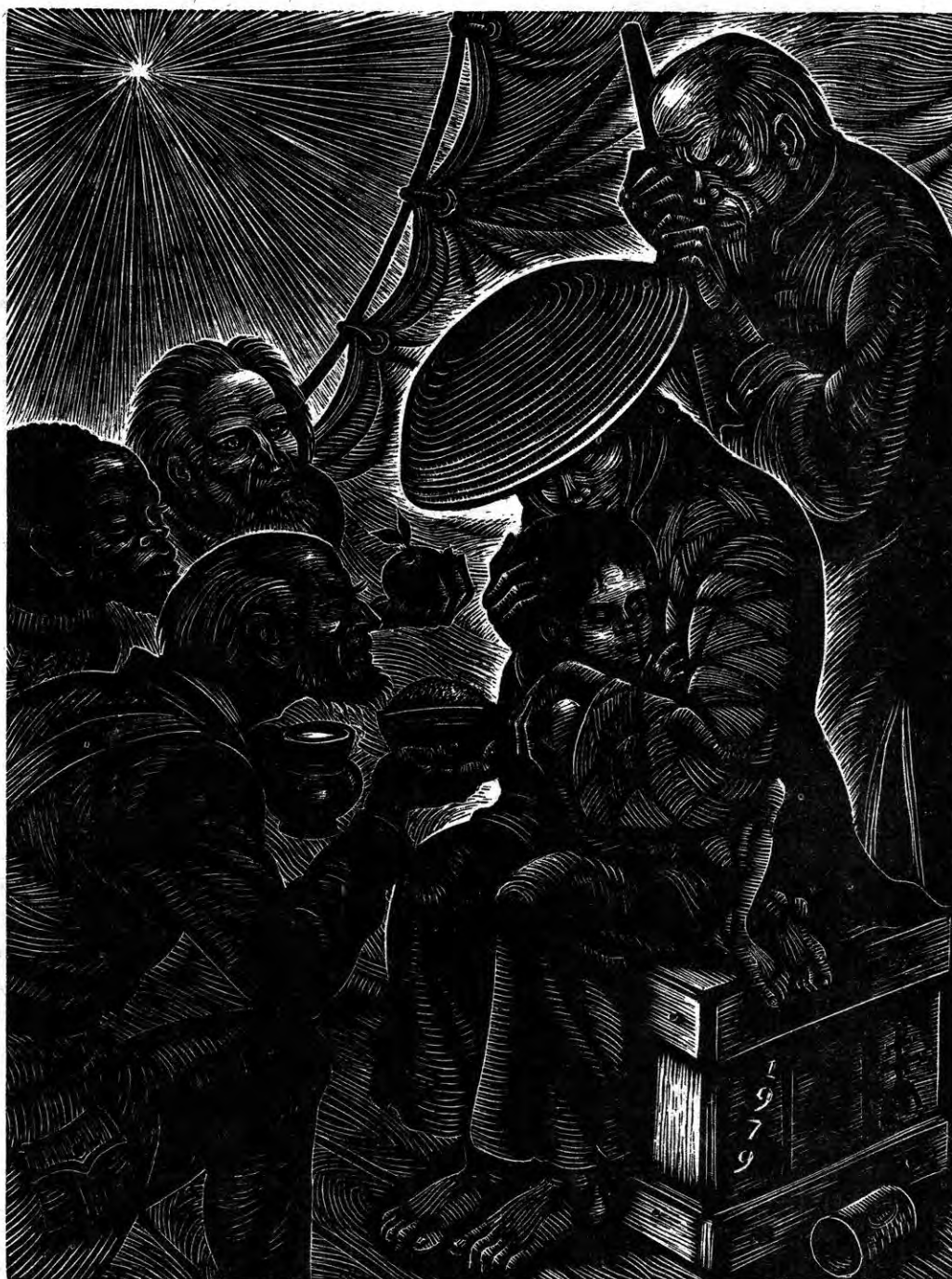


November 15, 1980

# FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker  
Thought  
and  
Life  
Today

Hatred ceases  
by love.  
This is the  
eternal law.



# Contents

November 15, 1980  
Vol. 26, No. 17

<b>Jericho, 1980</b> .....	2
—Timothy Cain	
<b>Pilgrim's Progress</b> .....	3
—Ruth Kilpack	
<b>One Pilgrim's Path</b> .....	4
—Robert Horton	
<b>Steps Toward Inner Peace</b> .....	6
—Peace Pilgrim	
<b>A Lamentation for Cambodia</b> .....	9
—Margaret G. Beidler	
<b>We Did Not Choose Them</b> .....	10
—Barbara Reynolds	
<b>Nouveau-Eskimo</b> .....	14
—William Gray	
<b>Yoben's Lesson</b> .....	15
—Yoben	
<b>All Creation Groans</b> .....	18
—Ben Richmond	
<b>A Statement of Conscience by Quakers Concerned</b> .....	20
<b>Friends Around the World</b> .....	21
<b>Book Reviews</b> .....	23
<b>Letters to the Editors</b> .....	25
<b>Announcements</b> .....	28
<b>Classified Advertisements</b> .....	30

Front cover wood engraving courtesy of Fritz Eichenberg, © 1979.  
Cover quote from page 10.



# FRIENDS JOURNAL

*Friends Journal* (USPS 210-620) was established in 1955 as the successor to *The Friend* (1827-1955) and *Friends Intelligencer* (1844-1955). It is associated with the Religious Society of Friends.

## STAFF

Ruth Kilpack and Susan Corson-Finnerty, *Editors*  
Susan Corson-Finnerty, *Business Manager*  
Nina Sullivan, *Advertising and Circulation*  
Barbara Benton and Dorothy Jackson, *Design*  
Vinton Deming and Rick Posmantur, *Typesetting*  
James Neveil, *Bookkeeper*  
Ruth Laughlin, *Administrative Assistant*  
Vinton Deming, *Book Reviews*

*Volunteers:* Susan P. Hardee (*Proofreading*), M.C. Morris (*Friends Around the World*), Marguerite L. Horlander and Donald G. Rose (*Office Assistance*), Lili Schlesinger (*Index*).

## BOARD OF MANAGERS

1978-1981: Stephen Anderson, Marjorie Baechler, Carol P. Brainerd, Eleanor B. Perry, Marian Sanders (*Secretary*), Patricia McBee Sheeks, Eileen B. Waring.  
1979-1982: Joseph Adcock, Gertrude MacIntosh Brett, Elizabeth Cooke, Peter Fingesten, William B. Kriebel (*Assistant Clerk*), Kenneth Miller, Emily B.H. Phillips.  
1980-1983: Elizabeth R. Balderston, Henry C. Beeris, Miriam E. Brown, James Neal Cavenor, Rowland K. Leonard (*Treasurer*), Linell McCurry, Eleanor B. Webb (*Clerk*), Elizabeth Wells.

## HONORARY MANAGERS

Eleanor Stabler Clarke, Daniel D. Test, Jr., Mildred Binns Young.

## FORMER EDITORS

James D. Lenhart, Alfred Stefferud, Frances Williams Brown, William Hubben.

• *Friends Journal* is published the first and fifteenth of each month (except January, June, July, August and September, when it is published monthly) by Friends Publishing Corporation, 152-A N. 15th Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. Telephone (215) 564-4779. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, PA, and at additional mailing offices.

• Subscription: United States and "possessions": one year \$12, two years \$23, three years \$34.50. Foreign countries (including Canada and Mexico): add \$4 per year for postage. Foreign remittances should be in U.S. dollars or adjusted for currency differential. Single copies: \$1.00; samples sent on request.

• Information on and assistance with advertising is available on request. Appearance of any advertisement does not imply endorsement by *Friends Journal*.

Copyright © 1980 by Friends Publishing Corporation. Reprints of some articles available at nominal cost. Permission should be received before reprinting excerpts longer than 200 words.

Postmaster: send address changes to *Friends Journal*, 152-A N. 15th St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

## JERICHO, 1980

Jesus,  
Your hollow face fragments  
The dull-dropped dawn.  
Your starvation sounds the trumpet  
For a million martyred souls,  
Unfed by the bread of love,  
To batter down  
The walls of insipid conscience.  
Your yellow hunger proclaims  
The apocalyptic night  
In a whisper.

There are no soft garments here,  
nor  
Silken hair, complacent smile,  
Only the swelled stomach of  
an unwashed child  
In the bleached streets  
of Kampuchea.

—Timothy Cain

As way opens...

# PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

When, about 300 years ago, a tinker—a dissenter from the Established Church—was thrown into Bedford town jail in England for preaching and teaching notions contrary to church liturgy and doctrine, he began to write what came to be called “the most influential religious book ever composed in the English language.”

But who reads *Pilgrim's Progress* in the nuclear age, when—technically—the story can be repeated many times over on one tiny microdot? Perhaps only those who must meet the requirement for freshman English. Nevertheless, in spite of silicon chips, laser beams, and invisible war planes in the skies above us, in spite of the pushbuttons of mutually-assured destruction among nations, the human race continues to enact the drama dreamed by John Bunyan so long ago.

Christian still seeks the Celestial City—encountering on his way, Worldly Wise, Mr. Moneylove, Mr. Love-lust, Mr. Hate-light, No-Heart, Mrs. Timorous, Mrs. Bat's-eyes, Mr. Despondency, the Giant Slay-good, Mr. Valiant-for-truth, and Giant Despair—as he slogs on through the Slough of Despond, Forgetful Green, the Valley of Humiliation, through Vanity Fair, and up Mount Charity and the Delectable Mountains.

Today, a woman whose only known name is “Peace Pilgrim,” walks cheerfully forth and back across this vast continent, carrying in her pockets only a toothbrush and a comb, and in her heart peace and goodwill to share with all she meets. Another woman, Long Remembrance, takes her four young children with her to the far-off land of Cambodia, breaking down the barriers of centuries in order to communicate with young Buddhist priests, whose loss in the hideous flames of war she laments a quarter-century later, their image refined and clarified through the fire, their saffron robes flickering like giant

butterflies, the incense of their gentleness still wafting back to her.

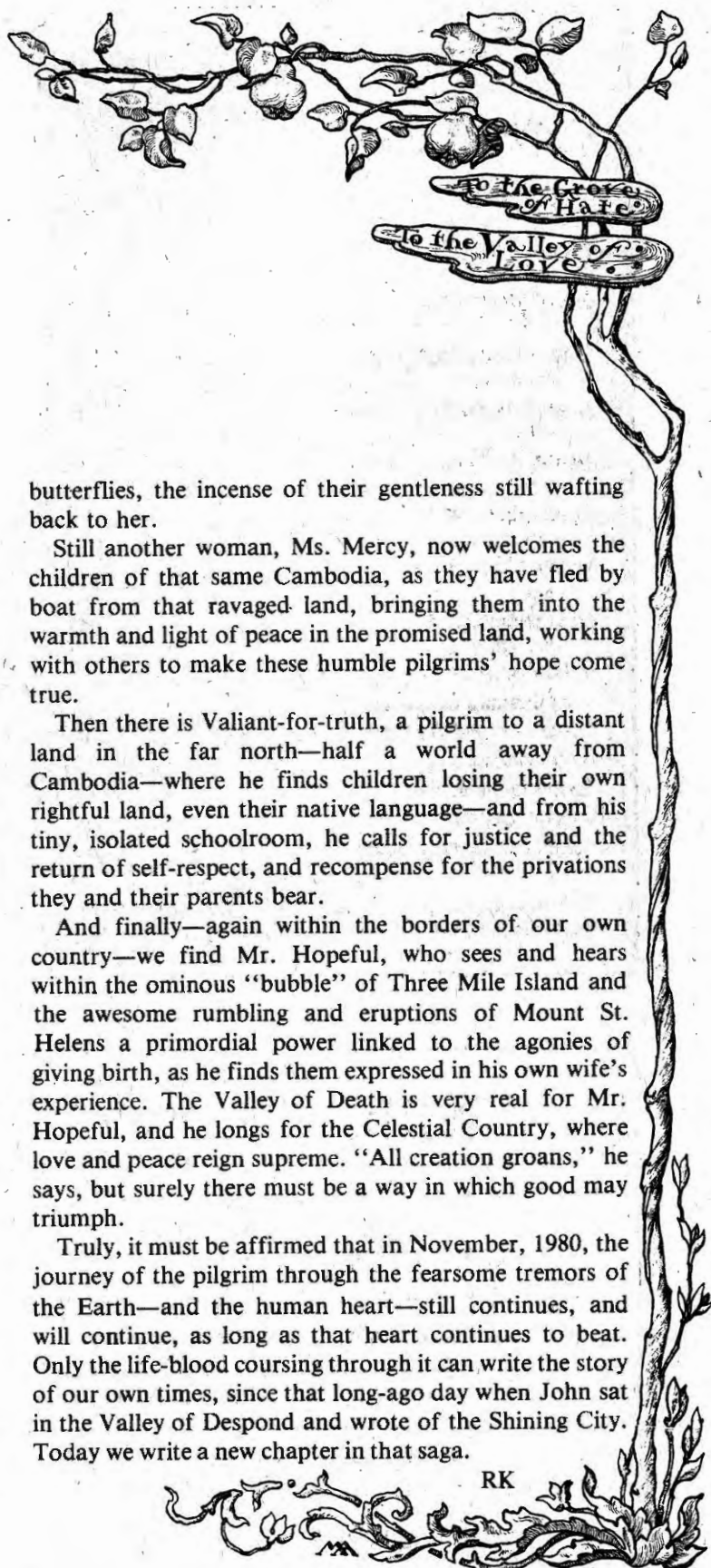
Still another woman, Ms. Mercy, now welcomes the children of that same Cambodia, as they have fled by boat from that ravaged land, bringing them into the warmth and light of peace in the promised land, working with others to make these humble pilgrims' hope come true.

Then there is Valiant-for-truth, a pilgrim to a distant land in the far north—half a world away from Cambodia—where he finds children losing their own rightful land, even their native language—and from his tiny, isolated schoolroom, he calls for justice and the return of self-respect, and recompense for the privations they and their parents bear.

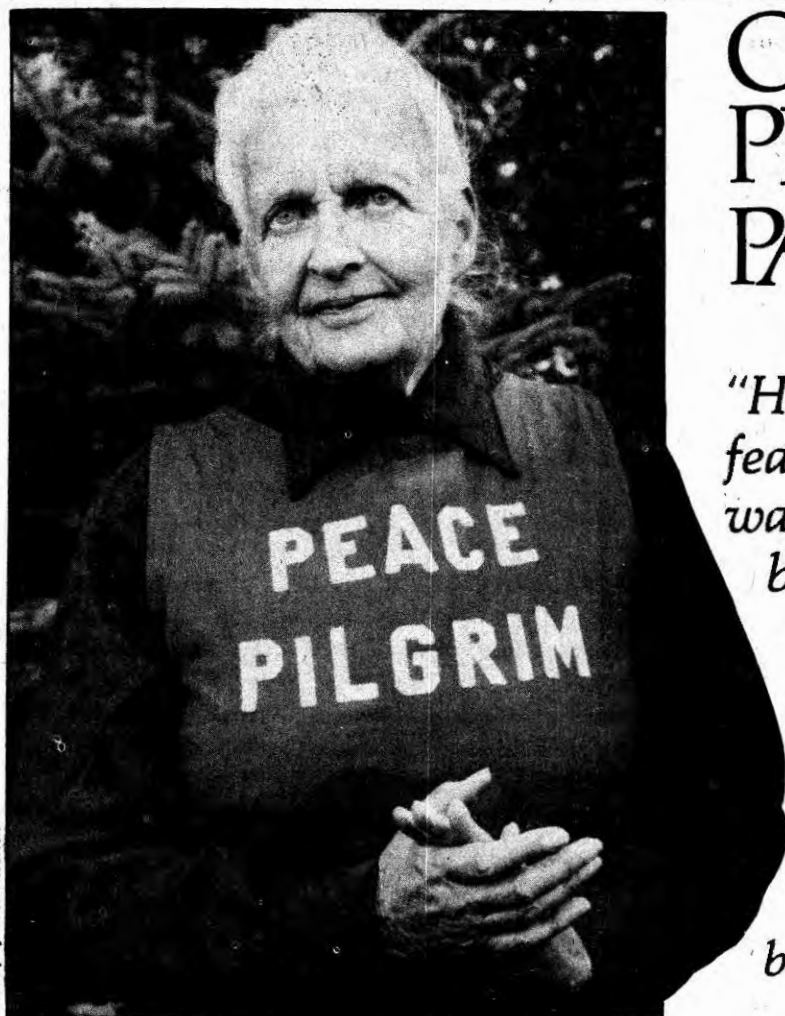
And finally—again within the borders of our own country—we find Mr. Hopeful, who sees and hears within the ominous “bubble” of Three Mile Island and the awesome rumbling and eruptions of Mount St. Helens a primordial power linked to the agonies of giving birth, as he finds them expressed in his own wife's experience. The Valley of Death is very real for Mr. Hopeful, and he longs for the Celestial Country, where love and peace reign supreme. “All creation groans,” he says, but surely there must be a way in which good may triumph.

