

attack seem impossible or even anything other than probable.

I was much older before I realized that the other 'end' that Dad was often addressing was death. Many clippings in the IN BOX reinforced Dad's admonitions to live life in a state of grace and peace with God—because you never knew when the end would come. He worried about our souls. Regrettably, we have often given him reasons to worry.

So it is only fitting that now that Dad has entered the portals of heaven, we will take him to our safe house at the farm to be buried in Indiana. Certainly Dad did not view death as the end, but for those of us left behind it is indeed a type of end. The farm is where Mom and Dad met and fell in love, and it is from that point that my mother met the great love of her life and my Dad met the woman who made it possible for him to accomplish the good that he was able to effect professionally and at the same time to have a loving and devoted family.

We pray for his soul.

Thank you.

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### **Eulogy spoken by Ray Lemay (Canada)**

I WILL NOT BE USING OVERHEADS—but I do have my 3X5 index cards. Dr. Wolfensberger tried to teach me many things, but I should warn you that I missed the 4 day workshop on brevity.

I should start this eulogy by telling you the end of this story, because I think it is the first thing we should know about Wolf Wolfensberger's life. Dr. Wolfensberger often started with first principles that often illuminate the purpose of the thing. And this is the sum of it: There is a heaven and Wolf is now there.

I know this because over the past few days, I've heard the rumblings of heavenly reform. This reform will now have apprentice angels follow an

elaborate training ladder of very in-depth workshops. And all of this will lead to a new level in the hierarchy of angels; just below archangel, and just above guardian angel, there will in the future be change agent angels.

I've also heard that there have been rumblings of very recent innovations beyond the Pearly Gates. Angels are complaining about overly busy overheads and the use of 3X5 index cards. However, with Wolf there, I'm confident they are safe from PowerPoint for a while yet.

WOLF WOLFENSBERGER has now been taken from us, and we already miss him dearly. But then, his passing is not surprising, for he has lived an incredibly full life; he was a man for all seasons, and he lived fully through all those seasons. He was a man of his times, but also a man for all times.

Wolf lived in a unique and inspired way that few of us would have the temerity to follow.

As most of you know, the idea of social roles was central to Dr. Wolfensberger's teaching and his Social Role Valorization (SRV) theory (Wolfensberger, 1998). The roles that we are given and choose to play—teacher, father, policeman, book-lover, neighbour, and so on—affect in a crucial way how other people will relate to us and what they will do for us, or even against us. Let us for a moment consider the roles that Wolf Wolfensberger was given and chose to play as best he could. And this is but a very incomplete list, I'm quite sure you could think of many others:

War survivor, refugee, foster child, immigrant, student, scientist, researcher, scholar, learned man;

Author: 47 books, 63 chapters and partial monographs, 231 articles, 27 reviews and 6 poems. And innumerable manuscripts; 2 books that are just recently ready for publication;

Reformer, prophet, historian, benefactor (often in secret), hiker, cat lover, song lover, beer lover, chocolate lover, poet, protector;

Collector of books, antiques, post cards, stamps, human service buttons and pins, toy ambulances, and much else;

Psychologist, philosopher, thinker, advocate, spokesman, historian, leader, humanist, mentor, pedagogue, real chess master, last real German professor, change agent, friend, father, husband . . .

That is quite a list of roles and how busy he must have been.

Not surprisingly, very early on, Wolf made it a habit to get up early and he worked long days and weekends. Indeed Nancy tells me that he efficiently used all the time he had at hand and never wasted a minute.

Despite these very diverse occupations, interests and passions, Wolf remained quite single-minded and focused on a few big things that he thought needed to be said and needed to be done, and sometimes at great cost to himself and to his family.

How does one become Wolf Wolfensberger? What is the story behind the man that makes his productivity and such a contribution possible? I can think of four things about Wolf that round out the picture and tell us about how Wolf could be Wolf.

### 1: Childhood

WOLF'S WAS AN EVENTFUL LIFE right from the start. His formative years were Nazi Germany, the Second World War, a family shattered by world events, and young Wolf, ten, refugee and fostered by the Muellers, a German family in the Alsace. About a year after having been placed with the Muellers for his safety, Wolf's sister, Marian, made her way through great adversity to tell Wolf and their nearby brother, Hanno, to come back home. Wolf then made his way back to Mannheim in 1944 to find what was left of his family. So imagine for a moment: you are that 10 year old, it's 1944, you are in war-torn, rural France. One morning you leave on foot, to cross about 100 miles as the crow flies. Your purpose: to find your family. What has become of your mother, father, brother, sister, grandparents and family? I for one can imagine being terrified.

