His siblings were Nancy Barchfield Kay of Tucson, Elizabeth “Bitsy” Barchfield Lutton of Manhattan Beach, California, and Carl “Bud” Frederic Barchfield, Jr. of Dallas, Texas (deceased, 2009).

Unfortunately, Rich came down with severe asthma when he was a child. At age 8, Richard was sent to boarding school at the Fenster Ranch School in Tucson, Arizona for health reasons. Later, in 1960, the entire family relocated to Arizona.

During his undergraduate years at the University of Arizona, Rich studied History and Spanish. He later received his Masters degree in History at the University of Arizona.

Following school, Richard traveled widely. He spent time in Asia (specifically, India and Afghanistan), Europe (Great Britain), and South America.

In the late 1970s, Rich started a job as an engineer on the railroad, first working on freight trains and then landing a job running Amtrak’s Sunset Limited. The railroad transferred him to Alpine, Texas in the late 1980s. Although his health issues forced him to take a disability in the early 1990s, he stayed in Alpine until 1994, when he returned to Tucson.


Richard was a man of wide interests. Rich had a passion for baseball, born of listening to ball games on the radio while at boarding school. His favorite team was the Los Angeles Angels. Another passion, astronomy, developed while he was working on the railroad, looking at starry nights. He taught himself about stars and faraway solar systems. Rich started volunteering at Kitt Peak in 1996 as a docent doing guided tours. Then, he got a “nightly observing technician” job in 1997. He worked there until 2015, when his lung disease (COPD) kept him from continuing. He even started writing a book about astronomy.

Richard Barchfield was admitted to membership in Pima Meeting June 8, 1997 by transfer from Friends Meeting of Austin, Texas. He served on the Clemency Committee and participated in other anti-death penalty activities. Towards the end of his life, he could not attend Meeting much but his wife Linda reports that he was always a Quaker at heart.

In 1997, Richard was told he could expect to live 10 more years. The world actually got to enjoy his presence for an additional 21 years. We are grateful for the life of Richard Barchfield.
Vinetta Augusta Oelrich Hale

Vinetta Oelrich Hale was born April 6, 1922 in Cincinnati, OH. Her parents were Herman August “Gus” Oelrich and Vinetta Roughten Mann. She passed away on May 26, 2018 in Tucson, Arizona at the age of 96.

Vinetta grew up in Danville, Kentucky, not far from the Wilderness Road.

She received a BS in Biology and English from Centre College, also in Danville. She taught science and was working on her Masters’ degree at the University of Chicago (her thesis involved the life cycle of the newt) when she met and married her husband, Edgar Brewer Hale (known as Brewer) on September 14, 1946. After getting married, she worked as a teacher’s aide in Chicago. She and Brewer moved to State College, Pennsylvania when Brewer was hired as a professor at Penn State.

Vinetta and Brewer’s children grew up in State College. Vinetta had two daughters and two sons: Vinetta Jean Hale Suzettis (who goes by Jean in the family), currently living in California and a member of Fresno Friends Meeting; Betty Gwen Hale Gonzalez living in Tucson, William Brewer Hale in Pennsylvania, and Edgar Oelrich Hale in Washington State. At the time of her passing, Vinetta also had 4 grandchildren and 5 great-grandchildren. She was married to Brewer for 65 years, until his passing in 2011. A Friend described their marriage as “one of mutual respect and love, a true marriage of equals.”

In addition to her science background, Vinetta excelled in art. Colored pencil drawing was her preferred form of expression. Her drawings were very realistic; many looked like photographs. Her talent was recognized by receiving “Best of Show” at the Pima County Fair one year, and one of her works was displayed at the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum. A friend wrote a children’s book and asked Vinetta to do the illustrations.

Although Vinetta was raised as a Presbyterian and Brewer was a Southern Baptist, they decided to worship at State College Friends Meeting. After a long time of being active attenders (about 15 years), they joined that Meeting in the late ‘60s. Vinetta was active on committees and as a First Day School teacher. She and Brewer moved to Tucson in 1978 upon his retirement from Penn State for a climate more conducive to better health and due to its close proximity to the University of Arizona. Her membership was transferred to Pima Meeting on May 13, 1979. Vinetta became deeply involved in the life of the Meeting, serving in a great variety of capacities. She was Meeting Clerk, described by one Friend as “an old-time Clerk—by-the-book. She never had her mind made up, she clerked with a scholarly detachment. Nothing flustered her; she stayed on a very even keel. She was able to walk over nonsense lovingly.” In addition, she was on Ministry and Oversight (including as Clerk of that committee). Vinetta served many years as Pima Meeting’s Recorder. She helped as a Recording Clerk as well. She contributed her skills on the Communications/Newsletter Committee, on Membership and Marriage, and on Nominating Committee. She was also a representative to Church Women United. Her impact on the life of the meeting was considerable. Vinetta Hale will be easy to remember. Pima Meeting is grateful to have had her spirit among us for so many years.