Truly, it must be affirmed that in November, 1980, the journey of the pilgrim through the fearsome tremors of the Earth—and the human heart—still continues, and will continue, as long as that heart continues to beat. Only the life-blood coursing through it can write the story of our own times, since that long-ago day when John sat in the Valley of Despond and wrote of the Shining City. Today we write a new chapter in that saga.

RK







# ONE PILGRIM'S PATH

*"Humanity, with  
fearful, faltering steps,  
walks a knife edge  
between complete chaos  
and a golden age."*

*by Robert Horton*

I would like to tell the story of a remarkable woman who, until 1953, had been an activist in the peace movement, contributing through her energy, sharp intellect, skills and talents to the cause of peace through organizations. During that year it became clear to her, with the leading of a spiritual experience, that if she were to achieve inner peace and truly make a contribution uniquely her own to peace between groups and to international peace, a different path would be required of her and given to her. Since that time and continuing on in the present, this remarkable woman has walked and travelled thousands of miles, and has spoken to tens of thousands of individuals singly, in groups, and through the mass media about peace, challenging them to work for peace in their own particular ways.

And so the story goes, much of it told through her own writing and teaching. "Peace Pilgrim" or "Peace" was

*Robert Horton, long-time peace activist, a retired Methodist minister, founder of and a national visitor for Prisoner Visitation and Support, is among the many persons who over the years have had the privilege of offering hospitality to Peace Pilgrim as she was passing through.*

the name that she took. "That is who I am," she explained. At that time she was led to give away all her earthly possessions and she pledged to walk 25,000 miles as a wanderer. She started out from the West Coast, dressed in navy blue slacks, and a shirt covered by a tunic with white letters imprinted on the front: PEACE PILGRIM; and across her back: WALKING 25,000 MILES FOR WORLD DISARMAMENT. For the first 25,000 miles she *walked* only, accepting no rides, speaking wherever she had an opportunity. That mileage was achieved in 1964. Since that time she has walked many thousands of miles, but her primary focus has been on speaking, and so she has accepted rides and sometimes a ticket for public transportation.

Peace asks nothing for herself. Her only possessions are a comb, a ball-point pen, a toothbrush, notes on slips of paper, and the clothes she wears. She has many friends, however, who gratefully (grateful for the opportunity) offer the hospitality and resources which make her mission possible. She carries no money, and eats as she is offered food. Once I asked her what she does when it



rains. Her answer, "My skin is waterproof. I don't melt in the rain." Sometimes she spends the night in a bus station or asks the attendant at a used car lot to let her sleep in the back seat of one of the cars.

Once, someone who heard her speak took her to Alaska and Hawaii so that his relatives could hear her message. She has a strong body and a razor-sharp mind. She never uses notes when speaking. In a week of meetings which I arranged for her, I never heard her repeat herself.

She has walked and spoken in all of the fifty states. She walks until offered a ride and fasts until offered food. Perhaps the most attentive audience I arranged for her was in a Philadelphia prison. Once she had spent a day in prison because she would not give her "old" name. She had a great time with the other women prisoners. She is not affiliated with any organization nor responsible to any person or group. Speaking to a junior high group, she said, "In junior high I chose freedom, refusing cigarettes and alcohol." She defines spiritual life as "growing up to be independent of material things."

On the subject of war she says, "Dueling did not determine who was right and wrong, so duels were outlawed. Some day war will be outlawed." Here is her magic formula for resolving conflicts: "Have as your objective the resolving of the conflict, not the gaining of advantage."

One year I arranged for Peace Pilgrim to be on the program of the Bucks County (PA) Peace Fair, a yearly occasion, which attracted 3,000 to 5,000 people. Late in the evening when we were all dog-tired and packing up peace and social action material, several John Birchers seemed to be giving her a hard time and I thought she must be tired. So I asked them to lay off, and did she ever sputter at me! She said words to this effect: "Now, Bob, you just don't worry about me. I'm getting acquainted with these men, and we're having a good time." She told me later that she once had been able to inspire a young man to leave the John Birch Society.

Here is Peace Pilgrim's message:

*My friends, the world situation is grave. Humanity, with fearful, faltering steps, walks a knife-edge between complete chaos and a golden age, while strong forces push toward chaos. Unless we, the people of the world, awake from our lethargy and push firmly and quickly away from chaos, all that we cherish will be destroyed in the holocaust which will descend.*

*This is the way of peace: overcome evil with good, and falsehood with truth, and hatred with love. The Golden Rule would do as well. Please don't say lightly that these are just religious concepts and not*

*practical. These are laws governing human conduct, which apply as rigidly as the laws of gravity. When we disregard these laws in any walk of life, chaos results. Through obedience to these laws this frightened, war-weary world of ours could enter into a period of peace and richness of life beyond our fondest dreams.*

I gleaned the following gems from one of her messages in Philadelphia:

*I maintain that personal problems should be seen as having a real purpose. They are sent to us by God and we are given the means to deal with them, and in so doing the strength and growing power is engendered.*

*I shall not accept more than I need while others in the world have less than they need.*

Peace answers a question by explaining that for her, not knowing where she will sleep, nor even when she will next eat, is not a fearful or even an insecure experience. She claims that when she has spiritual security, there are no other "real needs." Inner peace, spiritual security, and health are things no millionaire can buy. We must, she repeats, come to the place where spiritual and material well-being are in harmony. And both must be used well and in conscience. Freedom, she says, is such a good thing to have, such a good feeling, and we deprive ourselves of it by the responsibility of too many possessions.

*Worry is not concern. It is the useless mulling over the past and/or being apprehensive of the future. This is obviously a lack of faith. If you will do all you humanly can to improve a situation and then will leave the rest to God, you are exercising your faith.*

Coming to grips with fear is another hurdle to overcome. "Become acquainted with your fears," says Peace, "and they begin to take on perspective." Her greatest test was when she faced death in a blinding snowstorm. We give her story in her own words.

*It was the first year of my pilgrimage, the most beautiful experience I have ever had. I was walking in a very isolated section of the country where there was no human habitation for many miles and that afternoon there came this storm. I have never seen such a storm. If the snow had been rain, you would call it a cloudburst. Never had I seen snow dumped down like this. All of a sudden I was walking in*

deep snow and was unable to see through what was falling. Suddenly I realized that the cars had stopped running, I supposed they were getting stuck on the highway and unable to pass. Then it got dark. There must have been a heavy cloud cover. I could not see my hand before my face and the snow was blowing into my face and closing my eyes. It was getting cold. It was the kind of cold that penetrates to the marrow of the bones. Well, if ever I should lose faith and feel fear, this should be the time because I knew there was no human help at hand. But instead, that whole experience of the cold and the snow and the darkness seemed unreal. Only God seemed real. Nothing else. I made a complete identification. Not with the body which is destructible, but with the reality which activates the body and is indestructible. I felt so free. I didn't know if I was going to stay to serve in this life, or go on to serve in another freer life beyond. But it didn't matter.

I felt I should keep on walking, and I did, even though I couldn't tell whether I was walking along

that highway or out into some fields. My feet in my low canvas shoes were like lumps of ice. They just felt so heavy as I plodded along. Then my whole body began to feel numb with the cold... and after there was more numbness than pain, there came what some would call a vision. It was as though I became aware, not only of the embodied side of life where everything was black darkness and bitter cold and swirling snow, but also and so close it seemed I could step right into it, of the unembodied side of life where everything was warm and light. There was such great beauty. It began with familiar color but transcended familiar color. It began with familiar music but transcended familiar music. And away off in the great distance, I saw these beings, and one of them moved very quickly towards me. When she came close enough, I recognized her although she looked much younger than she had looked when she stepped over. And this I believe—that at the time of the beginning of the change called death, those nearest and dearest come to welcome us. You see, I

## STEPS TOWARD INNER PEACE

From a  
Discourse by  
Peace Pilgrim

With me I carry always my peace message: This is the way of peace—overcome evil with good, falsehood with truth, and hatred with love. There is nothing new about this message except the practice of it. And the practice of it is required not only in the international situation but also in the personal situation. I believe that the situation in the world is a reflection of the situation within human beings, a reflection of our own immaturity. If we were mature harmonious people, war would be no problem whatever—it would be impossible.

All of us can work for peace. We can work right where we are, right within ourselves, because the more peace we have within our own lives, the more we

can reflect into the outer situation. In fact, I believe that the wish to survive will push us into some kind of uneasy world peace which will then need to be supported by a great inner awakening if it is to endure. I believe we entered a new age when we discovered nuclear energy, and that this new age calls for a new renaissance to lift us to a higher level of understanding so that we will be able to cope with the problems of this new age. So, primarily my subject is peace within ourselves as a step toward peace in our world.

Now, when I talk about the steps toward inner peace, I talk about them in a framework, but there's nothing arbitrary about the number of steps. They can be expanded; they can be contracted. This is just a way of talking about the subject, but this is important: the steps toward inner peace are not taken in any certain order. The first step for one may be the last step for another. So, just take whatever steps seem easiest for you, and as you take a few steps, it will become easier for you to take a few more. In this area we really can share. None of you may feel guided to walk a pilgrimage, and I'm not trying to inspire you to walk a pilgrimage, but in the field of finding harmony in our own lives, we can share. And I suspect that when you hear me give some of the steps toward inner peace, you will recognize them as steps that you also have taken.

In the first place I would like to

mention some preparations that were required of me. The first preparation is a right attitude toward life. This means—stop being an escapist! Stop being a surface-liver who stays right in the froth of the surface. There are millions of these people, and they never find anything really worthwhile. Be willing to face life squarely and get down beneath the surface of life where the verities and realities are to be found. That's what we are doing here now.

There's the whole matter of having a meaningful attitude for the problems that life may set before you. If only you could see the whole picture, if only you knew the whole story, you would realize that no problem ever comes to you that does not have a purpose in your life, that cannot contribute to your inner growth. When you perceive this, you will recognize problems as opportunities in disguise. If you did not face problems, you would just drift through life and you would not gain inner growth. It is through solving problems in accordance with the highest light that we have that inner growth is attained. Now, collective problems must be solved by us collectively, and no one finds inner peace who avoids doing his share in the solving of collective problems, like world disarmament and world peace. So let us always think about these problems together and talk about them together, and collectively work toward their solutions.



have been with those who have stepped over. I remember well how they talked with their loved ones on both sides, as though they were all right in the room together. And so I thought, now my time has come to step over, and so I greeted her. I either said or thought, "You have come for me." But she shook her head. She motioned me to go back. At that exact moment I hit the railing of a bridge and the vision faded.

Because I felt guided to do so, I groped my way down that snowy embankment and got myself under that bridge, and there I found a large cardboard packing box. It was full of wrapping paper, and very slowly and awkwardly in my numbed condition, I managed to get myself into that packing box, and somehow my numbed fingers managed to pull the papers around me. And there under the bridge during the storm, I slept. Even there, shelter had been provided. And so also had been the experience. Now, had you looked at me in the midst of it, you might have said, "What a terrible experience that

poor woman is going through." Looking back on it, I can only say, what a wonderful experience in which I faced death with no feeling of fear, but with trust in God, which is what you take right over with you. I believe I have had the great privilege of experiencing the beginning of the change called death.

And so, for twenty-seven years Peace has continued her pilgrimage, aging but in perfect health, with a sharp mind and a degree of spiritual maturity rarely achieved. Her faith in God and humanity is beautiful to observe.

This is my tribute to Peace Pilgrim. She has as perfect a balance between the personal and the social gospel as anyone I know. Her address is: Cologne, New Jersey 08213. A friend forwards her mail to her at a prearranged post office. □

At present, Peace Pilgrim is on her seventh peace pilgrimage, which will take her through forty-eight states in six years, going where she has been invited to visit or speak. In 1981 her route will take her to Louisiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi. —Eds.

The second preparation has to do with bringing our lives into harmony with the laws that govern this universe. Created are not only the worlds and the beings but also the laws which govern them. Applying both in the physical realm and in the psychological realm, these laws govern human conduct. Insofar as we are able to understand and bring our lives in harmony with these laws, our lives will be in harmony. Insofar as we disobey these laws, we create difficulties for ourselves by our disobedience. We are our own worst enemies. If we are out of harmony through ignorance, we suffer somewhat; but if we know better and are still out of harmony, then we suffer a great deal. I recognized that these laws are well-known and well-believed, and therefore they just needed to be well-lived.

So I got busy on a very interesting project. This was to live all the good things I believed in. I did not confuse myself by trying to take them all at once, but rather if I was doing something that I knew I shouldn't be doing, I stopped doing it and I always made a quick relinquishment. You see, that's the easy way. Tapering off is long and hard. And if I was not doing something that I knew I should be doing, I got busy on that. It took the living quite a while to catch up with the believing, but of course it can, and now if I believe something, I live it. Otherwise it would be perfectly meaningless. As I lived according to the

highest light that I had, I discovered that other light was given, that I opened myself to receiving more light as I lived the light I had.

These laws are the same for all of us, and these are the things that we can study and talk about together. But there is also a third preparation that has to do with something which is unique for every human life because every one of us has a special place in the Life Pattern. If you do not yet know clearly where you fit, I suggest that you try seeking it in receptive silence. I used to walk amid the beauties of nature, just receptive and silent, and wonderful insights would come to me. You begin to do your part in the Life Pattern by doing all of the good things you feel motivated toward, even though they are just little good things at first. You give these priority in your life over all the superficial things that customarily clutter human lives.

There is also a fourth preparation, and that is the simplification of life to bring inner and outer well-being—psychological and material well-being—into harmony in your life. This was made very easy for me. Just after I dedicated my life to service, I felt that I could no longer accept more than I needed, while others in the world have less than they need. This moved me to bring my life down to need-level. I thought it would be difficult. I thought it would entail a great many hardships, but I was quite wrong. Now that I own only what I wear

and what I carry in my pockets, I don't feel deprived of anything. For me, what I want and what I need are exactly the same, and you couldn't give me anything I don't need. I discovered this great truth: that unnecessary possessions are just unnecessary burdens. Now, I do not mean that needs are all the same. Your needs may be much greater than mine. For instance, if you have a family, you would need the stability of a family center for your children. But I do mean that anything beyond need—and need sometimes includes things beyond the physical needs too—anything beyond need tends to become burdensome.

There is great freedom in simplicity of living, and after I began to feel this, I found a harmony in my life between inner and outer well-being. Now, there's a great deal to be said about such harmony, not only for individual life but also for the life of a society. It's because as a world we have gotten ourselves so far out of harmony, so way off on the material side, that when we discover something like nuclear energy, we are still capable of putting it into a bomb and using it to kill people. This is because our inner well-being lags so far behind our outer well-being. The valid research for the future is on the inner side, on the psychological side, so that we will be able to bring these two into balance, so that we will know how to use well the outer well-being we already have. □



P.P. December 25<sup>th</sup> 1956

Hello dear!!

During last long time, I never wrote any letter to you and I didn't know that you had a good time or not. When you left P.P. Cambodia to the U.S.A. did you have fun on your trip? I was afraid on it. If you had fun, I would enjoy very much. However, do you and your relatives have a good time every day?

