Of the many insights he gave, which I daily quote to myself and others, two came to mind when I thought of writing about him: "Idealisation is persecutory" and "Bad choices are the result of suppressing the creative alternative". Which is why I didn't choose to write an idealising 'obituary': it would have been a suppression of the creative alternative, of appreciating the humanness of someone it might be simpler to idealise. At times Frank would use his Christian aura to fend off criticism. But there was a deeper Christianity in him that in its open-ness, flexibility, and recognition of the power of its own mythology, gave me and countless others an enormous amount: not least the encouragement to continue the struggle to incarnate the spiritual in our work and in our living and loving.

Alix Pirani

Something New

Supposedly something new grew where dead
limbs dried and shrivelled
6 months ago I thought I felt a regeneration, new leaves,
life stir in the mud

--- Not to be cryptic, just dead love
damages foliage.

But nothing new has grown, no new shoots
out of the dead heart stump

--- Strong language for words on paper
Poetic form doesn't carry it
Too self conscious to feel right about growing.

Another year, no new growth, older, sad, no joy
Something's wrong

Life isn't just one love, romantically lost
Don't believe that

Life is the growth of my spirit to new joy
to new joy, buds and then leaves and then
joy

Beverly Feinberg