

Joseph H. Lillard, Jr.

June 8, 1938 - May 27, 2016



Walking into the old WHP was like going back into a pharmacy 100 years ago: bottles of colored liquids, beautiful dark wooden cabinets, and shelving filled with stock bottles of remedies.

Joe Lillard, owner of Washington Homeopathic Products in Berkeley Springs, WV, 30-year board member of the National Center for Homeopathy, and 16-year board member of Homeopaths Without Borders, passed away on May 27, 2016. He was home and in peace, surrounded by his family on the beautiful farm that he loved, with its green rolling hills, babbling stream, and sheep grazing in the pasture.

Joe had taken a fall from the hayloft last July with a resulting cerebral hemorrhage and had been making strides towards recovery until recently, when heart failure was diagnosed. He was in hospice for two weeks. Homeopathic support gave him great comfort—as did Linda, his loving wife of 29 years, his children and extended family, and the many friends who called, visited, texted, or stopped by to play music or reminisce.

A man of few words with a great sense of humor, Joe had many interests—antiques, sheep-raising, Christmas tree-farming, old-time music, broom-making, chair-caning, crossword puzzles, sushi, and homeopathy—to name just a few. His rustic ways belied a keen intellect, strong leadership skills, and an ability to accomplish things that others thought were impossible.

With a masters in public administration from American University, Joe worked in federal personnel management in Washington, DC, specializing in Equal Employment Opportunity—a good fit because he greatly valued fairness and

each person's individuality. In 1974, he led the way for a group of friends to buy 127 acres of pristine farmland 2 hours away in West Virginia and soon moved there fulltime. Joe and Linda's farmhouse became the heart and soul of community life with its annual homegrown Independence Day parade and picnic. In nearby Berkeley Springs, Joe helped to save the old movie theater from the wrecking ball and to found the local arts council.

In 1978, Joe discovered homeopathy as a way to help his sheep and goats. Soon, he was serving on the NCH Board of Directors (the first non-physician President) and founding the NCH's Affiliated Study Group program (which introduced homeopathy to countless home-prescribers and jumpstarted the careers of many professionals).

When the owner of Washington Homeopathic Pharmacy in Bethesda, MD, wanted to sell his family business—but only to a pharmacist—Joe persisted in his offer to buy it, finally winning him over and saving that gem of a pharmacy established in 1873. Renaming it Washington Homeopathic Products in 1991, Joe and Linda grew the company exponentially, adding a store and museum in downtown Berkeley Springs (aptly named *Homeopathy Works*) and a major manufacturing facility in a local business park, employing many. In his ongoing efforts to “bring homeopathy to the people,” Joe created innovative home-care kits that



Passing the torch: Mr. E.B. Furr, longtime owner of Washington Homeopathic Pharmacy, Bethesda, MD, sold it to Joe and Linda Lillard in 1991.

An Extraordinary Man of the People

packed 50 or 100 tiny bottles into durable, easy-to-carry bullet boxes—which became instant hits. In 2007, WHP was recognized as West Virginia’s *Small Business Exporter of the Year* by the federal US Small Business Administration (SBA). And in 2009, Joe was honored as SBA’s *Business Person of the Year for West Virginia* and invited to the White House to receive the award and meet President Obama. Always a forward thinker, Joe transitioned WHP’s manufacturing facility to solar energy in 2014.

Joe’s caring spirit was evident in the many humanitarian trips he made to countries such as Cuba, El Salvador, and Trinidad on behalf of Homeopaths Without Borders. He also quietly donated remedies and supplies.

Joe dearly loved his family: wife Linda Sprankle Lillard, children Joseph Harlan Lillard III, Alia Belle Lillard Noorzai (Wais), Christopher Robin Sprankle (Misty Householder), Paul Scott Sprankle (Monica Gloyd), Emi Elizabeth Lillard, five grandchildren, and sister. Washington Homeopathic Products will continue as a family business, with Linda, Belle, and Wais overseeing operations. They assure us: “We will honor Joe’s memory by continuing on with the work he loved.”

A celebration of Joe’s life was planned for July 3, 2016 at his farmhouse, followed by spectacular fireworks. Contributions in his honor may be made to:

The National Center for Homeopathy
7918 Jones Branch Drive, Suite 300
McLean, VA 22102

www.homeopathycenter.org
or

Homeopaths Without Borders
20 Brookside Lane
Hebron, NH 03241
www.hwbna.org.

Find many more photos and remembrances of Joe at: www.washingtonhomeopathicproducts.com/joe-lillard/

—**Mitzi Lebensorger, Homeopathy Today Editor**



PHOTO CREDIT: LYNN JOHNSON

Having known Joe since our young days at the University of Maryland, I have witnessed many examples of his leadership and absolute wizardry over these many years. Joe could mull over an idea, and before you knew it, he was manifesting it.