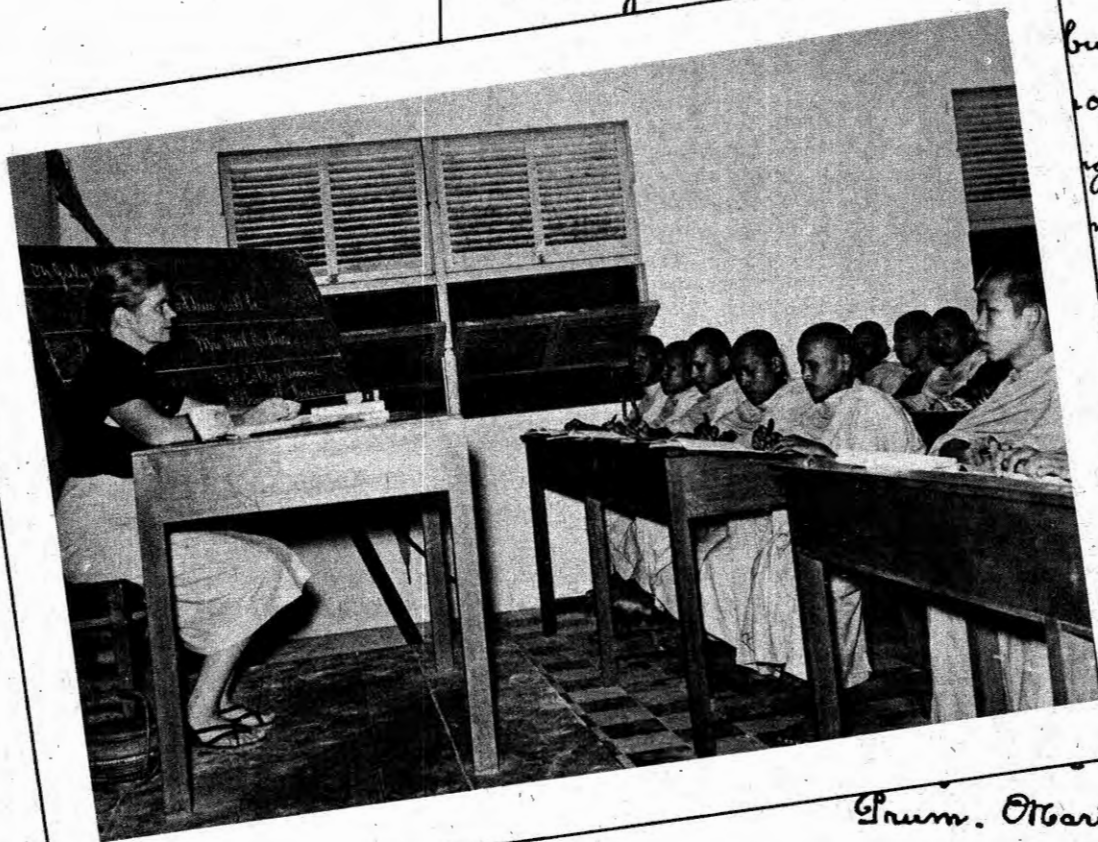
Oh! my former teacher! I miss you very much, because you was a teacher to me. Every

But I cannot write most write many language is difficult. Cambodia? I hope next time. I want have much free time. Write to me? because take my picture

, but I have on. se!

Prum. Otharin

Please, if you take my letter, you could send your letter to me.



Courtesy of Margaret Beidler

# A LAMENTATION FOR CAMBODIA

by Margaret G. Beidler

**D**ear Prum Marin, I wish this could be a letter to you and to each one of your Buddhist brothers, the 177 saffron-clad monks who labored to learn English from me in Phnom Penh twenty-five years ago.

I wish this could be a letter of greetings, of love, of remembrance across the miles and years that separate Cambodia from the United States. But this is not a letter. It must be a lament—a dirge—for all of you, my gentle monks whose lives have long since been snuffed out by the total horror and destruction that have overcome your pleasant, smiling land. Surely, you who would have returned from your studies years ago to the village and forest pagodas to teach and guide your people must have been among the first to have perished in the dreadful purges of the Khmer Rouge.

But at least let me lament for you, the guileless, innocent “bonzes” who struggled with me to falter your way to some comprehension of my difficult language. I have your names before me as I write. You were in three classes of fifty-nine each. You sat five to a bench on backless benches. As I walked up and down the aisle, you hastily pulled your robes aside lest I brush against them. At first I let you answer all in unison, then row by row, and finally one by one as you grew less panicked by this strange woman teacher. Song Sakh, Bech Ly, Pish Hai, Au Proeung, Ung Phauith, Dy Seng An—I would like to immortalize all those 177 names on a tablet somewhere in memoriam for all those millions of other innocents, monks and civilians alike, who have died by starvation, disease, torture, or, possibly more mercifully, by some soldier’s bullet.

Prum Marin, yours was the first letter to reach me a

*Margaret Beidler, though retired, is teaching an English course at Earlham College. A member of Clear Creek (IN) Meeting, she formerly taught in Friends Girls School in Ramallah, was dean of women at Earlham for six years, and director of seminars at the U.N. for the Quaker U.N. program.*

few months after I left. I was charmed by it and answered immediately. Then came others, from other monks, painstakingly written out, fumbling for the words, but full of gratitude, and simple human friendliness. When I wrote of my mother’s death, Chan San wrote,

*This news made me very sorry that your lovely mother died. Even though I thought in my mind, the death is necessary for all persons in the world. No one can escape the death. For instance, by Buddha’s saying, all formations are impermanent. All formations are subject to suffering.*

You all misunderstood when I had told you I hoped to return to Cambodia some day. You thought I meant soon and would be returning as your teacher. I had been drafted by the Asia Foundation to fill in while a proper English teacher (male) was being trained to teach you. Though no monk should ever look at a woman or touch her or accept anything from her hand, I was the only person who volunteered to teach you, so a special dispensation was made by the Venerable One in charge of the Buddhist University where you were studying. You had been selected from among 4,000 monks for special training.

I shall never forget our first day. You were all terrified. So was I. My first slowly spoken and clearly enunciated words met total blankness. You had been taught by a Cambodian monk as much English as he knew. In sheer desperation I held up a pencil and said, “What is this?” Fifty-nine voices shouted in unison, “This izza penzul.” What a relief! At last we were launched.

At the close of that first two-hour session I invited any questions. You all gathered around my desk, and one of you braver than the rest asked slowly, “How...old...are...you?”

I was forty-seven then, in Cambodia with my husband, who was a regional planning expert with the technical assistance program, and with our four children, ages twelve to eighteen. Sometimes I brought my fifteen-year-old son to class to help with word drilling.

Your curiosity about my age was natural. In your country most girls were beautiful in their youth, but suddenly at about thirty-five they seemed to fade, sheered off their hair crewcut style, and became sexless and ageless.

I was equally baffled by your ages. None of you looked more than seventeen, despite your shaven heads and saffron robes. Actually you were in your late twenties. It was only later that I could begin to separate your faces and personalities from the other “bonzes” who roamed the streets of Phnom Penh. Though no monk should look directly at the face of a woman I was your teacher, and you had to look and listen to me. Oftentimes on the road I would catch you looking sidewise at me without hiding

your shy smiles of recognition.

When class was over you would all flutter your robes like great yellow butterflies, for the weather was unbearably hot and humid. You had been sitting crowded and motionless for two hours. I remember the day when we emerged from the temple grounds into the usual torrential afternoon rains, and I slipped on the muddy curb, landing square in the mud with my papers flying in every direction. The tiny Cambodian army parading by laughed uproariously at the plight of the "foreigner," but not you, my gentle monks. Your faces were filled with deep concern. None of you dared help me up, but one gathered all my books and papers and set them on the curb where I could pick them up. Another made a protesting cyclo boy stop and peddle me home.

But those days are long ago. When disaster struck, I am sure none of you had any clue to what was happening or why. No more do I. Why should your lovely country have been devastated, not by nature which smiled on it kindly in temperature and fertility, but by people, by many people, fighting for power and control of a defenseless people.

Was this the "order of life" which you chanted in Pali and rejoiced to learn from me in English: "I take my Refuge in the Buddha; I take my Refuge in the Order; I take my Refuge in the Doctrine."

You remembered and wrote carefully in your notebooks the words of your Buddha, which I was able to find and teach you in English:

*All that we are is the result of what we have thought. It is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks with an evil thought, pain follows him as the wheel follows the ox that draws the carriage. If a man speaks with a pure thought, happiness follows him like a shadow that never leaves him.*

Were you still living, you would remember with a smile, as I do, the pictures I drew on the blackboard, or my acting out in pantomime to get across the idea of the ox, the oxcart, the wheel, the shadow. Or we searched for the words in the Thai-French and French-English dictionaries which offered our only steppingstones to travel from my English to your Cambodian. You would remember our mutual delight when comprehension dawned.

But you are gone, and I must try to be true to what your lives taught me of your faith:

*He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me—in those who harbor such thoughts, hatred will never cease. He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me. Hatred ceases by love. This is the eternal law.* □

# We Did Not Choose Them

by Barbara Reynolds

**T**he first meeting of our newly formed Christian Social Concerns Committee had been set for Sunday afternoon, November 25, 1979. There was a great deal to be concerned about—in the world, in our community, in our own church. I am sure that each of us had his/her own agenda. Possibilities for action might include raising money for famine relief, sponsoring an Indochinese family, getting involved with the inner city around us, or perhaps examining our responsibilities as one of the Historic Peace Churches.

But God had a different agenda. That very morning, as we settled comfortably into our Bible study around the library table in First Friends Church, one of our members ushered in four newcomers. They were young men from Cambodia, only one of whom spoke a bit of English. He introduced himself as Chandarith and one of the others as his brother, Dara. The other two were Im and Phan. First names, we assumed. Chandarith explained that he had been in the United States about four months. The others had come more recently. Chandarith, who had accepted Christ in a Thailand refugee camp during a Stanley Mooneyham crusade, indicated that they all wanted their families to learn about Jesus. They had been looking for a church and had been attracted by the cross at the corner of our building.

"They asked me if this was a Christian church," Mae Bloomer explained, "so I invited them to join us."

A couple of our members brought additional folding chairs. We shared copies of the study guide we were using. Obviously at a loss, but proceeding bravely, our leader continued with the lesson. The four young men looked at the books, turning the pages when we did. They seemed to be following the discussion. They did not appear ill at ease or bored.

---

*Barbara Reynolds is presently unemployed by any institution, but finds no dearth of opportunities as a "domestic," which provides flexible hours so she can write and visit schools to present films and talks on nuclear issues. She rejoices in dual membership in Campus Meeting, Wilmington (OH) and Long Beach (CA) First Friends where she is chair of Christian Social Concerns.*



After class, they wrote their names and addresses for us. Dara and Chandarith, we learned, shared the name of Puth, although Dara wrote it first and Chandarith second. Im was Im Sang. Phan was Muk Phan. (The confusion between the Asian and the Western order of writing family and given names has continued to confuse both us and them as we try to develop a roster of our Cambodian friends and establish family relationships.) They seemed pleased when we invited them to stay for the worship service. As before, they were quiet and attentive.

After church, they shook hands with the pastor and others who came up to greet them. They thanked us all courteously and said goodbye.

"It must have been terribly boring for them," Thelma Menke, our Bible study teacher, observed. "But weren't they polite!"

As the five of us who were to form the Christian Social Concerns Committee came together that afternoon, I reported to the others who had not attended the Bible study what little I knew about our visitors. I gave our pastor, Mike Karnofel, the list of names and addresses. We were all agreed that the appropriate first step would be to call on these Cambodian families, welcome them to our community, and find out what assistance they might need. Any question of sponsoring and bringing to the States some other refugee family was shelved for the time being. These were the people whom God had sent to us.

And so the miracle began.

Perhaps it would be well at this point to include a word about our church and its congregation. First Friends is

large and four-square, located on the corner of a main street in what was once a prosperous area of Long Beach, California. At one time its membership ran into the hundreds. Now, only a handful of the faithful are left—most of them elderly—whose families have grown and moved away. Few continue to live in the area, some commuting a considerable distance from a Friends retirement facility where they form a sub-community of their own. Were it not for the pastor, Mike Karnofel, his wife, Nancy, and their children, Nanette and Matt, there would be little to reassure us that life does, indeed, go on. A few young people in their thirties attend faithfully, teaching Sunday School to neighborhood children (whose parents do not attend), preparing refreshments for our coffee hour before the morning service, or providing "special music" for us during worship. (It has been long since choir seats behind the pulpit have been occupied on a regular basis.) Occasionally Manuel Napoles ("Chief") who, on faith and a shoestring runs a hostel for wayward youth, brings one or more of his stray sheep. But although Chief attends regularly, his sheep have a tendency to wander on.

Except for these few, and occasional visitors, our congregation might easily have been mistaken for a gathering of the Golden Age Club. Youthful in spirit, yes. Generous in their gifts to missions. Faithful in support of the young pastor whom they had called and who had entered into his ministry less than five months before. But finding it more and more difficult to keep in touch with the neighborhood and the world in which they

*Members of the Bible study class, June 1980*



Courtesy of Barbara Reynolds

found themselves.

In the area immediately around the church, large homes had changed hands many times. By now, most had been divided into apartments or furnished rooms. These were occupied by blacks, Chicanos, and the elderly. The church itself, except for the pastor's office, the sanctuary, the small library, and the room with adjoining kitchenette where coffee and cookies were served on Sundays, was largely unused. Behind the sanctuary, huge sliding doors could be opened to double the size of the room but for many years these doors had remained closed and the moveable benches had been gathering dust. Directly beneath this overflow room, a large recreation room adjoined a fellowship hall and well-equipped kitchen. The few children who were picked up each week for Sunday School met in one corner of the recreation room, which was otherwise used for miscellaneous storage and which—once a month, before meeting for business—the fellowship had stirred into usefulness to accommodate the traditional potluck meal.

We were a church with an available plant and great potential. We were located in an area of great need, but no one seemed to know where to take hold or how to begin. We were praying for renewal. We were praying for growth. We were praying for young people. We were praying to be used.

Now, all of a sudden, our prayers were about to be answered!

By the following Thursday, when our United Society of Friends Women (USFW) held its December meeting, Mike was ready to make a report on the Cambodians. He had called at each of the addresses and had been warmly welcomed. He had learned that Chandarith lived in three rooms with his pregnant wife, Marady, his mother and father and three younger brothers; that Phan was one of a family of seven; that Im was married and had a four-year-old son. All were crowded into housing that most of us would have considered totally inadequate. All were scantily clothed and possessed little furniture and almost no bedding. Some, already receiving welfare, were trying to extend help to those who were not yet receiving aid. The children had been enrolled in school, and everyone else was trying to find ways to learn English and other skills so they could become self-supporting as soon as possible. Their greatest concern, aside from providing enough food for all, was to locate members of their families missing in Cambodia and to find sponsors for relatives and friends whom they had left behind in the refugee camps.

With unanimous approval, our USFW took up a special collection and added to it from the treasury to provide appropriate clothing, toys, and games for the children's first Christmas in their new land and to meet emergency needs of all the families. This fund was turned

over to the chairperson of the newly-formed Social Concerns Committee.

We were in business.

On the following Sunday, Im, Phan, Chandarith, and Dara returned, bringing with them their families and a number of additional children who remained unidentified. These were whisked down to the Sunday School, where they promptly doubled the attendance.

The rest of us gathered for Bible study. A second row of chairs had to be squeezed into the library around the long table. There were not enough study guides to go around, but everyone listened attentively as before. Afterwards, as we gathered for refreshments, we found ourselves at more of a loss than our visitors. Barriers of language seemed insurmountable. How could we make our guests feel welcome when we could not ask the usual courteous questions—and when they politely refused our invitations to help themselves to tea, coffee, and cookies?

When the children joined us, however, embarrassment vanished—as did the cookies, which disappeared like breadcrumbs thrown to the birds. The children's enthusiasm was contagious, as they reported on their Sunday School experience. The smiles of appreciation we exchanged with the parents spoke a common language. By the time we went together into the sanctuary, we were experiencing the oneness of knowing God's love was enveloping us all.

That Sunday was the day of our monthly meeting for business. Our new friends were encouraged to share with us in the potluck, after which a couple of our members drove them to their homes. When they rejoined us, they told us they had promised to pick everyone up for church on the following Sunday, appointing themselves as a transportation subcommittee of the Social Concerns Committee. Others volunteered to be responsible for the purchase of toys, for locating furniture, for introducing the Cambodians to thrift shops where they could find clothing and household items at prices they could afford. So many needs! And how helpless these newcomers must be without knowledge of the language or customs! Even we, working within our own society, were initially at a loss. Without the lead time most sponsoring groups have in preparing to give advice and assistance to refugees, we had no idea where to turn. Our committee undertook to bring together information from every available source: information about the welfare system, about medical aid, about housing, about interpreter services, about any and every organization set up to aid refugees.

We had our work cut out for us. But we also had the enthusiastic support of the entire congregation. Contributions began to flow in. Food. Clothing. Pots and pans. Sheets. Blankets. Cash. But of far greater importance than any of these was the overwhelming evidence of love, of eagerness to serve, of willingness to give time and to



run errands, which was apparent among our members.

Things began to happen. A spontaneous party was held in the fellowship hall on the Saturday before Christmas. The Cambodian families and children of the Sunday School spent a happy afternoon decorating cookies which grandmotherly volunteers had baked by the dozens. The following day, at our Christmas service, the entire congregation repaired to the basement to watch as American and Cambodian children together reenacted the story of our Savior's birth.

Among other serendipities, our explorations led us to the Far East Broadcasting Company, which provided us with New Testaments, hymnals, and other Bible study materials in Cambodian. Early in the New Year, a Cambodian-English study group was begun. Undergirded by the Holy Spirit, and relying for translation upon Chandarith's rapidly improving understanding of English, we began to read the Gospel of John. As we took turns in reading, verse by verse, some read in Cambodian, some struggled with English, and some (unable to read in either language) just listened. Everything was interpreted except our prayers. We knew that God has no problems with the language of our hearts.

