

# Apple Farm At Home Retreat





# What is an “Apple Farm At Home Retreat”?




**S**OMETIME ago, a frequent guest at Apple Farm had to forgo her visit due to outer circumstances, confined to her home. The guest however came up with a novel idea; she would follow the Apple Farm Wednesday through Sunday guest schedule, adhering to the ritualized food times, quiet times, and guest gathering times. The space of this guest’s home was then inhabited with the place-sense of Apple Farm through the container of ritualization, although modified from an actual stay at the Farm. The “Apple Farm At Home Retreat” is inspired by this ritualization which any individual can do and bring to the space of their home.

This guide offers the retreatant the Apple Farm guest schedule as a template to follow or to modify for their self-reflection and dream-work. Also included are contemplative passages from the founder of Apple Farm, Helen M. Luke, actual Apple Farm meal recipes, and suggested books from the Apple Farm library.

We hope you enjoy your retreat!

# SELECTIONS FROM THE APPLE FARM LIBRARY

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- Caspari, Elizabeth (with Ken Robbins). *Animal Life in Nature, Myth and Dreams*. Wilmette: Chiron, 2003
  - Cirlot, Juan-Eduardo C. *A Dictionary of Symbols*. Oxon: Routledge, 1990
  - Edinger, Edward. *Ego and Archetype*. Boulder: Shambhala, 2017
  - Hannah, Barbara. *The Cat, Dog, and Horse Lectures, and "The Beyond"*. Asheville: Chiron, 1992
  - Jung, Carl G. *Memories, Dreams and Reflections*. New York: Vintage Books Edition, 1989
  - Luke, Helen M.
    - *Dark Wood to White Rose: Journey and Transformation in Dante's Divine Comedy*. Three Rivers: Apple Farm Community, 2009
    - *Such Stuff as Dreams are Made On: The Autobiography and Journals of Helen M. Luke* (Barbara Mowat, ed.). New York: Bell Tower, 2000
  - Tzo, Lao (Stephen Mitchell, ed.). *Tao Te Ching*. New York: Harper Perennial, 1994

# RETREAT SCHEDULE

— WEDNESDAY: DAY ONE—

6<sup>PM</sup> Sherry & Dinner in Farmhouse

— THURSDAY: DAY TWO—

12-1<sup>PM</sup>: Lunch in Farmhouse

1-3<sup>PM</sup>: Quiet Time

— FRIDAY: DAY THREE—

12-1<sup>PM</sup>: Lunch

Soup and Bread Brought to Your Room

1-3<sup>PM</sup>: Quiet Time

7<sup>PM</sup>: Group Reading in Farmhouse

— SATURDAY: DAY FOUR—

12-1<sup>PM</sup>: Lunch

1-3<sup>PM</sup>: Quiet Time

— SUNDAY: DAY FIVE—

10<sup>AM</sup>: Brunch and Farewell

— WEDNESDAY: DAY ONE—  
6<sup>PM</sup> Sherry & Dinner in Farmhouse

*Dinner Meal Prayer offered at Apple Farm: “Benedictus, Benedicat, amen.” (Translation: May he who is Blessed bless [this food].)*

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“...the degree to which we live the beauty and courtesy of the exchanges between hosts and guests, particularly when we are strangers to one another, will surely depend on our attitude to those inner images which are either the guiding truths of our lives, or especially while they remain wholly unconscious or repressed, the controlling addictions or hidden goals of the psyche.”

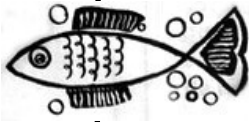
—From the essay, “The Stranger Within,” by Helen M. Luke

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## SALMON LOAF



- 2 cups canned salmon
- 3 Tbsp. fat
- 3 Tbsp. flour
- 1 cup combined milk and salmon liquid
- salt and pepper
- 2 Tbsp. minced parsley
- 2 cups bread crumbs
- 1 egg, beaten



Drain canned salmon, saving the liquid. Melt fat and blend in flour. Add milk and salmon liquid gradually, stirring. Cook and stir until sauce is thickened. Add salt & pepper & minced parsley. Stir in salmon, bread crumbs & beaten egg. Form the mixture into a loaf. Bake in an uncovered greased pan in moderate oven 350° for 30 minutes or until brown. Serves 6.



“Apple Farm has been cooking for 25 years to many appreciative guests. Many “oo’s” and “ah’s” and “may I have that recipe?” were what inspired the start of this cookbook.

Recipes have also come from other members and friends of Apple Farm. It is as if through the recipes we get a glimpse of the people who gave them and experience the stories that come with them.”

