

RHYTHM



Newsletter of the Noyes School of Rhythm Foundation
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Number 2

The Newsletter of the Noyes School of Rhythm Fall 2012

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Noyes School of Rhythm Foundation, Inc.

Shepherd's Nine Camp

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Volume LXXXV No. 2, 2012 The Noyes School of Rhythm Foundation, Inc.

RHYTHM

Volume LXXXVI. No. 2

Newsletter of the Noyes School of Rhythm Foundation

an issue of

Recollections and Reflections

The beauty of the Noyes experience is that as we look back, the colors and the shape of things do not fade. They are as distinct as when we first encountered them and tend to intensify with time. We add years to our adventure and hopefully wisdom so that the gift of Rhythm is ever fresh and bountiful, waiting to be shared. Time marches forward as layers in a landscape, always bringing gifts from the past to help us keep a fresh perspective.

"Those educated through Noyes Rhythm know what it means to keep an eye on the horizon and take the next step toward it." NL I, 11

"First, you must be sentient. Second, coordinated. Third, obedient to gravity. Fourth, then forget it. And fifth, you are caught on a flow of universal rhythm, and there you are." NL XVIII, 4

Cover art.....Kate Terrell

Editor.....Arline Terrell

A Short Note on the State of the Foundation

Dear Noyes Friends,

We've come such a long way this year that I'm overwhelmed with gratitude, admiration and downright awe at the incredibly gifted women of Noyes who have stepped up to enable the Foundation to meet the unique challenges this year has presented.

From the significant property caretaking from weather damage and age-related repairs, to issues around hosting Portland Rec, and the yeoman's task of emptying and preparing the Jr. Camp farmhouse for rental, the members of the Property Committee and the Noyes Board of Directors selflessly threw themselves into addressing each and every problem with discernment, thought and action. So much was accomplished: trees were taken down that threatened camper safety, tents needing repair have been sent out, Jr. Camp farmhouse has had all the exterior repair work completed, new windows put in in the kitchen and years, nay decades worth, of Jr Camp archival material, camp necessities and memorabilia have been cleared and cleaned out. Through many inquiries, a renter, simpatico to Noyes has been found and will move in Dec. 1st, a new agreement has been worked out with Portland Rec to suspend their regular day camp program in 2013 and run instead, per diem activities at Noyes. At Senior Camp, the dangling paint chips have been scrapped off the office ceiling and been repainted; a grand piano has been interviewed and is being vetted for a job in the Pavalon next summer and a new system of online bookkeeping with Quickbooks is well underway. These and many more things requiring extensive phone calls, research and follow-up, long car rides, late night emails and elbow grease have been graciously, generously and serenely undertaken and executed.

This year marked significant changes in our personnel and board structure. Mike Darna moved out last May in time for Kate's delivery of their first child. Kevin Darna has come aboard to assist us with Jr Camp as well as Senior Camp. Ruth LeBar (Antigone) stepped down from her executive role on the board as well as

camp management work to focus on her writing and teaching; Sue Baker also stepped down from her executive role on the board and Jr Camp work to attend to personal and family needs as well as creative endeavors. Ann Partlow, as a sign we are truly being taken care of, agreed to be our new treasurer.

I ask you to join me in thanking: the members of the Board of Directors: Sue Bayley, Skeeter Shied, Meg Brooker, Emily Mott, June Roche, Patricia Carhart and Martha Mott-Gale. Members of the Property Committee: Mary Graham, Evelyn Foster, Mary Ann Buckley and Sue Bayley (again) as Property Committee liaison to the Board doing both coordination, reporting and hands-on work. Members of the Finance Committee especially Ann Partlow, Sue Baker and Sharon Rowe who helped out with the rental-readiness, and all staff, onions, and elves who stepped forward to keep Senior Camp running so smoothly especially Patty Flynn, Sheila Fleming, Chris Johnson, Jennifer Speich (Birdi), Emily Mott, Meg Brooker, Mary Graham and Sarah Widhu. Ruth LeBar and Chuck Bates for much pre-season and early camp work and support. Thanks also to Sidni Jones and Karen Fenswick. Always to June Christiaen for the gardens which encourage us to keep going and growing. Clio for Rhythm, and finding the new piano. Special thanks to Gaia, for taking on this Fall Newsletter and The Davis Family who stirred our memories about Daphne and reminded us about the impact of sharing Noyes with family and friends. Also, to this esteemed list, I must add that most indefatigable and invisible source of year-round, presence and support, Thaliya, aka, Bluke2noyes, who serves as our entire membership department.