He managed to learn Spanish, which was difficult for him, but he wanted to travel in Mexico. He went there many times, often bringing friends and family, such as the time his father Joe Sr., his son Joe III, and his friend Joe Herrmann accompanied him. (They later recounted hilarious mix-ups because all four travelers were named Joe.) In subsequent trips, Joe discovered homeopathic pharmacies in Mexico, returning once with remedy bottles that had Melanie Hahnemann’s picture on the labels.

When Joe became interested in antiques, he opened a successful shop in Georgetown, Washington, DC. He rehabilitated an old house on Capitol Hill and furnished it with his antiques. He took underprivileged kids from the neighborhood to baseball games and had good

Joe could mull over an idea, and before you knew it, he was manifesting it.

relationships with the area’s diverse population. He started one of the first food co-ops in DC, and through that, met many of the folks that later formed a group to buy his farm in West Virginia. Seeing the Highwoods String Band at the Smithsonian Folklife Festival in 1972 sparked Joe’s interest in old-time music, and soon he was playing banjo, fiddle, and mandolin with West Virginia musician friends.

Joe was active in the Civil Rights Movement. He worked closely with the great labor leader and civil rights activist, A. Philip Randolph, to create the University of the District of Columbia. There, opportunities for higher education were available for students who, for many reasons, were not even able to graduate from high school.

Joe also worked for the first government-mandated Office for Equal Opportunity, where he became experienced in relevant lawsuits brought to his office.

His greatest accomplishment was his creation of Washington Homeopathic Products. After brainstorming the idea for more than a year, he managed to apprentice himself to E.B. Furr, owner of the Bethesda homeopathic pharmacy. Joe wanted to buy it, but Mr. Furr insisted he learn how to make all the products the way they had been made ever since the pharmacy was connected with Boericke and Tafel in the 19th century. For a year, Joe drove to Bethesda each day from WV (2+ hours). He learned everything to the satisfaction of Mr. Furr, who then consented to sell the business to Joe. Joe eventually brought the antique shelves and supplies back to Berkeley Springs and manufactured the remedies in a beautiful old storefront, that also housed a homeopathy museum. This was so suc-



R-L: Joe Lillard with wife Linda, daughter Belle, and son-in-law Wais Noorzai celebrate Joe's SBA 2009 Small Business Person of the Year Award at The State Department in Washington, DC. Linda, Wais, and Belle will continue to run Washington Homeopathic Products as a family business.

He stayed true to homeopathy right up to the White House steps!



Joe and Linda, Homeopathy Works, 2009.



Washington Homeopathic Products staff, 2015.

cessful that he expanded into a huge new building to manufacture the great WHP remedies and employ many local people.

There are so many funny stories involving Joe. While still living in DC, Joe came to visit us in his Model A Ford, with his young son Joey. On their way home, a July 4th parade blocked their way, so Joe just joined the parade in his antique car, waving all the way. ... Joe loved Scottish Terriers. His longtime favorite, "Rabbit," went everywhere with Joe, even to my cousin's wedding! ... When Joe and my husband Dave tore out a wall in our old 1860s home, they found many treasures (old medicine bottles)—along with a petrified rat, which Joe enjoyed waving around at the kids.

Joe introduced me to the NCH classes, which started me on my 30-plus years of homeopathic practice. My farm adjoins his and Linda's, so it is just unfathomable that I will never see him again, baling hay for his sheep in my field, and just always being available. Joe was the heart-center of our community.

Ann Herren, Winchester, VA

"Old Joe," as my dad Dave used to say, even when they were young and in college together. Joe saved a cat that lost her back leg. Called her "Threola." He was my mom and dad's best friend. I'm thankful to have basked in his unassuming and forever forward-thinking brilliance.

Jennifer Herren, Chicago, IL

One of homeopathy's greatest, steadfast, and loyal supporters, Joe helped *WHENEVER* you asked. His support of NCH was unending, constant, steady. He gave it everything he had by being Joe—strong, honest, patient. He served NCH in many

roles including president, treasurer, staff advisor, conference/event sponsor, and even musician for square dances!

Joe served Homeopaths Without Borders as board member since 2000. With his knowledge, presence, and products, he helped HWB set up pharmacies in underserved countries and teach local people the art of homeopathic pharmacy so they could be self-sufficient. Simply put, Joe was always there for us. Always. And in all ways.