From the forward by Janet Witt, “Apple Farm Cookbook”, 1988





—THURSDAY: DAY TWO—

12-1<sup>PM</sup>: Lunch in Farmhouse

1-3<sup>PM</sup>: Quiet Time

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“**F**or what is it in fact to live the symbolic life? It is most definitely not to spend certain hours of the week of the study of symbols and images and then to live the rest of our lives on a non-symbolic level. This is compartment living. On the contrary, the study will be arid and sterile if we do not very quickly realize that there is no smallest detail of our lives that is not symbolic. This does *not* mean that while we are cooking the dinner or dancing with our friends, we solemnly think to ourselves, ‘Now what is the meaning of this?’ This is to miss the point entirely. We live symbolically when each thing that we do or say, think or feel is *whole*—not split into the ‘fact’ and the ‘meaning,’ not marred by ulterior motives however lofty, when it simply is in itself, not done or said *because* it is useful or good or whatever.”

—From the essay, “Levels,” by Helen M. Luke

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## GREEK LENTIL SOUP



1 lb. lentils  
4 quarts boiling water

Boil 1/2 hour. Don't soak first.

Add:

1/2 cup olive oil  
1 15 oz. can tomato sauce  
2 large onions sliced thick  
Garlic to taste (or garlic juice)  
Bay leaf, oregano, basil (use a very  
heavy hand)

Simmer for a whole afternoon.

Walter Gallant





—FRIDAY: DAY THREE—

12-1<sup>PM</sup>: Lunch

Soup and Bread Brought to Your Room

1-3<sup>PM</sup>: Quiet Time

7<sup>PM</sup>: Group Reading in Farmhouse

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“**T**he *rite d’entrée* and the *rite de sortie* were essential needs in primitive societies—a dance to whip up the mood of war, another to end the war fever and make the transition to peaceful pursuits, a time alone before initiation, and so on. Every individual still needs to find his own ‘rites,’ so that he may clearly emerge from one level and enter another. A cup of coffee, listening to music, a brief walk, or, best of all, a few minutes of complete relaxation, are some of the ways we may find. The important thing is to do them consciously; even a few seconds of objective awareness that we are passing from one kind of activity to another is often enough.”

—From the essay, “Levels,” by Helen M. Luke

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## HELEN'S BREAD



1 cup powdered skim milk  
2/3 cup whole wheat flour (Health Store)  
1/3 cup wheat germ  
1 dessert spoon double  
acting baking powder  
1/4 tsp. salt  
raisins

Mix dry ingredients very thoroughly, then add all at once:

2Tbsp. cooking oil  
1 cup water

Mix and put into greased tins. Bake in preheated oven  
325° for 3/4 hour.

Helen Luke

## WINTER VEGETABLE SOUP



2T. butter  
1 medium size onion, sliced  
8 oz. carrots, diced  
8 oz. rutabagas, diced  
1 medium size potato, diced  
2 large parsnips, diced  
2 c. vegetable stock  
1 bay leaf  
1 T. cornstarch  
2 c. milk  
Salt and pepper to taste  
1 c. frozen green peas  
2 small bread rolls  
1/2 c. shredded Cheddar cheese (2 oz.)

Melt butter in a large saucepan. Add onion, carrots, rutabagas, potato and parsnips. Cover and cook over low heat 20 minutes. Add stock and bay leaf and simmer 30 minutes. In a small bowl blend cornstarch with a small amount of milk, then add to soup. Pour remaining milk into soup and heat, stirring until soup thickens. Remove bay leaf and season with salt and pepper.

Stir green peas into soup and simmer over low heat. Cut bread rolls in half. Sprinkle with cheese. Broil until cheese is melted. Serve bread rolls with soup, Makes 4 servings.



## OATEN SHORTBREAD

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In a bowl cream together 1 stick or 1/2 cup butter, softened, and 1/3 cup sugar. Blend in 1 cup flour and 2/3 cup rolled oats. Turn the mixture onto a lightly floured board, and knead it until it is well combined. Butter a baking sheet, cover it with a piece of wax paper, and butter the paper.

Form the dough into a ball, transfer it to the center of the baking sheet, and pat it into a round 1/4" thick. Prick the round all over with a fork, making a pattern and with the dull edge of a knife mark off 8 wedge-shaped portions on top of the round.

Bake the shortbread in a preheated 350° oven for 10 minutes. Reduce the heat to very slow 250° and bake the shortbread for 40 minutes more, or until it is lightly golden. Serves 8.