On January 11, word was quickly circulated that our first Cambodian-American had been born, to Chandarith and Marady. Named for her parents' new faith and for the day of her birth, Mary Hok ("Friday") Puth was brought to the church for dedication when she was three weeks old. All of our "Cam-families" were present, as well as the dozens of delighted "grandmas" and "grandpas."

Mindful of the thousands who were still suffering hunger in the refugee camps, we soon undertook a joint effort to raise money for hunger relief through the "Love Loaf" program of World Vision. For seven weeks we from the U.S. were reminded of our abundance as we contributed daily to the styrofoam banks provided through the imaginative program. At the end of the allotted time, we gathered once more in the fellowship hall for a special meal of Cambodian food, prepared for us by the women of the Cam-families. What a moving occasion it was as we gathered for the blessing and looked around at the many beautiful faces, white and brown, old and young, who had expanded our horizons and given us a new concept of God's family. As we broke the heavy loaves and poured the contents into a large cardboard carton—to be divided between needs overseas and needs near at hand—I remembered the time, just a few weeks before, when we had been struggling and praying with what had seemed to be a dying church—an anachronism in a world that we had felt powerless to help. We, who had felt that the only service left to us was to raise money and give prayer support to those who would take the

Gospel to far corners of the world, had been plunged back into the mainstream of life. We ourselves were being called to a life of service, to be missionaries in our own back yard. I am sure we all felt humbled to realize that these people, seeking more of Christ, had come to us in faith because of the cross we displayed, confident that in us they would see Him and find a home.

What if we had let them down?

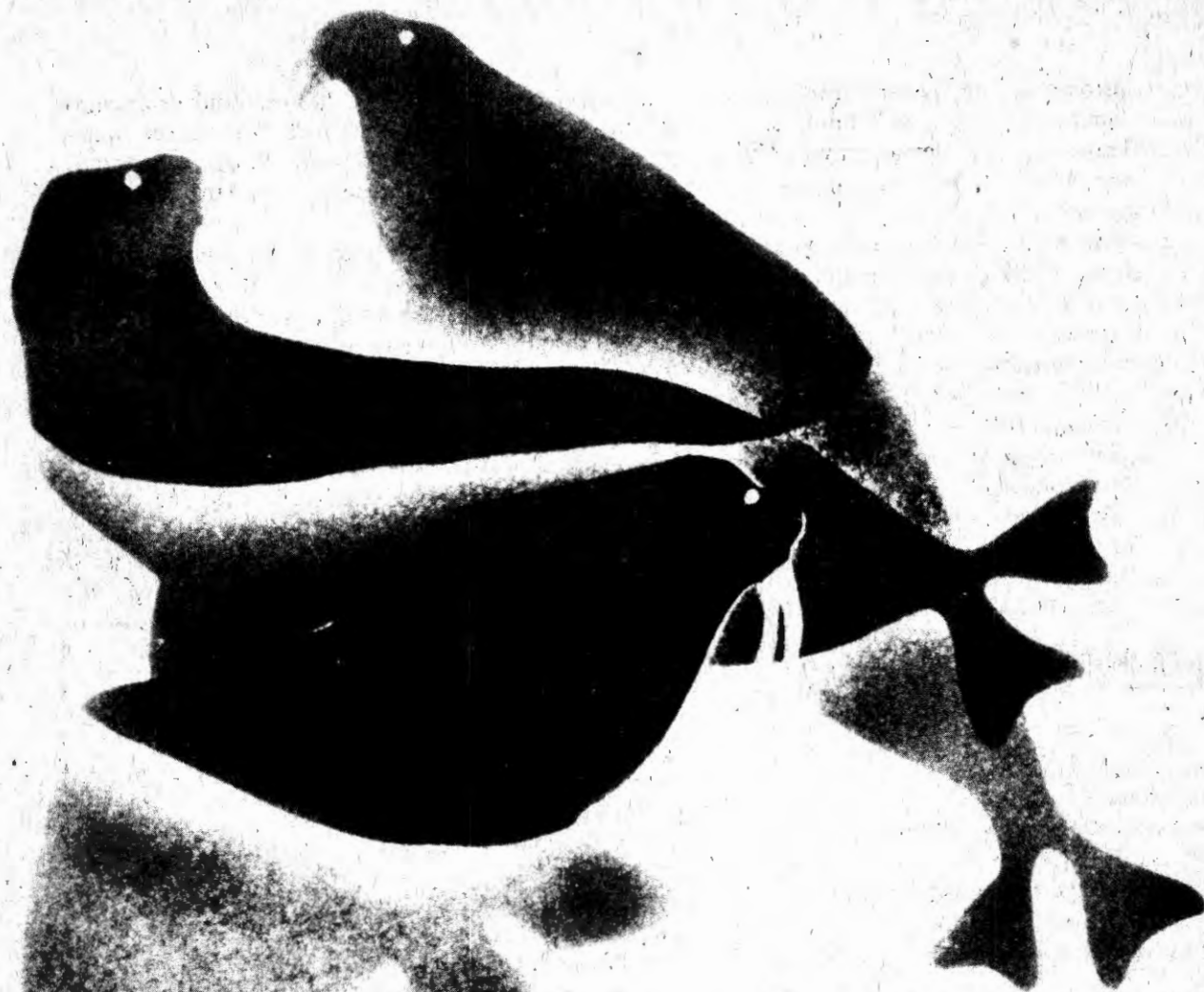
Now, as we watch them coping, making progress in their new language, sharing with others who arrive from the refugee camps—as we see them slip coins into the collection plate and hear their voices raised with ours as they painstakingly follow the words of a hymn—and as we repeat the Lord's Prayer each Sunday as a part of our bilingual service, we give thanks for their quiet ministry to us. They, who have experienced violence, rejection, fear, and homelessness such as we have never known, are reminding us by their lives where the real treasure is hid.

In Thailand, reports which they share with us indicate that in one refugee camp alone, 7,000 Christians are going to churches every Sunday. ("Not really church, but Christian meeting places.") Every week, 300 to 400 more are being baptized. Those who can find sponsors in a third country will be moved into transit centers. The others will be moved back to Cambodia, where freedom of religion is denied and their future as practicing Christians is bleak.

More and more individuals in our church are expressing a desire to sponsor a family. They know that the primary responsibility will be assumed by the Cambodians themselves, as they make room for the newcomers until they can find jobs and housing on their own. Already, Chandarith has completed his training as a machinist and become a wage-earner. But the new home that he has found for himself, Marady, and little Mary is already crowded, for Marady's father and sister have recently arrived from the camps. "But," says Chandarith, "before we come here, we sleep on ground in the jungle. Only branches for top. No food. Here, we have enough." Enough—and to share!

Room by room, our church is being brought back to life. God is opening doors, and we are on tiptoe with expectation as we envision a center to provide orientation for refugees who come to our shores and to the churches that would like to reach out to them in love. In the refugee camps, organizations such as World Vision and Campus Crusade are offering not rice alone but food for the deep spiritual hunger of those who have lost everything. Redeemed by God's love, they come to us with faith, hope—and a message that we all need. If we, out of our abundance, can help with their material needs, we will discover that in reality it is they who are ministering to us, providing us with the blessed opportunity to be needed and to serve. □





Shenauk / West Baffin Eskimo Cooperative

# Nouveau-Eskimo

by  
William Gray

*William Gray spends a large portion of the year living among the Inuit people of Northern Quebec and teaching in the school system there. In his free time he enjoys writing poetry (although the poem accompanying this article is not one of his).*

**T**here is so much to tell about the North that I can only begin, as the people here do, and tell what comes to mind. Most people elsewhere probably think of the Inuit ("Eskimos") as a few scattered, primitive hunters wandering over the Arctic ice, harpooning seal and polar bear, living in igloos and darkness. At least, that's the picture I had in my mind before my first teaching job in Nouveau-Quebec—Quebec's vast northern region, inhabited by 4,000 Inuit in fourteen isolated coastal settlements.

A thousand miles north from Montreal, the sky and water are crystal blue and no roads reach across the tundra. Landing in the small Twin Otter on the sandy airstrip in Inukjuak, on Hudson Bay, and seeing the smiling, suntanned faces of the people gathered to greet the plane's passengers, I began to know a world quite different from both my imaginings and "the South." "Eskimos" is a Cree Indian word meaning "eaters of raw meat." This they still are, yet they are also educated enough, both in their own sense of integrity and in the white people's schools, to add (in Inuktitut, English or French) that they are much more than "eaters of raw meat." "Inuit" means "people."

Hunting and fishing are still the basis of survival—

while cash from soapstone carving, government assistance, and assorted community jobs buys hunting aids like snowmobiles, rifles, tents and Coleman stoves. The people take pride in their traditional skills; yet the essence of their heritage, beyond specific habits, lies in quick adaptability to environmental needs—a sudden storm, driftwood for a sled, a misfiring snowmobile engine, living in a settlement house. But it is easy to generalize.

One man in his eighties reportedly knows more of the old legends and practices than anyone else; yet he feels too much sadness to reveal all he knows. The middle-aged parents of the 200 school children in the village of 600 generally have accepted on faith that the Anglican church, the Hudson Bay Company store, and the school are all good things. The young men and women are educated, for better or worse, in two cultures—that of “the North” and that of “the South.” They are

sometimes active leaders in politics and community affairs; sometimes hunters, teachers, parents, secretaries; and sometimes lost with nothing to do but play pool and bingo. The still younger school-age children are confused and unsure of their future.

Learning is difficult because of the second language (English or French) in which all subjects are taught, and, more fundamentally, the cultural barrier that the school—after fifteen years—still represents. So, to be successful teachers, we have to tap some local themes, create our own courses and materials, and think up lots of outdoor activities. At least we have the luxury of independence in our one-room red schoolhouses.

The schools in northern Quebec do enjoy the benefits of traditional culture programs, which give weekly training in religion, native language and skills: sewing for girls and hunting techniques and stories for boys. The

## YOBEN'S LESSON

A drop of rum  
can bring back memories.

A Micmac village  
on a snow covered Cape Breton hillside.  
Bras d'Or Lake, ice covered  
and windswept, nestled in the valley  
between sun sparkling mountains;  
brilliant blue against a whiteness  
that bleach  
could not improve.

A young boy walks along the frosted roadside.  
Black eyes in a copper bronze face  
twinkle moistly with the crisp air.  
Snowshoes under one arm,  
schoolbooks under the other;  
a dual existence, part of two worlds  
yet not total in either.  
He must speak English at the  
Catholic mission school  
but at home the musical and gentle  
native language presides.

There was a time, not so long ago,  
when these people of the northern woodlands  
lived in peace with the Earth  
and in wholeness with themselves.  
Life was round and the circle was strong.  
But the ancient way is now gone.  
Life is square, with corners,  
Like the white society's television.  
Rum and whiskey bring violence and confusion,

break up families, disregard the wisdom of the  
grandmothers.

TV and radio transplant other values.  
Tradition cannot compete.

A solitary white girl living in a  
Micmac bootlegger's house.  
Thursday is payday and they come in a stream,  
each face blurred and sagging,  
each step unsteady,  
each departs with an extra lump  
under the jacket  
or concealed in a boot,  
and leaving behind a little more  
of the weekly paycheck.  
Many times she sat on the cold porch  
with an Indian friend,  
watching a young life become  
burnt out with alcohol.  
Help him? You may have good intentions  
but you cannot help him.  
Two lives so far apart they cannot touch  
in understanding.

Now  
a plane ride  
eight months  
and many experiences removed  
I am transported back  
by the lingering smell  
and burning taste of a drop of rum.

—Yoben

programs include several outings for one- to four-day periods during the year, when local adults teach igloo-building, fox-trapping, fishing, and hunting of caribou, seal, geese and ptarmigan.

Yes, Inuit do still live in igloos, when hunting out on the land in winter. An igloo takes two people less than an hour to build, and furnishes welcome warmth from body heat and campstove at the end of a long day's hunt at forty degrees below zero. It is also a marvel of art and architecture, its snowblocks wound in a spiral dome that is strong and weatherproof.

Perhaps I can best illustrate the dual face of "civilization" in the North with a story of one of my students in Inukjuak. Daniel dropped out of school, during my second year there, to spend more time hunting with Lazarusie, his father (who moonlighted as chief of the community council). They camped near the sea ice one night after hunting seal. Having built an igloo and while getting ready for bed, they were startled by a sound outside. A polar bear suddenly broke through the wall of the igloo near the only entrance. Lazarusie held the bear at bay with his snowknife and shouts while Daniel broke through the rear wall. The boy grabbed his rifle, which was leaning against the igloo, and shot and killed the bear—saving both their lives, and bagging a fine skin.

While many Inuit feel that the old ways are fading and must be replaced by the white/southern culture of the future, not everyone is so sure. People born in igloos and raised in nomadic camps have spent close to twenty years now in prefab settlement houses, often plywood "match-boxes." While chewing sealskin to make it soft for sewing, they play multiple cards for the bingo games announced on the FM radio. They celebrate New Year's Eve with an all-night square dance and games. They attend the Anglican church religiously. Most families still spend the summers in scattered camps.

But the benefits of modern life are costly. Many teeth are missing from excessive candy, sugar and pop. Lungs hack with cigarette smoke, dust from soapstone carving, and still-widespread tuberculosis. In some settlements, like Sugluc, mercury from nearby mining makes the fish too poisonous to eat. Nightly movies teach the children how to fight: not only Kung Fu style, but with every other weapon on the screen, including words. Rigid, school-based time schedules and patterns of discipline contradict Inuit customs, which fostered instead an intuitive, seasonal sense of time and a freer-ranging childhood. Still the people are cheerful—an inner quality good for strength in a land of many hardships.

Autumn 1977 brought a new challenge. The James Bay and Northern Quebec Agreement was in the process of being passed into law and bringing a new, two-faced regime to the North. The landscape would show the growth of the largest hydroelectric project in the world;



Lucy West Bullfinch Eskimo Cooperative

the bureaucracy, including that of the school board, would be staffed by Inuit. The Agreement had been negotiated on behalf of the Inuit by the Northern Quebec Inuit Association, largely young and English speaking, who wanted to salvage some compensation from the inevitable dam development. They were indeed given a regional government, their own development corporation, and capital to work with: \$225 million. In exchange, they surrendered aboriginal rights to their 400,000 square miles of land. A sellout?—some questioned. One negotiator answered that they signed with a figurative gun at their heads.

One group of Inuit resisted the temptation and the threat. Known as the ITN, they refused to acknowledge the mandate of the NQIA to negotiate for all Quebec Inuit. Armed with a rare Inuktitut summary of the Agreement, they convinced the populations of two settlements and half of another not even to vote. They stood fast by the principle of original land ownership, and still maintain claim to the territory—for all Inuit.

Meanwhile, the government "down South" was involved in an ironically similar campaign. The Province of Quebec, with its separatist government under Rene Levesque, was passing a law protecting the French language and culture from the majority rule and influence of English Canada. This "Bill 101" would insure that schools and businesses throughout the province would use more and more French. But in so doing, it happened to infringe on guarantees in the James Bay Agreement for the Inuit to continue using and learning English as well as their own language, Inuktitut.

Both English and French are taught in schools, depending on parental and community choice. But



English is preferred, since the federal government had jurisdiction over the Inuit in Quebec until 1963, and federal schools have continued teaching in English ever since. Besides, the NQIA owed their power to their proficiency in a second language—not “oui-oui-titut,” but English.

Angry at the imposition on their language rights, the Inuit protested against Bill 101, starting in Inukjuak. We dozen white teachers (who had just arrived and unpacked our worldly belongings) were invited, along with the government agent, to an outdoor demonstration of the entire populace. Snapping pictures and shaking hands, we were soon surprised to hear the megaphone switch from Inuktitut to English, as the French flag was hauled down:

*Effective immediately, Government and Nordic School Commission employees are asked to leave this settlement and not return until our demands for equal rights to protect our language are met. The flag of Quebec will be taken down and it will not be allowed to fly again until our demands are met.*

We repacked and evacuated within two days, excited and shocked.

For the next ten days, we waited in limbo in the old army barracks of Great Whale River, at the tree line and southern limit of Nouveau-Quebec. Down the hall were billeted twenty-five riot police, sent to “keep the peace,” which was never threatened, despite 550 Inuit demonstrators. Finally, the stalemate was convincing enough to allow us to return all the way to Montreal. After two months, during which we lodged with friends, Bill 101 was apparently modified. In any case, the schools reopened, under the auspices of the new Kativik School Board, overseen by Inuit commissioners.

The entire crisis was in the hands of the NQIA. The

rival ITN preferred to stay neutral. Having held out for an independent voice of power in northern Quebec, they could admire Levesque’s self-assertion from a respectable distance. NQIA was committed to fight for what it had actually signed away—ultimate jurisdiction of the territory. The ITN had the last word; the real issue for them remained the survival of the Inuit language and culture.