Jean Hoagland, Mount Dora, FL

I met Joe over 20 years ago when I was just realizing that this thing called homeopathy was my path back into veterinary medicine. I was working for a non-profit group and had signed up for training in homeopathy. In the meantime, I had heard about Washington Homeopathic Products, and it was right down the street from where I was working! I popped in one day and met Joe, with his bushy mustache and friendly handshake. Now 20 years later, my pharmacy is mostly made up of his little square clear glass bottles. Joe reassured me by his presence and his work that homeopathy was not a flash in the pan, not a new trendy thing that would fade with the latest catch phrase, but a solid dependable means of practicing medicine that would get me where I wanted to go. I never looked back. I will miss you, Joe.

Wendy Jensen, DVM, Bow, NH

Joe was one of those people who had a way of making everyone feel special. His passion for homeopathy and dedication to our community was never ending. He dealt with his share of adversity but kept a sense of humor, a positive outlook, and a clear focus on the work. The several weeks Amy spent with him and colleagues on a Homeopaths Without Borders trip to Cuba some years back was a hoot. He will be sorely missed.

Amy Rothenberg, ND and Paul Herscu, ND, MPH, Enfield, CT

Back in the early years of Century 2001, before the Bush administration decided Homeopaths Without Borders could no longer visit Cuba to teach homeopathy, Amy Rothenberg, Kim Sikorski, Nancy Kelly, Joe Lillard, and I joined up in Havana

Joe was not only a visionary but someone who could set the wheels in motion to see his dreams materialize.

for a week-long odyssey. We picked up a rental car and drove the entire length of the island to the easternmost city, Santiago de Cuba, where we taught homeopathy to Cuban doctors. It was one of those occasions where a small band of individuals who scarcely knew each other gelled in a most wondrous manner. Not only did we work together harmoniously, we also had a lot of fun. I remember laughing the whole time. Joe was an integral part of that great time together.

Joe also helped me substantially when he agreed to come to San Salvador a few years later to participate in a Congress that my Salvadorean students had organized. He spoke about homeopathic pharmacy and helped make the Congress a success. He also donated homeopathic medicines. He was a *REALLY* good guy and a good friend.

Karl Robinson, MD, DHt, Houston, TX and Albuquerque, NM

Joe was a humble champion of homeopathy, resurrecting the old homeopathic pharmacy in Bethesda, MD, and establishing the new, Homeopathy Works in Berkeley Springs, WV. He was always a reliable source for old, hard-to-find remedies. He was also a voice of reason in many discussions at NCH meetings. I recall several conversations in which Julian Winston and some older and younger homeopaths exchanged strong opinions, and Joe was able to maintain calm and decorum with his soft-spoken wisdom and wit. May the Divine Force bless you, Joe, and, may you continue to smile wryly down upon us as we strive to keep homeopathy alive and well.

Mitchell A. Fleisher, MD, DHt, DAPFM, DcAPCT, Nellysford, VA

I have fond memories of meeting Joe when I attended NCH Summer School in Massachusetts in 1985. We were sporadically in touch after that and I was happy to call on WHP for my remedy needs. In the fall of 1998 when my family and I were doing a year of volunteer work in Honduras and

Hurricane Mitch struck, Joe very generously sent many remedies, including *Eupatorium perfoliatum* for the inevitable outbreak of Dengue Fever. I remember him as a quiet, kind man with a wonderfully quirky sense of humor. He will be missed.

Alice Coblenz, MD, Asheville, NC

Joe is the reason I am a homeopath today. In 1980 before attending college, I kept a few goats. One had caseous lymphadenitis. She would get painful abscesses in the lymph nodes along her neck, one at a time; when one cleared up another would appear. I followed the allopathic veterinarian's instructions, expressing the nasty pus, flushing with dilute iodine, and giving penicillin injections. Because the disease was considered highly contagious, I had to keep her isolated and burn anything that had come in contact with the discharges. The whole process was like a painful rodeo for the goat. This went on for several weeks with absolutely no improvement.

One day someone suggested I contact Joe because he was dabbling in "natural" medicine, so I went to see him at his farm. He got out a book about homeopathy for cats and asked me a few questions, then handed me two remedies: *Belladonna* (I don't remember the potency) to bring a new abscess to a head, and *Hepar sulph* 12c to make it drain and heal. He said to stop the other stuff and just let her respond to the homeopathy. When I got home, the abscess was already draining, so I gave *Hepar sulph* and another dose the next day. The abscess drained and healed—and she never got another one. So my experience right from the start was that homeopathy can work on chronic disease far better than allopathy—and that Joe was a gifted prescriber.