It is only in 1963, almost 20 years later, when Wolf and Nancy were back in Europe, and Wolf

decided to knock on the door of that farmhouse in Alsace France, that Herr Mueller discovered that young Wolf had survived his trek back home. The Muellers had never received the letters that Wolf had sent them to confirm his survival. Herr Mueller cried with joy, and the family celebrated the return of the prodigal foster son. And it is also in 1963 that Wolf saw again his brother Hanno, now deceased, for the first time in 13 years.

Wolf rarely spoke of these times but how could they not be formative?

In 2003, at the Third International SRV Conference in Calgary, Wolf took Bob Flynn and I aside to gently chide us for our naive optimism about resilience theory (Flynn, 2003; Lemay, 2003). He said to us: "You can survive and even overcome trauma and tragedy, but it marks you for life." Certainly the school of life prepared Wolf for adversity and it also, I suspect, taught him to be sceptical of the designs and plans of man, however seemingly benign.

And then there is the 16 year old penniless German boy who in 1950 immigrated to the US with his mother and settled in Memphis, Tennessee. He finished his high school and went on to do a degree in philosophy. He paid his way through school by working as a "control chemist" testing food preservatives—a job he liked—and many of the compounds he worked with, he later discovered, were carcinogenic. Wolf then went to Peabody to do his PhD in Psychology in the first ever Mental Retardation program.

Here is how later he described his PhD years (Wolfensberger, 2008). These are words that should serve to reassure every mediocre student in this church and of course should be posted in the admission departments of universities. This is Wolf writing:

*I was not a particularly good student at Peabody, and was not grade-avid as some students were . . . if I did not like a subject matter or a textbook, my motivation flagged. I was also impatient with any*

*course work of which I could not see the relevance to my envisioned future work ...*

*At the 2004 Peabody reunion, my advisor [Rue Cromwell] admitted that the faculty would not have rated me as one of their more promising students. However, I stayed in the field, was indefatigable in addressing real-life challenges there, and worked full-time even after my supposed retirement, the same as my friend and mentor Gunnar Dybwad had done. Also, I formed extensive informal personal involvements with retarded people, some lasting for decades until death parted us. All this bares out the well-known pitfalls of predicting career outcomes (p. 77).*

## 2. Family: His Rootedness

I THINK WE CAN ALL GUESS how the experiences of childhood and youth contributed to making Wolf Wolf. But there is another ingredient, a second ingredient if you will, that I think bears reviewing and that completes the picture of the change agent he would become. Without this ingredient, the rest would have been very difficult if not impossible. This ingredient came about because Wolf was then in the role of impecunious student who was trying to sell his typewriter. We are in 1959, Wolf is doing a Practicum at Muscatatuck State School in Indiana, and an employee there knows a young woman who is looking to buy a typewriter. Wolf wanted \$50 for the typewriter, a hefty sum back then. A young woman comes to see the typewriter and decides to buy it.

I don't know if he got \$50 for the typewriter, but Wolf did get the girl, and that is how Wolf met the beautiful Nancy Artz, and they were married February 13, 1960. Nancy and Wolf just recently celebrated 51 years of matrimony. He got the typewriter back and a superb typist in the bargain; not to mention partner, and love of his life. And of course he then firmly established his roots in this land.

And then there were the travels and the moves and the kids: Margaret, now a lawyer; Joan, a PhD in Health Care Delivery; and Paul, keeping

up the Hitz and Wolfensberger family tradition of engineering. Nancy and the kids were the first to be recruited in Wolf's crusade against institutions, and for community services, normalization and later Social Role Valorization. Nancy was typist, manager, collaborator, organizer, caterer and hostess, and she essentially insured over these many years and incredibly productive career that things got done and all went well. These are behind the scenes roles, but they were and are essential. Change agency requires such support.

The kids were the official keepers of all the collections, organizing the post cards, degumming stamps, keeping the 1000s of books in subject and alphabetical order, doing photocopies, folding, collating and stapling. A death by a thousand paper cuts, remembers Margaret. They remember well the 3X5 index cards that Dad would give them with their daily chores and activities to do. Margaret remembers being at the NIMR building in Toronto at 5 am with her dad, to help with the coloring of overheads and everything else that needed to be done.