The Foundation is in excellent condition, I'm happy to report. All I can add is, if you love Noyes find ways to become more involved, and we need financial contributions as well. The holidays are upon us, so don't be afraid to ask friends and relatives to make a tax-deductible donation to Noyes. It's a gift that will unfold through generations. It's a great thing to be a part of.

Yours in Rhythm,

Linda

(On behalf of the Noyes School of Rhythm Foundation Board of Directors)

Are you practicing NOYES RHYTHM? It's much more fun to do it all together. Come take a Noyes Class this Spring in New England. Maybe a Noyes friend can host you. SEE THE DETAILS AT: www.noyesrhythm.org/workshops

Noyes Boston School 2013

Relax and refresh through joyful movement in historic New England. Unstiffen and thaw out with good friends. Enlighten your body and spirit in Beauty. Each Sunday workshop includes classes from two teachers, live music, and great company. (And good snacks too!)

Register for each class separately \$35, or get a discount for all three \$75 at Emerson. Gift someone the classes you can't attend.

- Three Sundays at 1pm: March 10, April 21st, May 19th

Emerson Umbrella in Concord, MA [register](#) [directions](#)

<----Emerson Umbrella



- Saturday February 9th 10:30am

Lexington Community Education will offer a Noyes Rhythm workshop (taught by our teachers) in their winter session at Lexington High School, Lexington, MA. (room 133) Register through them here. \$35



<-----NEW!!

Register for the Concord, MA workshops through Emily Mott at emilyarwen@hotmail.com or at 617-872-4432, and for the Lexington workshop through the LCS online catalog <http://www.lexingtoncommunityed.org/detail.php?q=ENRY>

REFLECTIONS

Cloudy Noyes Inspirations

Illuminate our eyes that we may see this big beautiful World!

Allow us to absorb the heat from the rays of the sun!

Bring peace to our minds, bodies and spirits that we may hear and listen to the birds' songs, the rustlings of trees leaves and the stillness of the forest!

Spending time at Noyes Senior Camp in the summer allows each of us to accomplish these requests.

It allows a "Noyes Moment" to come as a complete surprise!

Hustling to my indoor tennis courts, I suddenly looked into the distance towards the woods. There were many tall black trunks of trees surrounded by what appeared to be clear smoke which was rising from the ground. Taking time to really think in silence, I realized that it was the warm ground being cooled by the cold air from the recent Nor'easter Storm that followed Hurricane Sandy. In today's terms one could say that this was something being "stored in the cloud". My coach and another tennis player stopped in their tracks behind me to see what was so interesting to me. I brought this beautiful picture of Mother Nature to their attention and asked them if they could also see it. At this moment there was complete silence! Mother's Natural inspirations learned at Noyes Camp spreading through out the world!

What a glamorous picture of peace and tranquility that walks with us because of our experiences that we share together with our Noyes friends and loved ones. This is an essay of GRADITUDE to all of you!

Martha Mathews



Army Colon

Group Poem (from Poetic Art Class)

My catechism open to the page with the answer, slipping halfway out of my desk
and onto my quivering lap
Breathing becomes a song of communion:
the lower and upper tones harmonizing, without effort or worry meld into one tune
Quit your prowling and just be who you are.
Join the Dance.
Some are interconnected and others are kept apart intentionally.
Fear not the tangle below,
Float on the surface
comes a spinning that leaves no trace
Let the world be yours for the taking
Drunk on a passion for ecstasy.
What have you got to lose?