Back then, there was a big tank of gasoline at the farm, and if anyone was about to run out, Joe would sell them gas, which was very handy. Or if you didn't have money, he'd front you the gas. He also let it be known that if anyone needed a remedy,



APRIL 2016:

Joe Lillard Receives Julian Winston Award

This is excerpted from the words of NCH Immediate Past-President, Ann Jerome, at the 2016 Joint American Homeopathic Conference in Colorado, when she presented Joe Lillard with the Julian Winston Service Award via Skype.

Julian Winston was a champion of homeopathy and the National Center for Homeopathy. As board member, as Dean of NCH Summer School, as editor of *Homeopathy Today*, as a friend and advisor to board and staff, he helped to shape the quality and direction of NCH for decades. The award in his name honors those who serve NCH with similar dedication. This year, the *Julian Winston Service Award* honors retiring board member Joe Lillard.

Joe has given NCH 30 years—more than any other board member throughout the organization's history. He has served in many officer capacities, including President and Treasurer, provided grounded and visionary direction, and offered practical and financial support as well as the magical benefit of his leavening wit. He helped guide NCH through many changes, gracefully navigating the needs of each phase of its development.

Friends and colleagues at the 2016 JAHC contributed words to describe Joe: committed, wise, unassuming, knowledgeable, passionate, crusty (in the best way possible!), always there for everybody, authentic, perceptive, quirky, legendary, impactful, dedicated, uncompromising, a man of few words—but always on target. Because of his personal qualities at least as much as his business and professional contributions, Joe's impact on the homeopathic community has been profound and immeasurably far-reaching. Joe and Julian were friends, colleagues, and musical adventurers together. It's entirely appropriate that Julian's award honors Joe, and we're sure that Julian would warmly approve.



Each year, July 4th brought throngs of friends, family, and community to Joe and Linda's farm for a parade and picnic.



Joe Herrmann (of Critton Hollow String Band) juggles on the shoulders of Joe Lillard at a July 4th celebration in the early '80s. Photo courtesy of Jeanne Mozier.

they could come to the house, regardless of whether anyone was home, and just take what they needed. I did that many times early in my practice before I got my pharmacy stocked. Joe was the personification of generosity, intelligence, and patience.

Jane Laura Doyle, DVM, Berkeley Springs, WV

I remember him from my days as NCH President, when he championed the Affiliated Study Group concept and helped to make it NCH policy. Never loud or strident, he was always there when a job needed to be done. His sarcasm was always mild and never mean in intent, just a kind of default setting for a cock-eyed world gone mad, which he somehow managed to look upon with amusement rather than bitterness or rancor, and was thus blessed to get along with people of all political persuasions.

Richard Moskowitz, MD, Watertown, MA

While attending a meeting of the American Association of Homeopathic Pharmacists, I ran into Joe. As we got to talking I asked him where he was staying and he replied "in my car" in some open parking lot; he said he'd rather spend his money on a nice meal than on a crappy motel room. I told him I had a crappy motel room with two beds, and he was welcome to share my room. He agreed, and, after retrieving his car, we went to a local sushi restaurant and he bought us a many-course meal before walking circuitously back to the motel on a warm San Francisco night. We ended the evening with a few verses of the song "Little Brown Jug," which seemed appropriate.

Jim Klemmer, Natural Health Supply, Santa Fe, NM

I was president of NCH when Joe was on the board. He was the major force behind organizing the study group network, which was a great membership boost for NCH and an important support for homeopathy in general. He was always soft-spoken and unflappable. I also had the pleasure to play music with Joe and his friends at a dance at one of the NCH meetings.

—**William Shevin, MD, DHT, Woodstock, CT**

We will miss him tremendously, with his wry humor and ubiquitous bowties.

Tess and Nicholas Nossaman, MD, DHT, Denver, CO

When my high school boyfriend invited me to dinner to meet his parents in 1995, little did I know that his stepfather would not only become my future employer but a second father to me and play a significant role in shaping the person I am today.

Joe gave me so many gifts: introducing me to coffee ice cream and sushi, providing me with employment at WHP, and renting me my first apartment above his Homeopathy Works shop. Other, less tangible, but more precious gifts were guidance, support, wisdom, truth (as harsh as it was to hear sometimes at ages 16 through 20), a shoulder to cry on, great kindness, friendship, and a fatherly love.

Joe introduced me to the vast world of homeopathy, which eventually led to me finding a position at the National Center for Homeopathy where at the 2004 Summer School I met my husband, Brian. Sometimes when I watch our amazing son, Kai Zander, put *Calendula* on a cut or instinctively ask for a remedy when he isn't feeling well, I think of Joe and how I can trace all these wonderful things in my life back to him. Some call it destiny; others, providence. I know that I was meant to meet him.

