




Annual Report 2017-2018



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www.triform.org



Letter From the President

As humans we have the gift of memory. How rich our inner is to be able to reflect on all that passes as our earth turns around the sun one more year. In my mind's eye the year that has passed for Triform has been one of deepening, renewing and evolving.

As a Youth Guidance Community Triform has the freshness of new young students entering the program every year. We welcomed Tim Christopher, Peter Rice, Tyler Dornsife, Skye Williams, Will Gibson, Max Krooks and Ryan Michaels. Each person is like a small planet with meteors and stars orbiting around them that impact and shape our place in manifold ways.

One such deepening of knowledge of our pedagogy is that the Introduction Program was started as a way to guide and orient new students to Camphill, to work and to each other. The program includes both day hab students and new residential students and takes place largely at the Stewardship property.

In November last year we helped host a regional festival dedicated to the life of a very important enigmatic figure for Camphill- Kaspar Hauser. Occasions such as this help to define who inspires our work. There was a play that many Triform coworkers participated in to accompany this event, which was very worthwhile and moving to watch. In the same month we also hosted a regional Craft Conference that brought together folk from all over to have workshops, attend lectures, tour other craft studios and share their experiences.

In the New Year we were able to take up the concerns and emerging needs of our newer volunteer coworkers through a series of conversations. For the second time

David Adams (a longtime Camphill coworker) came to help guide a peer review process which also help to inform some changes to our coworker orientation and mentoring process and to deepen the communications amongst coworkers at large.

During the winter we also were able to consolidate our staff and are deeply grateful to have Laurie Schmolz (front desk/admissions), Doug Williams (maintenance) and Jude Neu (nurse) join us.

In the early spring there was a new initiative to celebrate Earth Day with a land walk and a visit to the new horse shelter where three new horses would soon be settled in to be the beginning of a Horse Program in Triform. In a way every day is an earth day but particularly in spring there is joy of life and also of the completions of building projects as the weather clears. The new Yurt was completed and pottery equipment and kiln donated by the Bailey Pottery Equipment and received the name Cedar Grove Pottery studio. It's a beautiful and functional building, which also serves as an exhibition space. We named the Pegasus property, which is the newly purchased property between Triform and the Stewardship and look forward to the barns and house offering different opportunities in addition to being alternative coworker housing in the time to come.

The earth turns, another year has gone by and we all grow and learn. The complexity of intentional living is that simple.

Meg Henderson
Triform President



Letter From the Board Chair

The purchase last year of the 18-acre property at 259 Bells Pond Road, now known as Pegasus, completes the land connection of our superb holdings between Triform and the Stewardship. As a result of this, and thanks to the extraordinary generosity of an anonymous donor, a long-desired goal few thought could ever come to pass -- building a tunnel under Bells Pond Road and a private connecting trail between the two properties -- is fully approved and will become a reality next summer. The tunnel will be 12' high and 12' wide, so it will accommodate walkers and riders on substantial vehicles and even on horseback!

As we look ahead to yet another milestone in Triform Camphill's history, and as Triform approaches its 40th birthday next year, it seems appropriate to take a quick look back at the origins of Camphill in Scotland in 1939-40. Forced to leave their comfortable Viennese homes when the Nazis occupied their homeland, a small group of young Austrian men and women pledged to go with Dr. Karl Konig to whatever country would allow them to start a new community to care for handicapped children. There were not many choices, but Dr. Konig found a remote "little manse" called Kirkton House, north of Aberdeen, Scotland. Life was hard. There was no central heating and no electric light, but soon 12 children with special needs lived there and it soon became overcrowded.

In early 1940, a larger and more comfortable place known as Camphill House in the farming area of the Dee Valley became available. After Dunkirk Scottish authorities became concerned there might be enemy aliens living in their midst, British children were withdrawn from Kirkton

House and the men of Austrian origin were rounded up and shipped off to the Isle of Man for internment. Only six determined women remained who did most of the heavy lifting themselves completing the move to Camphill House, which eventually became Camphill Rudolf Steiner Schools.