Today progress is marching. The hydroelectric project has already begun to provide electricity, destined for mining or export to the New England states. Between the seedling NQIA and the eventual Kativik Regional Government stands the Makivik Corporation, with its airline, aircraft leasing company, restaurant, construction company and shrimp boats. Its officials now talk of securing Inuit rights anew in a Canadian constitution, not yet born.

In Povungnituk, the largest ITN settlement, there is no longer a provincial or federal school, nor a Kativik one to replace them. The people didn’t bother to make their special selections of municipal land or to participate in any other creation of the James Bay Agreement. Their children’s schooling is no exception. So the parents there started a school on their own, staffed by volunteers. Students can learn a variety of traditional and academic skills. It seems that in Povungnituk, at least, resistance to the Agreement remains strong, and may be sinking deeper roots in the permafrost.

The broad issue of self-determination still has a unifying appeal to Northern Quebec Inuit. Many are becoming disillusioned with the Agreement they voted for without understanding. Others contend that the spirit of the law can indeed protect them if only the government would act in good faith. And, while parents divide themselves on the questions of language and culture in schools (which to choose—for which children—how much—how early—how long—?), they can agree that they have the right to decide. □

Oshowerluk/West Baffin Eskimo Cooperative



# All Creation Groans



"The First Seven Days," courtesy of Fritz Eichenberg, © 1955.

by Ben Richmond

*All who are led by the Spirit of God are children of God. You did not receive a spirit of bondage again into fear, but you received the spirit of adoption in which we cry, "Abba! Father!" The Spirit itself testifies with our spirits that we are children of God, and if children, then heirs of God, and fellow heirs with Christ. Provided that we share in his suffering, we may also share in his glory.*

*I reckon that the afflictions of this moment are unworthy next to the glory that is about to be revealed in us. Indeed, the creation is poised, awaiting the revelation of the children of God. For creation was made subject to*

*Ben Richmond is attending the Earlham School of Religion and working as janitor at the West Richmond Meeting (where he also serves on the Christian Social Concerns Commission and the Commission on Missions). He is a member of Multnomah (OR) Meeting.*

*vanity, not of its own choice, but because of the one who subjected it, in hope that it will be freed from its bondage to corruption into the glorious freedom of the children of God. We know that everything in creation has been groaning together, joining in the labor of childbirth until now. Not only creation, but we ourselves, who have the first fruits of the Spirit, groan inwardly as we await our adoption, the redemption of our bodies. In hope we are saved, but hope that is seen is not hope, for who hopes for what is seen? But, hoping for what we do not see, we await with endurance. Likewise, the Spirit joins in assisting us in our weakness. We do not even know for what we ought to pray, but the Spirit mightily intercedes for the saints with groanings inexpressible. And the one who searches our hearts knows the Spirit's mind because the Spirit intercedes for the saints in God.*

Romans 8:14-27\*

Jody and I were living in Olympia, Washington, when the melt-down started at the Three Mile Island nuclear plant, but by the time Mount Saint Helens erupted, we had moved to Richmond, Indiana. It didn't matter where one lived when President Carter launched the "rescue" operation across the Iranian desert. The danger and the fear were as great, for the fallout of modern war will leave no valley peaceful anymore.

If one chose, it was possible not to notice, or at least not to be affected by these events. Our daughter was born a year-and-a-half ago, and she, of course, knows about—and relishes—only that normal world of home and pets and getting to know other children at meeting. For her parents, these eighteen months have been a time of joy in new life. They have also been a time when our faith has been shaken by the reality of the fearful precipice before which we all stand. What one sees depends on the eyes through which one looks.

Three Mile Island, "the Iranian adventure," the Mount Saint Helens eruption have all been events to inspire fear. How graphically we were exposed to the calamity that nuclear pollution represents, as governors started to consider massive evacuation plans around the East during the melt-down. Cynicism battles with the remaining shreds of naivete within me as I remember the hollow words of official assurance and the confessions of the engineers that they neither knew how the accident happened nor how the famous "hydrogen bubble" was "brought under control."

And so it was with the incursion into Iran. As we came once again to the brink of war I thought, "My Lord, will we risk nuclear war to preserve the 'integrity' of our lie about the insignificance of our support for the shah?" There can be no doubt about the insanity that runs rampant in high places. Just as surely, that insanity paralyzes the rest of us as we stand by, aghast, but too



unsure to act.

And finally came the great eruption of Mount Saint Helens. Many a time have I looked over to its peaceful and gracefully rounded snow-cap. Today it is gone, gone with an unimaginable fury: the infinite and wholly tangible evidence that "nature" can never be controlled. Are we at the mercy of fate? "Acts of God"? Of course we are! Our tenuous hold on life in our communities and homes that are so dependent on technology and energy has never been more blatantly displayed.

I have been writing with the eyes of fearful humanity. But there are those with different eyes: "eyes to see, and ears to hear." Let me confess to having both sorts of eyes and ears: those which see and hear confusion and fear, and those which the Spirit of God informs with hope.

Through the remarkable leadership of the Spirit of God, I startled both myself and other Friends in meeting the Sunday following the Three Mile accident. "These are the last days!" I said. "With the crucifixion and the resurrection and the coming of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost, we have entered into the end of time. And now we see" (I said this and knew it with an assurance that was more than mine) "God's hand at work, pulling us back from the result of our sinful folly at Three Mile Island. God is acting mightily in history for our salvation."

Nearly a year later, in Iran, the Spirit again intervened. Does it seem strange—does it take a screwball—to see God's hand in the malfunctioning of those three helicopters? In the weakness of my natural being I am embarrassed to say things like this. But the Spirit says it is true!

God sees us and our world with the only "eyes" that are truly objective. God sees us marching toward our own destruction and the desolation of the Earth. Seeing, God enters into the pain of all of creation and acts for us, for all of us.

In the eruption of Mount Saint Helens, the Spirit again says this one thing: God is still active in the awesome business of creation. In 1980, we see displayed that vitality which brought our Earth into being. At the end of time, creation is happening: amazingly, gloriously, painfully. In this little moment of time, we see the labor pangs of a new creation.

As I said, our daughter, Jessica, was born a year-and-a-half ago. We planned—and started—to have the birth at home. During the night, due to the complication of the umbilical cord's being twice wrapped around Jessica's neck, we were forced to remove ourselves to the hospital. I am very grateful to have been allowed to stay with Jody, my wife, and Robin, our midwife, through the entire event. During much of the nineteen hours Jody endured the pain of "back-labor," but with tremendous internal strength and the assistance others were able to offer, she maintained control throughout, even as we moved from home to hospital. I have never seen such intensity of

effort in my life: intensity of work, of love, of pain. Yet now, and indeed soon after Jessica was born and was in her arms nursing, Jody says that the pain and work have receded in her memory, and only the joy of new life is recalled.

This is the word of faith to our world today: the pain and terror and labor we see around us, and that threaten to engulf us, is nothing less than all of creation groaning together, joining in the pangs of childbirth. A new creation is coming! Not only is creation groaning, but the Holy Spirit has joined—indeed God has joined in the pain and struggle of the labor, and has, like a midwife, come to our assistance. This is something truly marvelous.

The new creation that is about to burst forth, strangely enough, centers around *us*. That is to say, it centers on those humans who, through faithful response to the Spirit of God, hope to be counted among God's family. We are a weak and confused lot (I speak for myself). In fear, we don't know how to act or live in this great time of crisis. Yet, if we do act, too often fear has extended its hold over us even then, and is reflected in brittle, perhaps bitter, ideological striving. Why, for the most part, we do not even know how to pray—or for what. In the bustle of our daily lives, engulfed in the overwhelming secularity of our times, we even lose sight of God, the Spirit, Christ.

Yet, if we are truly to enter into the family of God, if we are truly to be led by the Spirit, we find that it is Jesus who is our first sibling. And not any Jesus, but that particular man who lived in Palestine and was put to death on an instrument of torture by an army of occupation.

It is by being willing to participate in his suffering that our true, our inner, self responds to the word of the Spirit of God and we are acknowledged to be truly part of the family of God. This is not a fanatical sort of masochism—quite the contrary. For Christ's suffering, and now ours, and indeed the sufferings of the whole world, are seen in a new light. No longer are they the wiles of an arbitrary, malevolent fate, but the mysteriously necessary pains associated with the wonder of new birth.

I need to hold onto this truth. When I am forgetful, I look around me and am led back into bondage to fear. But when I remember, I sense the glorious freedom of the children of God. Then I escape from my bondage and know the astounding possibility to respond in freedom to the leadings of the Holy Spirit. This is the door to the life of holy obedience to the "law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus" (Romans 8:2). It is a life that knows something of the power of God, and whose only obligation is to act as the Holy Spirit leads, and with confidence, to remain inactive when the Holy Spirit is silent. □

*\*This is the author's translation, which he believes to be accurate to the Greek. He writes, "Paul's Greek is generally free from the male gender orientation which mars most English renditions."*

# A Statement of Conscience by Quakers Concerned

Issued at Friends General Conference at Ithaca, New York, July 4, 1980

## BACKGROUND

The law now states that those persons aiding and abetting young men in refusing to register for the draft are liable for up to five years in prison and/or a fine of up to \$10,000, the very same penalty set for those refusing to register.

A concerned portion of the nation's four million youth of draft age are wondering if they can register in good conscience in July, thus supporting the military system. *The pressures on them are enormous.*

More than anything, they need models. Are we able to provide these nineteen- and twenty-year-olds with our backing and support—by saying "We're behind you" not in words alone, but with our bodies and our deepest convictions, our willingness to go to prison if necessary?

Our hope is that out of this FGC gathering *at least 100 men and women* will sign this statement of conscience and that they and others will take this statement home with them and use it there.

## THE COMMITMENT

I am signing the following statement of conscience clearly recognizing the possibility of criminal prosecution or other consequences.

I also understand that my name will be used publicly in announcing this group action.

I realize that young people considering non-registration must make up their own minds and that by this action we are not telling them what to do.

I am taking this step because it is something I feel I must do for reasons of conscience and/or inner spiritual guidance.

## THE STATEMENT

We advocate conscientious refusal to register for the draft and wish the young men of draft age throughout the United States to know that if, after thoughtfully considering the reasons and consequences, they refuse to register, we will give them practical and moral support in every way we can, even though our willingness to do so may result in our prosecution, fines and possible imprisonment for disobeying a man-made law that leads us in the direction of war.

We are aware that there has never been a draft registration without a draft and there has seldom been a draft without a war. The Peace Testimony central to our religious faith leads us to take this stand. The killing and

preparation for killing that take place in modern war are immoral and, we believe, contrary to the will of God.

*The following is a list of persons who, in addition to the original 162 signers and the twenty-three additional ones whose names appeared in the October 1 issue of Friends Journal, have signed the statement. (Through an oversight, some of those listed here should have been included among those who signed before August 19, 1980.) This is the final listing by the Journal of those who have signed this document, though others are encouraged to do so by writing to Friends Peace Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. Phone 215-241-7230.*

Judith Lee Anderson

Arthur Berk

Marion Blaetz

Betty Boardman

Susan H. Case

Jim Cavener

Mark Al Cecil

Irene Dowdell

Joan Dungen

Jonathan P. Duvick

Joann F. Elder

Jodie English

Bena Feldman

Elizabeth Wells Ferguson

Willis B. Good

Ev Grimes

Marian S. Hahn

Jeff Haines

Shanta Hartsough

Joseph G. Heflin

Hildegard Herbster

Phyllis W. Hodgson

Francis D. Hole

Herb Hoover

Victor Kaufman

Grace M. Kight

Larry Lacu

Ruth Laughlin

Betsy Behre Lewis

Dorothy J. Ludwig

Dorothy L. March

Jim Matlack

Maureen Motley

Robert S. Newbery

Margaret Nielson

Liane Ellison Norman

Hilda H. Parfey

Cynthia Phillips

Cynthia L. Phillips

Richard H. Post

Charles Lee Randel

Dana Raphael

Ann Rush

Ursula M. Scott

Lyle Snider

Sue Snider

Nadya Spassenko

Don Stevenson

William D. Strong

Phyllis B. Taylor

Richard K. Taylor

Doug Van Der Burg

William V. Vitarelli

Scilla Wahrhaftig

Etta Ruth Way

John W. Way

George Willoughby

Lillian P. Willoughby

Lloyd Lee Wilson

# FRIENDS AROUND THE WORLD

Another prisoner asking for someone "on the outside" to correspond with is Richard Jones, Jr., #146-173, P.O. Box 69, London, Ohio 43140. He expects to be released toward the end of the year and seeks acquaintanceship with persons "who will facilitate my re-emergence into public."

An additional prisoner asking for "letters from people of any race" is Marvin D. Brockett, #04206-164, P.O. Box 1000, Lewisburg, PA 17837.

Nettie J.L. Ruland of Oswego (NY) Meeting, whose address is Guernsey Hill Road, Lagrangeville, NY 12540 has sent in the following communication:

The men who attend Green Haven Prison Meeting at Stormville, New York, have expressed a desire and need to communicate through correspondence. They are particularly responsive to genuine interest in them as human beings and in Quaker concepts. They are restricted physically, but many are growing spiritually and are inspiring to those of us who attend from the outside.

If any readers of *Friends Journal* would like to participate in this prison meeting through correspondence, please contact me so that arrangements can be made.

William Stone, Jr., Box A, 4-11, Thomaston, Maine 04861, contributes from his own experience the suggestion which should be obvious to all prison reformers and many wardens but which has been largely ignored, viz., that in the search for innovative methods and ideas one group of experts has been overlooked.

This group, which "has studied at close range the profound physical and psychological impact of overcrowding, extended solitary confinement and other devastating aspects of modern incarceration," is composed of the people who populate the prisons, for Mr. Stone is convinced that "reducing the crime rate cannot happen without learning more about changes needed and deemed significant by the people most directly involved, convicted and serving the longest sentences in the world for crimes that, directly or indirectly have been attributed by most experts as symptoms of a lopsided economic system."

The failure to develop the potential of some 560,000 citizens in this country—the detention population—is viewed by Mr. Stone as "the one most onerous and perplexing symptom" of the entire system. Correctional administrators appear to be "burned out," legislators "confused" and looking for answers to penologists who "have relatively no direct contact with prisoners." Thus prisoners "must become a strong, active and respected voice included in all expert groups analyzing incarceration and its many problems."

## AFSC Scholarship Awards for Post-Graduate Study

**The Mary Campbell Memorial Fellowship** is awarded for graduate study to persons preparing themselves as "emissaries of international or interracial peace and goodwill." It is open only to U.S. citizens. Although some recipients have used this grant for study in foreign universities, in which case a knowledge of the language is essential, it is also open to those planning to do graduate work in the U.S.

**The Charlotte Chapman Turner Award** is given to a married person rearing a family who is interested in educational training for a career, the object of which is the alleviation of the social or medical ills of humankind. This award is especially intended for persons preparing themselves for service in social work or medicine.

**The Mary R. G. Williams Award** assists with travel expenses to a one- or two-year teaching assignment at either the Boys' or Girls' Friends School in Ramallah. It is awarded jointly by the Committee of Award and the Wider Ministries Commission of Friends

United Meeting, Richmond, Indiana. Applications for the teaching position should be sent to the Wider Ministries Commission (101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, Indiana 47374) at the same time an application is made to the Committee of Award (1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102) for the travel grant. It is desirable that a candidate for this award be a member of the Society of Friends, or at least be familiar with Friends and in sympathy with the testimonies of the Society, with a demonstrated aptitude for teaching and interest in teaching in a cross-cultural context. The award may also be used by graduates or teachers at the Friends Schools in Ramallah for a year of study and travel in the U.S.

Application forms for the three grants described above should be requested from the AFSC Personnel Department (Attention: Committee of Awards), 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. Completed applications and references must be returned by February 15th, 1981.

**Death-certificate statements** "suggestive of alcohol abuse," persistent psychological impairment, and high mortality-from-cirrhosis figures are among the findings of a new report by the Medical Follow-up Agency of the National Research Council, the third in a series examining causes of death of repatriated U.S. servicemen who had been taken prisoner of war in either World War II or the Korean War. Complete data appear in a report by Robert J. Keehn in the *American Journal of Epidemiology*, Vol. 111, No. 2, 1980, and reprints are available from the Medical Follow-up Agency of the National Research Council, 2101 Constitution Avenue, N.W., Washington D.C. 20418, according to the Council's *News Report*, which has published the findings referred to above.



For those who do not regularly see the Friends General Conference *Quarterly*, a note about PVS (Prisoner Visitation and Support) may be helpful.

This is a nationwide assistance program for federal and military prisoners. Founded in 1968 by Bob and Kay Horton of Southampton (PA) Meeting, and Fay Honey Knopp of Wilton (CT) Meeting, along with several peace groups, it had the initial purpose of visitation to imprisoned Vietnam War resisters. It is now the only trusted link with the outside world for some 1,000 men and women each year who have been incarcerated and forgotten in remote places.