There is so much to say about Joe and what his ever-stable presence has meant to me in these past 21 years. But Joe was a man of few words and so I will just say: I loved him very much and will miss him greatly. He was a blessing to the world, and that blessing lives on and on in all that he left behind.

Mary Lillian Cutts, Monrovia, MD

Joe's old-time music parties at the farm were legendary and changed the way I ran (and run) my House of Musical Traditions in Takoma Park. Highwoods String Band, Red Clay Ramblers, Critton Hollow String Band, John McCutcheon, Delaware Water Gap String Band, Bob Dalcimer, The Green Grass Cloggers, Tracy Schwarz, Patent Pending... and many individual pickers would all drop by on their way up and down the

Joe's old-time music parties at the farm were legendary...

Background photo: Groundbreaking for the new WHP facility, 2005.

The means to help yourself, possibly cure what ails you, learn about your body in very different and attentive ways, and not spend a lot of money for healthcare—these were great gifts from him to us all.

East Coast to and from festivals. Not replaceable and never forgotten, Joe truly traveled to the “beat” of a different fiddle!
David E. Eisner, Takoma Park, MD

Joe was Joe. Amazing man who lived his beliefs and the power of his convictions. He stayed true to homeopathy right up to the White House steps! His contributions are legion. I loved him. Rest in peace, Joe. And thanks for the memories.
Nancy Gahles, DC, CCH, RSHom(NA), Belle Harbor, NY

I was staying with JW (Julian Winston) in Philly on one of my first trips to the US from New Zealand, and we set a time to visit Joe in WV and see the historical goodies stored at Homeopathy Works. We arrived to stay at Joe’s home, just after the dog had had a run-in with a skunk. My first experience with skunk...

JW had a story about skunk from when he and Joe were clearing “stuff” from the old Boericke and Tafel pharmacy in Philadelphia before it closed in 1992 (after having been at that location since 1880). They came across a bottle labeled with a skull and crossbones. JW lifted it down, opened the cork, and took a sniff. He nearly choked, coughing so much, while Joe, from across the room, said dryly, “Skunk, huh?” JW set the bottle aside, wedged under a shelf. He wanted some to keep, naturally. (That was the source for the homeopathic remedy, *Mephitis*.) Later, one of the Boericke and Tafel employees couldn’t get the bottle out and yanked so hard the top came off. She got it all over herself and had to burn her clothes. Plus the whole building shut down for days to clear the smell.

Well we visited Joe’s “Works” on Berkeley Springs’ main street and were booked to see the movie *Shawshank Redemption* at the local cinema later that evening—Joe having organized the tickets for us. “I booked us the sofa,” he said. “Starts at 8 pm.” At a couple of minutes before eight,

I wondered out loud if we ought to get a move on or we’d be late for the movie. Joe wasn’t fussed, of course. We moseyed along the street, only a couple of buildings down, and into the cinema where we were greeted like royalty—introduced to the staff, given a tour of the screening room, loaded up with free popcorn ... time passing ... Eventually we strolled down the aisle, maybe 8:15 pm, three of us on the four-seater sofa (everyone else in single seats). As soon as we sat, the lights went down, and the movie started—just waiting for us to arrive. Later I learned Joe co-owned the theater. He was a great man. He gave a lot to homeopathy.

Gwyneth Evans (wife of the late Julian Winston), Wellington, New Zealand

After Joe and Linda bought the Bethesda pharmacy in 1991, Joe asked me to help him explore, organize, and get the place “in shape.” On the first day of my week stay, we walked around as Joe proudly showed me the contents of this room or that cupboard and what each instrument or machine did. Joe could see I was getting excited as my animation was palpable. In the afternoon, he let go of the leash and, like a beagle searching for rodents, I went through every nook and cranny. By week’s end, the place was organized, cleaned, and sorted out. When Joe offered me a pharmacist position there, I initially said “yes” but later backed out for personal reasons. Joe was devastated and, needless to say, I felt awful. It just was not meant to be, but to this day, I think about that path not taken... The happy ending is that the Lillard family went on to create a very successful business. Over the years, I would occasionally drop in on them in WV, and each lengthy visit included a tour, conversation, and a meal.

Joe devoted an enormous amount of his life to homeopathy (as Linda has and continues to do), not only in the pharmacy but through his organizational work. He is part of a vanguard that



Joe Lillard, Ann Herren, Julian Winston at the grand opening of Homeopathy Works in 1993.

kept the heart of homeopathy strongly beating during the turbulent times of the past three decades. Joe Lillard will be missed but not forgotten: let us try to garner inspiration from those cherished memories.

