July, 2022

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If you quote text, "Wednesday in the Quakerhood by Dr SJ Dodgson" works.

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July 6th, 2022

July 4th, 1776

July 4th has always been an interesting holiday for me; first because everyone goes all out to celebrate July 4th, 1776, when colonists decided they were no longer going to recognize the authority of Britain over them; and second, because my ancestors were on the losing side.

However, if I can forgive Germany enough to produce my third and fourth children with a German physicist, even after German military made Uncle Tony paraplegic, and Michael and Tony's cousin dead, and killed over 20 close relatives of my English grandparents, I can certainly forgive the American colonists, especially since I became an American citizen in 2008. I am one of them, but I really wish fireworks were not part of the deal. Do we have to have something lighting the warm summer sky that is made of dynamite and is so loud? Soap bubbles and lights, why can't we do those?

My July 4th weekend started on July 3rd when I was a guest in West Philadelphia at a party with food mainly prepared by my vegan 3rd son. Falafel, humus, pita, cucumber, tomatoes. Allister outdid himself, and I was sufficiently fueled to head to the Philadelphia Art Museum for a wander through the galleries.

Videos from the July 4th weekend:

Visiting the Art Museum: <u>https://youtu.be/O-Orf1lAW1c</u>

Waiting for Parade to start with the Haddonfield dinosaur: <u>https://youtu.be/31amerTRtws</u> Haddonfield Parade with the MacGregor Band: <u>https://youtu.be/tXjfSyV4ch8</u> Haddonfield Parade with Ukrainian marchers: <u>https://youtu.be/g-6slW449QU</u>

Cryptocurrency

Easy to ignore cryptocurrency, but not wise; the Guardian reports that the number of cryptocurrency users is over 300 million, and increasing. You may not want to exchange your hard-earned cash for listings on a block chain, but likely those around you are, and organizations you care about are accepting these listings as charitable donations.

For at least a year on the Haddonfield-Berlin Road a flag has been waving at cyclists, walkers, and greenhouse emitters. The flag is a cheerful orange and white, and declares that Bitcoin can be bought there, at a gasoline and convenience shop which also declares the gasoline sold comes from Lukoil, which means Russia. This is a busy corner, before Lukoil, before my carless days, I remember frequently supplying my car's energy needs from this shop.

To simplify cryptocurrency, what you pay for is not what you may get; you may get nothing if you buy into a crypto that does not have a block chain. What you pay for needs to be able to be seen by everyone else; if you crypto does not have a well-organized block chain, you have been scammed and someone is buy a jet with your retirement money. I understand that if you really must buy crypto, and

do not mind destroying the planet from the massive amount of greenhouse gases involved in making blockchains work, and do not mind losing all in an unregulated industry, Bitcoin is the best.

Videos on cryptocurrency:

From MIT. A lecturer, presumably cool-headed. <u>https://youtu.be/EH6vE97qIP4</u> Another lecture from MIT: https://youtu.be/59Dd5T6crKw

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Fighting climate change

So many ways we can decrease our own energy use. Here is a list:

1. Grow your own food. Anything you eat that does not require trucks, ships, cars to transport food from the source to your plate is a win. Victory garden:

2. Avoid cryptocurrency. Takes a lot of energy to maintain the blockchain and mine crypto <u>https://youtu.be/hi830ZpGGec</u>

3. Collect shower water and use it to flush toilets

4. Collect non-soapy kitchen water from washing vegetables, rinsing pots, plates and use fluids on plants

5. Become active in your community. My town Haddonfield mostly have sidewalks in front of houses. These are usually a mess, they are only smooth and level if trees shading roads have been removed, or if homeowners have followed town advice to cut away the roots under the sidewalks. This has the result of trees toppling over in storms, which is why homeowners prefer to cut down the trees rather than care for them so they can keep the roads cool and reduce the need for air-conditioning in homes and vehicles. My solution: get rid of sidewalks and turn part of the roads into sidewalks. Absurd my quiet street being a two-way road with room for parked cars.

Conference in London

1988 was a year unforgettable for the end of a life, my father Michael, and the beginning of a life, my third son Allister Michael.

Michael was born in 1919 to a war widow remarried after the 1914-1918 Armistice; Hannah had also lost a fiance in 1918, in the final German push the Germans named Operation Michael. And all those years later, in 1988, Allister Michael's father was a citizen of Germany, a nation that tried twice to annihilate my British relatives in the 20th Century. I like the symmetry, and the understanding that everything, anything, can be forgiven, and anyone can give and take love, no matter where they come from, no matter who they are.

In 1988 I decided that the world needed another collection of stories about the carbonic anhydrases. I contacted some colleagues to add their names to the editing team, and some publishers, and all of them

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said yes! Please do this! A successful collection was published in 1984 in the Annals of the New York Academy of Sciences and the main editor then agreed to be an editor on my book. The publishers had seen the publication numbers. Plenum Press looked like the best deal, so I chose them. I started contacting possible contributors, and because I like to go overboard, contacted colleagues also about organizing a conference somewhere gorgeous in good weather. I had been in the physiology department at the University of Pennsylvania since 1978, and my boss, Dr RE Forster II was supportive of everything I did, especially after the NIH awarded me a grant to keep studying the respiratory roles of organs other than lungs. And I enjoyed organizing conferences and speaker series, I still do.

