



Transitions...

Report of an All-Natural 'Green' Wake—Funeral—Interment

by

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Hershey, Pennsylvania USA

Dear Friends of Stonehaven and Corps de Michael,

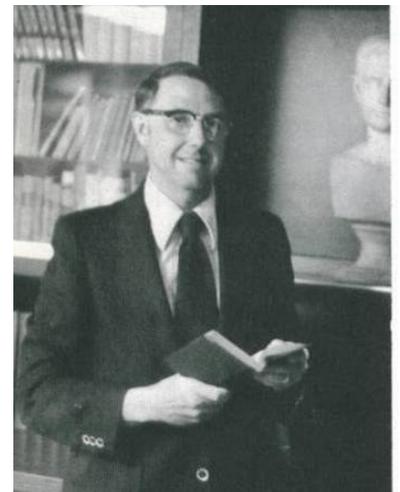
In 2011, two beloved friends of Stonehaven crossed the threshold of physical death. On February 7th, a Corps de Michael co-founder, **Hildegard Maria 'Little Rose' Lisa Frey** crossed the threshold. Twelve days later, **Dr. Philip North Lockhart** cast aside his earthly sheath. Little Rose, late of Harrisburg, was a native of Goettingen, Germany. Phil, late of Carlisle, was a native of Western Pennsylvania and grew-up on a farm near the headwaters of the west branch of the 'shining' Susquehanna River.



Little Rose retired as a holistic practitioner and was the founder of Wellness Springs Chalet—an initiative for healing art modalities. Phil was the Asbury J. Clarke Professor Emeritus of Latin and Classical Languages at Dickinson College (Founded 1773). Both commenced their earthly journeys in 1928 and remarkably, both departed the realm of three dimensions at Forest Park Health Center in Carlisle

(near Harrisburg), Pennsylvania. Although the two did not cross paths at Stonehaven, they met years earlier during a Christmas Meeting of the Rudolf Steiner Group of Dickinson College.

Little Rose helped pioneer anthroposophical groups in the Capital Region. She was a member of the School of Spiritual Science, Susquehanna Corps de Michael—*Anthroposophical Society in Hershey*, The Christian Community, and for 44 years, the Anthroposophical Society in America. **A pioneer until the end, Corps de Michael honored her request for an all-natural 'green' wake/burial rite/funeral/cremation/interment. The transition of Little Rose demonstrated the viability and spirit efficacy of 'green' funeral arrangements. The 'green' approach endeavors to accompany the departed soul with love and spirit-consciousness through all phases of memorial celebrations. Chemical embalming of the corpse, facial reconstruction, make-up, morgue refrigeration, and concrete burial vaults are completely avoided.**





Dr. Philip N. Lockhart offered several lectures at Stonehaven in Hershey, Pennsylvania. On his first visit to the farm founded in 1737 by Thomas Logan, the former farm boy gazed at the exterior façade of the Widow Logan House with all the wonder of a schoolboy. The classicist, who visited or led excursions to such venerable sites as: Rome, Athens, Ephesus, and Anatolia, had only three words for the stonework, rosettes, beaded moldings, and gable of the Widow Logan House, “**What a treasure!**”

Although Phil was *not* a student of *Intuitive Thinking as a Spiritual Path: a Philosophy of Freedom*, his destiny led him to intuitive heart-thinking via another path. Immersion in ancient texts – imbued with the wisdom of the macrocosm – won a form of thinking characterized by original intuitive insights and enthusiasm for knowledge. Ancient literature, as one soon surmised under Phil’s tutelage, reveals an integrated form of consciousness. Ancient cultures understood the human being as a ‘microcosm of the macrocosm.’ The meaning and purpose of the universe, human nature, and individual destiny can be accessed by unraveling the nature of one’s being through clues afforded in ancient texts (best read in their original Greek, Hebrew, Latin, Sanskrit, or Sumerian).

The Asbury J. Clarke Professor of Latin was well known on the John Dickinson Campus for his ability to challenge the assumptions of modern consciousness. During a political science seminar on Plato’s *Laws*, Professor George Friedman remarked, “**the ancients were wiser than us.**” Phil took Professor Friedman’s insight a step further. As a repeat recipient of the Gano Award for Inspirational Teaching (more than any other Dickinson professor), Phil was able to bring the wisdom of the ancients to life within many of his students. Under Phil’s influence pre-law (and even pre-med) students, who had planned to major in political science, biology or chemistry,





suddenly declared majors in Latin or Greek! Student by student, Phil expanded the Department of Classical Studies. A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and Yale University, his arrival at Dickinson reinvigorated a department on the verge of extinction.

