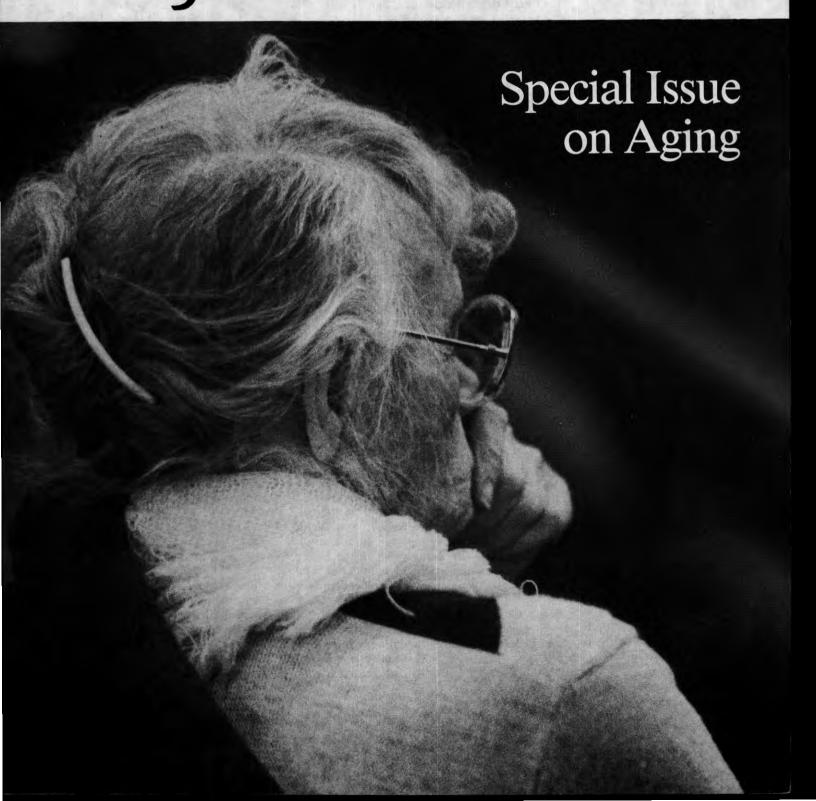
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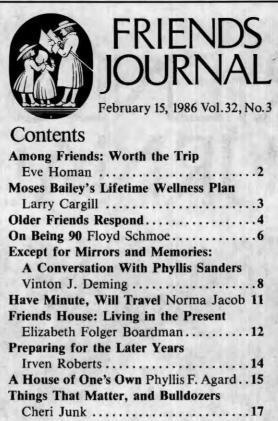
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Among Friends: Worth the Trip

ne man recently lamented that so much written about aging just doesn't ring true-like a travelogue written by someone who never made the trip. In this special issue on aging, the articles are written by people who are making this trip—or are helping others make it-with grace, style, and humor.

Aging is a trip that I, who recently struggled past my 30th birthday, am just learning about. Mary Hoxie Jones's reflections on the things that she yearned for at various stages of her life—only to discover to her surprise that at age 81 those once all-important desires don't mean much to her now-have helped give me a new perspective on decisions I'm facing at this stage of my lifechildren? house? career? save the world?

Vinton Deming's conversation with Phyllis Sanders helped underline the immediacy of planning for a life many years in the future. What kind of "old lady" do I want to be? What can I do to ensure that I do not end up old, alone, and dependent on an inadequate Social Security check?

Especially encouraging is the way that Norma Jacobs has emphasized the growing in growing old. And the articles by Bliss Forbush and Emily T. Wilson on dealing with death and dying came to have a special meaning. As we were preparing them for publication, I was also visiting my critically ill grandmother. I wondered, as she wondered, why she kept on living when she wanted to die. As this issue went to press, she did.

Vinton Deming was also moved by the meaning that this special issue came to have for him. Vint spent the week with his parents in Chicago. His father died in a nursing home during this time, while Vint's mother was still recovering from hip surgery.

The positive, thoughtful articles on living with death and dying helped me consider death as a part of life, for, as William Penn wrote, "Death is no more than a Turning of us over from Time to Eternity."

Eve Homan

A note to subscribers: The trouble we've been having with our computer software is preventing our prompt response to your requests: notices of issues not received or received in duplicate, changes of address, renewals, new subscriptions. We regret any inconvenience that this is causing and would appreciate your patience.

Moses Bailey's Lifetime Wellness Plan

by Larry Cargill

Moses Bailey has taken me on many philosophical travels, as we made our weekly pilgrimage to Friends meeting in my car. Based on those conversations—and with rampant rhetorical license-I have written my interpretation of what I call "The Good Friend Moses Bailey Lifetime Wellness Plan."

Keep the desire for knowledge burning strong. Appreciate what you know and marvel at all that's left to learn.

Be a lifetime athlete. In early years jog from village to village in Palestine. After 50, take long walks and do daily floor exercises.

Avoid all advertising. It'll rile the blood.

Strive for integrity. Make it your daily mantra.

A steady correspondence with friends old and new provides stimulation and satisfaction.

When you marry and think reproduction, read about world population and repeat "two" over and over and over. . .

Eat vegetarian. A visit to a slaughterhouse will provide motivation. Eat only when hungry, and befriend yogurt.

Laugh heartily when you won't hurt feelings. Store up those other laughs till you get home and then hold your sides to keep them from splitting. Have some of the best laughs on vourself.

Nurture family. The fruits of your nurturing will go on and on.

Keep a pad, pencil, and typewriter handy. There's no telling when a good thot (Moses' preferred spelling) will surface.

Read the Bible again and again. Take what is helpful to you.

Choose lifework that you enjoy. Figure it out and don't settle for less.

Television can be helpful, but on a daily basis its greatest utility is as a resting place for good books.

Mentor continuously. Spread wellness to all continents.

Think future. What issues are coming 10 to 100 years from now?

Read two new books a month for a lifetime. Build a tower of knowledge, book upon book.

When someone learns that you are a Ouaker and begins to lift you up on a pedestal, resist it. Friends don't belong on pedestals. In truth they are found moving forward, standing still, or sitting on their backsides.

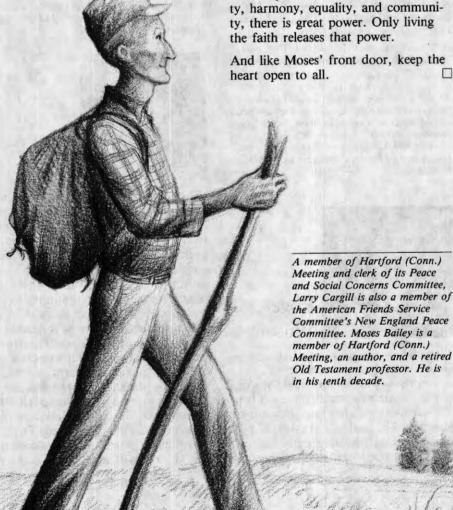
Learn French and German (with your English) to unlock key areas of knowledge and to communicate broadly.

Constantly look over your shoulder to avoid that dreaded Quaker nemesis, hypocrisy.

Pause before speaking—to ensure that mind and mouth are connected.

When you put together thots that you like, print them and send them to friends. Plant seeds of wellness philosophy far and wide.

In the Quaker faith, with its simplicity, harmony, equality, and communi-



What Is the Most Important Lesson Life Has Taught You?

Edwin C. Morgenroth

A few things life has taught me: If the idea is *spiritually sound*, someone will arise to sustain it.

Learning (change) is continuous. If you think you have finished, you are.

Guidance (direction) is available. You cannot design, devise, organize, or plan to bring about an answer. Wait. Be expectant and aware so the moment does not pass you by. ("Divine truth is a unique kind of uncertainty... it comes, if it comes at all, unexpectedly, at some moment of unknowing, or exile or of abandonment," E. Lampert.)

Do not fear the unknown. ("I have persistent music in me, like water under ice, that says warmer days will come, blossom and leaf return again. I live in that, a flimsy enclosure, but the song's for singing, not to dread the end," Wendell Berry.) Learn to leap forward into our past.

A retired teacher and psychologist, Edwin C. Morgenroth was a founding co-director of Pacific Oaks College with his wife, Molly; later, he was president. He is a former clerk of Pacific Yearly Meeting and has served on the board of Pendle Hill, where he has been a student and Friend-in-Residence.



Roger Wilson

In the words of Kenneth Barnes—God is reliable but unpredictable.

Surprise—whether enjoyable or shattering—contributes much more richly to life's discoveries than any amount of planning. The quality and extent of personal relationships, unexpected changes of job and residence, sudden openings for service at home and overseas, closeness to human tragedy—all these and more have arisen out of accidental occurrences, leading into new illumination, guided and authenticated by the personal religious reflection of those who, in Fox's words, gave forth the Scriptures. Never to know what is going to happen next but to be ready to try to make something of it is the key to the experience of which Fox spoke when he wrote of seeing an infinite ocean of light and love that flowed over the ocean of darkness and death—and that is what Christianity is about.

In 1940 Roger Wilson was fired from the British Broadcasting Corporation for being a conscientious objector. For many years he taught social work, education, and social development in Third World universities. He was clerk of London Yearly Meeting from 1975 to 1977.