Charlotte Smith





# SUFFERING

By Helen M. Luke

“Suffering” is a word used to express so many kinds of experience that its precision of meaning has been lost. The Latin verb *ferre* means “to bear,” “to carry,” and “suffer” derives from it, with the prefix “sub” meaning “under.” This is reminiscent of the term “undercarriage”—that which bears the weight of a vehicle above the wheels—which is an apt image of the meaning of suffering in human life.

In contrast to the word “suffer,” such terms as “affliction,” “grief,” and “depression” all bring images of weight bearing *down*. To be afflicted is to be struck down by a blow (*fligere*: to strike). “Grief” is derived from *gravare*, and to be depressed is to be pressed down. Only when we suffer in the full sense of the word do we *carry* the weight. A man may say, “I am so terribly depressed, I can’t bear the suffering,” when in fact he may not be suffering at all, but simply lying down under the weight of outer circumstances or inner mood.

There are, then, two kinds of experiences which we call suffering—that which is totally unproductive, the neurotic state of meaningless depression, and that which is the essential condition of every step on the way to what C.G. Jung has called individuation. Perhaps these images of weight under which we fall and lie in self-pity, or of weight which we carry in full consciousness, may be a guideline in moments of darkness. The blows of great affliction or grief are comparatively rare, but day-to-day onslaughts of hurt feelings, black moods, exhaustion, resentment, and most deadly of all, false guilt, are the training ground, and nothing is too small to offer us an opportunity to choose between suffering and depression.

Deeply ingrained in the infantile psyche is the conscious or unconscious assumption that the cure for depression is to replace it with pleasant, happy feelings, whereas the only valid cure for any kind of depression lies in the acceptance of real suffering. To climb out of it any other way is simply a palliative, laying the foundations for the next depression. Nothing whatever has happened to the soul. The roots of all our neuroses lie here, in the conflict between the longing for growth and

freedom and our incapacity or refusal to pay the price in suffering of the kind which challenges the supremacy of the ego's demands. This is the crux of the matter (and we may pause here to recognize the exact meaning of the word "crux"). The ego will endure the worst agonies of neurotic misery rather than one moment of consent to the death of even a small part of its demand or its sense of importance.

We can do something towards tracking down some of the continual evasions of the ego by uncovering our fear of humiliation. From this fear of degradation in our own eyes or in the eyes of others, real or imagined, comes a dead weight of moods and depression. For the truly humble person no humiliation exists. It is impossible to humiliate him or for him to feel humiliation, for "grades" and prestige, questions of his own merit or demerit, have no more meaning for him. But the way to humility lies through the pain of accepted humiliation. In the moment of picking it up and carrying it without any movement towards self-justification, we cease to be humiliated and begin to suffer. In this context, it is well to realize the extent to which we are all open in the unconscious to the present collective worship of what we may call "grades."

Worship is not too strong a word. The more the conscious ideal of the equality of man is proclaimed on the wrong levels, the more desperate becomes the unconscious urge to assert the difference, and the yearning for prestige of all kinds breaks loose from the natural hierarchies of being into the struggles of the ego for ascendancy. The inequalities of class in the aristocratic age, absurd though we may call them, were certainly less conducive to neurosis than the gradings of money, academic prowess, I.Q.'s, and A's, B's, and C's in every department of life, which can so dominate our personal unconscious that we are busy grading our weaknesses day in and day out—a very different thing from searching them out and carrying them. The poison of false values thus invades every corner of the psyche. A question to be constantly asked in moods of weakness and depression is, “Am I grading myself or am I recognizing the golden opportunity to suffer and so to deny to some small degree the ego's demands for prestige?”

The worst stumbling block of all derives from this grading. There was no guilt involved in being born into this or that social class, but nowadays we are beset on every side by a false guilt which is inverted pride. If we do not rate a B or at least a C

in every department of life, then we deem ourselves guilty. The puritanical strain in our heritage reinforces this until we can even allow our work on our inner life to engender a false sense of guilt about our physical, as well as our emotional, weaknesses.