London colleagues stepped up, and volunteered hosting a conference; my job was to invite anyone and everyone with something to contribute to show up in London in July, and , put together a program. At the same time I was soliciting papers on the carbonic anhydrases for the book; with the title The Carbonic Anhydrases, not to beat around the bush.

In 1933 the very first description of the carbonic anhydrase came from work done in Oxford, and Philadelphia. The University of Pennsylvania in fact.

Stadie WC, O'Brien H. The catalysis of the hydration of carbon dioxide and dehydration of carbonic acid by the enzyme isolated from red blood cells. J Biochem. 1933 103:521-529.

However the Oxford group had better public relations, and a far better title. The Journal of Physiology published three papers naming and describing the same enzyme, but naming it carbonic anhydrase also in 1933:

Meldrum NU, Roughton FJ. Carbonic anhydrase. Its preparation and properties. J Physiol. 1933 Dec 5;80(2):113-42.

Meldrum NU, Roughton FJ. The state of carbon dioxide in blood. J Physiol. 1933 Dec 5;80(2):143-70. Brinkman R. The occurrence of carbonic anhydrase in lower marine animals. J Physiol. 1933 Dec 5;80(2):171-3.

Why these discoveries took place at the same time in both sides of the Atlantic was that clever physiologists realized at the beginning of the 20th Century that blood zipped around the body, and that far too much carbon dioxide was there to be instantly moved into blood and then into the lungs to be breathed out. Something was loading the carbon dioxide into the blood, and offloading it at the lungs, and in the 1933 papers, that something is carbonic anhydrase, which is a tool (aka enzyme) which rapidly inter-converts water and carbon dioxide into bicarbonate and hydrogen ions.

In 1988 I reasoned that any conference on carbonic anhydrases needed to be held in honor of FJW Roughton, since his widow Dr Alice Roughton was still living, and NU Meldrum had not even been alive when the papers were published. I heard stories during my 23 years working on blood gases; one was of FJW chewing on his tie and actually swallowing a bit. Gosh. I also heard that NU Meldrum disliked him intensely and wrote in his lab books in a language FJW did not know, and after finishing his seminal work, killed himself. Tragic story.

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Another reason was that not only had my boss Dr RE Forster II published with FJW, he also wrote FJW's obituary in 1972. The following list also includes a publication by Forster and Holland: RAB Holland was my PhD advisor in Sydney. He had asked Dr Forster to be an examiner on my thesis, which resulted in Dr Forster passing me, and offering me a job in Philadelphia. And 44 years later, I am still here, still getting excited every time I walk through old city to Quaker meetings.

FORSTER RE, ROUGHTON FJ, KREUZER F, BRISCOE WA. Photocolorimetric determination of rate of uptake of CO and O2 by reduced human red cell suspensions at 37 degrees C. J Appl Physiol. 1957 Sep;11(2):260-8.

ROUGHTON FJ, FORSTER RE, CANDER L. Rate at which carbon monoxide replaces oxygen from combination with human hemoglobin in solution and in the red cell. J Appl Physiol. 1957 Sep;11(2):269-76.

FORSTER RE, ROUGHTON FJ, CANDER L, BRISCOE WA, KREUZER F. Apparent pulmonary diffusing capacity for CO at varying alveolar O2 tensions. J Appl Physiol. 1957 Sep;11(2):277-89. ROUGHTON FJ, FORSTER RE. Relative importance of diffusion and chemical reaction rates in determining rate of exchange of gases in the human lung, with special reference to true diffusing capacity of pulmonary membrane and volume of blood in the lung capillaries. J Appl Physiol. 1957 Sep;11(2):290-302.

Forster RE. F.J.W. Roughton, F.R.S. 1899-1972. Physiologist. 1972 Nov;15(4):387-93. Holland RA, Forster RE 2nd. Effect of temperature on rate of CO2 uptake by human red cell suspensions. Am J Physiol. 1975 May;228(5):1589-96.

As an aside, both Dr Forster and Professor Roughton were full professors, and Dr Forster was additionally chair of the department, as well as having his portrait painted by Nelson Shanks. (Mr Shanks also painted Princess Di, you can be impressed.) However, professor is a term used in the US for anyone teaches, and does not denote academic rank as it does just about everywhere else in the world. Professor Holland was an associate professor in Australia, but he liked the title. Personally I reached the rank of full professor, but that was at a university which was recently swallowed by Philadelphia Jesuits. Am I Professor Dodgson or Dr Dodgson? Quakers do not include degrees or titles on their small flat tombstones, so it matters not. I imagine my children will be as careless with my remains as my siblings were with Michael's and my mother's; with no memorial headstone or plaque. When I go, you will be pleased to know, I will be gone entirely.