Dorothy
Steere

It is hard to discern one particular lesson that life has taught me, for I have had to learn so much. Perhaps learning to accept has been one of the most important. To accept one's own inadequacies and yet not be downed by them. To try to accept one's gifts with gratitude. To accept the limitations of body and mind that stand in the way of accomplishments. To accept the Darkness as well as the Light in oneself and in the world without succumbing to Darkness or failing to trust the Light. To accept the deeps in me that make me certain that I am loved by God, as are all other persons and life in this universe, and that we are all interconnected. To try to accept death as well as life, realizing that they are parts of one whole. To accept

joyously the fact that our spirits need never grow old!

Dorothy Steere is one of the revivers of Radnor (Pa.) Meeting and has been a mainstay of the life of the meeting for 55 years. She has served on the American Friends Service Committee's personnel committee and as an AFSC work camp leader. For more than 30 years she and her husband, Douglas Steere, have traveled throughout the world on behalf of Friends.

Hiram H. Hilty

Among the things that have been borne in on me in threescore years and ten are these:

People often do not mean what they say. This leads to misunderstandings and even estrangements.

Our society moves from one obsession to another, some good, some partly good, and some absurd. Good causes merit support, but the wise person seeks a position which transcends the transient.

Imagery is of the essence of religion, for spiritual truth defies neat formulas. The person who would mind the Light will be eclectic in method, choosing visual, auditory, or meditative paths according to need.

If, by the grace of God, we manage to avert Armageddon for another 50 years, we may escape it altogether. Despite the rhetoric and the problems, "communism" and "capitalism" are converging slowly, and as differences diminish, confrontation will become pointless. The seeds of peace are being sown silently in the midst of our present agony.

Emeritus professor of Spanish at Guilford College, Hiram H. Hilty has been active in New York, Cuba, and North Carolina yearly meetings. His most recent publication is Toward Freedom for All: North Carolina Quakers and Slavery.



Daisy Newman

Well, there are a great many important lessons life hasn't succeeded in getting through my head. I still commit myself to doing twice as much as I was able to accomplish when I was half my present age. And I haven't yet learned how to balance my checkbook. But formerly I struggled until it came out right, no matter how long that took. Now I give up when the difference between my arithmetic and the bank's is only seven cents. Life has made me realize that there are better causes to devote myself to.

The chief thing aging has taught me is the prevalence of kindness—the kindness I've received, unexpected and undeserved, right in the midst of the ill will that exists in our world. The love my family and friends surround me with to cushion the blows of infirmity is a continuing source of wonder, of divine revelation.

A writer well known to Friends through her books A Procession of Friends: Quakers in America and I Take Thee, Serenity, among others, Daisy Newman served on the American Friends Service Committee's executive board and as trustee of Cambridge and Moses Brown Friends schools.

Elfrida Vipont

During a long lifetime one learns many lessons, but which has been the most "important"? Some go back to very early days, like the chance seed sown by a teacher who told us to learn a text, explaining that it was the shortest prayer in the Bible. It was "Lord, help me!" and I have been using it ever since.

Years later there was an aged Friend who was recalling the deaths of two promising young men. "That was a tragedy," he said. "We can't see the reason for these things, can we?" Then the aged face lit up. "But there is a reason," he said. "Only we can't see it yet."

But the most important—so far? I think it goes back to Haydn's bicentenary, when I was studying his lifestory. Unlike many of his contemporaries, he lived to a great age, and he viewed the prospect of approaching death with equanimity. His only regret was that he must leave the world with his knowledge still incomplete. "There is always more to learn," he said, and those words have been built into my life.

Elfrida Vipont was awarded the Carnegie Medal in 1950 for her book The Lark on the Wing. Her other works include The Story of Quakerism: 1652-1952 and The Story of Christianity in Great Britain. She served as clerk for the Meeting for Sufferings of London Yearly Meeting, and as longtime chairman of the North-West 1652 Committee, she is known for her insightful introductions to groups visiting "George Fox country."



Peter Fingesten

The most important lesson that life has taught me is to achieve *relationship*. In other words, to live in harmonious relationship with People, Nature, and God.

Equally important is to love individuals before they have the chance to dislike you.

It has also dawned on me that neither religion, art, nor philosophy have reformed the world and that, alas, we will have to reform ourselves.

This also may apply to eldering. I now prefer to elder myself before I speak, lest I am eldered after I have spoken.

Peter Fingesten has been co-clerk of Ministry and Worship of New York Yearly Meeting, clerk of Ministry and Worship of New York Quarterly Meeting, and clerk of 15th Street (N.Y.) Meeting. He is chairman of the Art and Music Department of Pace University, and a member of the Journal's board of managers.

Mildred Binns Young

My instant and unpremeditated answer was: It hasn't taught me a thing!

It has brought me to one iron-bound conviction, namely, that whoever has served what he feels is his term, whether the biblical threescore and ten or (by reason of strength), fourscore and ten (as in Wilmer's case), we *must* find some means of granting him the right, and providing him a reliable method of setting a period to his stay at whatever time he feels ready.

For 20 years Mildred Binns Young and her husband, Wilmer Young, worked among sharecroppers in the rural South for the American Friends Service Committee. Later, they were on the staff at Pendle Hill for 12 years. Now retired, Mildred lives at Stapeley Hall and is a member of Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting.

Viola E. Purvis

Learning to pray has been the most important lesson life has taught me.

Because of family influences, when I was quite young I discovered how prayer protected people and events. As I grew older, and learned to listen in prayer, I experienced, especially through the Lord's Prayer, deeper dimensions and lovelier mysteries of life than I ever dreamed of. Eventually I realized that only as I turned to the Lord with a broken and contrite heart could I find peace and joy, and the healing I sought for myself and others. Often temptations were removed and answers given to needs, even to those of which I was not aware.

Lost in thanksgiving and in praise, I now live in daily prayer without words—only waiting on the Lord, listening for guidance, pleading for wisdom and compassion to do God's will.

Thus, my search will continue. As Josephine Johnston wrote years ago: "In lazy autumn weather, Joy and I jog on together."

Viola E. Purvis is a member of 15th Street (N.Y.) Meeting and Orlando (Fla.) Meeting, where she helps with concerns and ecumenical ministry in the winter months. She was general secretary of New York Yearly Meeting from 1967 to 1977.



Mary Hoxie Jones

Life teaches so many lessons in the course of 81 years that it is hard to concentrate on one. When I was 15 I couldn't have believed that I would ever be content or that one's looks didn't matter. Being popular with my peers, which I wasn't, and looking exactly like them was of paramount importance. And what I wanted desperately at 30—not to be old—doesn't matter now. On my 30th birthday I felt I was old, for the 20s were gone; what could lie ahead with one's youth gone?

Fifty-one years later I can look back

with amusement at that naive assumption, for I have had a rich, full, incredibly interesting life. A Mount Holyoke College alumna returned to speak in chapel my junior year there; she sent us into gales of laughter by announcing, solemnly: "I have learned to make every moment a golden unit of efficiency." This is not a goal I ever want to achieve, but I have learned to take opportunities and to enjoy them.

My mother, all too often, asked me to do something to which I replied, "I don't want to!" Her quiet response was: "Then do it without wanting to!" It was marvelous advice. I absorbed that from her. From my father I absorbed his advice: "Choose to believe that the black squares on the checker board of life are on a white background. Not white squares on a black background."

Author of several books, including three volumes of poetry, Mary Hoxie Jones has been involved for more than 30 years in sorting and collecting the papers of Rufus M. Jones, her father. She has been a research associate for Quaker Studies at Haverford College since 1962.

J. Floyd Moore

The dominant factor in the survival of life seems to be the exertion of some form of power (force, influence, wealth) over weaker inanimate or animate beings. Nevertheless, many of those aspects which appear to be characteristic of the weaker (vulnerability, kindness, patience, altruism), though not entirely absent in the stronger, continue to survive even when they are subservient to the dominant forms.

Personal freedom is limited by social factors, but individuals within and outside sympathetic groups must decide whether they will exercise their convictions courageously and sacrificially to keep their convictions alive. There is constant tension between these two views of existence, one in which the concentration of power diminishes all life; one in which it enlarges, whether in the family, politics, economics, or religion. The nature, even the existence, of our planet's future depends upon our choice: to diminish or to enlarge.

J. Floyd Moore, now retired, was professor of religious studies at Guilford College. He also taught in the Friends Boys School in Ramallah (then Palestine) and in 1966-67 was executive secretary of the Friends World Committee for Consultation's Fourth World Conference of Friends.

Genevieve B. Cole

As I look backward, I see that what has mattered most in my life is based on the word of God speaking through the Bible. I am grateful for a Christian family, Sunday school teachers, and pastors who have taught me by word and example that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom . . . a good understanding have they that do his commandments . . . blessed is the man that feareth the Lord . . ." Jesus told his disciples to "seek first the Kingdom of God." This is where I began at age six, seeking the risen Christ. I have learned that the decision to commit my way unto him and trust in the guidance of his Holy Spirit has brought the deepest satisfaction and inner peace. Regrets are based on those times I failed to seek God's guidance and went my own way. Jesus said, "Every one that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them shall be likened to a man who builds his house upon a rock." I have learned that this is Truth.