By October 1941, German raids changed to the South of England, and Dr. Konig and the married men were released. The women of Camphill had "lived from letter to letter and from the positivity that came from the men" who had made the most of their enforced seclusion through rigorous study and spiritual practice. In these two very different places, Camphill House and the Isle of Man, "Many of the foundations of the spiritual and therapeutic life of Camphill were laid."

The last nine years since the purchase of the Stewardship property have been a time in many respects of laying foundations, both in bricks and mortar and humanly, for the next phase of Triform's development from 40 onwards. We have accomplished much, and yet the excitement of pioneering and the urgent needs of the time still pull us forward.

Devereux Barker
Chairman of the Board

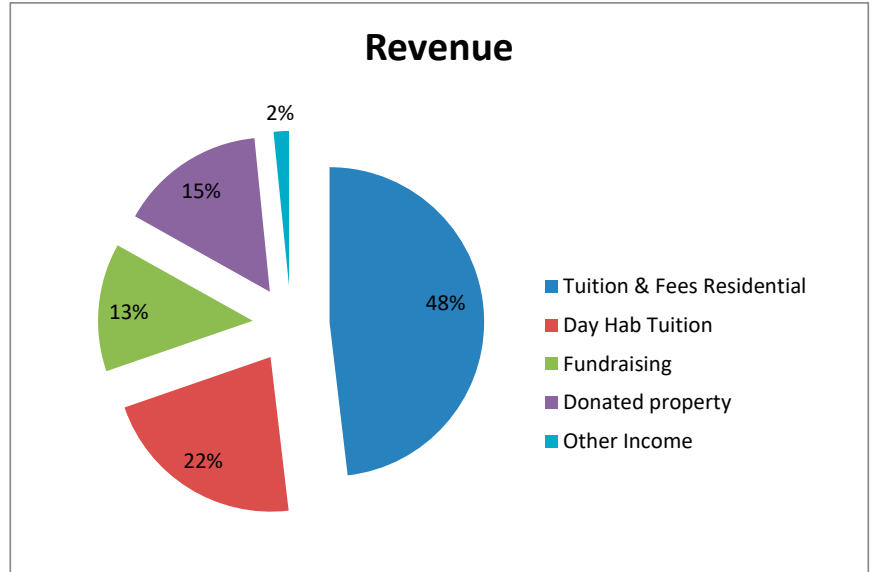
Much of the above is drawn from a small booklet, *Fragments from the Story of Camphill*, by Anke Weihs.

Financial Highlights

Triform Income Statement Year end 6/30/18

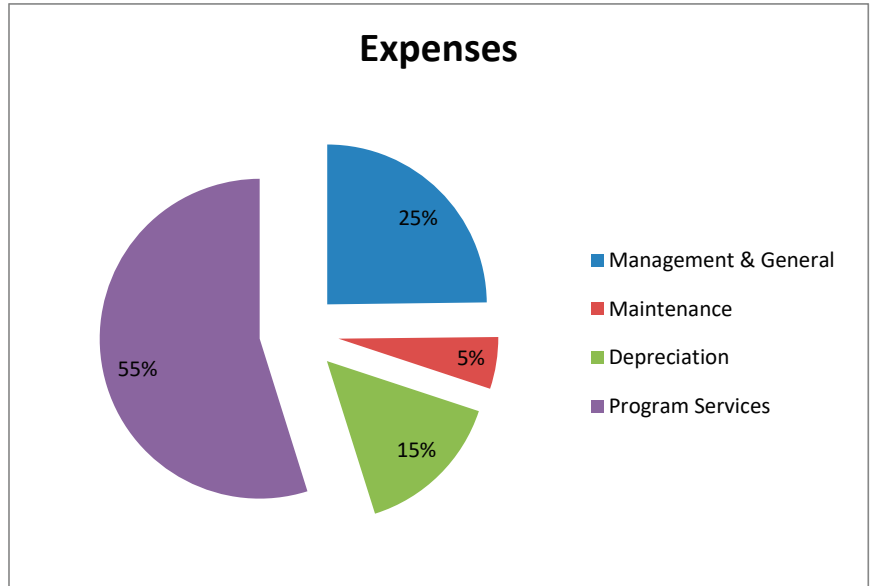
Revenue

Tuition & Fees Residential	1,919,301	48%
Day Hab Tuition	860,137	22%
Fundraising	534,250	13%
Donated property	608,950	15%
Other Income	64,171	2%
Total Revenue	<u>3,986,809</u>	100%



