# Camphill Village Minnesota

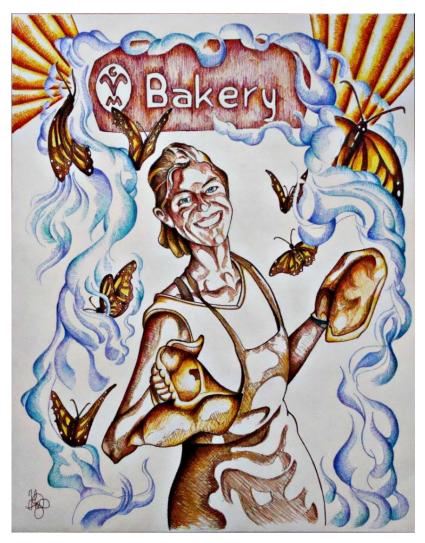
## Newsletter Winter/Spring 2010



A community where people with and without disabilities live, work and care for each other to foster social, cultural and agricultural renewal

#### In Memory of Janette Zuzalek

July 11, 1953 – December 4, 2009



#### There was a Woman

There was a woman who baked bread for my village. Once a week the bread would be carried to each of the houses and the people in the houses would eat the bread with butter and cheese and jam.

There was also a heart that no one could see that was everywhere in the village but lived in no one place.

It can be said, without a doubt, that when the woman baked bread, sometime we felt that heart was her.

It could be that the woman is still baking bread and we might find that she will send us something to keep us strong when we think our cupboards are bare.

Robert Rivers

## In Memory of Janette Zuzalek

Our dear friend Jan Zuzalek died December4, 2009 in Santa Barbara, CA, while on vacation visiting her family. She was hit by a vehicle while walking across a street.

For the past 20 years, Jan lived in Camphill Village Minnesota as a house parent, head baker and community leader. She served on the local Camphill board as well as being a national Camphill trustee for many years.

Jan was born in Santa Barbara, CA, on July 11, 1953. She graduated from Santa Barbara High

School and attended Santa Barbara City College. Jan realized her vocation at the age of 20, when she began her lifelong work in Camphill Village as a member of these intentional communities that include people with special needs and gifts. compassionate understanding of people was Camphill's ideally suited to environment of living and working in close human relationship. She lived for a year in Beaver Run, PA, at a special school for children; then spent many years in an adult village, Camphill Copake in New York. She spent a year in Finland before moving to Minnesota.

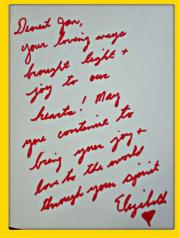












Bear jenete I will allways remember your Loving giving heart, and your integrity I min your smile, and working with you in the bakery you're much Loved.





Jan loved the outdoors and enjoyed hiking, walking and biking all year around and celebrating nature and her seasons and festivals. She was wonderfully inspired by and dedicated to spirit and was filled with love and genuine and abounding good will and kindness towards people.

We will miss her wonderful spirit which brightened our lives immeasurably. Jan is survived by her mother, Jane Zuzalek; her sisters, Yvette Peden and Nanette Covarrubias, her brother-in-law, Jack Peden; nephew, Jacob Covarrubias; many aunts and cousins; and her dear extended family of Camphill and a host of friends from around the world.

Angela Michieli

#### **Obituaries**

As a friend and colleague over many years, and in immense appreciation and admiration, I feel compelled to add my own tribute and reflections here.

Jan and I have known each other since the early 1980's. Over the many years in Copake and later Minnesota, we have worked together in many different venues and once shared a house for two years or so with eight villagers while carrying full-day workshops (she the bookbindery, and I the woodshop). Despite the intensity and pressures of village life, the vagaries and deadlines ever to be met, Jan took it all in her stride. She never seemed to fall behind, was always present, got things done on time, and was ready to jump in and pick up 'the extras'. Wherever or whatever the need might be, she always seemed to be well prepared.