Genevieve B. Cole has been a librarian at George Fox College and a member of the Peace section of the American Friends Service Committee in its Oregon office. She lives at Friendsview Manor in Newberg, Oreg., and is a member of Northwest Yearly Meeting, Evangelical Friends Alliance.



Wilbur Kamp

I am 90 years old and life has taught me so many lessons. However, early in my life I became a disciple of Jesus—a learner at his feet. That has been the beginning of a life of faith, hope, and love for me. I became a disciple of this Jesus, and the wisdom of this has been the most important lesson life has taught me.

Wilbur Kamp served as pastor to Friends churches in New York, New England, Indiana, and Wilmington yearly meetings. As a conscientious objector to World War I, he was released in 1918 to the American Friends Service Committee for reconstruction work in France. His avocation is farming and the preservation of small family farms.

by Floyd Schmoe

y grandchildren ask how it feels to be 90. What can I say?
Since I don't "feel" 90, how do I know how it feels?

True I have lived for 90 years, and certainly there has been enough change in me, and in the world of my day, to validate that fact. On the morning of September 21, 1895, there appeared in the small farm cottage of Ernest and Minta Schmoe, in the township of Lexington, Johnson County, Kansas, a redfaced, squalling, man-child to be named Floyd, who, if I am correctly informed, grew up to be me.

On the morning of September 21, 1985, I arose from my bed and looked in my bathroom mirror. It was *me*, and I *had* changed somewhat. My hair was white, there were bags under my eyes, I needed a shave; I looked 90. But still I did not "feel" 90.

Other things had changed also. When I looked out my window I saw, instead of the barns and fields of a Kansas farm, Lake Washington, Seattle's towering skyline, and beyond that the snow-capped Olympics and Cascades of Washington State. I was 2,000 miles from the wheat fields of Kansas.

Instead of my mother frying ham and eggs over a wood fire in the kitchen and my father milking the cows and tending the horses in the stable, a Boeing 747 was flying overhead, and my wife was turning up the rheostat, and tuning in the televised morning news.

Wars are still being fought, people are dying of hunger in Africa, crime is on the increase in the United States . . . everything is, like me, bigger and worse.

Things have changed. But I still do not feel 90.

At my birthday party that afternoon of September 21, 1985, I recalled the story of the celebration of the 100th birthday of a Southern mountain man,

A long-time member of University (Wash.) Meeting, Floyd Schmoe is perhaps best known for "Homes for Hiroshima," his project of building homes in Hiroshima and Nagasaki after 1945. An author, scientist, artist, and humanitarian, he has entered his tenth decade.

On Being 90

at which a neighbor rose to remark: "Ah don't know what all this here fuss is about anyhoo . . . all Jake ever done was live to be a hunnert—an it took him a powerful long time to do that."

Then I looked about me and saw our children, and their children, and the children of their children. . . more than 40 of them, and I said to myself, and to their mother who was with us in spirit, "Together and with God's help, we did this. These are our children. They are good children and they are beautiful and they are wonderful, and the world is going to be better because of them. We have accomplished something."

Then a reporter from the local daily said to me, "You have lived a long time, you have seen much of the world, you have been involved in a dozen wars, and you have degrees from several universities . . . what have you learned?"

"Perhaps," I replied, "the most important thing I have learned is that there is vastly more to be known than I know, that knowledge does not of itself bring understanding, and that, since there is still such a vast ocean of the unknown, it is the destiny of man to continually seek knowledge and to strive for understanding."

When I was a child a wave of "evangelism" swept across the Kansas plains, and imported Quaker "evangelists" from North Carolina and Indiana held "revival meetings" each winter at the Hesper and Prairie Center meeting-



Above, left and right: Floyd Schmoe as an AFSC worker in France, 1918. Below: Floyd's 1985 visit to Hiroshima, where he worked after World War II.

houses. They bore down on us to "come to the altar, confess our sins, and be saved." We would "dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

This was painful to me. I remember lying awake half the night thinking that heavenly mansions on streets of gold were not my style. I was sure that Dad would not like it, and that Mom would not enjoy such a life either . . . certainly not for "all eternity."

Dad really enjoyed his horses and fields and Mom was happiest when she could work in her garden, tend her hens, and "put down" jars of fruit and vegetables for the winter's food supply.

A few years later when as a high school student I was reading Emerson, Thoreau, and old John Burroughs more often than I read the Bible, I began to think that to know all mysteries—to have total understanding...that would be Paradise enough for me.

I remembered that when I was about six or seven and did "know" a lot and had one day been expounding the facts of life to my uncle Bill Rice (who never went to revival meetings but knew his Bible better than most preachers did), he looked down at me and said, "Buddy, how cum you know when I kin hardly tell?"

And so, at the still not-so-ripe old age of 90, when I go to my bed each night thankful in my heart that I have been given another full day of life, but keenly aware that thereby I am one day nearer my end, I pray for "the knowledge of his will in all spiritual wisdom and understanding, to lead a life worthy of the Lord, fully pleasing to him, bearing fruit in every good work and increasing in the knowledge of God" (Col. 1:9-10).

So at 90, I feel that though I have attained my adulthood as a human being, and may have, after considerable effort, reached adolescence mentally, I am still an infant spiritually with a great deal of "growing up" yet ahead of me.



"Except for Mirrors and Memories'

A Conversation With Phyllis Sanders

by Vinton J. Deming

VJD: Phyllis, I just want to ask you about the importance of planning for old age. Would you like to say a few things about that?

PS: We now live in a world in which more people are going to grow older than ever before, so if we're smart we will plan for that time in our lives. Very soon it may be that there will be five generations all alive at the same time. That will be a whole new problem that we've never had to face before.

A second problem that we've never had to face is how separated people have become. It used to be that we all lived within a few blocks of our relatives. It really didn't matter how long we lived. We could stay in our house and we could see our relatives and they could see us. But when, in one family, children are living in different states across the country, the problem of care for those of us who grow older becomes more and more difficult.

One of the realities is that women are going to outlive men by eight to ten years. In the year 2000 all the oldest people are going to be women. We women had better start planning for how we are going to live in that society. And since women are also hit with the greatest poverty, this is an added problem.

I think of three women I know who are part of three couples, very good friends. If anything happens and they are eventually left alone, they are going to move into a house together. That's smart planning. But for some of us who are alone and don't have an arrangement of that kind, we must think where we are going to move, what we are going to do, and our problem often becomes our children's problem. It's important

our children's problem. It's important

Vinton Deming, a member of Central Philadelphia
(Pa.) Meeting, is editor-manager of the JOURNAL.
Phyllis Sanders is also a member of Central Philadelphia Meeting. Her husband, Olcutt Sanders,
was editor of the JOURNAL when he died in 1983.



to plan while we're healthy and young enough to plan, and not wait until some disaster overcomes us. We should discuss now, while our health is good, things like how I can control my living or my dying; things like what I can do to be assured that when I am too ill to take care of myself that some things might be guaranteed.

For instance, I would not like to continue living as a vegetable somewhere. It would not be a good thing for me, and I think it would be disastrous for my family, the cost and the care-and for what? For nothing. So we should know about things like living wills. We should be working toward making it possible for people to say, "This is what I want." It's a smart thing to think ahead so that there's no question in anybody's mind that the person who's handling your finances is also deciding whether or not to pull the plug on you, you know. I have appointed one of my children to do that, and I have made copies of the form and have given them to each of my children. I hope that it will be honored.

I think we also ought to be discussing what many of us feel and hope: that we would like to be at home. If we are really terminally ill, why should we be at the hospital having tubes stuck in if it doesn't do any good? These are the things that the hospice movement is finding out. We might suggest to people to check with a nearby hospice and find out some of the things they're doing, such as what to do if somebody dies at home. VJD: What are some very practical ways, Phyllis, that older women in particular can take more control over their lives?

PS: Well, those women of my generation, who got married right after World War II, are saying to our daughters, "Do something you really enjoy doing; learn a skill so you can earn money. Then if you get married and have a family, keep one finger in the world that you enjoy so that if anything happens at any point you can get more involved and continue." This means that we should have a resume prepared which shows how we have been active.

In my generation the plan was you found a man and you married him and you dropped everything and you went where he was-that's what I did. I was an administrator, and I left my job in the East and went to Texas to live. Fortunately, I was married to a man who needed a woman who could work along with him, and so I felt like we were doing a job together. At one time I actually ran the AFSC office in Texas for seven months while Olcutt was the interim director for a program in France. And there were times that he took over the family of five children so that I could go to the Soviet Union. So I was not a typical wife of that generation. Many women of my generation, however, didn't finish school, or never had a job of any kind, or wanted to get back to work when their children got out of school-but their husbands said, "Not my wife; people will think that I

can't take care of my family with my money." So these women would not go against their husbands; they said that would be just too demoralizing to him.

We now are saying to our young women that not only will they outlive men (not all women, but a lot of women will) but also they never know when an accident can leave them without a husband. Also, the divorce rate has grown so high that there are many women being suddenly left alone after 40 years of marriage. Olcutt and I were married 37 years, and I find that trying to live alone after 37 years of living as part of a couple has taken some working at. You have to sort of think to yourself again and ask, "What was I like before I was married? What were the things that I did that I really wanted?"