Of course on one level it is true that any kind of symptom, physical or psychological, is a clue to the working of the unconscious which should be followed up at the right time. But, if we feel this deadly kind of guilt, it simply means that we cannot accept our human condition, that we have given way to hubris and are saying unconsciously, "I ought to be like God, free of all weakness," forgetting what happened to God Himself on the cross. The clues are to be worked upon, but the symptom itself is something to be wholly and freely accepted without egotistic guilt or any *demand* to be freed from it. Hope for release is another thing, both natural and right, as also are the exterior efforts to come out of the sickness or mood. We are not excused from ordinary common sense by the fact that we accept the suffering and demand no release. In fact the two attitudes are one, and real acceptance will lead us to seek the appropriate help,



whether medical skill in illness, the support of friends in grief, rest in exhaustion, work either physical or psychological in depression. Thus, we begin to build the “undercarriage” of suffering upon which the superstructure of our lives may securely rest and under which the wheels may move freely over the earth. The four-wheeled chariot is an ancient symbol of the Incarnation, and the thought of suffering as the undercarriage fits perfectly into this image. Suffering is that which carries the weight of the vehicle, distributing it over the fourfold wheels so that the driver may stand in safety and move towards his chosen goal.

However great our efforts may be to achieve this conscious attitude to suffering, we cannot succeed without an awareness that, in spite of apparent senselessness, there is always an implicit universal meaning even in the carrying of small miseries. Every time a person exchanges neurotic depression for real suffering, he or she is sharing to some small degree in the carrying of the suffering of mankind, in bearing a tiny part of the darkness of the world. Such a one is released from his small personal concern into a sense of *meaning*. One may not be consciously thinking in

those terms, but the transition can immediately be recognized by the disappearance of the frustrated pointlessness of mood and depression. It is as though we become aware of a new dimension. Meaning has entered the experience.

We may be emotionally moved and filled with horror and pity when we hear of the tragedies of human lives at a distance, but the emotions lift no burden, they carry nothing. In contrast, the smallest consent to the fierce, sharp pain of objective suffering in the most trivial-seeming matter may have an influence, as the Chinese sage puts it, “at a distance of a thousand miles.” We may be entirely certain that some burden somewhere is lightened by our effort. Close at hand the effects are immediately visible. Those around us may know nothing of what is happening, but a weight is lifted from the atmosphere, or someone we love is set free to be himself, and the sufferer acquires a new clarity of vision and sensitivity to another's need. Nothing is as blinding as neurotic self-pity. We walk around in a fog.

There is a familiar example of the difference between objective suffering and subjective emotional reaction in its effect on others, which many people have experienced at some time in their lives if

they have been seriously ill. A nurse, or anyone else who is close to another's pain, physical or psychic, if she reacts with intense personal emotion to the patient's misery, will either repress what she cannot bear and become hard and unfeeling, or else will increase the sick one's burden through her unconscious identification. A true nurse, by contrast, is always deeply concerned; she is compassionate (which means objectively "suffering with") but not invaded by emotional reactions. She is herself changed by the experience through the love that lives beyond emotion. The patient can literally be saved by this kind of "carrying" by another, but can be swamped and pushed deeper into misery by the unconscious reactions of those around him or her, however well they may be disguised. The difference is subtle but absolutely distinct when experienced.

Just as there is no cure for an inferior kind of love except a greater and more conscious love, so there is no cure for inferior so-called suffering except a greater kind of suffering. It is possible by intense conscious attention to pass through this door into the fiercer suffering which is linked to the whole, and then a strange thing may happen. We have lifted the weight and, in-

stead of being crushed by it, we find it is extraordinarily light—“My yoke is easy, my burden is light.” The pain remains but it is more like the piercing of a sword than a weight. “A sword shall pierce through thy own soul also, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed” (Luke 2:35). These are the prophetic words of the wise old man Simeon, spoken to Mary when she took her newborn child to the temple. We have shed blood, the sacrificial blood, and so we can experience joy, not just pleasant feelings and escape.

There is in man a fear of joy as keen as the fear of suffering pain, because true joy precludes the pleasant feeling of self-importance just as suffering precludes all the comforts of self-pity. No man can know the one without the other. It is important here to discriminate between the spurious joy of the martyr complex and the joy which is on the other side of the cross. Christ was not a martyr, going singing to his death. If we catch ourselves feeling noble on account of our sufferings, we may be perfectly sure that we are simply at the old trick of climbing out of depression into pleasant feeling—all the more dangerous because it is camouflaged as noble.

Real suffering belongs to innocence, not guilt. As long as we feel misery because we are full of remorse and guilt or shame over our weakness, all we experience is a loss of vital energy and no transformation takes place. But the minute we accept objectively the guilt and shame, the *innocent* part of us begins to suffer, the weight becomes a sword. We bleed, and the energy flows back into us on a deeper and more conscious level. This is real repentance as opposed to ego-centered shame, for it involves the recognition of the true guilt which lies always in our evasions of objective awareness.