And then there were the innumerable Wolfshops: bringing all the materials, books, overheads, slides, flyers. Tens of thousands attended these events. Setting up the thousand or so wine and cheeses. And then the hospitality at the Wolfensberger home. Hundreds have stayed with the Wolfensbergers, and Nancy's food was always remarkably hearty and delicious.

Wolf teaches an important lesson of parenting: Doing things with the kids doesn't mean you can't have them doing things for you and the cause. And Wolf of course was way ahead of his times: this was a decade before George Vaillant's (Vaillant & Vaillant, 2001) groundbreaking Harvard study showed that the only childhood activity that predicted future adult outcomes (in this case positive mental health) was parents who had their children do chores. I think that 3X5 index cards are optional.

Thus here are roles that contribute to being an effective change agent and are certainly not inimical to it:

- Son, nephew, uncle, brother;
- Proud member of the Hitz and Wolfensberger clans, Swiss German families with many engineers and other accomplished folk. Wolf, who was very interested in genealogy, presented at a recent conference in Washington to a Hitz-Wolfensberger family reunion;
  - Husband;
  - Father;
  - Father-in-law;
  - Grandfather to Tate, Jennifer and Hadley.

This was change agency 101: Don't do it alone: involve the family, and treat people to lavish hospitality.

### 3. How to Play the Roles of Leader, Colleague & Friend

WOLF WAS THE CHAMPION of many unpopular causes. But he was not a lone Wolf. Change occurs through people, and change agency is about bringing people along. There was the family of course. And his close collaborators at the Training Institute, Susan Thomas and Carol Flowers, who have steadfastly continued the work these many years. But over the decades Wolf has worked with many other leaders to help create opportunities for positive change. I hope you will forgive me if I do not recite the list of friends and colleagues; there are too many to mention here and a great risk of forgetting many others.

Leaders being leaders tend to want to lead, but surprisingly, there was a common cause that brought these people together. Single-handedly would be unfair to Wolf—he always had partners, collaborators, friends and allies. There were other professionals, students, parents, parent associations, SRV trainers, people with developmental handicaps—a wide network that Wolf supported, and people who supported him. And because what he advocated was serious, important, indeed life-and-death important, there were bound to be differences of opinion and even adversaries.

One great role that Wolf played I think with relish was the role of mentor. This went with peda-

gogue, teacher, trainer, maître à penser, a bit of the German professor, and wise counsellor. He took people under his wing and then gave them the benefit of his time and knowledge. He was incredibly kind and generous.

He took an interest in many here in this church and many who are not able to be here. He touched us with his wisdom, clear-sightedness, passion and friendship. He cultivated acquaintanceships, and was generous with his mentoring to students and protégés. He had a paradoxical capacity for deep friendship, despite (or perhaps because of?) a no less deep personal sense of privacy and reserve.

Just a few weeks ago, I got yet another package of materials which he'd cut out that he thought would be of interest to me. Over the years, we've had many a conversation, he has given me much advice, and he and Nancy have lavished on Lynne, the kids and I much welcoming hospitality. I can still see Wolf on a hot summer day many years ago, in his back yard regaling my then young children with his German-American accented French rendition of *La Cigale et la Fourmi*. My kids loved him and thought I had been very lucky to have had such a funny professor.

It is quite true that Wolf could be a lightning rod when he took up controversial issues: language and political correctness, recently the dire financial situation that human services are soon going to find themselves in, and of course abortion and deathmaking. He stood up and said what he thought needed saying. He risked his credibility, professional reputation and even relationships. He risked being alone on issues, but his integrity and authentic commitment to the truth would not allow Wolf to waiver. But sometimes it had to feel like that 100 mile trek to Mannheim all over again.

And even on issues where there were potential allies, it seemed like it was never good enough. Defeating the institutions was only a first step. Community services, always at risk of perpetuating institutional modalities, now had to take up the challenge of valued social participation and opening up access to the good things in life.

He saw and denounced addled ideas, and muddled practices that he estimated would lead to grief for vulnerable people. There was no satisfying the man. But then we all know that there is much out there that should dissatisfy and worry us all.