Providentially, I met Phil during the summer prior to matriculating at Dickinson. He invited the Dean W. and Ruth E. Lenker family to meet with him in the Classics seminar room

of Old East. All three boys, Mother, and Dad traveled to Carlisle to meet Phil. It was

the same summer that I read and reread (multiple times) *The Manifestations of Karma* by Rudolf Steiner. It was my first Steiner book – presented by Edward J. Barnes upon completion of his psychology course at The Harrisburg Academy (Founded 1784). Beginning at age 16, certain Academy courses inspired systematic changes in my thinking and world outlook. For example, Ed Barnes delineated educational currents and crosscurrents at the end of the 19th century. His Harvard thesis, “**Goethe and Darwin**,” arose out of a Waldorf/anthroposophical training seminar offered at the First Waldorf School in Stuttgart, Germany. Edward Barnes encouraged his psychology students to complement mainstream studies in Freud, Darwin, Skinner, and Marx with what he referred to as: **‘the lost possibilities for healthful education in the West: John Ruskin, Edward Carpenter, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, and Rudolf Steiner’**.



In late evening, just a few hours after Little Rose crossed the threshold at Forest Park, her corpse arrived at Stonehaven on a gurney. Her earthly remains passed the first night of the Wake in the Rose Room. The following morning, on very short notice, Corps member Bernadette Warman of Maytown and David Stephens of Shippensburg arrived to transform and prepare the Michael Room for visitors, friends, and loved ones. A wooden table was set-up to support a beautiful wooden casket originally crafted for Orthodox Jews. Spiritual beliefs of Orthodox Judaism dictate a smaller ‘body size’ casket as compared to modern oversized monstrosities intended for interment in concrete burial vaults. The Orthodox wooden casket easily negotiated the turn from the hall into the Rose Room. We suddenly deciphered the possible purpose of the Rose Room entrance offset. Was this

intended by the builders of the Widow Logan House nearly two centuries ago to allow casket transport into a parlor or other suitable room for the Wake? Farm house Funerals and Wakes, customary in the 19th century, are rendered unpractical by the prohibitive dimensions of most modern caskets.

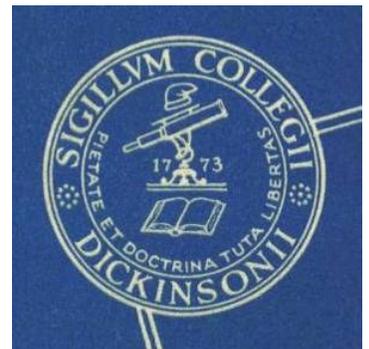
Rev. Craig Wiggins, a priest of the Christian Community in Pennsylvania, arrived just after lunch. Together we moved the remains of Little Rose from Grandma Eshelman's deep rose velour sofa to the wooden casket in the Michael Room. An anonymous donor provided funds for a custom 3' x 5' Corps de Michael flag which stood by the side of Little Rose throughout the duration of the Wake. In the Michael Room's rarified atmosphere of peach/orange lazure (a Goethean/Steinerian painting technique) Little



Rose reclined in *Michaele* for six days. The head of the casket was placed at the base of a built-in turquoise corner cabinet. High above Little Rose's head, we hung one of her favorite paintings, 'The Blue Gentian' by anthroposophical artist, Ymelda Hamann-Mentelberg. Little Rose was wrapped in one of her tie-dye style dresses with varying hues of deep and lighter turquoise – her favorite color! We positioned Little Rose so that her earthly remains might face the centerpiece of the Michael Room: an Ymelda painting of the Archangel Michael in shades of orange, yellow, and red.

In 1996, Dr. Philip N. Lockhart offered a keynote address at Stonehaven for the 5th Anniversary Celebrations of the **Commonwealth Center for Anthroposophy**. Following his remarks on "The Birth of Language," we were favored by lyre and voice solos of the Hebrides performed by Susquehanna Waldorf School music teacher, Diane Ingraham Barnes. Alas, Phil's several lectures at Stonehaven predated the lazuring of the Michael and Rose Rooms. However, the meeting rooms' pre-renovated status did not diminish in the least the brilliance of his remarks. A subsequent lecture on *Aesop's Fables* offers a case in point. Phil suggested that three Aesop characters – the Fox, Lion, and Wolf – can be seen as representing three spheres of the social organism: state/rights, cultural, and economic. He also showed how the three might cooperate to the mutual benefit of all. Realizing that through the imagery of Aesop, Phil had just articulated Rudolf Steiner's approach to social renewal, I asked afterwards if he had read *The Threefold Commonwealth*? Through my encouragement, he had read *Nine Lectures on Bees* and later, he borrowed *Eleven European Mystics*. However, Phil advised that he had not read Steiner's *Commonwealth*. Apparently, with a stroke of genius he had arrived independently at the seminal thoughts of social threefolding by penetrating the wisdom latent in *Aesop's Fables*! This presentation certainly added credence to Phil's contention that morally, spiritually, and culturally, the turning point of Time (the Graeco/Roman or 4th epoch) contains all that humanity needs for the renewal of civilization. At the same time, through the works of Owen Barfield, he respected the evolution of consciousness as it pertains to the international Waldorf School movement.