Expenses

Management & General	887,128	25%
Maintenance	188,031	5%
Depreciation	539,233	15%
Program Services	1,961,004	55%
Total Expenses	<u>3,575,396</u>	100%



Net **411,413**

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Gifts to Triform change lives, and we are deeply grateful for your support. Below is a list of our generous friends whose gifts were received between July 1, 2017 and June 30, 2018. Great care has been taken to insure the accuracy of our donor list. We apologize if we have inadvertently omitted or misspelled your name. Please call our Development Office at 518-851-9320 if you find an error, and we will gladly correct it in our next newsletter. Gifts received after June 30, 2018 will be acknowledged in our next Annual Report.

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A Journey to Triform • by Lisa Paterson

I can finally breathe.

Every time I've meandered through the majestic Triform property it's been an opportunity to gain knowledge about life, others and myself. After a long and challenging journey of unknowns, my 22-year-old son, Wyatt, is a settled student there. My daughter, Lucy (Wyatt's twin) and I feel we are a part of the compassionate community. It's a marvelous and magical setting where kindness surrounds us like a velvet ruby red robe on a brisk fall morning. To find such a place for Wyatt—who has a significant and complex brain injury, along with posttraumatic stress disorder—has been daunting. I'm beyond thankful.

When I enter Triform, I'm in a time lapse. Everything slows down. If I stop and join the rhythm of others I'm in for a real treat! This is how life should be: Serene. Safe. Soft. Sweet. Spectacular.

I'm reminded to be in the moment and appreciate what I witness: the way the cows playfully buck into each other, how the sun shimmers streaks between the clouds and the way the laundry lightly sways and swings as it dries outside on the clothesline. And the people, oh the people!

I wander around and observe. I see how Etienne gently guides his crew to pick the produce they've planted; the fragrance of fresh rosemary fills me. At the weavery Hannah loops and laces her joyful spirit into colorful placemats and I immediately light up in her presence. Walking into the bakery I notice two older students in a precious pose—Pierre looks at Holly as he puts his finger on her chin. She gazes into his eyes: "I see you. I see you back," they seem to say without spoken words. The

sugary scent of the newly baked rolls swirl in my being. Wherever I am on the grounds I try and take it all in. I watch. I listen. I become more mindful.

Outside in the late afternoon a few boys of houseparents' chase the grounds and each other with "bows and arrows"; then five farm girls gather with Wyatt and bounce on the trampoline while giggling. Wyatt glides off and climbs the tree ladder and when he comes down his housefather, Aroon, softly asks him a question and remains patiently present for his answer. Aroon seems to be a master of meditation—something I want to learn.



A Journey to Triform continued

His wife, sweet Sofia is making fresh squash soup and invites me to stay for dinner. I gladly accept.

We sit. Together we sing a blessing. At the table conversations are light, then fascinating exchanges float around. I learn that Wyatt's in rehearsals for a show at the Opera House in Hudson. He'll be drumming and dancing--how cool. Then Wyatt stuns me and says a sentence in perfect German that Liane and Julian (two co-workers from Germany) have taught him. They smirk with a sense of pride. Julian asks if he can post a photo of Wyatt on Instagram—it's the two of them in town devouring burgers. Gee, Wyatt looks like a college kid at a pub. Post away! I proudly post it too. Adorable Amedeo, at not even two, says, "Wyatt! Wyatt!" (one of his very first words!). Cheney, a housemate is resolute that he must solve and stop Wyatt's repetitive phrases. I try and explain why Wyatt does this, and together Cheney and I discover an idea to implement.