Back to the conference in London in July 1988: it was held in a facility owned by the University of London, from which my father had graduated in medicine in 1944. By July my father had been dead six months, and I was looking forward to birth, not backwards to death. I was busy talking about carbonic anhydrase with colleagues and hanging out with the German physicist who came from Germany to spend time with me afterwards, and make plans for the birth two months later of his first child, my third. I am now wondering how I had the energy, and even the thoughts, that brought into existence the book, the conference, and Allister.

The conference took place over three days, I remember paying for lunches for everyone from my NIH grant, it was not much, and London paid for the dinner with the keynote speaker, a colleague of

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Professor Roughton who was then working in Scotland and had a last name embedded in my own ancestors: Dalzell. He asked why we were honoring Professor Roughton when everyone hated him. Oh.

After the conference Dr Forster and the contingent from Philadelphia flew home, and Lothar and I had a vacation. My father had a cousin, Rt Rev Maurice AP Wood, who shared Dalzell ancestry, and is the first person anyone has ever asked me, "You are related to him? Wow!"

At least half of Maurice's six children elicit the same reaction, I have previously written about Liverpool's Deputy Mayor Jane Corbett and Rev John Maurice Wood MBE of Tottenham and St Paul's Cathedral. Yep, my cousins.

One of Maurice's sons was a ballet dancer in London; I knew from Maurice that he had been a dancer in Cats. Lothar and I met Patrick Wood for dinner in a pub with friends of his who were discussing an article in Science about holistic medicine, dancers are well read in London. My wow this time. Patrick told us he could get us tickets for Cats, really great tickets, but we would have to pay for them, but the normal price. Which is how Lothar and I had front row tickets to Cats in London.

Five months later my baby Allister and I stopped by lawyer neighbors who had a guest from London. He was a ballet dancer, and he had danced with Patrick. "You are related to Patrick? Wow." Amazing.

After the conference Lothar rented a car and drove us to Portsmouth where are toured the Victory, Lord Nelson's ship. The Mary Rose, Henry VIII's ship, had been recently restored and I believe was open for tours. I bought a tea towel that I used to wrap around a casserole I took out of my microwave oven last night.

Thank you RE Forster III for reminding me of the Roughton-Forster collaboration. The Roughton-Forster equation continues to be quoted.

Amnesty International 112

<u>https://www.amnestyusa.org/</u> Philadelphia's Amnesty International 112 has a dedicated email address: <u>AmnestyInternationalPhiladelphia@peacescientists.org</u>.

There is a lot going on in AI, please tell me if you are not on Jessica's AI112 mailing list, and would like to be. Please let us know if you would like to join a call on Tuesday evenings at 7pm.

Please sign up for urgent actions: a mass of emails from all over the world moves mountains, it really does. Sign up for it in the US at <u>https://www.amnestyusa.org/take-action/urgent-action-network/</u> The same Zoom number every week for informal Thursday check-ins from 7pm: <u>https://us02web.zoom.us/j/81659253839?pwd=WSswcm80NVJRR1dXOHJRcGVxcGV3Zz09</u> Meeting ID: 816 5925 3839 Passcode: 392878

Wednesday Meeting for Worship

All are welcome to join us after 5:30pm for a check in, chat, tell each other concerns, and are welcomed to a safe Quaker space. We are quiet from 6 to 6:30 when you worship in your own way that you have to connect with the Light; at 6:30 we come out of our worship space and greet one another.

Join Zoom Meeting https://us02web.zoom.us/j/81331805733?pwd=SnF1WE5waUZ3ZDdleEw1SVR4Wjdsdz09 Meeting ID: 813 3180 5733 Passcode: 190526

---May you continue your good work cheerfully and in peace, Susanna J Dodgson 609-792-1571 (text first, email is usually faster) <u>http://peacescientists.org</u> YouTube: Dr SJ Dodgson Twitter: DrSJDodgson@SusannaDodgson

July 14th

Bastille Day

Always interesting how protests escalate and a monarchy is toppled along with a lot of heads. Sometimes insurrections work, fortunately for those of us living in the United States, the 2021 January 6 insurrection did not; and fortunately for those of us living in France, the 1789 insurrection did. I have a neighbor with immaculately sculpted hedges and seasonal flags, they have a French flag this week. Vive La France! Today is a good day to march to the Marseillaise.

My favorite time of listening to the Marseillaise was in 2012, the last time I was in Sydney. A wonderful Remembrance Day ceremony, capped with a handful of Frenchmen spontaneously bursting into the Marseillaise. Definitely a song for impromptu singing. Vive La France!