The situation of people with developmental disabilities has surely improved over Wolf's lifetime and he deserves much of the credit for making a difference. A few days ago, our colleague and friend, Darcy Elks, shared with me that her daughter, now a young woman, had recently graduated from high school and gone to her senior prom at an exclusive country club. This country club it so happens is but five miles from the now closed large state institution. My friend noted a great irony in this proximity because 30 years ago, her daughter, who has a developmental disability, would quite likely have been at that State School (Elks, 2011). A lot of people were involved in closing that institution and other institutions and for helping allow individuals with handicaps to live in the community, but Wolf certainly was at the forefront of those battles. And it is not only in New York state or even the US but throughout much of the Western world that this revolution has occurred. I've heard Wolf give credit to others. But no Wolf, a lot of this was because of you. And I'm sure you can all hear Wolf simply respond that there is yet much to do.

Teacher, trainer, learned man, mentor, friend.

The change agent should never be alone, and Wolf strived to be surrounded by allies, colleagues and friends.

#### 4. Faith

AND NOW FINALLY the fourth ingredient: just a few words about the religious and spiritual foundations of his life.

For Wolf to be Wolf and to engage in these great causes, he needed his family, his friends and colleagues, and finally his faith. Wolf was convinced that he was never alone.

"Be not afraid!" Wolf was quite taken with this oft-repeated sentence in the Gospels, and that was

one of the major themes of John Paul II's papacy. "Be not afraid!"

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believes in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16).

Wolf was born a Catholic in a family with a Jewish and Catholic heritage. He was always devout and pious, and in the 1970s, through the influence of his own readings, prayer and meetings with Jean Vanier and William Stringfellow, he explored and developed a more profound spirituality (Bersani, 2001). Wolf helped found and actively participated in the Syracuse l'Arche community and it was also at this time that he started actively participating in the Unity Kitchen Community, a Catholic Worker initiative that provides hospitality to homeless individuals in Syracuse.

His increasing spirituality and belief in God led him to abandon anything resembling "ordinary hope" in human affairs. All of this I believe further radicalized his efforts to stand in solidarity with people who were poor, lowly and excluded from the good life, particularly people with handicaps. Wolf came to see more clearly the great evils that confront us but are often hidden away and made subtle by all manner of subterfuge. His position on language and political correctness stem from his view that language has been subverted to hide from us what is going on, to make critical discourse ever more difficult. His open practice of religion and his positions on controversial issues were fearless, or just as likely, he put on a brave front as he risked much. He did not do it for effect or to be effective. He did it because it was the right thing to do.

In his teaching of the history of human services, Wolf made much of the Gospel passage in Matthew chapter 25 where service to the hidden Christ inspired much of primitive human service well into modern times.

In this passage, Christ thus tells a parable on the last judgment:

*Then the King will say to those on his right, 'Come, you who are blessed by my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me drink, I was a stranger and you welcomed me, I was naked and you clothed me, I was sick and you visited me, I was in prison and you came to me.'*

*Then the righteous will answer him, saying, 'Lord, when did we see you hungry and feed you, or thirsty and give you drink? And when did we see you a stranger and welcome you, or naked and clothe you? And when did we see you sick or in prison and visit you?'*

*And the King will answer them, 'Truly, I say to you, as you did it to one of the least of these my brothers, you did it to me' (Matthew 25: 34-40).*

Believer, Christian, pious man, faithful servant, child of God.

And that is how Wolf was Wolf: steeled by his childhood experiences, surrounded by family, friends and allies, and with his faith in God, he could be fearless in serving the hidden Christ.

"Be not afraid," said Christ.

And we are here today to remember a life well and fully lived, to cherish his love and friendship, to ponder the example he has given us, and to take up with passion the important cause of serving people who are devalued.

And a final word from the Gospel that Wolf often had occasion to read and that applies so well to Wolf on this day:

"Well done thou good and faithful servant ... Now enter into thy Master's joy" (Matthew 25:23). And pray for us all.

Thank you.

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#### Mitchel Peters (Australia)

*What we do for ourselves dies with us ... what we do for others remains and is immortal.*  
- Albert Pike, 19th-century American soldier, lawyer and author

ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA, 1992: that was the place and the time when I first met Wolf Wolfensberger. Dr. Wolfensberger and his co-presenters, Susan Thomas and A.J. Hildebrand (a Citizen Advocacy co-ordinator) were presenting a series of events, two of which I was fortunate to attend. The two events were a five-day Social Advocacies workshop and a two-day Citizen