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To complete Wake preparations, Lynn Charlton arrived mid afternoon with flowers. Later that evening friends and members continued the six day celebration of Little Rose's pioneering life in service of healing modalities and Anthroposophy, *the awareness of one's humanity*. Truly, it was a joy to experience so many individuals from various



aspects of her life, each of whom revealed a new facet of the soul and spirit of Little Rose! On the fourth day Rev. Craig Wiggins performed Burial Rite I at the foot of the casket. This Christian Community sacrament was attended by Little Rose's neighbors, Corps de Michael friends/members, visitors, and very dear friends, Martha Grib and Carol Rearick of the Albert Steffen Group of the Anthroposophical Society (Pittsburgh). Martin Croes remained in residence throughout the Wake and lovingly rotated ice packs to retard corpse decomposition. By night,

Michael Room temps dipped to a cool 40 degrees while visitation hour temperatures averaged fifty-seven to sixty-six degrees.

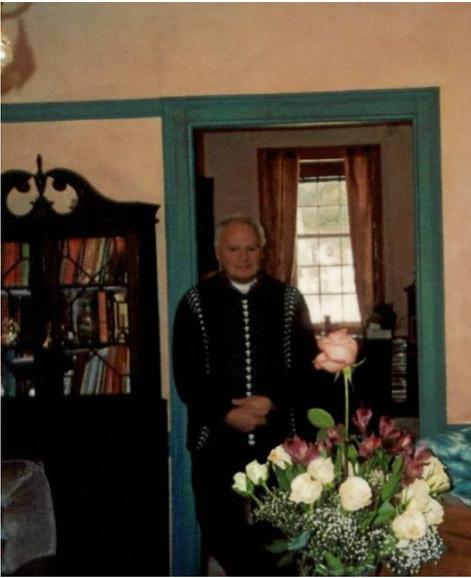
Loving thoughts, flowers, joyful memories, as well as lines read aloud from the Gospel and anthroposophical texts nourished the departed soul of Little Rose. Then, on the fifth day, much to our surprise, a minor miracle was observed. **Uta Dreher, visiting from Scranton, noticed that Little Rose's complexion had taken on distinctive hues of peach and rose!** This was in striking contrast to the pale white complexion exhibited upon her arrival from the nursing



home. I assured Uta that in accordance with the wishes of Little Rose nothing was applied to the corpse at any time. Only the rarified peach/orange light reflected from the Michael Room lazure, loving thoughts, and spirit words could possibly account for the visible change of complexion...

On the morning of the sixth day Michael Dowdrick closed the casket and helped load it into my Nissan for





transport to the Unitarian Church of Harrisburg. On Valentine's Eve, a Christian Community Funeral was conducted in the Unitarian Church's soaring A-frame architecture by Rev. Craig Wiggins with eulogies by Craig and David Lenker. A reception followed. It was the first ever Christian Community funeral service in Central Pennsylvania. Three days later David Lenker and David Stephens witnessed the cremation in Schaefferstown (near Lebanon, PA). During the cremation, we received an inspiration to read aloud from the *Book of Revelations*. Verses referring to purging fires and white robes of the elect proved appropriate. When the retort was opened, we beheld the white ash remains. These ashes then returned to the Rose Room to await a Saint John's interment in the

presence of representatives from all three regions of the Anthroposophical Society in America: East, Central, and West. On Saint John's Day (June 24th) friends and members arrived at Stonehaven from Canada and six USA states (Maryland, New Mexico, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, & Virginia) for Corps de Michael's fifth annual Group and Branch Templar Conference. Saturday evening was dedicated to Little Rose. We opened with a community circle on the West Lawn for remembrances and a life sketch. Next, a procession formed near the Widow Logan House. The Corps de Michael flag, Little Rose's ashes, and friends proceeded via threefold walking up the lane lined with maples and evergreens to a newly planted rose bush adorned with roses of peach/rose hue (to honor the Wake transformation).

A floral wreath sent by sisters and a nephew in Germany decorated the interment site. We heard Ymelda flower stories told by Michael Mazock, Bernadette, and David, *Verses for the Dead* by Richard Swerling (Raphael Branch), and a verse spoken by LoAnn Olin (Sangre de Cristo Group). Then, all were invited to inter white ash remains around the rose bush.