La Marseillaise <u>https://youtu.be/Vjg6uv0q1i0</u> One hour of French Revolutionary music <u>https://youtu.be/oGB6YQyPyQg</u>

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Jerusalem

Paul Laskow was an American who likely had some roots in Eastern Europe, and grew up in a Roman Catholic family. He lived, worked, rowed, and died on June 24th 2022 in the city where the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776. He wholeheartedly embraced the philosophies of the Religious Society of the Friends of Truth, which has its roots in 1600s England. Paul was clerk of Worship and Ministry for Arch Street Friends, which is not exactly the same as being the priest, but it is the closest thing we have.

On Wednesday July 13th Paul Laskow's memorial meeting for worship was held in the Arch Street West Meeting Room, I counted more than 500 mourners including family members, rowing colleagues, professional colleagues and 30 or 40 members of Arch Street Meeting.

Messages were given about Paul's love of cooking - we all knew that at Arch Street and at the Old First Winter Shelter, about his care for all of his large family – five grands, how wonderful is that, about his passion for rowing – Paul died doing what he loved, and his faith in the Divine and the Divine plan for him and us all.

We were told Paul's last words came after a cardiac event while he was rowing in a two-man boat under the Columbia railway bridge: "I feel better. I've got this." These words were interpreted to mean that he believed his pain was gone and he was able to bring the boat to shore. He then lost consciousness forever. Perhaps he meant that he saw the Kingdom of Heaven open and he was ready. The fact that his last words brought comfort to his friends and family is wonderful. What a blessed life Paul led. May we always remember him when we sing Jerusalem.

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Which brings me to Jerusalem, one of two hymns Paul had requested be sung at his memorial. We did, as much as we could, with the help of a pianist who helpfully played the tune through first before we butchered it. But we did sing it, even about how we wanted a Jerusalem in England.

Jerusalem is the unofficial national anthem of England. England. Not Britain. England, where I was born and left after being herded onto a boat in Southampton when I was six. The England that took the lives of more than 20 cousins and closer relatives of my English grandparents in the 1914-1918 war. England whose parliament so offended American colonists that they declared independence in 1776 one block west and two block south of Arch Street Meeting House.

Jerusalem was a poem written in 1808 by William Blake, which, if you look at the calendar, was when battles against Napoleon's France were ongoing, and my several greats uncle Sir Nash Grose was happily sentencing convicts to transportation to Australia, rather than to hang in England. My several greats Dodgson grandfather had started the London Exchange a few years earlier and was busy producing 9 daughters and 2 sons with Selena Juliana Sharp, who may have come from a Quaker family, and likely regretted marrying out. Selena's daughters were not given property rights or higher education; all went to her stockbroker and engineer sons.

Jerusalem is such an odd poem, it makes no sense until you realize what Mr Blake was writing about. A story that Jesus himself showed up in England, and because of that, before too long, England will be the center of all things. The poem was put to music and became a runaway hit in the 1914-1918 global war, because having Jesus and all things good on the green fields of England sounded like the best possible outcome after weeks, months in muddy trenches in Frances, and in eternity in unmarked mass graves.

I love it. The hymn. The music. Not the words, but if you want one, you get both. Play it and sing it, and remember Paul and all who walked across Pennsylvania's green fields and Philadelphia's gray roads, rowed the Schuylkill, biked on Fairmount Park trails. All those who walk in the Light, seeking truth and accountability.

And did those feet in ancient time Walk upon England's mountains green? And was the holy Lamb of God On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine Shine forth upon our clouded hills? And was Jerusalem builded here Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold: Bring me my arrows of desire: Bring me my spear: O clouds unfold! Bring me my chariot of fire. I will not cease from mental fight, Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand Till we have built Jerusalem In England's green and pleasant land.

Jerusalem, followed by God Save the Queen https://youtu.be/041nXAAn714 Land of Hope and Glory https://youtu.be/vpEWpK_Dl7M

Rowing

In the early 1900s the four Noerdlinger brothers and one sister were doing well. Two brothers moved from Stuttgart to Floersheim am Main, these were Dr Hugo and Dr Ernst; and two brothers moved to New York.

Hugo was the genius inventor, and Ernst ran the pharmaceutical company they started. They did well, they employed many, and lifted the farming community out of poverty. Why was the farming community poor? Wars, pestilence, emigration. A cobbler emigrated to America and started Florsheim shoes. Beer makers emigrated to America and started Anheuser-Busch.

Ernst married a local Busch daughter, Hugo also married a local woman. The brothers built an enormous house near the river on which they started a rowing club. Ernst and Hugo were keen rowers, as were their children in the 1910s and 1920s.

By the 1930s everything changed: the brothers had died and the widows discovered that their children were enemies of state, because their fathers came from Jewish families.

In 2017 my daughter and I learned that Hugo's sons were murdered in the Jewish Holocaust, https://youtu.be/rtvYKBBYqBo . The last thing Ernst's son-in-law said to me was "Thank you." The second last thing he said was that Ernst's daughter surviving the Holocaust was miraculous.