What women have to realize is that at any point they may be caught in a dilemma. I'm concerned about the group of women who weather widowhood (the average age of widowhood is 56, which is fairly late). A woman who may have been a full-time homemaker until her husband's death is not entitled to get her husband's Social Security until she is at least 60, and then she gets the minimum. I have a friend whose husband died when she was 56. (He was older and was already on Social Security.) She said the first year she went through their savings and the last three years she's been on

welfare. Fortunately, her 60th birthday will come in three months and she will be able to get Social Security. This "widows' gap" is one of the things that women have not adequately planned for. VJD: Ever since I've known you, Phyllis, I've seen you as someone who plans well. When you became a widow two-and-a-half years ago I'm sure you learned some new things about yourself. Perhaps you could share some of this with us.

PS: Well, I did some reading—The Grieving Time was helpful [see Resources on page 381. I soon discovered that we live in a society that's made for couples; and when you're part of a couple you do things together as a couple in terms of social gatherings and everything else. And when you're one person, suddenly there just aren't those social gatherings. I don't think it's deliberate, but it's a little confusing for people who are having a dinner party. They wonder whether to invite the woman alone, and they wonder what other person to invite to make it balanced—meaning, is there another single man to make the party complete? What is interesting is that this doesn't happen with men. If a man's alone, whether widowed or divorced, people can always include an extra man in a dinner party and not have to have another woman. Women all through life have discovered that a woman alone is a potential threat to women who are married or who have a man. The implication is that a woman alone is not really complete and is out to get somebody. She's looking for somebody and you better watch out.

I also discovered, I think, that for women generally, society, Friends meetings, and other groups just assume that she can take care of herself. The woman is supposed to be the homemaker, and so what's different? She's in her home, she's got her kitchen, she did things before like that, so she's okay. Whereas a man becomes everybody's concern. That poor man can't cook for himself so there's a lot of casseroles and a lot of taking care of the poor man who is left alone. The reality is that men tend to remarry very fast after widowhood and divorce, and women don't. Seventyfive percent of men are married-older men-and only 23 percent of women.

I learned something else about loss, and that is that it's not only the loss of the person alone, but it's the loss of history.

VJD: I know that your career in broadcasting has become a very important thing to you.

PS: Yes. I started on radio and television 14 years ago. In 1972 there weren't many women doing news on television or radio. I saw that women were doing things, but there was nobody my age. I started in New York at age 52, and learned on the job. I figured I was smart and could learn, so I did. What I was pleased about was that when people would tune in the program they could see an older woman. Women, just like men, have got to see a role model. Television is so powerful now. Whatever is on television is assumed to be factual and important. And whatever isn't there, by implication, isn't important or we'd have seen it. The first program I did on aging was in New York City on WNBC TV. They had a program called "The Prime of Your Life," and I was the regular commentator for four years. Arlene Francis was the host.

I chose the title for the TV series I did in Philadelphia, "Growing Older in Style." I also made it clear to the producers that I was the host of the program, not a hostess. They said, "Why aren't you?" I said, "Hostesses serve coffee and tea. I'm not serving coffee or buns—I'm a host. I direct this

Phyllis Sanders with her family, 1957.



discussion." It meant that when people watched that program they had to look at an older woman and they had to listen to what I thought was important. In this series we tried to talk about different aspects of growing older, saying that there are some good tricks that will help, like health and exercise, and food and finances. And also some good news as well as the bad.

I think it's good news to say to people, "You aren't going to change; you're going to be the same person." I think of myself as whatever age I was when I felt I was most in control. That's the way I feel inside. But as somebody has said, and I love this quote, "Except for mirrors and memories I feel as if I were the same, 18 or 20." But it's those mirrors that make you feel down, and you say, "Oh dear, I don't look like that!" The memories, which is what you never had when you were 20, that's the good thing. You've done all that living, so you know you're not 19 or 20.

There's a lot of good news, too, like the fact that we can have control of our health if we are careful about what we eat, careful about how we exercise.

VJD: What are some of your goals for the next few years?

PS: It's a good question. We say to everybody, make a five-year plan. And, you know, I haven't made one yet. I would like to do more broadcasting. I guess my goal would be to continue to try to represent a group of women who have been forgotten, ignored, and hurt unjustly. And that's the reason I'm delighted to be doing something on "Modern Maturity," a national program on aging being produced now on public television.

VJD: Do you think Friends are doing better than others in addressing themselves to the problems of aging?

PS: I don't think so. I think Quakers are very much a product of our society. Even Quaker families or individuals may well have the same hang-ups, even in relationships between husbands and wives. I think Friends need to do a little thinking ahead, too. We should be discussing ways in which we can be more sensitive to the needs of our older members, people who may be virtually alone with maybe the meeting as their only close contact, and their children are far away. I'd like to see some kind of buddy system.

VJD: How would that work?



Phyllis Sanders with Arlene Francis at WNBC Television, 1981.

PS: Well, I'm guessing. I know that overseers in my own meeting, Central Philadelphia, for instance, appoint somebody to be your friendly overseer who keeps in touch with you, and that's very nice. But I think the friendly overseer plan is likely to be a more formal and structured thing. I'm talking about a buddy as more one-to-one, somebody who would know when you were coming to meeting, when you were not coming to meeting; would know when you were sick; would know when you were doing something.

What happens as you get older is that your needs may be greater and the unwillingness to share them may be greater. It's a lot easiser to ask for help when you're young and say, "Oh, I can't do that quickly, help me"—that's okay. But when you get older you begin to say, "I'm already a burden on everybody and I don't want to start acting needy." I think meetings ought to have some way of knowing, especially about their older members.

And I think it would be good for meetings to plan discussion groups. We're hoping to have one at my meeting on what things would be helpful to know about aging. And the discussion should focus on more than just retirement homes. Some of us may never end up in a retirement home. It isn't for everybody. But if a retirement home is not for you, what provisions do you have for the time when you may be absolutely

alone and need some kind of help?

Our meetings must learn to think of the people who may have the most disadvantageous situations and anticipate their needs, and not wait until such people pick up the phone and call us. Because when you are down, you do not pick up the phone.

VJD: What is it that's very special about being an older person?

PS: Well, I think it's the years of experience. I'm richer by five children, richer by having had a good husband, richer by having traveled and lived in different places. So in that sense I'm richer. I also have leisure in a sense. I guess I'm not quite that old, but they say that when you're 80 you begin to say, "Age makes no difference, I can say anything, I can do anything." I can't quite get to that point yet. We all go through life and we say, "Well, I'd like to do such and such, but I don't think I can because I have children at home. I'm not free to go." As an older person I am free to go wherever I want.

When I was talking to the people in Washington about doing this TV spot for the Roving Reporter, I was asked, "Would you be free to go to Florida?" I said, "Sure!" I don't have to ask my children, I don't have to ask a husband, I'm free to do it.

You're free to pick up and go if you've kept your health and if you have the money to travel. So it's important for us to plan and prepare ourselves.

Have Minute, Will Travel

by Norma Jacob

ome Friends who have reached or passed retirement age may now find themselves with considerably more time but rather less money. If their desire for new experiences is unquenched, the way for them to satisfy it at a surprisingly low cost is through Elderhostel.

Not long ago I was privileged to hear about the beginnings of the Elderhostel idea from one of those most directly involved, a man whom many Quakers might recognize as in some ways a kindred soul. To hear him tell it, he was wandering through Germany with a rucksack when he fell in with a group of older people who were systematically digging up parking lots and planting grass and flowers. They did this because they believed there was too much asphalt and too few public parks-and by the time the local municipality had got itself organized to stop them, they had moved on to another town. The worldwide movement today is exceedingly law-abiding, but one can still catch an iconoclastic gleam in its eye. This is a group of people who are saying, "If you thought we had retired from active interest in the world—think again."

Things have come my way in the past few years which have enriched me more than I could have believed. What was perhaps the most rewarding vacation week of my whole life was spent on an island in Boston Harbor. Never mind that the temperature when we arrived was 100 degrees and the dormitories uncooled except for sea breezes, or that jets bound for Logan Airport at certain times of day went over just above roof level at three-minute intervals. No such trifling inconveniences could take away from the pleasure of making new friends

or the fascination of being taken by boat each day to the Kennedy Library on the mainland for a week-long course which gave us an inside view of what the institution of the presidency is all about. There were tears in the eyes of some of us as we parted from our teachers, some of them veterans of the Kennedy administration, and our new friends.

Nor shall I forget the course on Pushkin, taught by an elderly man who told us how he had arrived on campus as a penniless refugee without a word of English and had moved steadily upward from janitor to head of the department of Russian. Or the class on our debt to classical Greece, where it turned out that one of our fellow students was a professor of Greek. She and the instructor had a marvelous time indulging in scholarly badinage and writing on the blackboard in hellenic characters, while the rest of us, caught up in their enthusiasm, eagerly drank it all in.

Then there was the course on Herman Melville's Billy Budd, an extraordinary story full of things to provoke hard thinking among pacifists. And the one on astronomy, where we all learned to build our own astrolabes and, at least in theory, became able to locate and identify almost every visible star. Last year I was tempted to go to West Virginia and learn how to make and play a mountain dulcimer, but the spirit of adventure won out and instead I went to Nantucket to join a group of people who rode around on bicycles studying the natural history of the seashore.