Pond(side) Reflection

Gazing down, looking forward and reflecting back
are
leaves cascading through sky
and
collecting in still pond
as
dark branches float and sway
in
gentle winds,
reflecting peace and calm.

Jennifer Speich

Daphne

(for Ruth Davis)

The sound of music has faded,
notes landing in the underbrush
covered by ferns and mushrooms
where they will feed the earth.

The only other noise is the empty
tent flap moving in the breeze
slapping the pole quietly, reverently
causing the air to ripple.

Is this how it will be when
your spirit returns to camp?

I envision the herald will begin
with a chorus of crows, followed
by all the remaining songbirds.
The woods will be alive with joy
from the ferns and the day lilies
to the top of canopy of the oak trees.
The air will carry laughter
from one end of camp to the other.
All the wood nymphs will appear
out of loyalty and love for you.
My sisters and I will dance, Daphne –
Joy, Grace, Beauty.
We will always know your song.

Sue Scheid

*This poem, read at Daphne's
memorial service, is
reprinted as requested*



Daphne and Virginia Carhart

POETRY by Tom Keene

Resurrecting in Little Bear Canyon

Come Spring,
when the loose ends of this life
have been tied and trimmed,
scatter my ashes in Little Bear Canyon.

Scatter me,
to nourish the caterpillars and butterflies
that feed the robins and swallows
that I may rise in their songs.

Scatter me,
to nourish the roots of locust and cliff rose
to rise in their purple-pink petals
and fill the air with their perfume.

Scatter me,
to run with the melted snow
to the river, where steeple and cathedral walls
tower against the turquoise New Mexico sky.

Scatter me
to run with the river to the oceans,
to mix with the ashes of ancestors
in the ash-seeded waters of the world.

Then,
read these words to anyone
who wonders where I am.

RYTHMIC PONDERING

I'm in the midst and then I'm out
In someplace else entirely
How did I get here?

I trace my path back
but I can't be where I was before
I have to start again

Almost immediately I'm somewhere else
Is it because I want to leave?
I am not as happy here as I was there
So why am I here?

This new place seems too familiar
I keep coming back to this same sad old place
No matter what new place I start from

Have I trained my thoughts
to take paths that only go in circles and dead ends?

by
Sarah Widhu



Amy Cotton

The Acorn and the Butterfly

Like rifle shot on the roof,
acorn pellets snap us to attention,
so sharp they pierce wood,
so loud they wake the sleeping.

*As if drifting into the landscape
like a mirage, the Monarch,
bearing the color of autumn
meanders as if there was no tomorrow.*

Acorns ricochet off the pavement,
leaving a treacherous path
and stains like blood
only rain tears can wash away.

*The Monarch's destiny is embedded
in his soul. No need to think
or pass judgement, just
return to the source.*

It's urge to propagate so strong
the acorn would populate the garden
into a crowded grove of oak
we neither need nor want.

*The Monarch's visit so flighty and brief,
leaves us with a choice to either
rattle the cage or live a life
of quiet acquiescence.*

Arline Terrell

Poem

Flossie

*touched me,
crossed my forehead
softly as she passed
at five.*

*Then by mountain fire
rising like smoke
curling past prongs
of my forked stick
(searched for in solitude
now patiently completing bacon's being)
her presence spreads across the mountaintop
like butter melting into toast-pores.
I build a paeon of bacon and raspberry jam,
bite! Imbibe her,
share her in soft reminiscence and laughter
weaving a gossamer canopy of comfort - -
of faith-flow - -
Passing on.*

Jan Hoge (Palchen)

Artemis

There is a thin silver line
between dark and dawn
between being and non being.
The place of the dream
The place of the moon.

The journey begins in darkness
in a cave, half molten,
still red from the earth's core,
from the star of its birth.

It is woman,
first born,
Artemis rising like the new moon,
swift as a deer,
of the earth and of the air.
Between the trees she races,
wild as an animal
more than human.
She is the hunted and the hunter,
leaping through the night sky.

Tides pull, oceans surge and crash,
On she moves, ever brighter.