The rowing club is still there, as is the massive house which has been converted into flats. My three sons and I joined Ernst's grandson Lothar and the extended family in 1991 for his 50th birthday celebration in the rowing club house, and again in 1998. I was amazed that my youngest son Allister looked exactly like his second cousins. Strong German genes. He and my daughter also inherited Lothar's huge lung capacity, which is a requirement for competitive rowers, which they were in high school and briefly in college.

My daughter and I visited the rowing club in 2017, and drank black currant wine to the memory of all the Noerdlingers and all the families sent to their deaths and their properties seized. We saw that the pharmaceutical factory had been torn down years after its theft by Nazis had turned it into a losing business; in its place a dress shop where I bought a belt that I love wearing even though its colors go with absolutely nothing, and a supermarket where I bought a bottle of black currant wine. To remember. That is all we can do.

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And rowing. Lothar rowed, and was an alternate in the Olympic Games when he was 18. He always rowed, and cycled, and skied, and invented devices and machines. So competent, always the adult in the room, always compassionate, always looking to help those in need.

I understood Lothar needed help too late, I returned to Germany four times to try and bring him to New Jersey but was unable. Fifty seven patents, extreme athlete, and the minute he was diagnosed with Parkinson's all his sports were stopped by "friends", ensuring a long and painful deterioration.

Lothar died in 2019, unable for some years to walk, or think coherently, and no longer able to speak English. We learned he was in his last days from a hospice nurse we had tracked down, and asked her to get him the last rites in the Catholic Church, the church of his mother and Busch grandmother. No funeral, no official mourning.

And so I write. Lothar was loved, greatly loved. I am not sure he knew that. Paul was also greatly loved, and he knew it. As sad as it was for those who loved Paul, dying on the longest day of the year doing what he loved looked like a gift to me. Obviously we would all have liked him around another ten or twenty years. Death came too soon for Paul, too late for Lothar.

I hope Paul and Lothar have connected on the other side of the River Styx, and are rowing together with the angels. And cooking. They were both keen cooks; I have never enjoyed a pizza since I ate the ones Lothar made. And apple tarts. My gosh. If heaven does not include doing things we love, or finding ways to encourage those we love, I am not sure I want it.

Goats

The goats were all gone by the end of June, I miss them. Love watching the videos of them, here is one <u>https://youtu.be/Q80ERKC580k</u>

And elephants. I took some videos of elephants when I was in Chiang Mai hoping for a glimpse of my eldest son. After a week he showed up and took me for a wonderful day looking at water buffalo, <u>https://youtu.be/gopgS8v6hEI</u>, and elephants, <u>https://youtu.be/YZ5RUMDpILg</u>

Love elephants. Adore my eldest son Angus. He writes about diseases, devices and drugs. He knows a great deal about multiple sclerosis having prepared reports on clinical trials for the Food and Drug Administration; medical writing for a living is a wonderful education about all things health related. Video from 15 years ago, when Angus was my student, or maybe a million years ago; the university where I was a full professor no longer exists after 200 years https://youtu.be/nSXBZx8d6Sc

It has been a while since I took on a mentoree in medical writing. If someone has the drive and a good solid education in biological sciences I probably could be persuaded if they insisted. I do charge, but I donate all my fee. Medical writers can work in a home office, or under a tree in a park on a perfect summer day, like this one https://youtu.be/DOgl8tWjGJk

Amnesty International 112

Occasionally victories are achieved by mass emailing and letter writing. Amnesty International USA (<u>https://www.amnestyusa.org/</u>) reports these <u>https://www.amnestyusa.org/amnestynews/victories/</u>

Philadelphia's Amnesty International 112 has a dedicated email address: <u>AmnestyInternationalPhiladelphia@peacescientists.org</u>.

Indigenous boarding schools: <u>https://www.amnestyusa.org/reports/u-s-continuing-to-fail-indigenous-women-as-rates-of-sexual-violence-in-tribal-communities-remain-at-epidemic-proportions/</u> https://youtu.be/QJKsAa41Szk

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July 22nd, 2022

July summer heat

20220722 or 22072022 or 22722. Kind of a palindrome on this July Friday during a heat wave. A good time to hanging about somewhere cool and watching badly made videos. Quite a few of those follow, and some good ones that were made by others who make better videos.

We have had temperatures in the mid to high 90s all week, which translates as over 33C. Sir Lancelot is mostly not happy, finding thick bushes to hang out in, the closer to the cooler earth he can get. I have put out bowls of water all around my house for the visitors. Robins, blue jays, rabbits, squirrels, cardinals, and a big red cat that shows up every morning to share Sir Lancelot's food. Mice probably too, but they do not escape Sir Lancelot for long, today I kicked a tiny mouse body into my sunflowers which are growing tall and yellow against the blue sky.

My youngest son comes by often to check on Sir Lancelot, and did so on Wednesday evening. I had not see Sir Lancelot since the previous evening when he woke from a deep sleep on my dining room table, and demanded to be let outside. I did not see him all Tuesday, and did not appear when Allister and friends walked around the block shaking the treats box.