This year, in Texas, it was minicomputers. From a wonderfully patient instructor with a roomful of 15 beginners, I learned to operate a word processor and can now say with confidence that I don't want one in my life, though it is agreeable to know better what the younger generation is talking about.

To be an Elderhosteler, one needs to be at least 60, but there is no upper limit and hostelers in their 80s are by no means uncommon. One does have to be a little bit adaptable, however. In Texas I had a room to myself and a private phone, but that was highly unusual; as a rule it's dormitory life with one or more roommates and the bathroom down the hall. Food is generally good and the intellectual stimulation is tremendous. The instructors are almost always young-our Russian friend was the exception there—and they make it clear that they are enjoying contact with such an unusual group of students. Freed from the need for tests and grading, the instructors can indulge their creativity, and it's astonishing how much they are able to communicate in just an hour and a half on five successive days.

Elderhostels run from Sunday to Saturday and the cost is under \$200 this year. And by adding a day at each end of the trip, you could visit two new Friends meetings. A fine way to do this and save money as well is to procure a copy of the Directory for Traveling Friends published by Friends General Conference. When you've decided what new area of Quakerdom you would like to explore (Canada, Europe, even Australia) and have chosen the campus in that part of the world with the most tempting offerings, then look to see if you can find in some nearby city a listing for a Quaker family who, with sufficient advance notice, will be happy to welcome you as an overnight guest. Rewarding and lasting new friendships are made that way.

Just one suggestion may be in order: if it is summer and you do not find it easy to sleep in a hot room, especially with a roommate whom you have never met before, take along a fan, or better yet, choose from the catalogue a campus where it is stated that dormitories are air-conditioned. The catalogue will also list local places of interest and opportunities for sports of various kinds.

So wait no longer for adventure, older Friends. Write to Elderhostel, 80 Boylston Street, Boston, MA 02116, for a copy of their current listing, and also to FGC for a new travel directory. The world lies open before you.

A retired social worker and author of two Pendle Hill pamphlets, Norma Jacob lives at Kendal at Longwood in Kennett Square, Pa., and is a member of Kendal Meeting. She is on the Journal's board of managers.

Living in the Present

by Elizabeth Folger Boardman

In this world of sin and sorrow, the most fortunate of us have shelter and health, enough to eat and drink, and a little extra for recreation. We also have work which allows us to put our faith into practice and gives us a rich feeling of meaning and fulfillment.

I am a person with such good fortune. But people often hear of my work with dismay. "You run a nursing home? You mean one of those places where everyone is dying?" "You are administrator of an adult day health service? Whoever heard of that?" "You are really an apartment landlord, fixing the plumbing and dunning people for the rent? And it's all crotchety old people?"

The only good reaction I get is when people hear that Friends House in Santa Rosa, California, which incorporates these three services, is run by Quakers. "Oh, we have heard of them. They are honest, good people who wear gray, don't drink or swear, and help the poor."

Elizabeth Folger Boardman has been with Friends House since its inception. A member of Davis (Calif.) Meeting, she attends Redwood Forest Meeting in Santa Rosa, Calif. She has written a number of articles on the elderly. When people actually come to Friends House, of course, they begin to see how wrong they were. No one wears gray; there are people of all ages, very few of whom are dying; and the rare crotchety folks are among our favorites. There is much, much more which is positive.

Friends House has 50 apartments for about 60 people. Half the residents are Quakers or friends of Friends. Almost all are over 65. Meals, interdependence, emergency assistance, group decision making, cultural and political activities, gardening, and parties are all part of the scenario. Ages, background, physical condition, and personalities vary greatly to make for a rich interchange in all arenas. (So much for the gruesome task of being a landlord!)

Friends House has a 30-bed skilled nursing service with a dual emphasis on rehabilitation and terminal care. Most clients come from the town of Santa Rosa, but some Quakers have come from quite a distance, and apartment residents are in and out often. In the first year of operation, 60 percent of the clients got well and went home. (So much for "everyone is dying.")

Some were able to go home because they could continue, during the day, to get nursing and therapeutic care through our adult day health program, which people attend five or six hours a day, from two to five days a week. (This is a new venture designed to reduce the necessity for institutional care for frail people by making it possible for them to live at home.)

Being administrator of Friends House lets me put into practice most tenets of my faith, which combines Quaker and humanistic existentialist beliefs and idealism.

Roman Catholics most often use the expression "vocation." For me, having a vocation has meant that from my early youth way has opened, often unexpectedly, preparing me for the responsibilities I now have; that there was an intense experience of "calling" when I sat "quaking" over this same typewriter eight years ago, writing out the dream of the College Park Quarterly Meeting's Committee on Aging which led to Friends House; and that the work uses all my talents. It is a blessing to have such a vocation.



Meals, interdependence, cultural and political activities, gardening, and parties are all part of the scenario. Friends House was built with money raised in imaginative ways, and it is operated according to a stringent budget consistent with the Quaker tradition of frugality. Analyzing line items on financial reports is not a totally dry and pragmatic activity when there is that little glow of Quakerly good stewardship about it.

Long-term services for elderly people have been mismanaged and misused and are now very heavily regulated by government agencies. An improved knowledge of the governmental constraints, particularly the financial ones, within which services for the elderly try to function, would be good for Friends everywhere to have. We could use your political help.

Basic to Friends faith and practice is the idea of promoting social equality. Any health care service has a wide variety of tasks to be done, so there are daily opportunities to carry out employment practices toward this end. We have male nurse aids doing a top-star job at "women's work," and our yardman is a woman. Many people, especially young mothers, work part time, share jobs, or rotate from one job to another. The age range of our staff is from 15 to 68, and the racial and social background is richly varied. We hire handicapped and homosexual persons. Despite our substantial differences, we work together quite smoothly, working through disagreements with direct discussion, seeking consensus on difficult issues, reducing to a minimum any sense of hierarchy. It is a treat for an idealistic Quaker to work in such a situation.

An important teaching from many religious traditions is to "live in the present." Perhaps this is one characteristic of a vocation. Certainly in a job as intense as this one, there is no chance of whiling away the time in regrets or fantasies.

Similarly, the ideal of letting go of those matters that you cannot control is well encouraged at Friends House, where staff and residents alike must be responsive to the unpredictable acts of fate which determine who is well, who gets well again, and who is now ready to move on. It is a spiritually sound stance, easier to maintain in this context than, for example, in work with the young.

From some spiritual source comes a drive to incorporate the fact of death into my life, without any reduction of vivaciousness or joy. We are doing this at Friends House.

The crux of it all, however, is helping to change the U.S. perception of extreme old age, something that is "revolutionary" in my view. Here are some "revolutionary" ideas:

The very old are the truly liberated people. They are substantially free of the compulsions of the young and middleaged: to make a good impression, to make a living, to live up to someone else's standards, to keep a spouse happy, to keep busy, to "be happy." The older you get, the more these frenetic

From some spiritual source comes a drive to incorporate the fact of death into my life, without any reduction of vivaciousness or joy.

concerns fade away and you begin to have time to observe. Our elders at Friends House watch us younger working people all the time, mostly without judgment, which has a reassuringly grounding effect on us.

It is only a myth that in the United States we "dump" our elderly in nursing homes. Many people who spend time in nursing homes do not have relatives—remember that some 10 percent of our population never produce children and that many others outlive their children. Most people in nursing homes have been cared for in the family home by spouses and "children" in their 60s for heroically long periods of time, and these relatives continue to play a very important role during the nursing home stay. We observe these loving and stalwart people daily—wives, husbands,

daughters, nephews, men as well as women, often very frail people themselves.

The public is distressed at the idea of adults becoming dependent and child-like. But for all things there is a season and in all things a virtue. When people's body functions break down and they need help with the most personal matters, an intimacy develops between them and their assistants which is quite an antidote for the famed anomie of U.S. society. When a relative is dying gradually and we share the family's slow loss over the days and weeks, a bond grows between staff and family, and among staff members, which can reduce our individual sense of loneliness.

The only real problem about institutional care for chronically ill people (when it is done right) has to do not with the way in which residents are treated but with the way the staff is paid. Much of the work at Friends House is done by poorly educated people who are poorly paid according to an economic system which we cannot ignore but must strive to change. These people often deal with staggering problems at home and then come to work to do hard tasks for ill people with anxious families.

Death is a word like love, a word too small to accommodate the many varied experiences it tries to represent. The death which scares us all is untimely, or violent, or pain-ridden. In a skilled nursing facility, no death is violent, almost all deaths are timely, and few are pain-ridden. At Friends House, it is a matter of skill, love, and pride that we can act as "crossing guard" to help make the vital experience of dying as easy and appropriate and graceful as possible for our patients and their families.

And it is a matter of pride among us that we accommodate these events within a general atmosphere of liveliness and enthusiasm and fun. The place is full of young people, mostly staff, some volunteers, some kids. The first thing you see as you come up the drive is a basketball net; as you come in the door, a Ping-Pong table, often in use; as you cross the airy lobby, a calendar with parties, classes, cultural events, and meetings every day. Residents say it is like living on a college campus, there is so much intellectually stimulating activity going on. Friends House is a sort of intentional community, where we, staff and residents, share our abilities and needs in a way which benefits us all.