"It is because of people like you," wrote one of them, "that some of us in here will be able to live in a free society and not go out hating everyone else."

PVS visitors come from all walks of life: teachers, homemakers, business men and women, ministers, retired persons. They offer friendship and help in a variety of forms such as: regular visits, obtaining study materials, communicating with prisoners' families, making legal referrals, writing letters of recommendation to parole boards, etc.

Anyone interested in becoming a PVS visitor may contact Eric Corson, c/o Friends Center, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

**Reporting in QUNO's In and Around the U.N.** on the ninth session of the Human Rights Committee in Geneva, Margaret Whittle notes that the Committee's Covenant on Civil and Political Rights has now been ratified by sixty-two countries (the most important omission being the U.S.A.). "Of these," she adds, "twenty-three countries have ratified the optional protocol, which gives individual citizens the right to complain to the Committee. Members of the Committee sift out these private communications and decide which violations to accept.... The Covenant's strength lies in the fact that basic human rights are laid down as a universal guideline...."

QUNO Geneva ran a seminar in October at which the Committee members talked about their work. The Committee, which is non-political, is a source of hope within the United Nations system.

After commenting on how deeply thirty-four years of cold war have succeeded in lodging fear and mistrust of the USSR in the minds of U.S. citizens, the FCNL Washington Newsletter diplomatically uses a series of questions to suggest how trust and confidence among nations could best be built.

- Leaders in various nations might be asked to live for several months in countries they view as antagonists, absorbing history, political views and cultural values.

- The deterrence strategy, which makes war more likely by generating fear and suspicion, should be abandoned.

- The growth in the world's various military establishments—in itself a major cause of the accelerating arms race—should be curtailed.

- Most people could well put to a test their faith in a loving God—acting accordingly—rather than worshipping the god of the nation-state.

- Comprehensive disarmament of all nations should be enforced along with a major expansion of the authority and performance of the United Nations and related agencies.

The following quotes submitted by Jean Michener Nicholson are worthy of Friends Journal readers' perusal:

#### *Where Your Money Goes*

"The Administration has asked Congress for \$696 billion in Federal funds for Fiscal 1981. Of that amount:

"Military: forty-seven percent. Of this, thirty-two percent is earmarked for current military expenditures and fifteen percent for the cost of past wars. Of the cost of past wars, five percent is for veteran benefits, and ten percent for interest on the national debt, two-thirds of which can be conservatively estimated as war-incurred.

"Human Resources—education, manpower, social services, health, income security—twenty-nine percent.

"Physical Resources—agriculture, community and regional development, natural resources, commerce, transportation, environment, energy—eleven percent.

"All other—international affairs, space, general government, revenue-sharing, and one-fourth of the interest on the national debt—thirteen percent."

—SANE (a citizen's organization focused on issues of U.S. foreign policy and disarmament)

#### *The Inescapable Conclusion*

The conclusion is inescapable: the next *trillion dollars* of American military spending, if undertaken within a five-year time span, will result in the impoverishment of major sectors of American society. Inflation will continue to reduce the real incomes of most working Americans. Inflation will drive interest rates to levels where only the government, the military industries, and the largest American corporations will have access to capital and credit. Unemployment will probably continue to rise. In short, a \$1 trillion military budget over the next five years will mean that the U.S. in 1986 will be a poorer and weaker nation than it is now."

—Dr. James R. Anderson  
Employment Research Associates

**The June, 1980, FCNL Indian Report** carries the story of Kateri Tekakwitha, Mohawk woman who died of smallpox in 1680 at the age of twenty-four. Her parents and younger brother had died of the same disease, and, according to custom, she came to live with her uncle's family. When some French Jesuit priests came to her village, she came under their influence, and despite her uncle's suspicious attitude toward them, became interested in their "message" and was baptized at the age of twenty. Not wishing to embarrass her uncle by her action, she went to Canada to live in a village of Christian Indians. When she died, four years later, it was noticed that her skin had cleared and the smallpox scars had disappeared. This was taken as a "divine sign of approval of the holy life she had lived."

Now, 300 years later, Kateri Tekakwitha will be beatified by Pope John Paul II in Rome. As this is being written, she is being proclaimed "Blessed," the last title given before that of "Saint." Present at the ceremony are to be Ted Zuern, S.J., FCNL legislative assistant, and some thirty-five Indian people from this country and Canada. It is expected that the peace pipe and the black and white feathered head piece to be presented to the pope on this occasion will find their way to the Vatican museum.

**Beatrice G. Coward of Hartford (CT) Meeting** has forwarded information about the new Susan B. Anthony College for Peace and Freedom which grants only graduate degrees and permits the student to work at home or by correspondence with an advisor or tutor.

In cooperation with the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, this program has been developed by E. Gwen Gardner, who graduated herself from direction of the "M.A. in Peace Studies" of the International Unit of Antioch University. The new "External Degree" program also has a center in Australia, under the direction of Keith Suter. The program involves a year's internship with a U.S. organization or a N.G.L. affiliated with it, with UNESCO, or with some other approved international group. Several theses resulting from such internships have been published. Further information may be obtained by writing to: E. Gwen Gardner, Anthony University, Top Flat, Shastines Rd., St. Helier, Jersey (Channel Isles) U.K.

**A start has been made** in recruiting volunteers to train for action in an eventual United Nations Peaceworkers Service (UNPS), if and when one is established. "Peaceworkers," Box 2, Lafayette, CA 94549, a private, international, intercultural, interreligious, non-profit organization is building a roster in the United States which, along with those from other countries, will be presented to the United Nations. The international file of volunteers thus formed "will provide a pool of trained peace professionals, an alternative to the world's armies..."

"Peacemakers" is sponsored by such well-known names as Norman Cousins, Lewis Mumford, Don Luce, Rev. Allan Hunter and Amiya Chakravarty, among others. The sign-up blank, obtainable from the above address, solicits, beside name and address, "occupational interest" and "languages spoken."

**Again a lonely prisoner writes in to** "seek correspondence from real people who are willing to be a friend, and hope to take away some of the lonely feeling that we all have in this world together." He promises to answer all letters. He is James Johnson, P.O. Box B-34559, Florence, Arizona 85232.

## BOOK REVIEWS

**The Culture of Narcissism** by Christopher Lasch. *W.W. Norton & Company, Inc., New York, NY, 1978. 268 pages. \$11.95*

Here is a portrait of the narcissistic personality as best adapted to the current bureaucratic order, as Dr. Lasch sees it. He includes in the order a late stage of capitalism, government agencies and professionals serving them.

What is the new narcissism? He defines it as a dream of, or a career of "making friends to influence people," building a self-image of prestigious confidence and power. He also includes the inner condition: the frightening emptiness (except for hidden anger and rage, historically reserved for the oppressed poor), inability to mourn, no trust in deep relationships or commitment other than to the neurotic self, idealization of glamour and youth, along with incurable dread of aging and death. The author examines the effects on family life, sexual relations, education, sports, etc. If he seems scornful of the condition, on occasion he writes with compassion, also suggesting we are all tainted in some measure.

The author sees narcissism, nurtured by the bureaucratic complex, unable to solve basic social disorders. He finds it offers no solution and forestalls more radical solutions (which he never hints at).

I am grateful for clarification of something very real, socially and spiritually. The work is scholarly and interesting, but its weakness is one-sidedness. The author completely ignores fifty years' accumulation of works by scientists on a new human sensibility painfully struggling to be born, nor can he imagine a value in the inner emptiness: room for new life, as we see working increasingly among individuals. He is not impressed by the percolation and experiment, grassroots and otherwise, based on new value systems. As for me, I choose to be intensely aware of the dangers and the promise, and then to serve the promise.

*Dorothea Blom*

**Conflict Regulation** by Paul Wehr, *Foreword by Kenneth E. Boulding, Westview Press, Boulder, CO, 1979. 245 pages. Hardcover, \$6.95*

If I had forgotten the major role that Quakers have played in developing the scholarly pursuit of peace, Paul Wehr's book would remind me. In his review of where the state of the art is now, he refers to the work of Kenneth and Elise Boulding, Roland Warren, Walter Issard, A. Paul Hare, C.H. Yarrow, Adam Curle, and other Friends who put their social scientific training to work in the area of conflict.

By "conflict regulation" Paul Wehr means what others include in peace and conflict studies, peace science, conflict resolution, and nonviolent research. He guides us over the terrain of theoretical developments, providing useful summaries of various points of view and controversies in the field. Especially interesting to Friends is the increasing acceptance of the concept of "structural violence," a kind of violence which is not bloody but which is built into institutions of inequality and oppression. Structural violence is shown in systematically unequal life chances for different groups, and can sometimes be measured by infant mortality statistics for the poor compared with the rich, by comparative life expectancies, lead poisoning rates, etc. One hears echoes of John Woolman in this concept, the Woolman who wondered if the seeds of war lay in expensive possessions.

In this book, Paul Wehr not only reviews the various perspectives, but makes a contribution toward weaving them together. After emphasizing the importance of mediation and arbitration, for example, he points out that these means of conflict regulation work best when the opponents are of roughly equal power. Since there are many times when the conflict is not between equals, peacemakers need to deal with that disparity.

*I would maintain that the development of nonviolent action and empowerment strategies as means of waging conflict are as essential to peacemaking as the more conventional means of mediation and judicial settlement.*

The book correspondingly includes an excellent chapter on "The Gandhian Style," and presents a fascinating case study of the Norwegian resistance to Nazification during World War II,



based on the author's original research. Wehr also presents as a case study the 1978 Rocky Flats, Colorado, national action against nuclear weapons; he goes on to discuss the environmental picture in Colorado and how conflict regulation strategies can apply to the inevitable fights between interest groups and between values on the environmental scene.

The bibliography, generally annotated, is extensive, and Wehr describes a series of exercises which can be used for experiential learning in classrooms, workshops, or—I would add—Friends meetings.

George Lakey  
Philadelphia, PA

**The Politics of Cancer** by Samuel S. Epstein, M.D. *Revised and expanded edition, Anchor Press/Doubleday, Garden City, NY, 1979. 629 pages, appendices. Paper, \$6.95*

A pathologist and professor of environmental medicine, the author has written an important book which should receive wide attention. Unfortunately, it demands patient concentration and a thorough knowledge of chemistry, biology, statistics and scientific methodology fully to comprehend its subject. Nevertheless, even this non-scientist was able to extract enough of Epstein's message to understand that cancer should be seen as an environmentally-induced disease, not simply a dreaded calamity that strikes capriciously. Until recently, most researchers concentrated on finding treatments and cures for cancer, rather than trying to isolate the factors that are causing its greatly increased incidence.

Environmental carcinogens, especially by the thousands of petrochemical compounds that have become part of our everyday lives, are singled out by Epstein in numerous case studies that prove their danger to human health. Corporate greed and regulatory agencies that do not regulate combine to put countless lives in jeopardy. His book is a call for much greater citizen involvement in and control of these life-and-death matters, and for a strong anti-cancer lobby at the national level.

The author explains that he has not attempted to deal in this volume with the hazards of nuclear radioactivity, which would require a book in itself. Those hazards are receiving a lot of attention

from other members of the medical profession, however, and when one considers the combined effect of both these potent sources of cancer, it is hard to resist despair. But that is not the message of Epstein's book. He has documented for the general public the urgent need for political action to demand the prevention of environmentally induced cancers. His book is worth the effort required in its reading.

Lenna Mae Gara

**The Feminine Dimension of The Divine** by Joan Chamberlain Engelmann, *The Westminster Press, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, PA, 1979. 203 pages. \$8.95*

Joan Engelmann's interest here is the origins of the particular masculine dominance of the West growing out of Hellenistic culture before and after Jesus. To begin, she focuses on the feminine in the human psyche, as seen by Carl Jung, Eric Neumann and Esther Harding. She concludes the book by examining our growing conscious need in both men and women to integrate the feminine to become more fully human, indicating as part of the solution "inclusive monotheism"—multiple images of one God.

Largely, the book deals with the goddesses of the Hellenistic mystery religions and their influences. As this culture spread, so did its religions. We see the nurturing, caring Earth mother, goddess, Demeter, who mourns her daughter and the borrowed Egyptian Isis mourning her brother/husband. The 5,000-year-old Isis, incidentally, has played a lead in a children's TV program—a durable goddess, indeed!

The key figure for the sequence is Sophia. She began as a poetic expression in the Judaic wisdom literature. As the popularity of the mystery religion goddesses became a threat to Judaism, Jews were allowed to treat Sophia as a full fledged goddess. Around the time of Jesus the Jewish philosopher, Philo, very cleverly shifts Sophia's power to Logos. The fourth Gospel picks up on Logos and equates it to an androgenous Christ. You might say John stole Sophia's thunder (but not her destructive lightning). Mary's only importance is as the mother of Jesus.

Much valuable material squeezes into this slender book; I wouldn't want to have missed it. The index is ridiculously

small for the compact richness of the material. As I read, I made my own index. Englemann's suggestion that "inclusive monotheism" might make room for an evil aspect of God can hardly stand up to one Hindu solution: evil is a part which tries to take over as if it were the whole.

Dorothea Blom

**Aborting America** by Bernard N. Nathanson with Richard Ostling. *Doubleday, Garden City, NY, 1979. 286 pages. \$10.00*

Quakers who have written in the *Friends Journal* about abortion range from those who consider abortions therapeutic and "loving" to those who declare abortion to be "the destruction of human life," and therefore very wrong. *Aborting America* will interest both groups, since its author, Bernard Nathanson, was once the leading proponent of abortion reform in this country but has now come to believe that practically all abortion is dead wrong. The gynecologist who headed the largest outpatient abortion clinic in New York in the early seventies, Bernard Nathanson has since declared that he "presided over 60,000 deaths." After his resignation from the directorship of the clinic, Bernard Nathanson worked extensively with new equipment in the field of fetal medicine. He has decided that to the best of present knowledge, human life begins not late in pregnancy when the fetus could live outside the womb, but at the moment of implantation in the womb a few days after conception. He also has realized that medical advances make it possible for an embryo early in its development to be viable, dependent on artificial wombs—just as premature infants depend on incubators.

Bernard Nathanson's thinking—and undoubtedly his guilt—have led him to believe that abortion is wrong. Only in the rare cases where abortion will prevent the immediate death of the mother does he find it justifiable. Even in cases of rape, incest, or major birth defect, he believes that abortion should not occur. Nathanson says that all sorts of social change needs to happen in order to give the mother and child the support they need when such problem pregnancies come to term, but he takes no responsibility for suggesting specific



measures. Actually, using the definition of abortion as separating the embryo or fetus from the mother, Bernard Nathanson does not oppose abortion, but he strongly opposes the destruction of the living "other." In a weirdly Huxleyan epilogue, Nathanson proposes developing a technology by which embryos and fetuses can be carefully removed from the mother and implanted in other wombs, some natural, most artificial.

In many ways Bernard Nathanson deserves credit. He has struggled hard and often thought well about a subject that must be painful for him. His history as a liberal abortion reformer, his sensitivity to the injustice of the old abortion laws, his compassion for poor women injured by back-room abortionists, all lend credibility to his change of mind; Nathanson is no doctrinaire pro-lifer. But his very involvement in so many abortions undoubtedly distorts his moral vision now. Bernard Nathanson doesn't talk much about his own guilt, but it stains every page of *Aborting America*. Possibly his zeal to save every embryo, even if this means artificial wombs and motherless generations, *a la Brave New World*, is the work of his own guilt at having done so much of something he now regrets.

Not only is Nathanson operating partly out of guilt, but he is dumping loads of it on women—and some men, too—who have chosen abortion in the past as what seemed to them the best choice under very difficult circumstances. In fact, Bernard Nathanson ignores most of the insights that psychology affords. If a problem isn't psychiatric—i.e., medical—then, he seems to suggest, it isn't important. In making his artificial womb suggestion, Nathanson seems totally unaware of the psychological damage that would be suffered by a child so nurtured. Besides, such a solution would be terribly damaging to the mothers who aborted these individuals. If, as Nathanson reports, abortion usually does not produce overwhelming guilt as a reaction, this is only because abortion permits women (and men) to erase the pregnancy from their minds and to pretend that it hasn't happened. Giving birth to a baby and then giving it up for adoption is surely traumatic for the mother. She wonders all her life—from most reports—what has happened to her child. Allowing fetuses to develop outside the womb would probably be just as traumatic; women would still wonder what became of their babies. Surely this

solution is not humane for mother or child.

In fact, Bernard Nathanson seems to have no great respect for women in general, or feminists in particular. He sees himself as an advocate for the unborn, and, as a result, seems to see women as the adversary. Only a viewpoint that encompasses with love all human creatures can see truth whole.