For Christians, it is easy to give lip service to the “innocent victim,” to Christ carrying in innocence the sin and suffering of the world. But rarely do we even think of the essential practical application of this truth in the smallest of our pains. Only when the *innocent* part of us begins to suffer is there life and creation within and around us; but for the most part, we prefer to remain caught in the vicious and totally unproductive circle of remorse and superficial complacency, followed by a repetition of the sin, more remorse, and so on. In the Book of Job, God’s condemnation falls on the complacent rationality of the false comforters who assure Job that he could not possibly be suffer-

ing unless he were morally guilty. To Job, suffering but innocent, God's answer is simply to reveal Himself in His infinite power and glory, beyond rational explanation.

**I**n these days when the media bring to us daily the sight and sound of the appalling sufferings of the innocent, we all have great need of reminders of the only way in which we can contribute to the healing of the terrible split between curse and blessing in our time.

The poets and great storytellers of all ages come to our aid. When one man takes up responsibility for his blindness without any false guilt, even in the smallest things, the self-pity and the projections of blame onto others or onto God drop away, and the blessing beyond the opposites is strengthened in our environment. It seems infinitesimal, but in Jung's words it may be the "makeweight that tips the scales." Thus we suffer the sword of objectivity, refusing nothing, so that the healing may reach "the hearts of many" without our conscious intention. It happens not through our willed efforts to improve the world, fine and right though these may be on another level, but to the degree to which the curse and the blessing have been experi-

enced consciously as one in the psyche of the individual. It is an experience which as C.G. Jung wrote in *Mysterium Conjunctionis* reaches “the individual in stillness—the individual who constitutes the meaning of the world.”

We began by defining a word. We end with another—the word “passion.” Derived from the Latin *passio*, meaning suffering, it is used to define the sufferings of Christ. Commonly the word applies to any emotion which goes beyond the bounds of reason, consuming and possessing a man so that he is in a state of “enthusiasm,” which, in its original meaning, is the state of being filled with the god, whether the god of anger, of love, or of hate.

When suffering breaks through the small personal context and exposes a man to the pain and darkness of life itself, the way is opened to that ultimate state of passion beyond all the passions of desire. There, being completely empty, as Christ was empty when He cried, “My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?” he may finally come to be filled with the wholeness of God Himself. ◻







—SATURDAY: DAY FOUR—

12-1<sup>PM</sup>: Lunch

1-3<sup>PM</sup>: Quiet Time

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“**T**he essential inner journey must be made alone, but all of us need support and relatedness with others of like mind; and it is fatally easy to mistake dependence, a blind acceptance of the opinions of others, for real mutual support, for the humility that respects another’s view but never swallows it whole. We all long to fly from loneliness to ‘togetherness,’ but the only real cure for loneliness is to accept the ‘aloneness’ of the spirit, and then, to our astonishment, real relationships, real friendships, will come to our doorstep, wherever we may be.”

—From the essay, “Inner Relationship and Community,”  
by Helen M. Luke

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## JANE'S GRANOLA



5 cups oats  
1 cup almonds  
2 cups sesame seeds  
1 cup coconut  
1 cup soy flour  
1 cup powdered milk  
1 cup wheat germ

### COMBINE

1 cup honey  
1 cup vegetable oil

Add to the above ingredients. Spread on 2 cookie sheets, bake at 300° for 30 minutes or until slightly brown.

Given to Jane Bishop  
From  
Bob & Sandy Taylor





—SUNDAY: DAY FIVE—  
10<sup>AM</sup>: Brunch and Farewell

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“**T**here is, in truth, no such thing as a collective progress that does not spring from individual growth. Christian love is not vague and universal; it is specific and personal; and the health of society depends on the capacity for devotion in each one of us, on our willingness to suffer personal darkness and failure—whether we are of those called to bring to birth new knowledge, or of those who are enriched by it.”

—From the essay, “Christmas, 1962,” by Helen M. Luke

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## BAKED EGGS



Years ago when breakfast was served at Apple Farm, a Sunday morning dish was often baked eggs.

Place in a baking dish (one for each person) the following ingredients, in the order listed:

1. a sprinkle of bread crumbs
2. a dash of Lawry's seasoned salt
3. a dab of butter
4. a tablespoon plus of cream  
(or half and half)
5. one raw egg

Bake at 350° for 10 minutes or until egg white is firm, the center of the yolk is runny and the cream is bubbly. The time will depend upon the freshness, size and temperature of the egg. Garnish with a sprig of fresh parsley. Serve immediately.



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