The melodious chime sounds and dinner is finished. I offer to do the dishes and five-year-old, darling Evaluna assists me at the sink. Wyatt clears the table, dries all of the washed pots and pans and puts them away. Soon I'll need to leave so he can go and play basketball with his buds. On my way I stop and sneak a peak in the gym and watch Wyatt's



skilled hands make basket after basket while he and the guys pal around and play ball. Then I'm off.

Really neat things can happen here! The many connections that Wyatt is continually making: Luiza, a co-worker from Brazil tells me: "Wyatt makes my day! Every morning when he arrives for work he brightens the bakery and says, "Luiza, it's so good to see you."" Then Anna, a fellow student, remarks that Wyatt is always so kind to everyone. I suppose that's why she asked him to be her date to the Valentine's Day Dance? Wait! Wyatt has a date? I'm rejuvenated with delight. He's also learning and gaining so many skills: weeding, planting, picking, chopping, grating, mixing, baking, cooking, cleaning, farming, performing, hiking, etc. And he's becoming quite the gifted sous chef (the sheets of pizza with fresh cut vegetables and home baked chocolate chip cookies that Wyatt and the kitchen crew make beckon me in my sleep). If you had told me a few years ago that Wyatt would be slicing and dicing like a pro, I would've been perplexed. But he is. Wyatt has always proved that he's way brighter and more capable than one should assume, and that's one of the beauties of a Camphill Community; it allows for all of those parts of him to blossom. He continues to awe me, surprise me and inspire me, and those that 'life-share' with Wyatt are the heroes to be celebrated.

Away from Triform, Wyatt has other talents too: he's a surfer, sailor and snowboarder, among other things. Years ago I became determined to focus on his abilities, rather than dwell on his disability (thanks some to my own stubbornness, and to my dear friend, Jim's advice—a father of two children with special needs). I couldn't cure the disability, but I wasn't going to let it interfere with full and fun-filled lives for my family and me.



A Journey to Triform continued

I decided the core of activities would center on what Wyatt was good at, things that he enjoyed and what would lead to self-confidence and interaction (just check out Wyatt with his surfer dudes and you'd understand what has become possible). But! Lucy needed equal say. Tricky, I know. I connected these with anything that would give her joy. I listened. After all, they both have been my compasses on this hard to navigate highway of hurdles. So off we went: surfing, socializing, boating, swimming, traveling, sailing, painting, acting, playing tennis, paddle boarding, playing baseball, horseback riding, dining out, snowboarding and bike riding, to name a few. Doing all of this for Wyatt has also opened Lucy's world and has been securing her future. She'll always be there for her twin, but she needs her own life too. Balancing this has become our way, and continually enables the three of us to have extraordinary adventures and terrific times together. I've been at the helm, but Lucy and Wyatt have always been on board. They haven't really told me where to go or land, they've just always aimed me in the right direction, especially when I've felt a little off course.

Back at Triform, in October of 2017 at Family and Friends Day, Wyatt surprised some relatives, his fellow Triformers and me with a spontaneous performance. He, at the last minute jumped in and joined the talent show! He rocked it! He may not be the best singer, but to me he held the crowd better than Bruce [Springsteen] in that moment. In front of the huge audience he truly engaged every single person with a lively Raffi riff he'd memorized from childhood, complete with his guitar. Everyone was mesmerized and astounded. Wyatt hadn't shown this side before. He was beaming and I recognized that thrill—that feeling of being on stage and being heard.

Anytime I linger at Triform I can count on interacting with students. Usually I'm asked various and mighty queries. I've been asked by four different students on four different occasions the same two questions: "Lisa, where is your husband?" And, "Why doesn't Wyatt's father ever visit?" They're such powerful and perceptive inquiries. Even though it's painful, I don't mind. I like it; actually I prefer it. Let's talk. I love the raw and real conversations I have with these special students.