Preparing for the Later Years

by Irven Roberts

New England Friends were asking this in 1971, when they held a workshop on "Retirement Needs" at yearly meeting, and obtained approval to send a questionnaire to the entire membership. The results showed what might be expected from Yankees: they wanted to be independent. They didn't want to be moved to a rest home or a nursing home when they grew old.

At yearly meeting in 1972, another workshop reviewed the questionnaire responses, and recommended that an ad hoc committee be set up to go into the matter further. It was found that Friends were willing to think ahead and to plan for their retirement years, but they didn't want to leave their own homes and neighbors. The thought then arose that Friends should get settled into a new community before they reached retirement so that they wouldn't be uprooted when they started to fail. The

hope was that a caring community could be developed by Friends to meet the need for support in those later years.

When revered Friend Daisy Newman pointed out that she would not want to live in a community of just old folks, the idea of an all-age community was adopted with great enthusiasm. The consensus was that people should be able to stay in their own home with supporting people and services nearby, with the warmth of understanding neighbors, and the fellowship with people of all ages and faiths.

During the next two years, another ad hoc committee gathered those sympathetic to the idea, started organizing, fundraising, and looking for a suitable site. They set forth the following objectives in keeping with Quaker ideals: The community should have people of all ages and faiths living together in harmony; respect for the rights of all individuals; management by consensus and cooperation; mutual support in day-to-day living; concern for peace and a non-violent environment; simple, practical structures and energy conservation; near-by availability of skilled medical and nursing care; and outreach aimed to improve conditions locally and beyond.

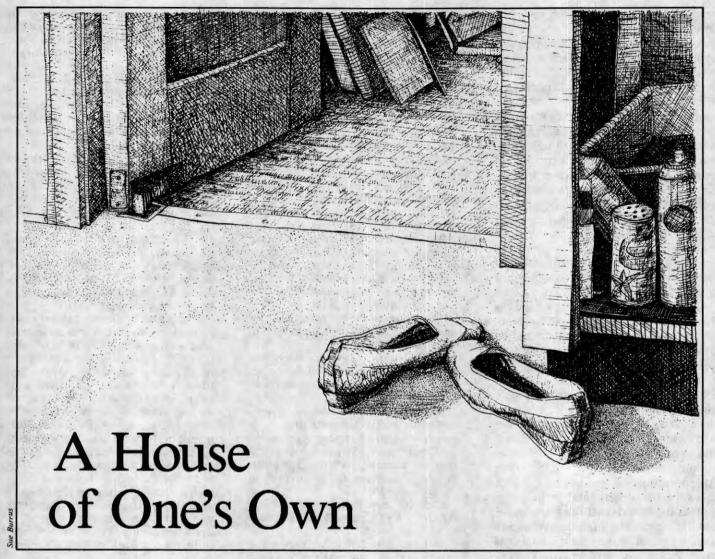
In 1974 a level site of 86 acres was located in North Easton (now called Friends Crossing). With the approval of New England Yearly Meeting, an independent corporation, Friends Community Development Corporation, was formed and work proceeded on the project. The land was purchased, architects were hired, and a construction management team got to work.

Retaining equity in one's own home was felt to be more desirable than investing in a life-care community of just elderly people. Accepting Medicare coverage for illness and obtaining supplementary health insurance were considered more economical over the long term. Hospitals and nursing homes were to be within easy reach.

Ground was broken in November 1978, and the first homes were occupied in December 1979. Of the 56 homes built, 23 were bought by Friends. A new Quaker meeting was established, and Friends work together for the safety and well being of all residents. Togetherness is evidenced in sharing of meals, social times, transportation, and maintenance chores. And the presence of young people helps keep the community lively!



A member of North Easton (Mass.) Meeting, Irven Roberts has been an administrator of hospitals and of homes for the elderly. He is on the maintenance and safety committee at Friends Crossing.



by Phyllis F. Agard

e love having our own house. We enjoy feeling we can paint the front door purple if we want to without asking anyone first. We have a big old farmhouse which was once on the edge of town and now is in the center (so much do New England towns grow in 100 years), and we have always done our own remodeling, maintenance, and repairs (having learned how partly because of necessity during periods of marginal income). We live on the first floor and rent two apartments upstairs, which pays for heat and taxes and makes our housing costs almost zero. We have a big yard, old trees, a

Phyllis F. Agard's avocation is home design and the remodeling of houses with her husband. A member of Mount Toby (Mass.) Meeting, she is active on the New England Yearly Meeting's Committee on Aging. vegetable garden, fruits, berries, and flowers.

But as we grow older, the questions keep confronting us: when will the pleasure stop outweighing the work? How can we adapt present housing to changing needs? At what point will we need something easier to take care of? What should the next step in housing ourselves be?

We began by simplifying our home life. Periodically (birthdays are good times) we look over our possessions and ask ourselves whether we have used them in the last two or three years. If we haven't, why are we moving them, dusting them, polishing them, building shelves to hold them? Each time a few more things go to the children, the furniture exchange, the tag sale, the survival center, the "take it or leave it" section at the town dump. What we keep we use constantly, take great pleasure in look-

ing at, or have many fond memories attached to. We are planning for the yard to do double duty or simplify work: shrubs and ground cover will eliminate mowing the bank, a hedge bears raspberries, a foundation planting bears blueberries, flowering shrubs and perennials largely take care of themselves, and raised vegetable beds will be easier on stiffening backs. Admittedly these changes take a lot of work to introduce, but we expect them to pay off later.

We are trying to train ourselves to hire help to do jobs that years ago we would have done ourselves without hesitation. When, five years ago, it became obvious that we would never get around to climbing up on the roof to repair a crumbling chimney, we bowed to the march of years and called in a mason. We finally had the rest of the gutters replaced (the ones we hadn't yet done ourselves). A young carpenter friend has

just installed our new kitchen sink and counter; while she worked I wrote letters to our daughters. Sometimes this approach strikes a snag because many contractors don't really want to bother with small jobs. They would come in a minute to replace our vast roof, but who wants to re-roof just the bay window?

Our carpenter friend has suggested a whole new approach to repairs. She proposes contracting with older homeowners to be their inspector and repairer. For a moderate retainer, she would agree to inspect the house with the owners—perhaps twice a year—and together they would settle on the work needed, its probable cost, and the priorities. Then she would either do the work herself or find contractors to do it at the going rate.

Other arrangements for helping us to live longer in our own home have occurred to us: a high school student to come in once a week to help with all heavy lifting, carrying, reaching, and climbing jobs (our own daughters did this for an elderly friend when they were young); a housekeeping aide, available through our local senior center; someone to mow, rake leaves, paint, shovel snow; professional services for housecleaning, income tax, trash removal, transportation; a grocery store that takes phone orders and delivers; a clothes dryer and a self-cleaning oven; family, neighbors, meeting. With any luck, we might find a tenant who would exchange some services for rent. The important thing is to remain open to all these possibilities and to look for more.

To help with our planning, several years ago I developed a set of "queries" designed to keep us and our children aware of our degree of self-sufficiency over the coming years. I was impelled partly by having watched my husband's parents live on together in their own home, becoming less and less able to cope, with no modifications and no plans for the future, until at last they could obviously no longer remain where they were. They had long since passed the stage where they could have planned realistically for their own needs, and the decision had to be taken out of their hands. So now each year we answer our queries briefly and mail them to our four daughters. (How did we ever manage before copying machines?) Some day we will begin to ask them to do the same when they are visiting us. Here is our self-sufficiency evaluation:

Can I (or we) handle the following, or arrange to have them done for us, or arrange exchanges? (These are not necessarily goals to be reached; they are for help in answering these questions: How near to this goal are we, or how far away? How does our performance compare with a year ago? five years ago? And, as we get into our 70s and 80s, how self-sufficient are we? At what point will others need to take over, and in which areas?)

Personal cleanliness and grooming: take baths regularly, wash and cut hair, cut nails, shave, keep up a presentable appearance.

Medication and physical therapy: take prescribed medication without forgetting or doubling up on doses; manage own hot baths, warm packs, exercises, etc.; get prescriptions refilled; make and keep doctors and dentist appointments.

Communications: make phone calls and write letters appropriately; keep in touch with people.

Transportation: drive car safely and keep it in repair; get to grocery and other stores; use bus, plane, taxi, Senior Surrey as needed.

Finances: do own banking, investments, income tax. Is income adequate to meet needs? Are bills paid regularly?

Housekeeping: keep quarters clean and in repair, especially bathroom and kitchen; move furniture for cleaning; keep closets orderly.

Clothing care: keep up on washing, mending, dry cleaning. Buy new clothes as needed.

Nutrition: cook properly planned meals, clean up, buy groceries, use food supplements realistically, control weight.

House and yard: take care of yard and garden, if any; keep house painted and in repair; get firewood.

Rubbish removal: dispose of trash or arrange to have it collected; throw out or recycle bottles, paper, etc.; avoid accumulation of junk. Keep attic and cellar weeded out.

Pet care: feeding, bathing, vet.