Sir Lancelot will kill for treats, we concluded he was either far away or close by tucked away. I suspect the small children two doors down. Sir Lancelot knows what he wants. He had not appeared on Wednesday, but there he was on Thursday morning, strolling in, accepting treats and flopping down on the dining room table. Cats will outlive us. I know that.

July summer afternoon walk from 30th Street Station to the Art Museum https://youtu.be/kvDx0PBgZBs

The Wider Quakerhood

I remember a New Year conversation with Christopher Roberts when he told me that a well-known friend and war resister had stopped eating. This is a method of ending life that is legal, no drugs involved. Quakers generally live longer lives than others. Most of us drink little or no alcohol and avoid excesses, which gives us longer lives that occasionally need a little help ending when we would like it to end. Carl Magruder, a Quaker hospital chaplain in California, talks about this in his video from QuakerSpeak on death and dying: https://youtu.be/jc6ajthaedE

Here is another QuakerSpeak on Bayard Rustin <u>https://youtu.be/EursiY9_0Do</u>. I found a memorial to him on a walk to the United Nations in New York City, wrote an essay, and compiled videos about this led and faithful Quaker from Pennsylvania: http://www.peacescientists.org/bayardrustin.html

Dinosaurs

Now that I have thoroughly depressed you, I can make you feel worse, or better, depending on your point of view. Dinosaurs were here for millions of years, when food was plentiful. They could not have lived and thrived without unlimited access to food and water. They were here when the earth was covered with the Garden of Eden, clearly.

Will dinosaurs be back after we are all gone? I know we will be gone, the inability of wealthy nations to live within our resources and in peace convince me of that. We cannot help ourselves. We do not have a climate emergency committee in our monthly meeting, or a system to collect members on Sundays. We do not have members demanding changes to roads, lawns, buildings. If you are doing a little, or a lot, please let me know.

First, a page where I am posting links to all my videos on goats. Impossible to watch goats without being cheerful <u>http://peacescientists.org/goats.html</u>

And moving into large animals, here is my surprise hit on elephants in Chiang Mai that I talked about last week https://youtu.be/YZ5RUMDpILg And because I cannot see enough elephants, here is the sculpture of a baby rescued elephant in the Haddonfield Children's Sculpture Zoo, lovely..... https://youtu.be/UlwS_wJYr3U

For nearly four decades I have been based in a New Jersey town where the first most complete dinosaur skeleton was unearthed in 1858. This story is delightful in so many ways. The farm owners were members of Haddonfield Friends Meeting and descendants have always been members (hi Fran!). John Estaugh Hopkins, the patriarch of the farm who was related to Elizabeth Haddon, had already found some bones over the previous 20 years and given some away until he had a guest who knew what they were and supervised a deeper dig.

The guest, William Parker Foulke, contacted Joseph Leidy of the Academy of Natural Sciences, and the fortunes of the Academy, Joseph Leidy, and Haddonfield were made.

Video from where the dinosaur skeleton was found: <u>https://youtu.be/JvL-0yB39Uk</u> Video from the Hadrosaurus Foulkii exhibition inside the Academy of Natural Sciences: <u>https://youtu.be/w7PUaehh2Ds</u> Video outside the Academy of Natural Sciences: <u>https://youtu.be/9lnmJwUfxOU</u> Video from July 4th parade of the Hadrosaurus sculpture in Haddonfield: <u>https://youtu.be/31amerTRtws</u>

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Claes Oldenburg

I have followed him around, or it always seemed like that. I first saw the giant clothespin across 15th Street from Philadelphia City Hall, and a few years later, was shocked to see a giant hose in Freiburg im Breitnau,

I have taken many pictures of the Firehose, here is a good one along with videos from Germany on a country page. <u>http://drsusanna.org/germany.php</u>. The page includes one of my favorite videos, of happy cows making happy milk.

The Clothespin: videos from the New Year's Mummers Parade showed that this 3-story high structure was obscured. Which is a shame. It is lovely. The paint brush and blob outside the Pennsylvania Fine Arts, story and pictures here: <u>http://www.peacescientists.org/claesandcoosje.html</u>

We have more of his work in Philadelphia: a broken button on the campus of the University of Pennsylvania, the Spark Plug on a hill across from the back of the Philadelphia Art Museum. I love them all.

Mr Oldenburg died this week, an artist who got my attention decades ago. Here is a video I made walking around the Art Museum to a prayer rally on February 27th, 2022, three days after the start of the genocidal and scorched-earth invasion of Ukraine by the terrorist state of Russia. Right when I stopped the video I was across the road from the Spark Plug; I need to go back and show it in a video. So you cannot see it in this video, but if you go to the Art Museum at least you know where to look, https://youtu.be/1xmVSZHEaRs.

Amnesty International 112

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Philadelphia's Amnesty International 112 has a dedicated email address: <u>AmnestyInternationalPhiladelphia@peacescientists.org</u>.