Below are the circles of women,
seeing to the growing things,
birthing and rearing,
celebrating, sacrificing,
in ever wider arcs.



Melissa Terral Moss

We are the keepers of the flame,
the holders of the secret,

flying up finally
in the pull
of the strong clear light.

Martha Northgate

Down the rabbit hole & how I see myself now August 30, 2012

...the faerie dust is still settling (nor do I wish it to stop).

It started innocently enough. In mid-June, I asked Lori

If her school had a "beginner's" class in the Duncan style.

...and she *just happened to have the* brochure for Noyes out,

mentioning that she would be the Artist-in-Residence the last week of July.

I signed up almost immediately. As the days neared I felt excited with no expectations but to breathe mountain air, meet wonderful new

friends and dance my tushie off.

How can I capture my experience at Noyes in brief? It can't be done.

As for my creative juices, it took days it seemed, for my "colors" to appear.

However, walking through the woods in natural light where time shifts gears; experiencing darkness as I haven't for eons...the colors appeared.

There was indeed dancing, mornings were filled with the swaying

force of the Noyes lessons and the Noyes women dancing in

Incredible ways. I watched them through lids half closed,

moving with grace and feeling; emoting, undulating to the "rhythms" of our planet;

always accompanied by live piano.

After dinner, which was served mid-day, there was rest and quiet time.

Then at 3pm came the joy of being in Lori's class. Here I was. I danced. I also participated in

the Saturday night performance (if you've seen Fantasia, The Dance of the Hours?)

enough said. *Lori, you sharing yourself was a gift.* Thank you! And thank you, Noyes women,

of smiling faces with inner strength, laughing, sharing their life's experiences

freely as artists, poets, gardeners, teachers, leaders, musicians.

It was, in the end, a lasting most beautiful experience. I've grown. Much love, Harriet

Waking in Meadowlark

You can almost "hear" the sun shine this morning - so bright and penetrating - almost as if there is a "hum" - everything in stasis - then a slight ruffle of wind sets some leaves dancing that is gradually reflected across the clearing. Layers, too, the foreground more responsive as the breeze takes longer to penetrate into the deep. It is as if Pan passed by and touched everything with his presence and mother nature responds with rollicking laughter. All this balances the idle chatter of the birds and business of the day that slowly infiltrates our lives.

A. Terrell

Marilyn Banner's "Woman and Nature" art classes enriched the second week. She asked us to write down words or phrases that we thought connected nature and our bodies/spirits. This spilled out as a poem:

Water flowing under earth,
water through my cells, my blood,
the drops in the humid air,
the gush of birth, the sea, the tides,
ebb and flow, surge and stillness,
trickling down through layers
to a dark place,
the river changing and the same,
my life changing and the same.

woman

from dewy to drying,
the warrior marks on my skin,
the scars on a tree,
the living flesh of beech trees,
the sap,
the bones of me.

The folds of history
in the rock
in my brain,

the exhalation
and
the wind.



Daphne, Melissa Terrell Moss & Lizzie 1990

Rhythm was, of course, the continuous flow: in the classes at the Pavalon, the beauty of the woods and sky, the time with friends, and the dream time that leads us back to our truest selves and to something beyond ourselves.

Martha Mott-Gale

From Carol Ribner (Selene)

Noyes North took place on Columbus Day Weekend with a huge turnout. Approximately 20 people gathered at Nancy and June's houses for a wonderful weekend of rhythm, nature, friendship and fun. It was sheer delight to see so many good friends and meet some new ones.

We had Rhythm classes given by Clio and Pegasus accompanied by Tanya and Norine, nature walks and poetry with June and Amy, painting with Linda DeHart, a trip to the Sandwich Fair and spontaneous bursts of singing and laughter. To top it all off we had a Saturday Night complete with Martha Mott- Gale playing her violin, an original piece choreographed by Norine, poetry readings, an art show and an excerpt of a one woman show by Rev Bev (that ought to be on Broadway, if you ask me).