But answering truthfully concerned me. It comes with a tremendous response entwined in deep sorrow. Wyatt's father was murdered in the September 11th attacks. He would be a regular visitor if he weren't taken away from us. Gosh, life would be so different if he were still here. I'm swept into being reminded. I would've had my husband and help on this arduous road (but the road wouldn't have been so arduous were he here). He'd still be the awesome, hands-on father that he was (and my children's hearts wouldn't have been chipped). It's a surge of emotions. It's ok though. I've done extensive work with my grief and it feels good to continue to heal. I answer honestly and carefully and aid them in processing it.

Liam overhears Tim asking me and is passionately protective of Wyatt. He tells Tim, "We don't discuss what happened to Wyatt's father in front of him." I rub Wyatt's back. Tim comforts Wyatt and says, "I really enjoy when you and Lucy visit and I miss you guys in-between." I feel heartened by Liam and Tim. And by Ryan too.

Ryan has a request: "Can we get what Wyatt keeps asking for over and over again? I think he'll feel better." I can't. I so wish that I could get Wyatt what he wants. He often



A Journey to Triform continued

asks for and fixates on things that I can't get him--these are the affects of the trauma, the many metaphors that Wyatt creates and uses when he really only wants his dad back. My heart is still slightly sucker punched each time he asks. As harrowing as it is, it's my privilege to continually guide Wyatt through the grief, and Lucy too (yes, it's still an ongoing process, even all these years later, but necessary for us to do the work to feel freer, lighter and brighter). I know this repetitive talk can be annoying to some, but Ryan is not irritated. He just wants to help Wyatt. How remarkable. Ryan and I brainstorm ideas and possible solutions. Something about being at Triform is healing and eases easing the heartache.

I pop in to spend some time with Wyatt and we go out to lunch and for a haircut. Back at the farm, he and I grab our bikes and we peddle through brush, hay and grass. We say hi to students and co-workers that are gardening. A female classmate smiles and waves, Wyatt grins back and stands while cycling (yes, he's showing off for her). We're trying to find the Stewardship property and I take us the wrong way. Wyatt redirects us as we cut through a neighbors' driveway (they don't mind) and re-route. We're coasting like kids on an ordinary day. I cherish these times with either of my children, when nothing matters but the pure pleasure of play. My own childhood flashes at the freedom bike riding provides. Laughing with the wind whipping my hair we start going down the hill fast--too fast--and we're screaming and cheering in true rapture with our feet in the air! I cannot believe that we're here; that we've found this magnificent place! After many years of intense worry and a herculean effort to secure Wyatt's future, we somehow have arrived! My shoulders have carried way too much, for way too long, this I know. Now I'm on calm waters and I can see clearly.

No storms are in sight and nothing is in the way of dry land. Wait! I'm not used to this. My backstories do not provide for this kind of tranquility (a life laced with loss, abandonment and much heartache, even prior to 9/11). I don't expect this. This: that it's all working out! But it is. Wyatt loves Triform and Lucy loves college. My shoulders are finally off duty and I thank them for their service. And...I can simply relax in to life now. Can I?!

Wyatt and I return to Triform after a wonderful weekend away (Lucy, Wyatt and I were in North Carolina to attend the wedding of a close family friend). Soon he'd be ankle deep in manure; in a job so suited for him, loving all that it takes to care for the latest additions to the farm--the horses! He'll be grooming, feeding, leading and clearing the pasture with an exuberant eagerness at the prospect of saddling up. As I'm about to head out to our brand-new nearby home, I chuckle thinking of Wyatt galloping around the field. Almost anything is possible here.

As I'm about to get in the car, Jesse, a friend of Wyatt's spots me. He runs over, hugs me and won't let go. I've been seen and it feels good. Jesse reminds me of all the fabulous families I've met at Triform. I tell him I'll be back soon and I cannot wait to return. But for now, I'm excited to drive only twenty-two miles down the most gorgeous country road. I go, passing sheep, barns and distant mountains. I'm so hungry for all the Hudson Valley holds. I pull into our new four corner historical town near my boy, near the farm and into my new rhythm. And I'm breathing.



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