In spite of all this, I believe that Bernard Nathanson is right in saying that abortion is the destruction of human life. He argues from a medical and ethical point of view, carefully avoiding religious argument. But I suspect from what we are given to know about the soul, about life and afterlife and beforelife, that separate human life exists in the uterus. If so, that life, too, is precious.

Every woman, myself included, could possibly find herself in a situation desperate enough that she would choose abortion. Some abortions are certainly more justifiable than others. But any abortion is at best the lesser of two evils.

In spite of its weaknesses, Bernard Nathanson's book is valuable. It gives us a record of one person's struggle with this critical issue of abortion. It also presents medical findings that can help us in our struggle to think clearly about abortion.

Anne G. Toensmeier

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

### Why the Furor to Categorize?

Although I favor women's rights and feminism in its best and most rational form, I do get a bit tired of reading articles which turn out to be as sexist in their own way as the sexism they are at pains to decry. "Images of God" (FJ 5/1/80) is only one of the most recent of these. Somehow they seem so self-defeating, so unworthy of the intellects that inspired them.

Taking the above-mentioned article as one example, I do agree whole-heartedly with the author, Judith Pruess-Bowman,

## Mohonk

You'll love us for  
what we are.  
And  
what we aren't.

You'll love Mohonk's superb natural setting, its lake and cliffs and thousands of unspoiled mountain acres. Its delicious food, and sports for all seasons, from tennis, golf, swimming, hiking, horseback riding and carriage rides to skating and cross-country skiing. You'll love Mohonk, too, for not being chrome, plastic, artificial or contrived. For being, in fact, itself. Naturally. Come soon. See your travel agent or call direct: (212) 233-2244.

  
Lake Mohonk, New Paltz, N.Y. 12561  
(914) 255-1000

90 miles from N.Y.C., Thruway Exit 18.  
Direct transportation available.  
Ask our Reservations Office.

Friends Boarding Home of Bucks Quarter (Founded 1898) invites you to a carefree, congenial and friendly "way of life" at

### Friends Village

our new, modern 44 unit addition with studio, one and two bedroom apartments and non-house-keeping rooms with bath.

The community center, Styer Hall, contains a large dining room, the library, hobby, recreation and social rooms. Because medical care is not included, the cost is relatively low.

For full information write to:

Friends Village  
331 Lower Dolington Road  
Newtown, Pa. 18940

NURSES, RNS

## PROFESSIONAL NURSES PSYCHIATRY

Join the staff of a Nursing Dept. with high standards-decentralized participative management. Work under the leadership of clinical specialist on each unit. Participate in peer exchange and problem-solving in weekly group dynamics on all shifts.

Advanced Staff Nurse position available. Full time and part time Staff Nurse positions also available on 3-11 PM and 11PM-7 AM shifts. Limited part time positions open on 7 AM-3 PM shift for nurses with psychiatric experience. Permanent shifts-no rotation unless desired. Every other weekend off. Competitive salary, excellent benefits. 4 month traineeship for nurses with no previous psychiatric experience.

Contact PAT ST. CLAIR, Nursing Office Manager, at (215) 831-4644.

### FRIENDS HOSPITAL

Roosevelt Blvd. & Adams Ave.  
Philadelphia, PA 19124

An Equal Opportunity Employer

Would you like to invest in  
life-supportive products and services?  
Consider

## PAX WORLD FUND INC.

(a no-load mutual fund seeking income and long-term growth)

Pax invests in:

- non war-related industries
- firms with fair employment practices
- some international development

Specific industries selected for investment include, among others: health care, education, pollution control, housing, food, retail, clothing and leisure time.

Securities are available for sale in: California, the District of Columbia, Illinois, Indiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, and Washington. Minimum initial investment is \$250.00.

A prospectus containing more complete information about PAX WORLD FUND, including all charges and expenses, will be sent upon receipt of this coupon. Read it carefully before you invest. Send no money.

To:  
PAX WORLD FUND, INC.  
224 State Street  
Portsmouth, N.H. 03801

Please send me a free prospectus and other information on Pax World Fund.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City, State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Occupation \_\_\_\_\_ Tel. No. \_\_\_\_\_

when she writes: "Women and men of today... know that they both were created in God's image and [that] that is both female and male." Why, then, does she need to suggest that "... biblical images of God as feminine [emphasis mine] or not gender-linked can be explored and used when attempting to name the Divine?"

But what bothers me the most in these articles is what seems the unwarranted generalization of men in such terms as "chauvinistic," "vengeful," "positive," "strong," "leaders," "stern," "superior," "tyrannical," "arrogant," "violent," and of women as "(peace-) loving," "forgiving," "negative," "weak," "followers," "compassionate," "inferior," "humble," "intuitive," "nurturing." (These have all been used at various times in *Friends Journal*). No doubt all of us know individuals personally (both men and women) regarding whom such stereotyped roles could be almost reversed, at least with modifications. So why the furor to categorize? And why so much emphasis on an exact term for God? Personally, I believe we could do no better than (for once) to follow the lead of our Native Americans and refer quite simply to "The Great Spirit." Far from regarding "the whole issue of language about God as trivial," I recognize the force it can have in our lives, but would question why it seems necessary to create God in our image.

Now I can almost hear the chorus of some ardent feminists ("Just like a man!") who will probably dismiss these cogitations as the fulminations of a grumpy oldster. Old I have certainly become (who doesn't?); whether grumpy or not depends somewhat on the nature and point of view of the observer. I hope, however, that there are both women and men who will recognize some justice in these remarks and who would be able to agree with the concluding paragraph of Helen M. Luke's Pendle Hill Pamphlet (230), *The Life of the Spirit in Women*. She writes:

... Every individual woman who is capable of reflection and discrimination, and who lays claim to freedom, carries a responsibility to ask herself, "What kind of free spirit is it that breathes through me and is the dominant influence in my life?" To discover this is a task of self-knowledge which demands all the courage, honesty, and perseverance of which we are capable, and we have first to realize that

*real freedom from servitude comes only when one is capable of freely chosen service. We are freed from the "law" by which we have hitherto lived only through the choice of another binding commitment....*

**M.C. Morris**  
Moorestown, NJ

## We Have to Take Stands

After reading Jack Powelson's "Feeling Comfortable" and the letters to the editors in the May 15 issue, I was struck with the tendency to overestimate the power of one individual—or a few.

I had welcomed Wilbur Kamp's "Who Is A Quaker?" which gave me reassurance that the Society of Friends still has room for those of us who do not hold the beliefs of the majority. Whether or not we represent a trend, I do not know, but I doubt that we are endangering beliefs of anyone who is not already questioning.

Jack Powelson's concern about the power of an individual seems centered on himself. For example, he feels he cannot boycott Nestle products (in spite of recognition of the danger to Third World children of the company's profit-making promotion of infant formulas) for fear of bringing starvation to children of Ghanaian cocoa producers. This is claiming too much effectiveness for a boycott. (Ask anyone who has tried to promote one!) Confrontations are not revolutions. They are attempts to point out that something is wrong and should be remedied. If no one listens to quiet objections, ways must be found to make a point more forcefully. Not to be willing to engage in confrontations of any sort amounts to never taking a stand.

I have sympathy for Jack Powelson's feeling that he "wasn't cut out to be comfortable." At one stage in my own life I identified with Phyllis McGinley's verse:

*... And cold sleep all my kind,  
For we were born to shiver  
In the draft from an open mind.*

That was a long time ago. At some point it seemed clear to me that I had to learn to make difficult choices and take stands—and I have been more comfortable ever since.

**Bea Reiner**  
St. Petersburg, FL

## WESTTOWN SCHOOL

**BD 9-12**

**Day K-10**

Westtown School's quest for excellence in education centers on a maturing search for Truth in a loving, worshipping, and understanding Friends' community. Westtown's education is predicated on mutual involvement of teacher and student in the learning experience. In this process each person refines his or her ideals, and endeavors to practice them. For the older students, the School's boarding program provides an environment in which adolescents can mature into caring and competent young adults.

**For further information write Westtown School, Westtown, Pa. 19395**



## George School

Since 1893

**A Friendly Place To Grow  
In Spirit, Intellect and Self-Reliance**

A Coeducational Friends Boarding and Day School  
For Grades 9 - 12

**R. Barret Coppock, Director of Admissions**  
George School, Newtown, PA 18940 (215) 295-3811



## Oakwood School

**America's Oldest Coeducational Boarding  
and Day School**

*Oakwood is a Quaker educational community with a college preparatory academic program. The unique senior program, "Adventure in Quaker Education," combines intensive academic work with manual skills and community service projects.*

**Grades 9-12—Tuition Reduction for Friends—100 Students**  
**Carolyn J. Tomlins, Director of Admissions**  
Oakwood School, Poughkeepsie, NY 12601 • 914-462-4200



## Abington Friends School

Abington Friends School is a coeducational day school, Four-year-old Kindergarten through Grade 12. For more information about admissions, or about employment opportunities, call or write: **James E. Achterberg**  
Headmaster  
575 Washington Lane  
Jenkintown, Pennsylvania 19046  
(215) 886-4350

## DO NOT FORGET YOUR BOOK STORE

We are open  
Monday through Friday  
9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

**FRIENDS BOOK STORE**  
156 NO. 15TH STREET  
PHILADELPHIA, PA 19102  
(215) 241-7225



### CREMATION

Friends are reminded that the  
*Anna T. Jeanes Fund*  
will reimburse cremation costs.  
(Applicable to members of  
Philadelphia Yearly Meeting only.)

For information write or telephone  
**HENRY BECK**  
6300 Greene Street  
Philadelphia, PA 19144 — V1 3-7472

### RE-UPHOLSTERY / SLIPCOVERS

Mr. Seremba will go anywhere within 30  
miles of Media, PA, including Wilmington,  
DE, area and South Jersey.

**PHONE (215) 586-7592**

Discount to Journal Readers

## animal rights animal liberation

### Looming Larger Day by Day

On University campuses, in fast-growing citizen groups, in legislative chambers, the moral absurdity of man's savage dominance over his fellow-animals is undergoing new, sharper scrutiny.

Today, centuries late, corrective action is on the agenda. People, organized and unorganized, are calling for an end to atrocious wrongs committed largely for commercial gain. Remedial legislation is being sponsored. Protesters are marching, demonstrating, determined to make things happen.

For close-up coverage of the mounting protest against savage oppression subscribe to

### COMPASSION

a monthly in-depth newsletter report (supplemented by three special bulletins each year) on the new, nationwide struggle for Animal Rights/Animal Liberation.

"True Compassion... covers all living things." —Albert Schweitzer

**COMPASSION, Dept. FJ**  
507 Fifth Ave., Rm. 307  
New York, N.Y. 10017

I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ 1-year  
subscriptions to **COMPASSION**  
Newsletter at \$10 a year. (Group  
subscriptions mailed in bulk: 3-9,  
\$9 ea.; 10 or more, \$8 ea. Students  
and Seniors \$7.50 each.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_

## WHAT IS QUAKERISM?

George Fox believed it was the response to an important part of the Christian message. He felt that this important part had been lost but was being recovered in his day. It is the good news that Christ has come to teach his people himself.

Now a new quarterly magazine, *New Foundation Papers*, is available to present and discuss Fox's message and what results from it. If you would like a free copy of the first issue, please write to:

**New Foundation Papers**  
P.O. Box 267  
Kutztown, PA 19530

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

### Marriages

**Bulkley-Bond**—On August 23, 1980, in and under the care of Mickleton (NJ) Friends Meeting, *Kathleen Hannah Bond* and *Robert Johns Bulkley, III*. The bride, a member of Mickleton Meeting, is the daughter of the late Gideon Peaslee Bond and Hazel K. Bond. The bridegroom and his mother, Lorraine Warner Bulkley, are members of London Grove (PA) Meeting. He is the son of the late Robert Johns Bulkley, Jr. Kathleen Hannah Bond will keep her birth name. The couple are residing in Seattle, WA.

**Elkinton-Rosen**—On July 6, 1980, at Adelphi Meeting House, Adelphi, MD, *Deborah A. Rosen*, daughter of Milton and Sally Rosen of Bethesda, MD, and *Steven Elkinton*, son of David C. and Marian D. Elkinton of Moylan, PA. The groom and his parents are members of Media Meeting, Media, PA.

**Mann-Johns**—On July 19, 1980, under the care of Newtown Square (PA) Friends Meeting, *David Janney Johns* and *Helene Lois Mann*, at Temple Sholem, Broomall, PA. David is the son of Walter R. and Josephine W. Johns, all members of Newtown Square Friends Meeting. Helene is the daughter of Irving and Joan Mann, of Upper Providence, Media, PA.

The young couple are residing at Elkins Park, PA, and attending graduate schools at Temple University.

**Osborn-Butterfield**—*Nicholas Butterfield* and *Rachel Osborn* on September 13, 1980, under the joint care of Lehigh Valley (PA) and Atlanta (GA) Monthly Meetings. The ceremony, combining Quaker and Moravian traditions, took place in the Old Chapel of the Central Moravian Church, in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Rachel and her father, Joseph C. Osborn, are members of Lehigh Valley Meeting; her mother, Rebecca M. Osborn, belongs to the West Branch Meeting near Wilkes-Barre, PA. Rachel's maternal grandmother, Helen B. McNeese, is a member of Gwynedd (PA) Meeting. Nicholas is a member of Atlanta Meeting, and his parents, Thomas and Lee Butterfield, are members of the Central Moravian Church in Bethlehem. Rachel and Nicholas each adopted the surname of their spouse as a new middle name. They live in North Carolina, where Nicholas is a social worker in Pittsboro, and Rachel is a graduate student at the University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill.

### Deaths

**Colson**—On October 5, 1980, *David Reeves Colson*, aged sixty-six, at Salem County Memorial Hospital in Woodstown, NJ, of a heart condition. A member of Woodstown (NJ) Friends Meeting, David

was the son of the late David and Mary Featherer Colson. He had been a grain farmer in recent years, operating the family farm where he was born. Formerly he had operated a dairy and poultry farm.

David graduated from Woodstown High School in 1932, known as one of the school's finer athletes.

Surviving are his wife, Harriet Jones Colson; a son, David J. of Woodstown, NJ; a daughter, Julia Mayhew of Elmer, NJ; one granddaughter; a sister, Marian L. Colson, and a brother, Joseph E. of Woodstown.

**Dunham**—Arthur Dunham, aged eighty-seven, died September 1, 1980, in Ann Arbor, MI, where he and his wife, Esther Schneider Dunham, had lived since 1935. Arthur and Esther established the Ann Arbor Friends Meeting in 1936. He has been a member ever since.

Arthur Dunham was a professor emeritus at the University of Michigan, where he taught community organization and social administration in the School of Social Work until his retirement in 1963. He was active locally and internationally with the American Friends Service Committee. He was the author of three books and numerous articles.

After retirement he was a visiting professor at various universities; in Belfast, Northern Ireland, he worked with the government on the religious and military conflict. He was a Fulbright scholar at the University of Manchester in England. He served as consultant to the United Nations Social and Community Section (HEW) on child welfare policy and legislation.

Survivors include his wife Esther; daughter, Ruth Hammarstrom; a son Richard, both of California; five grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

**Haines**—On August 23, 1980, Bessie T. Haines, aged ninety, a member of Mickleton (NJ) Meeting since 1918. She was a much-loved, retired teacher from the East Greenwich Township school system. She was also a member of Mickleton Grange 111 and Gloucester Pomona Grange 8. She is survived by a sister, Sue W. Haines; and two brothers, Floyd G. Haines and E. Howard Haines.

**Heritage**—On August 31, 1980, Edwood Borden Heritage, aged eighty-two, a birthright member of Mickleton (NJ) Meeting. He served in Glassboro, NJ, as councilman for eight years and as mayor from 1945 to 1947. He was treasurer of the Tiona Petroleum Co. of Philadelphia, PA, for thirty-five years before retiring in 1958. He was a member of the New Jersey Society of Pennsylvania and the Gloucester County Historical Society. He was also an active Mason and Shriner. He is survived by his wife, Jessie M. Heritage, Pitman, NJ; a daughter, Barbara H. Steward, San Antonio, TX; three grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

**Leedom**—Elva Ashbridge Leedom, on August 28, 1980, in the Haskins Nursing Home, Secane, PA, at the age of eighty-five. She was born in E. Goshen, Chester County, PA, on October 22, 1895, and was a member of Birmingham Meeting (PA) where she taught First-day school. She transferred her membership to Lansdowne (PA) Meeting in 1928 where she remained a member until her death.

Elva Leedom studied music at the old West Chester Normal School and taught piano to pupils in West Chester. On moving to Lansdowne, she always played the piano for

First-day school.

She is survived by her husband, Joseph, who resides in the Haskins Nursing Home; a son Joseph Ashbridge Leedom of Lansdowne; and two grandsons, Thomas Smedley and Robert Carlton.