As a city girl I was thrilled to look up and see so many stars in the sky, breathe in the exhilarating New Hampshire air and delight in the picturesque surroundings. Nancy and June were such welcoming hostesses.

I usually have to run professional development workshops on Columbus Day. This year when asked to renew my contract I asked for only one thing; I didn't want to work on Columbus Day. My request was granted.

From Sharon Rowe

Reaching out to tell you I got an award I think is pretty cool.
It's the [CBS 880 Radio Women's Achievement Award!](#)

It's cool to be recognized and super cool to go out onto the airwaves of NYC via CBS Radio 880!

That's why I'm sharing.

Wishing you and yours a happy and healthy holiday season!



Julian drew this Santa for us!

RECOLLECTIONS

Hi! I don't know if this fits at all with what you're doing but...

At the end of Camp last summer Meg was kind enough to share some of the archives up in the attic of Shepard's Nine. One piece that especially caught my eye, was a description of an early class Diana gave in the yard of the house she shared with husband Edmund on Summit Ave., in Sharon, MA. Apparently, the women hung papers over the fence and hedges before indulging in a full-fledged Rhythm class.

Lena and I Googled the house (in black and white) and then on our way to the Cape last weekend we took a small detour through Sharon to check out the house. Imagine my delight, when it turned out not only to be a rather special Victorian but also a fabulous pink and purple Painted Lady! That Rhythm just keeps bubbling up in the most amazing ways! Of course, I immediately went on to envision Edmund trudging home, aching to relax in the tranquillity of his castle with adoring wife, magnificent meal, and probably a nice cool drink... only to be presented with US!

By the way, did you know that "Phoebe" was Artemis' grandmother? I have not been able, however, to find any connection between the goddess and bird...except in our Pavalon, of course. I remain thankful for all of us!
Love, MAB C



Notes taken by Marian Rouboud Anderson while sitting at the feet of Florence Fleming Noyes (Diana) at Tompkins Cove, N.Y., Summer 1918

Work through objective imagination to reach sympathetic imagination. Involuntary unconscious flexing of muscles, rather than voluntary tension. The sympathetic unconsciously reflects the objective."

"Not overlooking trouble, but meeting it honestly face to face and overcoming it. In opening the channel of pure instinct, one comes to desire only what one needs. Man's will becomes divine will. Moral courage, purpose, divine guidance."

"Rise above the single view - the one-sidedness. - If you are high enough you can look down and see the whole pie rather than just one section from the side!"

"Never let trifles annoy you. Learn to look for Reality. Have no portholes in your inner cylinder.!"

"Rise above personality (with a small 'p') insidious love of admiration. Help people impersonally, led by Universal Truth. To lose personality in the universal is to find individuality. Picture two streams of water flowing down a mountain side. Each one flows through its own channel. One channel is clean and free of foreign substance. The other is filled with color and foreign matter. The stream flowing through the first channel emerges pure water (universality) even as at its source. The stream flowing through the second channel emerges, however, as wine (personality) colorful and tasteful. The mingling of the inner and outer cylinders results in personality (with a small 'p'. The separation of the inner and outer cylinders results in universality."

"Nothing without roots will ever bear fruit. One will only grow upward in proportion to one's ability and capacity to dig deeply downward to its source. Elimination of self, in order to be a clear channel for universal truth, beauty and simplicity.

"In teaching - in everything, know what you want, why you want it, and whether you are getting it!" (The what, the why and the how.)

"There is no past, there is no future, only an ever-present NOW."

"the greatest individual development possible" - (result of this work.) "The merging of

* * *

Isadora for the Woman's Soul at Noyes Rhythm Camp in Connecticut

"How can I capture my experience at Noyes in brief? It can't be done. There was indeed dancing. The mornings were filled with the swaying force of the Noyes lessons with the Noyes women dancing in incredible ways. I watched them through lids half closed as they moved with grace and feeling, and undulating to the rhythms of our planet, always accompanied by live piano. Thank you, Noyes women of smiling faces with inner strength, laughing, and sharing your life experiences freely as artists, poets, gardeners, teachers, leaders, musicians. It was, in the end, a lasting most beautiful experience."