Jay Yasgur, RPh, MSc, Greenville, PA

I remember: Joe’s green floppy hat, which he loved but ultimately lost; Joe’s bow-tie—his “formal attire”; Joe’s incredible passion and love for homeopathy; Joe standing with arms folded, studying people, trying to figure out what remedy they needed just by observing them; Joe’s favorite writing implement—a short stub of pencil or crayon; Joe’s hair (need I say more?); Joe being so soft-spoken you had to strain to hear him; Joe studying karate and proudly showing us pharmacy staff what he’d learned; Joe bringing Christmas trees (which he’d grown on his farm) to his staff and delivering them to our homes; Joe being a good friend, who was there when you needed him.

Joe was one of a kind, an original. I consider myself very lucky indeed to have known him. When you think of Joe, your thoughts are accompanied by a smile on your face. Good-bye, Joe, and thanks.

Connie Maust, Rockville, MD

When you think of Joe, your thoughts are accompanied by a smile on your face.

The NCH Affiliated Study Group (ASG) movement would not have happened without Joe. It was he who prodded the NCH Board to action in 1987, convinced that at least three independent study groups were willing to come into the “NCH Tent.” The time was right, and the number of ASGs rapidly reached more than 100. They helped “grow” homeopathy across North America and increase the demand for professional homeopaths! Joe convinced the NCH Board to support ASGs by selling study guides, books, and kits in an era when such items weren’t readily available, and to provide special ASG newsletters and workshops at NCH’s Summer School and Conference.

I didn’t know about this when I joined my first ASG in 1988—I just thought it was great that there was a place, with a group of like-minded individuals, using an established curriculum, where I could learn about *Arnica* and everything else homeopathic. Quite a number of participants went on to formal training and are today practicing homeopaths. Thanks, Joe!
Kristy Lampe, Charlotte, NC

To Joe’s dear family: Thank you so much for everything you’ve shared with me—



Jack Soronen, Jeanne Mozier, and Joe Lillard taking a break in their months of effort getting the Star Theatre ready to open in 1977. Jeanne says: “Joe was an original partner and we could not have done it without him. He left the business shortly after to plunge into homeopathy. The tasks of our vintage operation were a bit challenging for him—he’d fall asleep in the projection booth while showing a movie.”

most especially Joe. I am so thankful to have been brought into your fold for the six rich years I worked at Washington Homeopathic Products. Without you and Joe, I would not be who I am today—a physician, an osteopath, a West Virginian, a friend of homeopathy. I would not have met my husband (over a sale of Poison Ivy Pills at WHP) or had these beautiful children. Joe (and you all) taught me how to love and about the beauty of simplicity. He gave everyone a chance to shine, particularly his employees. Ever trusting at the outset, his only assumption was that you were a good person. He was both a good businessman and a good friend. I think he was the most genuine person some of us will ever meet.

Joe’s compassion for humanity and love for homeopathy touched everything he did. On many occasions did a colleague with a cold come to his desk. He would open his *MacRepertory* program, take their case, and watch with delight as a well-chosen remedy did its work. He introduced me to other like-minded old souls—particularly Mike Somerson, DO—with whom I trained. Joe got me involved in our local arts council, sponsored my classes through NCH Summer School, and opened the door for me to study osteopathy and homeopathy in Germany. He invested equally in so many of us.

This Earth has lost a beautiful soul, but Joe’s spirit lives and moves on through the energy of the Cosmos. Please know his ripples will be felt forever.

Catherine Clark Feaga, DO, Harpers Ferry, WV

We met Joe 40 years ago, when he was standing in the doorway as an owner of the re-opened Star Theater in Berkeley Springs—a small-town movie theater built in 1928 that he had helped to save from extinction. He was wearing a bowtie.

He wore bowties all the time. At the Goodwill, I found a large collection, brand new from the 1950s, 10 cents each. I bought the full box and gave them to Joe. He wore them regularly, a different one each day.

Joe found an old piece of equipment

on his property that ended up being a broom-winding machine, and he got quite involved in making brooms for a while. They had natural bark-covered bent-stick handles. At the local Apple Butter Festival, he sold them and demonstrated how the antique machinery worked.

When he started exploring homeopathy, he would offer help to anyone who was ill, spreading the word, and many of us were becoming convinced of the effectiveness of this “new medicine.” He would make suggestions from our symptoms—and tell us to go get the remedy from his house. He had a wonderful old cabinet with many drawers, all full of little bottles of white pills. I went several times to his old farmhouse—no one was home, just walked into the low-ceilinged room, searching for the remedy in the dim light. I always found it, somewhere in that cabinet. I thought, my goodness, so many bottles! Well, I now have a drawer just like that—full of many remedies in little bottles.