Philadelphia's Amnesty International 112 has an online home:

http://www.peacescientists.org/amnestyinternational112.html. Please join the co-cordinators Jessica and I next Thursday July 28th at 7pm for our monthly meeting online. We need to organize a picnic in August in Rittenhouse Park, and our goals for the year ahead.

Wednesday Meeting for Worship

All are welcome to join us after 5:30pm for a check in, chat, tell each other concerns, and are welcomed to a safe Quaker space. We are quiet from 6 to 6:30 when you worship in your own way that you have to connect with the Light; at 6:30 we come out of our worship space and greet one another.

Join Zoom Meeting https://us02web.zoom.us/j/81331805733?pwd=SnF1WE5waUZ3ZDdleEw1SVR4Wjdsdz09 Meeting ID: 813 3180 5733 Passcode: 190526

May you continue your good work cheerfully and in peace, Susanna J Dodgson

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July 27th, 2022

Dinosaurs

In the month since Midsummer the air around my house has warmed, moving air molecules further apart, wilting my pumpkins who do a great job of sulking until I can pour over them buckets of rainwater. The fig trees Allister planted three years ago are thriving with the heat as the figs grow bigger and bigger, due undoubtedly because figs send roots deep down. Likely fig roots are splashing around in the water table while the leaves and fruit are looking at the peach trees and roses gasping for water. When I bought the fig trees I was warned to make sure I did not plant them anywhere near a water line or sewer line, fig trees destroy them. Allister planted them close to the back fence, as far from water lines as possible. I hope they have not found any.

Happy figs makes me happy, until I wonder whether I can process the figs fast enough when they ripen. Expect jars of fig jam (fig beer?) for Christmas if I succeed and you show any interest in receiving one.

<u>I</u> continue to be astonished at dinosaurs, how many millions of years they lived, how easy it was to destroy them. Well, a massive meteor, <u>https://youtu.be/vq3nWnTkFbk</u>

A metaphor for humans, we think we are so smart, figuring out how to measure distances under curves and over curves and see through precision machines way, way into the eternally changing, eternally existing universe. We are so obsessed with figuring out ways to measure our success: Money! Houses! Yachts! Children! Grandchildren! Jobs! That we have lost sight of the undeniable fact that we are stupid and use words which should be holy to describe our bonds to people and stuff.

I have come to realize that love is not in charge, everything we hear about love is aspirational. What we call love I believe is the need to not be alone. If love ruled us, we would be doing everything we could to stop our relatives and friends destroying themselves, their community spaces and the earth through lies, war, profligate use of resources, jealousy, greed.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity. St Paul's description of love, from the King James Bible, 1 Corinthians 13.

The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich

The early 20th Century had a lot of brilliant American journalists based in Europe, and in Germany. The rise of the disinformation machine and scapegoating of Jews, Roma, homosexuals and mentally ill was reported in real time. All anyone had to do was read the newspapers, and do what Adolf Hitler did, which was join a tiny unimportant group of seven crazies, take over the group, change its name and helm a mass movement for good, instead of evil.

Adolf Hitler had spent his youth reading, reading, reading, listening, absorbing politics. So when he stumbled across a flyer advertising the German Workers Party he was ready and before too long had destroyed the lives of so many British, Australian, American soldiers and everyone else swept up in te chaos and destruction that was his war.

Why can we not follow his example and start a climate crisis response team. I keep reading statements from organizations claiming concern over the climate crisis but with no step-by-step instructions how an individual can change their own habits. For me, I am drawing a plan for my town to remove sidewalks, narrow roads and plant more trees. Next few weeks I hope to have my plan, if any part makes sense, take it and make it your own. We are all in this together.

The Colosseum at Nuremberg: https://youtu.be/yfm-F8SHAyA

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The Constitution

I am a member of the Constitution Center which is two blocks down Arch Street from Arch Street Meeting House, and one black from the grave of Benjamin and Deborah Franklin. I walked through the Conversation Room in November 2017, as I have done several times. Always exciting to walk through life-size statues of the signers of the Constitution. My first born came with me this time, on one of his trips to New Jersey and Philadelphia <u>https://youtu.be/mZ3unVq15GE</u> Another video from November 2021 with Peace Islands Institute <u>https://youtu.be/vZ20g1mZSTM</u>. Peace Islands is a global pacifist Turkish Islam movement. I have only ever good things to say about who they are and what they do.

July 2022

The New York City Peace Islands Institute is run by an Australian of Turkish origin who organizes wonderful seminars, here is their website <u>https://peaceislands.org/</u> and their YouTube channel: https://www.youtube.com/c/PeaceIslandsInstituteNewYork

Quaker life: 103 years

I have to acknowledge a fact: the median length of life of Quakers is longer than the median length of life of the general American population. All you have to do is look up the Morbidity and Mortality Tables published by the CDC, look around the meeting house after rise of Meeting for Worship, and look around after you have been dismissed after a service at a Roman Catholic Church.

I keep reading about lives well lived and discovering Quaker links. One of these was James Lovelock whose physical life ceased yesterday as his family celebrated his 103rd birthday with him.