Jan bore no malice, would see no guile or wrong-doing, turned rather to the good she saw in the other. In difficult or unpleasant moments, Jan strove to make the best of whatever situation or circumstance presented itself. She focused on the positive and used this to bring things back into balance and make them right.

Jan was no world-beater, no crowd-pleaser, never sought to impress or impose herself on

others. Modest and unassuming, she tended the many and varied tasks and responsibilities tirelessly, with dedication and devotion, humility and joy, always respectful of those around her. Jan loved life, lived life fully, always seemed to enjoy good health; there was laughter, singing, banter and play. Jan was also a service holder and was active, interested and deeply committed to serving all aspects of community and far beyond. She everybody's friend; one could well say that people she didn't know were simply friends she hadn't met.

I think Jan knew herself well, knew who she was, recognized her boundaries, accepted her limitations, and this made her truly free and enabled her to function fully and effectively within that framework. Underlying all that Jan was, and also was not, I experienced a kind of child-like innocence that at times bordered on the naïve — not sweet or gushy of childish, but a certain noble purity that was genuine and so beautiful, and which perhaps at times may have got in her way.

It has been a joy and privilege to have known Jan as a dear and trusted friend over all these years. In many ways she is ever a towering example for me, a kind of mirror that can be daunting. I hadn't realized how dear Jan was, how much she has meant to me, and I can't yet fully comprehend she's no longer with us here.

It's strange ... the last Camphill bible reading for 2009 was Paul's well-known 'love chapter', 1 Corinthians 13. How entirely fitting for Jan, I thought; in particular verses four to seven seem to epitomize much that she embraced while on the earth.

Well done, dear Jan! Farewell, dear friend.

Andrew K.

Jan took me to buy my Vikings hat.

She likes to play volleyball. She said I'm a good volleyball player. She's a good baker and cook. I miss you. You are in heaven.

Mike Jennissen

## In Loving MemOry of David Kaul

David Kaul had a strong, tough, stereotypically, 'manly', outer expression. His heart was a gentle and tender creation that streamed love to you when you least expected it, but when you most needed it.

When we all get together and think about you, David Kaul, the stories start flying. There are so many to tell. I will tell just a few of mine, but please know, dear David, that each one of us has many precious memories of you.

I was completely new to Camphill Village, Minnesota. On a Sunday, in the summer of 1990, you and Jan and I, went to a local church to tell about life at our village. We gave our little presentation, and afterwards, we were served a 'little lunch'. You got yourself a cup of coffee. I didn't think too much about it. Then, I saw you with another cup ... and this time I began to wonder. Meanwhile, I was chatting with others, and not really watching you. Suddenly, I realized that you were probably on your cup of coffee ... or was it seven ... or eight? This experience was the first of many that we have all had with you, at many 'little lunches', on many occasions.

You weren't a 'big talker'. You chose your words sparingly. Yet, when you chose to speak, you radiated the most intensive warmth, with a word or two. Often, when we met on the road, you greeted me: 'Hi Samantha'. I don't know how this nick-name got started. You always brought this greeting with a sly, flirtatious sing-song voice, and a twinkle in your eye. It always made my day.

My best times with you were sitting on our couch together, in our living room at Aurora. You liked to lie down. I liked to sit on the couch with you, holding your feet on my lap. Such small things light up our lives.

David, you gave your love to all of us.

Now you light up the heavens.

Thank you.

Lois Smith

August 17, 1956 to February 26, 2010



Dear David!

Your gaze saw through walls
You knew, beyond knowing
How to find a cookie
However carefully I hid it
In my cleverest hiding places.

Dear David!

Your gaze saw through walls
You knew, beyond knowing
How to find my heart
However carefully I hid it
In my cleverest hiding places.
With love.