- Harriet Reed, 2012 Noyes Rhythm Participant

Plans are underway for next year during the first week of August. Details will be posted soon. The experience of Noyes Camp is very special. Last year Company members came up and gave themselves over to dancing in nature, swimming in the lake, and dancing all hours basking in the light of the full moon. Consider coming next summer! - Lori

Isadora Duncan Dance Foundation [announcements@isadoraduncan.org]

Isadora Duncan Dance Foundation | 212-691-5040
info@isadoraduncan.org | www.isadoraduncan.org
141 W. 26th Street #3
New York, NY 10001

From Linda Rapuano

Hello all...wishing we were all together with many bottles of champagne to celebrate this extraordinary achievement. Kevin texted back about a half hour ago that he was on his way home having completed all the last minute lock changes, finishing of kitchen floor, moving out of all the furniture. For some of you who have not been getting the blow by blow descriptions the past two months, you may not realize the extent of the repair and clean up work both inside and outside the house. Other than some things in the attic and basement, the house is completely cleared out. There's new windows in the kitchen and a new tiled floor. The hearth room is getting a chimney liner for a wood-burning stove. The clawfoot bathtub is being reglazed inside and painted on the outside; a new water treatment system has been installed. Our tenant's name is Christine Sparks. She has a son 15 and daughter 10, a cat and on occasion, a dog with visiting rights. Her rental includes the house and upper field outside the house. She works for the Bloomfield Police Department and from what I can tell is a Type A personality who will take very good care of things and even upgrade the property.

I want to thank all the Board members, Meg, Emily, Sue, Skeeter, June Roche, Patricia Carhart, and Martha Mott-Gale for their great input, decisions and guidance on each and every step of this many-legged process. Also contributing invaluable guidance on the rental were Ann Partlow and Sharon Rowe. Evelyn Foster, Mary Graham and MaryAnn Buckley also helped with decision-making, phone and ferret work and on the ground support. Four people, however, come to mind who went above and beyond. They deserve our applause and acclamation, wild cheers and a party in their honor. Without them, there is no doubt in my mind that this project would not have come to fruition. Please join me in heartily thanking:

Chris Johnson and Jennifer Speich (Birdi) We definitely would not have been able to get the job done on time had not Chris and Birdi done so much both before, during and after camp closing. Chris did a great job painting, and he and Birdi did lots of clearing out and filling dumpsters. Other Noyes folks also contributed to the earlier efforts in July: Sidni, Sue Baker and probably some that I don't know about-- whoever you are--all appreciated.

Sue Bayley, who has done an incredibly, spectacular job not only coordinating much of the sourcing, maintenance and repair work but also in communicating via elegant write-ups and reports helping keeping track of things--awesomely professional.

Mary Graham, who gets the Rosie the Riveter Award for rolling up her sleeve and doing more dang cleaning and repairing on the days she worked at the house than I ever thought possible for anyone to accomplish in a day. Mary--you are a one-woman Merry Maids franchise.

Theresa Cleary, who is our new "Liaison" jumped right in like she was born at Noyes and handled multiple on the ground needs. Theresa showed the house, helped get stuff boxed and stored, found good suppliers for us, relayed messages between multiple parties, kept me and Sue abreast with detailed emails, and did everything with great efficiency and good cheer. Wow!

Last but not least, Kevin Darna, who as sole proprietor of a new general contracting company, did not only a huge amount of work for us in a short time, but handled a wide range of projects demonstrating his great skill, versatility and craftsmanship. He pulled everything through the tight deadlines and enabled us to make the move-in date tomorrow happen.

We will figure out a way to celebrate when we're all together this summer, but in the meantime, everyone have at least a good night's sleep knowing that we achieved one small part of our unfolding vision. Let us hope that our tenant has everything she needs to begin to settle into 207 Penfield Hill Road.