The means to help yourself, possibly cure what ails you, learn about your body in very different and attentive ways, and not spend a lot of money for health-care—these were great gifts from him to us all. And we’ve passed that sensitivity and awareness on to our children. Joe has affected so many and started a very solid, growing, respected business in our community. What a treasure.

Carol and J-P Hsu, Berkeley Springs, WV

I met Joe over 30 years ago when I began studying homeopathic medicine. He and Linda did a wonderful thing taking over the Washington Homeopathic Pharmacy, just blocks from my office in Bethesda. Walking into the old WHP was like going back into a pharmacy 100 years ago: bottles of colored liquids, beautiful dark wooden cabinets, and shelving filled with stock bottles of remedies. Joe loved and dedicated himself to homeopathy and did not want to see this pharmacy close. When he took over, he picked up where the previous owner left off, making remedies by hand and with the original equipment and potentizers. On the front counter as a treat for customers, Joe had a dish with



“Enjoying the music of her father’s fiddle, ten-year-old Emi Lillard represents a medical miracle. She has a rare genetic disorder that brought on septicemia, system wide blood poisoning, when she was six months old. Her doctors announced she had hours to live, and hospital monitors attached to her body documented that she was dying. Her parents, Joe and Linda Lillard, credit homeopathic remedies with saving her life. ... Emi, who does not have normal speech and hearing, loves music. Her best smile comes when her father plays the fiddle. She enjoys touching it and feeling the vibrations.”

—This appeared in the book, *Nature’s Medicine: Plants that Heal*, by Joel Swerdlow, with photos by Lynn Johnson, published by National Geographic in 2000. Sixteen years later, photographer Lynn Johnson says: “I remember that moment—the air, the light, his tenderness—as if it was yesterday.”

Joe was one of those people who had a way of making everyone feel special.

nonpareils, those thin chocolate wafers covered with size #10 sugar balls, which he said were “not potentized.”

Long commutes and rising rents eventually compelled the Lillards to move operations to West Virginia, but Joe kept as much of the old store as possible to create a museum. WHP lives on because of Joe’s unassuming manner and indomitable fortitude. I will remember Joe with great respect for what he and Linda have done to preserve the continuation of homeopathy in the U.S. Many thousands of people have been helped from these efforts. Pax Vobiscum Joe.

Anthony M. Aurigemma, MD, New York, NY, & Bethesda, MD

Shortly after moving to Berkeley Springs, I was invited to a little cabin in the woods to meet Joe, who was holding a meeting to discuss his vision of homeopathic study groups across the U.S. Surprised by the number of people in attendance in this small community, I was immediately drawn to his love for and passion to share homeopathy.

Joe was not only a visionary but someone who could set the wheels in motion to see his dreams materialize. I remember attending those first study group meet-

ings where he taught in typical, laidback “Joe style.” He introduced us to his favorite homeopaths, theories, remedies, and *Materia Medica* basics. His caring, compassionate heart was always at the center. Joining the National Center for Homeopathy was a must. This first study group was the catalyst for many more, including one in the small town of Menomonie, WI, that my husband and I later started.

When Homeopathy Works opened, I remember Joe would sit in the museum/store area on an old, restored Sears Roebuck loveseat to absorb the energy in the only homeopathic museum in the country. A window gave visitors a firsthand view of the manufacturing of remedies—making education available to interested seekers.

In his willingness to help anyone, prior to the opening of the pharmacy, Joe had a cabinet in his home that held hundreds of remedies, which were there for everyone’s use. Joe responded many times to those of us working at Homeopathy Works who sought remedy advice. He was always available and eager to provide information, often suggesting the perfect remedy. This opened the door to introduce homeopathy to a community that had no concept of alternative medicine.

It was an inspiration and education

to volunteer and work for such a caring, kindhearted, compassionate man who dedicated his life to helping others. Joe was one of a kind and will be sorely missed by those whose lives he touched. We were honored to be his students and to be able to share in his vision.

Sandi Borgmeyer, Menomonie, WI

When Joe and I joined the NCH board of directors in the mid-1980s, the NCH was still primarily an organization run by and focused on physicians. As a strong advocate of training lay folks, Joe was absolutely influential in creating the enormously successful NCH Study Group program, which nearly doubled NCH membership. Joe loved homeopathy and wanted to make it accessible to everyone, so he was soon using his energy and organizational skills to cultivate the growth and success of Washington Homeopathic Products. Through it all, he was the most humble, unpretentious, and generous person I have known, always willing to donate to any charitable mission. When Dr. Eric Udell (who was then doing a homeopathic residency with me) traveled to Sri Lanka to help those suffering after the horrible tsunami of 2004, it was Joe I called and it was WHP’s remedies that



Joe won the “beard contest” at the 1978 Berkeley Springs Apple Butter Festival. Photo courtesy of Jeanne Mozier.