One way to live longer is to not be involved in any war. This could be a factor in the fact that James Lovelock was born in 1919; his father survived the 1914-1918 war. He may have been driving an ambulance; Quakers have long been very good ambulance drivers. My father's father Hubert was wounded in the 1914-1018 war and my father's mother Hannah was a volunteer nurse's aid in France. What did they breathe that prevented them living to 70?

War is always bad, James Lovelock certainly understood war and was a conscientious objector in the 1939-1945 war, until he heard about Nazi atrocities, which led him to try to join the British Army. He was already a productive and useful scientist, so he was refused. And lived past 1945, past 2000, all the way until yesterday, his 103rd birthday. I feel I should be congratulating him for his useful life rather than being sad that he has left his physical life.

James Lovelock formulated the Gaia Hypothesis, which makes total sense to me, especially when I think about dinosaurs. I first heard Lynn Margolis talk about it in a Woods Hole during a week I camped in a tent on the lawn of a University of Pennsylvania faculty member in 1979. The concept that the Earth, the Blue Planet, is an organism that is interconnected. Of course it is. I heard more about it in a 1995 conference on carbon dioxide in Switzerland, when ocean currents, global warming and our current present were discussed and completely freaked me out. I came back to Philadelphia to tell everyone I could, and found absolutely no-one would listen. And here we are, still squabbling about land, resources, oil, heat and whether we even want to survive after 20

James Lovelock talking about how he separated hydrogen from other gases, because hydrogen diffused through metal walls, amazing, https://youtu.be/lxYMl4ZBxBk

James Lovelock suggesting how to stop humans from destroying ourselves

https://youtu.be/HuGj5n_vYz4

Lynn Margolis was a far better scientist than her ex-husband who traded her in for a younger wife:

https://youtu.be/ILU_--jxO5U Lynn Margolis & her son Dorion Sagan talk about how species originate: https://youtu.be/jSoHxLO15pY

Mitochondrial DNA and Lynn Margolis: https://youtu.be/ru7Wyt778QQ

Monkeypox

From the CDC (US Centers for Disease Control and Prevention):

"Monkeypox is a rare disease caused by infection with the monkeypox virus. Monkeypox virus is part of the same family of viruses as variola virus, the virus that causes smallpox. Monkeypox symptoms are similar to smallpox symptoms, but milder, and monkeypox is rarely fatal. Monkeypox is not related to chickenpox.

Monkeypox was discovered in 1958 when two outbreaks of a pox-like disease occurred in colonies of monkeys kept for research. Despite being named "monkeypox," the source of the disease remains unknown. However, African rodents and non-human primates (like monkeys) might harbor the virus and infect people.

The first human case of monkeypox was recorded in 1970. Prior to the 2022 outbreak, monkeypox had been reported in people in several central and western African countries. Previously, almost all monkeypox cases in people outside of Africa were linked to international travel to countries where the disease commonly occurs or through imported animals. These cases occurred on multiple continents."

The CDC explains that vaccinations are available, with the following explanations:

- Two vaccines licensed by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA) are available for preventing monkeypox infection - JYNNEOS (also known as Imvamune or Imvanex) and ACAM2000.
- In the United States, there is currently a limited supply of JYNNEOS, although more is expected in coming weeks and months.
- There is an ample supply of ACAM2000. However, this vaccine should not be used in people who have some health conditions, including a weakened immune system, skin conditions like atopic dermatitis/eczema, or pregnancy.
- No data are available yet on the effectiveness of these vaccines in the current outbreak.
- People are considered fully vaccinated about 2 weeks after their second shot of JYNNEOS and 4 weeks after receiving ACAM2000. However, people who get vaccinated should continue to take steps to protect themselves from infection by avoiding close, skin-to-skin contact, including intimate contact, with someone who has monkeypox.

• To better understand the protective benefits of these vaccines in the current outbreak, CDC will collect data on any side effects and whether the way the person was infected makes any difference in how well the vaccine protects them.

Birthdays

July is the best possible month for birthdays, and I have been so pleased with myself for some years because my fourth and last child, my only daughter, was born in July. Because this was such a great achievement, by her, and by me, I celebrate her birthday all month long, and July celebrations continue all month.

One of my favorite Yoruba princesses was also born in July, happy birthday Princess Tosin! I made this short video a few years ago with my twin boy cats, six months before one ran off to live with a January 6th insurrectionist. He visited me again a year later when snow was on the ground, not to say hello but rather to tell me that living with an insurrectionist was far better because no-one bothers with facts, or decency, and the food is better. Of course. https://youtu.be/N61LTx0ZwBs

July 4th fireworks: https://youtu.be/MEavoe2mlOk

Compiled WITQ

I have been sending out this newsletter since the end of 2020, I am in the process of editing them and posting them online with searchable descriptions. I have a lot of work to do, so far: <u>http://peacescientists.org/wednesdayinthequakerhood.html</u>

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