**Seeley**—Marjorie C. Seeley, on August 31, 1980, after a long illness. She was sixty-five. A member of Plymouth (PA) Meeting, Marjorie Seeley had been employed by the American Friends Service Committee since 1962. With AFSC she had served as Assistant Division Secretary, Youth Services Division; Assistant to the Executive Secretary; coordinator of the AFSC Speakers Bureau; coordinator of hospitality and transcriber for AFSC Board meetings; and coordinator of AFSC Annual Meetings. She served on Representative Meeting of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting and on the Committee to Revise *Faith and Practice*. In addition to serving as assistant clerk of Plymouth Monthly Meeting, she had been clerk of the Plymouth Meeting School Committee and edited the meeting newsletter from 1963-1977.

She is survived by her son, Robert A. Seeley; her daughter, Deborah Seeley Averill; and two granddaughters, Laura Seeley and Marjorie Averill.

**Taylor**—On August 25, 1980, May Roberts Taylor, aged ninety-two, of River Side Homestead, Cinnaminson, NJ, wife of the late Howard Gardiner Taylor, Jr. Howard and May Taylor served in the Tokyo Friends Center from 1950-52 for the American Friends Service Committee and in Shimotsu, Japan, for Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in 1955-56.

May Taylor was the mother of Joseph N. of Cinnaminson, Mary T. Hinkey of Rifton, NY, Margaret T. Kurtz of Farmington, PA, Barbara T. Snipes of Morrisville, PA, the late Howard G. III (died 1959) and the late Rebecca Taylor Kriebel (died 1964). She has twenty-nine grandchildren and nineteen great-grandchildren.

May Taylor's life reminiscences, prepared by Annette B. Kriebel, titled "Gently, Sister, Gently" were published in 1975 and are now out of print.

**Ware**—Alice L. Ware, aged ninety-two, formerly of Kings Highway, Woodstown, NJ, on October 5, 1980, at Friends Home in Woodstown. Alice Ware taught school in Mannington, Sharptown and Woodstown from 1914 to 1965. In addition to being a member of the Religious Society of Friends, Woodstown, she was also a member of the Salem County Retired Teachers' Association and the New Jersey Education Association.

Surviving are her brothers, Clement of Mannington and Lee A. of Woodstown.

**Ware**—Roy R. Ware, eighty-four, of Woodstown, NJ, on September 29, 1980, in Salem County Memorial Hospital. The son of the late Preston and May Ware, he was a lifetime resident of Salem County. A retired farmer, he was a member of the Woodstown Religious Society of Friends and the U.S. Trotting Association.

For many years, Roy Ware was active in the raising and training of thoroughbred trotting horses. Many of them were prominent at local racetracks.

Surviving are his wife, May Duell Ware; two daughters, Henrietta W. Hill of Canton, NJ, and Helen W. Rathbone of Mannington, NJ; two brothers, Clement of Mannington and Lee of Woodstown; nine grandchildren and seventeen great-grandchildren.

## FRIENDS' CENTRAL SCHOOL

OVERBROOK, PHILADELPHIA 19151

A Coeducational Country Day School

Four-year kindergarten through 12th Grade; College Preparatory Curriculum. Founded in 1845 by the Society of Friends, our school continues to emphasize integrity, freedom, simplicity in education through concern for the individual student.

THOMAS A. WOOD  
Headmaster

## Small Adirondack Inn for Sale

Excellent condition inside and out; fully insulated, storm sash, solar panels. Main building former family home sleeps maximum twenty-five guests in seven rooms plus four sleeping porches; additions for five owner/staff. Furnished, equipped and ready to operate; complies with State health and fire regulations. Owner retiring after seventeen happy years. Established year-round clientele eager to return. On direct bus route from New York City. Many hiking and ski trails accessible without car. For further information call or write Elizabeth G. Lehmann, Apt. H101, Pennswood Village, Newtown, PA 18940. Tel.: 215-968-9213.

## Calligraphic Art

- marriage certificates
- awards • inscriptions •
- birth announcements •
- greeting card designs •
- invitations • scrolls •

Harry R. Forrest

609-786-1824



### Friendly Greeting Cards

We of Fiber Optics, both being members of the Midland Friends Meeting, would like to offer a series of 10 greeting cards for your consideration. Each card is made from a song verse illustrated by our young Friends in First-day school. The package of 10 different 3 1/2 by 7 folded cards with envelopes is being sold for \$4.00.\*

Please add 50¢ per package for postage and handling.  
Texas residents add 5% sales tax.

**Fiber Optics • 1716 E. 11th Street • Odessa, TX 79761**  
915-337-8894



\*Midland Friends Meeting, with nine adult members and attenders, has been sponsoring a Cambodian refugee family of seven (a baby girl was born on First-day, Ninth month 1980) for the past year. Our second family (four members) is due in at any time. Half of any profits from the sale of these cards will be donated to the Meeting for its refugee work.



### FIBER



### OPTICS

photographic  
&  
fiber arts co.

thom & edie luce  
1716 E. 11 st.  
Odessa TX 79761  
915-337-8894

## Subscription Order/Address Change Form

FJ111580

Please enter a subscription to Friends Journal, payment for which is enclosed. One year ☐ \$12 Two years ☐ \$23 Three years ☐ \$34.50  
(Extra postage outside the United States, \$4 a year.)

- ☐ Enroll me as a Friends Journal Associate. My contribution of \$\_\_\_\_\_ is in addition to the subscription price and is tax-deductible.  
☐ Change my address to: (For prompt processing, send changes before the fifth of the month and indicate your old zip code on this line \_\_\_\_\_.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

- ☐ This is a gift subscription in my name for:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

**Friends Journal, 152-A N. 15th St., Philadelphia, PA 19102**

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

### CLASSIFIED RATES

MINIMUM CHARGE \$6.00. 30¢ per word. Please send payment with order. (A Friends Journal box number counts as three words.) Add 10% if boxed. 10% discount for 3 consecutive insertions, 25% for 6.

Appearance of any advertisement does not imply endorsement by Friends Journal.

Copy deadline: 30 days before publication.

## Accommodations

**Kenyon Guest House**, 13 Sutherland Avenue, London W9. Moderate charges. Bed/breakfast. Convenient shops, subway. Private bathrooms \$2 extra.

**Mexico City Friends Center**. Pleasant, reasonable accommodations. Reservations, Casa de los Amigos, Ignacio Mariscal 132, Mexico 1, D.F. Friends Meeting, Sundays 11 a.m. Phone 535-2752.

**London?** Stay at the Penn Club, Bedford Place, London WC1B 5JH. Friendly atmosphere. Central for Friends House, West End, concerts, theater, British Museum, university, and excursions. Telephone 01-636-4718.



## Announcements

### Pendle Hill Weekend Conferences.

November 21-23, **Single Again**; leaders, Frances Dreisbach and Alex Scott (\$70.00). December 29-January 1, 1981, **Transformations**; leaders, Beth, David, Ed, Erin, Marian and Rob Sanders (\$105.00). To register, send \$25.00 to Extension Secretary, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, PA 19086 or phone 215-566-4507.

### VISITORS' DAY

Every First-day

### Unami Meeting

Come join us for potluck after Meeting.

See FJ Meeting Directory under Sumneytown, PA, for location and phone number.

## Books and Publications

**New Friends Speak.** Denominational backgrounds, path to membership, reactions to meetings and worship; helps received and sought, types of interest. 68 pages, many quotations, tables. \$3 postpaid: Progress Publishers, 401 East 32, #1002, Chicago, IL 60616.

**Looking for a book?** Free Research Service. Please Write: Peter Sperling—Books, Dept. F, Box 300, Old Chelsea Sta., New York, NY 10113.

**Faith and Practice of a Christian Community:** The Testimony of the Publishers of Truth. \$2 from Publishers of Truth, 1509 Bruce Road, Oreland, PA 19075.

## For Rent

**House, furnished/unfurnished:** 1½ stories, 2 bedrooms, dining room, living room, den, 2 bathrooms, L-shaped porch, kitchen, patio. Oil and coal heat. Large yard, vegetables, shade trees. Two-car garage or workshop, gas-heated, washer/dryer, storage loft. Occupancy late spring 1981. Long Island-Southshore, 50 miles from City, 18 miles from meeting. Shops, transport. South Bay shore nearby. Wardlaw, 48 Oakwood, Bayport, NY 11705. 516-472-1724.

**Beautiful two-bedroomed apartment** available, Yearly Meeting Friends Home, North Plainfield, New Jersey. Call for appointment 212-755-8600.

### Friends House, Sandy Spring, Maryland.

Active retirement community since 1967. Located near Washington, D.C. overlooking wooded countryside. Unfurnished house-keeping apartments rent on a monthly basis. Reasonable waiting list but apply early. Interested persons invited to come and take a look at the facility—guest apartment for accommodations overnight. Write: Friends House, 17340 Quaker Lane, Sandy Spring, MD 20860. Call: 301-924-5100.

## For Sale

**30 games of cooperation** to teach sharing in the home, school, church. All kinds. All ages. Illustrated catalog, 25¢. Family Pastimes, (FJ) Perth, Ontario, Canada K7H 3C6.

**100% Wool Fisherman Yarn**, naturals and heather-dyed, six weights. Sample, \$1, deduct from order. Joanna B. Sadler, RD 2, Stevens, PA 17578.

## Personal

**Martell's offers you** friendliness and warmth as well as fine foods and beverages. Oldest restaurant in Yorkville. Fireplace—sidewalk cafe. Serving lunch daily. Saturday and Sunday brunch. American-Continental cuisine. Open seven days a week until 2 a.m. 3rd Ave., corner of 83rd St., New York City. 212-861-6110. "Peace."

**Single Booklovers** enables cultured, marriage-oriented single, widowed or divorced persons to get acquainted. Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081.

**Going to England?** Spend some time at Woodbrooke, Quaker study centre. Come for a term, a few weeks or a weekend course. Enjoy the all-age international community; gain from worshipping and learning within it. Single or double rooms. Beautiful grounds. Good library. Easily reached. Details of dates, courses and fees from Woodbrooke, 1046 Bristol Road, Birmingham B29 6LJ, England.

## Positions Vacant

**Friends Meeting at Cambridge** seeks active Quaker or Quaker couple for Resident Friend to work with our large, diverse, unprogrammed meeting; full-time salary; live in apartment at Friends Center, beginning summer of 1981. Write to Search Committee, 5 Longfellow Park, Cambridge, MA 02138, for further information by December 1.

**Maintenance director** (or couple). Includes salary and benefits. To apply either phone or write: Director, Powell House, R.D.1, Box 160, Old Chatham, NY 12136. Phone 518-794-6811.

**Extension Secretary**, Pendle Hill, A Quaker Study Center. Position opens June 1, 1981. Responsibilities include coordinating, supervising and possibly leading weekend conferences, classes, summer sessions. To apply, write or phone Edwin A. Sanders, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, PA 19086 (215-566-4507) before January 31, 1981.

## Schools

**Sandy Spring Friends School**, Sandy Spring, Maryland 20860, 301-774-7455. 10th through 12th grades, day and boarding; 6th-9th grades, day only. Academics; arts; bi-weekly Meeting for Worship; sports; service projects; intersession projects. Small classes; individual approach. Rural campus, urban area. Headmaster: Edwin Hinshaw. School motto: "Let your lives speak."

**Olney Friends School**—small, friendly, loving discipline, intramural sports, dairy farm; everyone works. Boarding, co-educational, college-preparatory high school (grades 9-12). Accepting all races and nationalities. Individual attention, not tutorial, with strong religious principles and practices. 614-424-3655—Barnesville, Ohio 43713.

**Scattergood School**, West Branch, Iowa 52358. Co-educational Quaker 4-year college-preparatory boarding school with simple lifestyle. Students, faculty share all daily work and farm chores. Small personal caring community that promotes individual growth. Applications now being taken for second semester.

## Services Offered

**General Contractor.** Repairs or alterations on old or historical buildings. Storm and fire damage restored. John File, 1147 Bloomdale Road, Philadelphia, PA 19115. 464-2207.

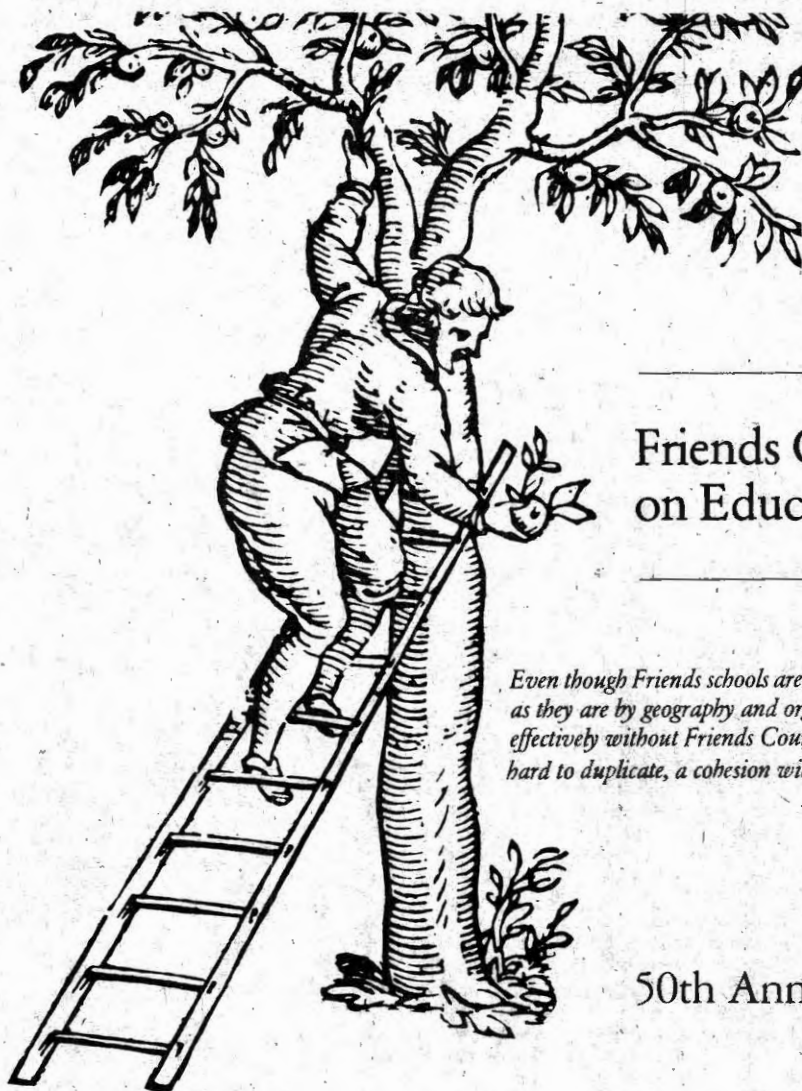
## Wanted

**Disabled veteran needs** non-drinker Christian retired man or son-father arrangement to help care-take farm. G.W. Lester, Box 307, Rt. 2, Arnoldsburg, WV 25234.

**Wanted to buy:** Joyce Kilmer's *Trees and Other Poems* for gift to Pendle Hill library. Contact Jane Farmer, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, PA 19086.

**Housekeeper companion** to live with elderly lady in Jenkintown near Abington Friends Meeting. Reply Box W-746, Friends Journal.

**Director** for New England Yearly Meeting Friends Camp in Maine. Minimum age 25 years (no upper limit) with camp and/or educational experience. Committee wishes assistance during next 3-5 seasons in considering new direction(s), also with some administrative responsibilities. Past season 6 weeks children's periods, 1 week family. Letter of application/inquiry preferred with resume. Write George R. Keller, Clerk, Camp Committee, 18 Burleigh St., Waterville, ME 04901 by December 15.



Since its founding in 1931, the Friends Council on Education has striven to become an integrating force in Quaker education. Serving Friends education in an advisory, consultative, and nurturing capacity has developed the feeling of mutual understanding and support among its institutions.

---

## Friends Council on Education 1931-1981

---

*Even though Friends schools are similar it's hard to imagine how, separated as they are by geography and organization, they could communicate effectively without Friends Council... It provides a forum which would be hard to duplicate, a cohesion without coercion, and a focus for our energies.*

*Day School Headmaster*

### 50th Anniversary Fund

"The rung of a ladder was never meant to rest upon... but only to hold a man's foot long enough to enable him to put the other... higher." *Thomas Henry Huxley 1825-1895*

---

Make checks payable to:

**Friends Council on Education** 1507 Cherry Street  
Philadelphia Pennsylvania 19102

Please find my/our tax-deductible contribution of \$ \_\_\_\_\_ enclosed.

I/we prefer to pledge \$ \_\_\_\_\_ in \_\_\_\_\_ installments during the Fund Drive.

Receipt requested: ☐ Yes ☐ No

\_\_\_\_\_  
Name

\_\_\_\_\_  
Address

\_\_\_\_\_  
City

\_\_\_\_\_  
State

\_\_\_\_\_  
Zip