Corps member Mark Peura concluded the interment ceremony with a trumpet rendition of *Taps*. During the ceremonies, Stonehaven's organic jersey heifers had gathered in the meadow adjoining the interment site. Amazingly, they remained respectful and attentive to the ceremony unfolding a stone's throw from the meadow fence. As he prepared to play, Mark received a message seeming to emanate from the departed soul of Little Rose, *Play to the cows!* This encouragement resulted in a flawless performance booming across Stonehaven Farm.





In accordance with her inmost bearing and nature, Little Rose went out with a bang! Celebrations then moved to a meadow adjoining the Widow Logan House for a gargantuan St. John's bonfire-on-the-meadow.



One day Phil asked to borrow all of my books on Waldorf Education. Apparently, he was aware of a scholarship, government grant, or foundation based in Washington, D.C. He soon made a presentation in Washington on behalf of Waldorf Education with the result that an award was granted! Closer to home, he played a role in the founding of the Lancaster (now Susquehanna) Waldorf School. During winter break of my senior year, I first met Dr. Henry N. Williams of Lancaster. Hal reminded me that he and Dorothea were still in need of a teacher for a proposed Waldorf School at the Lancaster Friends Meeting. Back at Dickinson, when I relayed this news to Phil, he leapt from the Clarke Chair of Latin exclaiming, "There's your destiny! You should be their teacher!" I had not even considered a career in teaching and pointed out that I had not completed Waldorf teacher training. Phil replied that pedagogical methods would arise in the situation out of my understanding of the human being won through study of Anthroposophy. He was right. Following interviews and Waldorf summer seminars at Rudolf Steiner College, I was a co-teacher when the first Waldorf School of the Susquehanna Valley opened its doors (fall 1979) with five students. Since the fledgling initiative did not have funds for a salary, only travel expenses, I worked as a busboy in the evenings. From humble beginnings born of vision, ideals, and sacrifice the School has grown to eight grades on the banks of the Susquehanna at Marietta, Pennsylvania.

Susquehanna



Waldorf School

www.susquehanna.org

From his office overlooking the John Dickinson Campus Phil occasionally witnessed me striding across campus with my Dickinson 'little brother' atop my shoulders. The Big Brother Program of Dickinson College matched students with underprivileged Carlisle youth. Over time, the program proved rewarding for both brothers in more ways than either could initially imagine. Jack Mixell was eight years old when I took him on our first outing: 'Trick or Treating' in Carlisle. Today, he is a software engineer at the corporate headquarters of Capital Blue Cross in suburban Harrisburg. In 2013, when PSECU (Pennsylvania State Employees Credit Union) relocates its corporate headquarters one door from Capital, our respective offices will be in very close proximity.



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On more than one occasion Phil confided that the sight of carrying my Dickinson 'brother' – a Carlisle boy – atop my shoulders (not piggy back) was 'the most fatherly scene he ever beheld.' Following graduation, he would often open our visits with a quotation memorializing the lasting significance of the big brother/little brother relationship. Finally, I asked for a copy of this verse which Phil promised to write out. He had a remarkable talent for quoting lengthy verses or prose, usually classical, from memory. When a student asked how he could remember so much, he replied matter-of-factly..."because my mind is not cluttered with the affairs of the present."



Following his retirement, Phil extended an open invitation to visit him at his Carlisle home. In 2010, I shared my book manuscript published in 2011 under the title, *The Knights Templar* by Gil McHattie, David Lenker, Alfred Kon, Frans Lutters, *et alia* (Temple Lodge Publishing, England). It is now available on Amazon and soon at Steinerbooks. Phil commented that he agreed with everything in the chapter, "Templar Courage Comes of Age." However, he found it regrettable that due to the materialistic tenor of the present, examples of modern day Templar deeds were fewer than he would prefer. On an earlier visit to his home, I again asked for the verse he was fond of quoting in connection with my Dickinson brother. Phil graciously invited me into his Library adorned with the hallmarks of his Dickinson years. After rummaging through a few books, he found the exact verse which he promptly typed:

HIS GREATEST WORK

**He built a house – time laid it in the dust;
He wrote a book, its title now forgot;
He ruled a city, but his name is not
On any table graven, or where rust
Can gather from disuse, or marble bust.
He took a child from out a wretched cot,
Who on the state dishonor might have brought,
And reared him to a Christian's hope and trust.
The boy, to manhood grown, became a light
To many souls, and preached to human need
The wondrous love of the Omnipotent.
The work has multiplied like stars at night
When darkness deepens; every noble deed
Lasts longer than a granite monument.**

Author unknown

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