Physical and emotional condition: walk to stores, climb stairs, deal with unfamiliar situations, use good judgment, keep in touch with outside affairs and people.

The first set of queries we mailed brought a quick response, and made me very proud of the children we have raised. One in particular is worth quoting:

Watch tendency to file things (even aging evaluations in aging file). Leads too easily to tendency to keep old hearing aid batteries in box labeled "old batteries." Consider how much fun you are having, as well as how well you are managing. I think this is very, very important. Naturally you want to feel that you are handling your activities of daily living, and it is difficult to have fun if these are illmanaged or burdensome, but I would like to see a category which assesses how much positive pleasure you are getting out of life, as well as how adequately you are performing.

The overall criteria are extremely demanding. I would like to see the time in my life when I don't dress in sloppy clothes unnecessarily; make doctor and dentist appointments; write letters once a month, do my income tax (before April 15), keep my quarters clean and in repair; do washing, ironing, and mending; use supplements wisely; take care of yard and garden; dispose of trash; and keep in shape. What paragons are you hoping to be in your declining years?

I think year by year we need to assess

what all the daughters are doing, and what we would like to do to be of help. If only your various offspring would settle down and get stable perhaps you would feel less obligated to manage your aging without relying on us to take up the slack (at least, in your letter I sense an avoidance of the possibility of eventually needing to rely on us). I know we seem awfully unreliable, but I think any of us individually or all of us collectively could and would come through when neededeven if it meant reassessing how far apart we are living. (For instance, we might very well want to consider whether one of us could come to live in the house with you, if there was a need for that.)

After that, I added one more query: What satisfying projects are we involved in? Are we enjoying life? How much fun are we having?

What is the next step? It depends on our condition at the time. If we are merely low in energy or strength but still reliable in personal and medical care, perhaps a condominium, where others would do yard care and maintenance. If we become less reliable about personal and medical care and diet, using available visiting nurse and home health aide services might be an answer, or possibly a convalescent home, or supervision by daughters in our home or theirs.

It may be very hard to learn to accept others' judgment about our needs, but we recognize this as something we must work on. One of our girls once told us: "Don't forget that we are always there for you, just as when we were small you were always there for us."



Things That Matter, and Bulldozers

by Cheri Junk

ur family home has been sold. My grandmother is a brave and thoughtful 83-year-old woman—brave enough to realize that, even though she had lived there for 79 years, the house had become too much of a burden for her, and thoughtful enough to want to sell it now so that my mother, my sister, and I would not have to bear that burden after she is gone.

The most difficult part is that the house has been sold to a real estate company and will be leveled to make way for

Recording clerk of Durham (N.C.) Meeting, Cheri Junk works as an administrative secretary at Duke University Medical Center. Her article first appeared in the Durham Meeting Newsletter, November 1985. a high-rise condominium. The condos had been closing in for 15 years until all that was left of a block once full of large, lovely turn-of-the century homes were three of those homes at the end of the block. Two of them were vacated and then bulldozed, to be replaced by condominiums which will be right next door to where my grandmother's house stands. Hers is the last house left. And who wants to look at a seven-story condo after a lifetime of watching birds in the birdbath, listening to bees hum in the bridal wreath bushes, and seeing your neighbor, through the kitchen window, washing dishes at night? No sevenstory condo can even come close to that.

The temptation is to rant and rail at the real estate men. I have even been guilty of calling them highway robbers on more than one occasion. It would be easy to blame them and think them greedy and out for a buck. But that would only serve to put off what has to be done anyway: accept the fact that next year at this time the bulldozers will be gone, the house will be gone, the yard, gardens, well pump, garage, mock orange bushes, bridal wreath bushes, hydrangea bushes, and birdbath will all be gone. I will never again be able to walk through the front door, sleep in the front bedroom, walk downstairs in the morning, lie on the back porch, or walk in the back yard. I will never again hear the sounds and smell the smells of that house. There will be no more Christmases there. No one seeing the spot for the first time will have any idea that a simple white frame house, more than 100 years old, once stood there, and that only two families ever lived in it. Our family was the second and last, and four generations of us have called it home. Another building will have its address.

And, amazingly, as I begin to accept all that, I am left with the clear feeling that even when all visible signs of our family's house are gone, it doesn't matter. The things that matter are these:

No one can ever take away our experiences and memories of life in that house. I've heard people say similar things before, but now the thought has much deeper meaning to me.

I will always bear our house inside me because it is more than a building. The building is only a shell, like my body, and the house's life has meaning because of the living that took place inside it, just as our souls are our real homes, not our bodies or anything we can build. No bulldozer can destroy that.

My grandmother, sister, and mother are free of the house's burden on them. They are wise to part with anything material which becomes too much of a burden.

We all cried together when I went home to say good-bye to the house. And I will, for a very long time, be unwilling to drive past the condo which will stand in its place. I will feel a great loss, as if the bulldozers have violated something very precious to me. But that's all right. I am glad to have to go through this process of letting go of what doesn't matter. How awful it must be to grow up in a house that is easy to say goodbye to. And because God's presence is real, my peace and trust are real.

Whose Death Is It, Anyway?

by Emily T. Wilson

It's mine—it's yours—it's everyone's. No one who has ever lived has ever escaped, but I'd like to start by talking about life—about the meanings and purposes our long lives have given us the opportunity to discover, about the decisions we may have come to realize were of increasing importance to us, and about our responsibilities to our families and those we love, both here and elsewhere, and to Kendal-Crosslands where we are free, and encouraged, to live our lives as we please, while being protected and cared for as needs arise.

According to the sages of all time, the older years are supposed to be the time for acquiring wisdom. We've gone through the difficult and exciting years of youth and preparation, the busy and demanding middle years of family and career responsibilities and satisfactions, and now we have the time and the opportunity to put that other area of our lives in order—to rethink our values, and refine our spirits, and search for the satisfactions that can be ours when we come to terms with our inner selves, our ultimate meaning, and our God.

I read somewhere that old age is a time of gradual diminution; a time of accepting restrictions, of relinquishing some activities; a time of learning to live within our limitations. Granted, there is no universal timetable for this-many of us are quite obviously still in the latter part of the second stage of life, being involved with all manner of constructive and useful activities. But sooner or later, we will all have to recognize that we have come to a quieter and I hope more meaningful period of our lives. Here is where we can exemplify the validity of the wisdom we may be acquiring. Can we accept with good grace and valiant hearts less than total freedom from pain and discomfort? Can we decide against

expensive drugs, and the ever-increasing and exorbitantly costly diagnostic and surgical procedures that might make us more comfortable, and perhaps prolong our lives for a little while, when we realize that the professional skills and hospital facilities and financial resources involved might better be used for younger, needier people with their lives still ahead of them? Do we think about the fact that Medicare costs for the elderly are an enormous percentage of the funds that are available for the health care of the entire population, and that the aging population is growing at an explosive rate?

The great rabbi Martin Buber wrote that, at any time, we *are* where we are supposed to be. I interpret that to mean

that we are here because Kendal-Crosslands provides us the opportunities for learning the lessons we still need for our growth, and it is where we can find the joy and companionship and love that bless our lives.

And now to the subject of the living will. I am glad it is so named. It is not called the dving will. Its name implies that it is the living during our terminal illness that is the important thing. For those of you who are not familiar with it, this document states that you do not wish any heroic measures used to prolong your life. We have to think about several things long before we reach this stage. We must consider our loved ones. Do we want to spare them unnecessary anguish by refusing to demand all kinds of artificial means to prolong our lives? Are we sure they agree with our decision that the quality, not the quantity, of life is the important thing? Are there areas of what Elisabeth Kubler-Ross calls "unfinished business" in our lives that we ought to settle while there is yet time? Have we made our peace with ourselves and our God?

No one has ever died and returned to tell us what was experienced. We have countless stories of people who have had near-death experiences of most extraordinary beauty and wonder, but they did not die. While I do not want any heroic measures to prolong my life, I do want medication to control unbearable pain, if I have it, but not to the point at which I am unaware of what is happening. Never having died, I believe it is an experience I don't want to miss; I want to experience dying in its entirety, if circumstances permit. I don't know what lies ahead, but I am convinced that nothing of value in all of creation is ever lost, and surely a divine-human spirit must be of value.

Howard Thurman, the great theologian and preacher, has a beautiful meditation on the Old Testament story of Jacob's ladder, at the end of which he says, "At the top of the ladder is the Figure, face to face encounter with Whom no man can escape. The searching question is, 'How have you lived your life in the light of your truth?' "



illing Michigle Call Child Child Al William St.

Emily T. Wilson, a member of Kendal Meeting, is a medical doctor. This article was taken from a recent talk she gave at the Kendal at Longwood retirerent home in Kennett Square, Pa., where she now resides.

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The Elastic Thread

by Rose Ketterer

the first time I walked through the nursing home where I was to serve an internship in social gerontology, I was appalled. The place was dreary and the residents, most of them slumped dozing in wheelchairs, were very old, severely disabled, and seemed barely conscious. Although two residents were only 77 and in good bodily health, both had suffered strokes that left them mentally confused, with severe memory and language disruptions. Most of the other residents were 90 or older and suffered from multiple disabling conditions. Some were in chronic pain, several were incontinent, and few were capable of independent movement.