Lois Smith



## Art close-up in Camphill Village

It has been a little over a year now that two visual art and card workshops have been working with the idea to do an art show. The different group members are enjoying their various ongoing projects, such as seed art, leaf printing on cards, light and shade drawings, colored pencil drawings, acrylic paintings, water color paintings and collage works. The enthusiasm, which the two groups are bringing to their workshop, must have something to do with the fact that 'simply being creative' has a therapeutic quality. While creating art, we can let go of the mind and enter a world of images, of dreams and visions. It asks for a different approach, though. First the instructor has to find a way to get time and space out of the mind of the group. It is like going into an empty space, a void. From there, it is easier to find access to our own imagery. From there, we are able to create our individual piece of art. It then belongs to our own inner being.

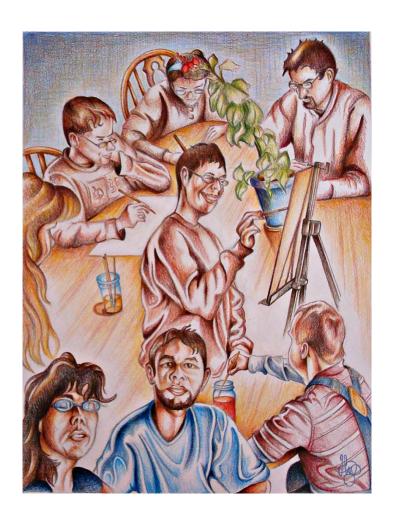
We usually feel good and refreshed after an art class, as we contemplate our own creations and the creations of the group members. We sense that we immersed into a world of archetypal images. There we may have got in touch with something truly precious, perhaps for a fleeting moment only, but long enough to bring back a smile or astonishment. It is almost like having created one's own fairy tale, just for a little while, before we enter again our daily life.

Barbara Hoet

#### Art Show in St. Martins, June 12, 2010

All the participants of the art workshop displayed their works in a group show on June 12. We invited friends, parents of the participants and neighbors from the surrounding communities to share this festive event with us. Our next Fall Festival/Open Day in Camphill Village on September 12, 2010 will be another opportunity to show and sell our latest creations of art and cards.

Barbara Hoet







### A Warm Thanks to All Who Give - Donations from 10/23 2009 to 05/24 2010

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Hanson, Harold Nielsen, Stuart and Kate Alf, Thomas

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Mample, David Vialle, Marilyn Geertz-Larson, John

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Mc Kanan, Daniel and Tammy Wallin, Robert Goplen, Ellie M

Meyer, Darryl and Jo Watkins, Don Gray, Lisa in honor of Don Steinkraus

Miller, Ryan Wicklund, Joyce

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Montgomery, Joyce Zetha, Donna Gunlogson, Eric

Nash, Kenneth Hahn, Mary

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## **Comings and Goings**

Thank you to all the individuals who brought their energy, skills, commitment and dedication to Camphill Village, Minnesota.

Megan Cornett, Christian Zygla, Lucy Parker, Jacque Bieringer, Phil Drake and kids, the Fierst family, Kelsey Grant Jenkins.

A warm welcome to the lovely family Maria, Nathan and their little son Oliver McLaughlin. Michael and Barbara Hoet have come back to CVM in spring 2009. Before they lived and worked for four years in Mexico. Co-workers, who will be staying on in CVM this year are Emma Ryan, Stephen Briggs and Victoria Hanson, Jessica Jacquot, Mariah Ralfton and Nic Derzgun.

Hello and Welcome Amy Tangeman!

Here's what Amy wants you to know about her: I arrived in Camphill on April 30,2010. I am 23 years old. It has been three months that I have been here now. I enjoy working on the farm.

I love to be around animals, the cows and piggies. I made lots of friends in Camphill already, and I would love to have one of my friends sleep over or, get invited for a sleep over in another house. It is fun to hang out with all my special friends, do things together, watch a movie, or just talk.



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# Upcoming Event: Camphill Fall Festival/Open Day September 12, 2010 from 12.30pm — 4.30pm