Yours in Rhythm,

ANNOUNCING A NEW ROUTE TO THE JR CAMP LAKEFRONT IN 2013

With our beloved Jr. Camp Farmhouse under a rental agreement as of Dec. 1st with Chris Sparks and her two children age 10 and 15, those of us who enjoy using the Jr. Camp lakefront, will now have to access the Jr. Camp property via the lower orchard. The upper field is part of the rental agreement of the farmhouse, and we have assured Chris that her privacy and space will be honored. She is a person who cares very deeply about her home life and we believe she will take excellent care and add value to our house. This small sacrifice on our part enables us to earn some income to eventually repair and upgrade the other buildings on the Jr Camp property. In the meantime, nothing is stopping us from employing our imaginations for a thriving future of wonderful programs and activities there.

Notes for the Fall Newsletter

I had a wonderful summer at camp this year. Being there the first week (and the co-ed week, no less) was wonderful and quiet. Teaching with Skeeter and seeing all the powerful creative energy that camp nurtures was exhilarating. Not to mention lots of fun! Just a few things that I want to share.

First a poem I wrote in honor of our Daphne. I was unable to attend camp the week of her memorial, so instead I wrote a poem. (see below).

Next, I wanted to share a poem written by participants in Art class the week I was there. Everyone contributed a line from something they had written. (see also below).

Last, I wanted to share some great news!!! A book of my poetry, beautifully illustrated by watercolor paintings by Skeeter, has finally been published and is available on Amazon.com. Search for *After Enchantment*. Or email me for an autographed copy. Signed copies will also be available next summer in at camp! Thanks to all the support and love of my camp friends while writing and putting this book together. ☺

That's about it from me. We survived the hurricane with no power outages. All are damp, but safe and ready to get back out into the world!

Love,

Sue



**It's HERE! The event you've been waiting
for (even if you didn't know it!)**

Sue and Skeeter's

BOOK SIGNING AND ART SHOW

**(featuring a reading from the book, and
the framed original illustrations, food and
frivolity)**

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 7:00PM

WOHLFARTH GALLERIES

Dearest Arlene + darling Kate
I'm late - I'm late - my
mind is second rate
my rhythm a slower quite
It's time to contemplate
Serenity is my state
There's more I could relate
But my preamble you
would hate - so I'll just
my dearest love to both
you precious people

May each moment
in Christmas hold a
happiness for you



Joy



Kate Terrell



Daphne, Storey and Kate



Anelia



Kate, Nickie and Barbara



Cliff Hardie surrounded by friends



Bimmy and Corella



Carolyn and Sally

Proposals for the Artist In Residence (AIR) Committee

1. The Artist in Residence needs to have a working knowledge and experience in Noyes Rhythm.
2. AIR must submit a proposal by January 15, 2012 (FIRM DEADLINE) for the following summer season. This proposal should include the connection between Noyes Rhythm and the concept (nitty gritty) being offered. This is not an RFP, you can keep it simple.
3. The AIR must state the dates available for her program, and, once chosen know that the schedule can only be changed in case of real emergency!
4. The AIR must submit a description, and, if desired, bio/credentials by December 15, so that publicity/outreach materials and the summer schedule can go out in a timely manner.
5. The Hot AIR Committee will determine the summer schedule with approval from the Board of Directors.
6. Proposals should be mailed to Skeeter Scheid at 6701 Jerome Street, Springfield, VA 22150 or e-mailed to Skeeter.scheid@cox.net.

If you have a talent or skill to share, but it doesn't take a whole week, or something that you could do the basics of in one or two days, consider taking part in offering an "olio" or "smorgasbord week. Let us know if you are interested!

THANKS EVERYONE! ALL IDEAS ARE WELCOME!!

The (Hot) AIR Committee

Skeeter Scheid, Evelyn Foster, Mary Graham and Martha Mott Gale

HOLIDAY GREETINGS

MAY YOU EACH HAVE A BLESSED,

JOY FILLED SEASON

OF GIVING AND RECEIVING.

AND MAY THAT JOY

LEAD YOU BACK TO NOYES.

From the Board of Directors of the Noyes School of Rhythm