Dr. Udell brought with him. I will miss Joe greatly as a friend and colleague.

Stephen Messer, ND, DHANP, Tempe, AZ

I worked for Joe for a long time—a real smart guy with big vision. Whenever Joe had a problem, he would lie down on the office floor 15 minutes and “snooze” up the answer.

He had a good sense of humor and I was always playing tricks on him. The dear old building he loved had high ceilings. We had a feather duster on an extension pole. Joe was busy on his computer with his back to me. I sneaked into the next room, extended the pole 7 feet, and put the feathers right up next to his ear—everybody on Fairfax Street heard him yell!

One time he asked me to count all the #10 pellets in a 1/2 dram vial. My mouth dropped to my belly button, but I counted them. Later on, here he come with a \$20 bill and an ice cream cone for me.

I was the oldest employee Joe and Linda had. We laughed our asses off when the computers went down and Joe hauled out the Underwood—only he and I could work that typewriter.

These folks didn’t just give me a job, they gave me a destiny. I wanted to be like Joe, sharing his love for homeopathy and teaching classes. This big-hearted man has passed on, but he lives in my dreams, and I always am grateful.

Bunny Shepard, Berkeley Springs, WV

We served together on the NCH Board. Joe was always a cool guy—down-home

He loved his family, his kids, his legions of friends, and the even greater masses of people he cured with his medicine. And they loved him back.

and level-headed. He was a man of few words, but when his drawling voice spoke, everyone listened. Farewell Joe! I’m sure you’re hanging now with the pantheon of homeopathic greats.

Amy L. Lansky, PhD, Portola Valley, CA

Joe was a gentle giant with a dry, wicked sense of humor. The first year I was here in the US, I was worried about being able to stay, so he sent me my first green card. It’s a piece of green card (literally), dated 1/29/1995 with the handwritten words, “Looks like a green card to me,” and signed “J. Lillard, Official.” I had it pinned to my corkboard for years. It was eventually joined by the genuine article, which is shockingly pink, so Joe’s always felt like the real McCoy to me. I shall so miss him.

Miranda Castro, FSHom, RSHom(NA), Gainesville, FL

Today a great hole was made in the heart of our community with the passing of our longtime friend, Joe Lillard. Joe entered Jack’s and my life 41 years ago when we all became partners in a farm in what we called South Unger. He was our partner in establishing the Star Theatre. It would not have happened without him. He was instrumental in creating the Morgan Arts Council—it also would not have happened without him. He revolutionized the face of homeopathic medicine in America and around the world eventually going from using those little white pills to treat his sheep to owning the country’s second largest manufactory of homeopathic medicine—WHP—a worldwide business based here in Berkeley Springs. His “invention” of study groups put homeopathy back into the hands of everyone everywhere as it once was. Joe was way more than what he did. He loved his family, his kids, his legions of friends, and the even greater masses of people he

cured with his medicine. And they loved him back. He loved old-time music, the old ways, and old things. Joe was an original. Irreplaceable. If all the people who knew and loved him came together to tell Joe stories they would fill a stadium and take a week to tell them all. We will miss you Joe and never forget you.

Jeanne Mozier, Berkeley Springs, WV

To appreciate and enjoy the giant character of JOE ... years ago, I asked, “Hey, how you doing Joe?” He replied, “Copacetic.” No doubt a word, a thought, a life to remember for our own lives.

Kenny Mccoy, Berkeley Springs, WV

It was 1983 at NCH Summer School’s “advanced lay week” in Millersville, PA. I arrived and was browsing the bookstore when a fellow student approached—wild hair with bits of hay sticking out (he’d been baling hay), a grease-stained T-shirt (he’d had car trouble on the drive from WV), and a big leather satchel over his shoulder. “Wanna get a beer?” he asked. Young and a little afraid, I politely declined. But Joe’s genuineness, good-humor, and determination soon won me over, and I have been blessed by his friendship ever since. I will miss his laugh (a big “HA!”), his curiosity (“So, what *else...*?”), his encouragement (“Go for it!”), his loyalty (“Mike’s sick, let’s visit him”), his penchant for moving forward (“Next!”), his thoughtfulness (“How’s Mom?”), his spirited singing (“Up from the grave He arose...!”), and that knowing twinkle in his eye. Godspeed, Joe.

Mitzi Lebensorger, Chicago, IL



Joe and Linda wave from Joe’s 1931 Model A during a July 4th parade.