Looking at the residents, I saw human wreckage. Had I been laboring under their physical, mental, and social burdens I would have been furious, embittered, or despairing. Walking past the residents as they dozed, I expected them to feel that way. And my first task was to visit and interview each one.

At first I roamed the hall, searching for people who looked alert. There weren't many. In time I learned that if I came quietly into a room and sat down next to someone who was dozing, she would almost always open her eyes and be ready to interact. Each interview was to take about 15 minutes and cover a few specific areas. Instead, I found myself spending two hours or more with each resident, mostly listening. Far from being the "vegetables" or miserable wretches I had anticipated, the residents

A member of Haddonfield (N.J.) Meeting, Rose Ketterer is active on many Quaker committees. She is working on a Ph.D. dissertation at Temple University in the field of human development. were socially adept and pleased to be visited.

They were able to discuss their limitations with good humor. One woman told me she had prepared carefully for her retirement and learned several kinds of highly skilled handwork. "And look at me," she said wryly, "half-blind and all crippled!" She held out her hands, ruined by arthritis. Then she laughed heartily. Another resident told me she had grown up a short distance from the nursing home, which neighbors then referred to as the "Old Ladies' Home." When she and her friends walked home from school in the spring, they'd pick wildflowers and give nosegavs to the "old ladies" sitting on the porch. "I never thought," she chuckled, "that I would ever be one of the old ladies."

Not all the residents were so easy to communicate with. One was deeply depressed and usually sat hunched over in her geriatric chair, with a bleak expression on her face. Although her health was good and she was able to walk, the woman rarely responded to any social overture. I was told by her visitors that this woman had suffered from depression since her 30s.

Another resident, who told fantastic tales about attempts to poison her, wrote so many generous and uncollectible contributions to charitable organizations that her checkbook had to be taken away. She once threatened a nurse with her heavy cane while demanding a cocktail from the medications cart. Still another resident thought she was in prison, being punished for a terrible crime that she couldn't remember. One of the few male residents was a gentle wanderer, restless and incapable of sitting in one place or answering any question with more than a monosyllable.

Most of the residents, however, despite many and serious health problems and a marked propensity for dozing, were well connected to reality through television news and talk shows.

Why did they doze so much? I wondered if medication could be responsible, but soon learned that drugged people don't move so easily in and out of consciousness as these old people did. Sometimes folks were weary, but then they usually asked to be helped into bed and slept more heavily.

Were they bored? When I asked residents that question I was told, no, they were just resting. Or thinking. Or pray-

ing. Or reminiscing.

Convinced that boredom must be a factor in the dozing, I composed a long list of activities and presented them to the residents. They showed surprisingly little interest. Only three activities were requested: I was to make more frequent extended one-on-one visits, to find gentle stretching and strengthening exercises that could be done in bed or in a wheel-chair, and to schedule small-group discussions.

At least the small group sounded promising. I came to the first meeting prepared to facilitate a discussion of patients' rights or a sharing of complaints. They wanted to talk about how to live out their ideals when faced with pain, frustration, or neglect. A major topic was how to respond to a surly aide who worked the 11 p.m. to 7 a.m. shift. The residents tended to wake early, between 5 a.m. and 6 a.m., but the sullen aide generally refused to help anyone get out of bed, go to the bathroom, or dress. She insisted that morning chores were the responsibility of the day shift. Occasionally, when ordered by a nurse to help a resident wash or dress, the aide was as slow and unhelpful as she could be, refusing to turn on water taps (a painful task for arthritic fingers early in the morning!) or deliberately choosing clashing color combinations rather than the clothes residents wanted to wear. The woman had never committed a physical act of violence, but her nastiness and refusal to answer questions were quite upsetting to several residents. After a long discussion that included many examples of petty tyranny, one resident said, "I try to ask myself, 'What would Jesus have done if he were in my place?' but it's so hard.'

Hearing the details of their daily lives, learning that very few residents had the strength or agility, for instance, to put on a sweater was what was hard for me. They were interesting, caring people with a full range of the emotional and social concerns of any adult population, but they had outlived their bodies' usefulness. Sometimes visitors would come out to the nurses' station, weeping, and ask, "Why don't they die? Why can't they die?" The oldest resident answered that question for me one day. She was 103 years old, rather fearful and quiet, and deaf in one ear, but, unlike many younger residents, she could walk with the aid of a cane. Tapping her fingers nervously, this woman said to me, "When all the good ones, and so many younger ones, were taken, and I was left, I used to pray and ask for my time to come. I thought I was being made to stay here because I wasn't good enough for the Lord to take. But now I feel there's some work I still have to do. I don't know what it is, but God must have something left for me to do. And after I've done it, then I can go home."

By this time I was beginning, like the oldest resident and the weeping visitors, to puzzle over the reason for the existence of the last stage of life. Before having any contact with old people, I assumed that old age had one of two origins: either old age was a biological adaptation, a way of serving the species in preliterate times by extending the memory of the group, or old age was a fluke, an accident connected with modern medicine. In neither case did I expect debilitated old age to be helpful to the aged individual.

As I grew to know this particular group of very old people, and to cautiously question others who worked in gerontology, an uneasy sense of Presence played, as it were, around the corners of my vision, just out of sight. After nearly 20 years of convinced agnosticism, I was surprised to find myself thinking I was seeing a Creator's footprint in the lives of the old people. Something about the very old seemed, unreasonably, to be blessed. And it was connected in some way with their dozing. I began to wonder whether dozing might be a defining characteristic of

great age. What were they doing when they sat in that lightest of sleep? No one gave me a very clear answer, so I set out on an extensive literature search on leisure pursuits among the aged. Sure enough, it was there. Researchers had found repeatedly that the very aged spend most of their discretionary time "sitting quietly," "relaxing," or "just thinking." Those were some of the very terms residents used to describe what I called dozing.

The more I observed, the more I began to feel their dozing was like meditation. I had learned one form of meditation as a Catholic schoolchild, and two other forms as an adult, through hypnotism and yoga. The old people I was working with were not Quakers. I didn't know any Quakers at the time, or my search might have been briefer. As I reflect on the dozing now, I see that it felt like silent worship. The reason I kept feeling a spiritual presence was that Spirit was present.

This then was the gift, the stunning, unexpected treasure I found in the nursing home. The very old seem to fall easily into what I can only call communion. This does not seem to happen only for saintly folks, or for those who have studied and practiced meditation. I believe that a natural predisposition to meditation and contemplation, a natural mysticism, is built right into old age. The urge to inner quiet feels to me like a developmental compulsion, a given ability as strong as the urge to speech is in a young child. Worship is, I believe, both the gift and the purpose of the last

stage of life. Extreme pain, physical or emotional, interferes with the mystical process, at least for some people. Drugs may interfere, but it's hard to know what a drugged person is experiencing. Mental disruption need not detract from the mystical tendency.

Earlier I mentioned a resident who thought she had been imprisoned. She could not remember her crime, and so would open every conversation with "I'm losing my mind!" One day, this woman called me into her room. "I'm losing my mind," she began. I started to reassure her that she had lost portions of her memory, but that her mind was fine. The resident interrupted me. "I'm losing my mind," she said, "but it's all right. If I have no mind, I can't be distracted by the things of this world. I'm free to concentrate on God. It's a great blessing I've been given." For once she was at peace. Of course, she lost her beautiful insight-it was too recent in her memory to be retained. But at least for the few moments while she explained her case to me, the woman was happy.

And she spoke out of eternity to me. If being free of "mind" lets one into infinity, what does freedom from the burden of waking consciousness do? In the desert of frail old age, is dozing a sweet oasis?

I no longer think of old age as an adaptive mechanism or a medical fluke. For me, the last stage of life appears as an elastic thread, an unbreakable bond between each of us and the Source of life, a bond that guides us irresistibly home.

A Meditation on the Tapestry of Life

by Grace Yaukey

e cannot choose the loom on which the tapestry of life is woven, nor can we even sketch a design. Still, we can gather the yarns which the shuttle will carry between the threads of the warp. There

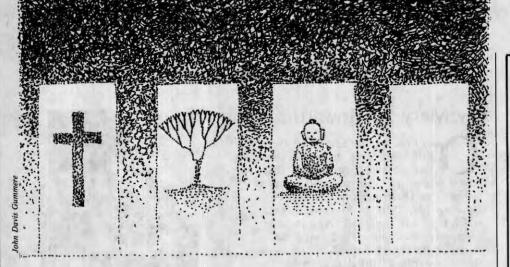
Grace Yaukey, a poet and author, lives at Friends House in Sandy Spring, Md. Her meditation appeared in the November 1985 newsletter of Bethesda Meeting, of which she is a member. can be the blue of summer skies, the white of floating clouds, the green of fields, the yellow of dandelions and buttercups. There can be the purple of distant hills, the shadows of ravines, the blackness of rock, and the dimness of the deep dark woods.

There can be caves, unexpected and unknown, that must be entered, conquered, divested of their fears. Out beyond them lies the glory of the autumn woods ablaze with browns and golds and silvers.

Best of all come the lights of candles, the red holly berries, the fragrance of evergreens, the sound of music, the aroma of Christmas cooking, the joy of voices and warm handclasps and close embraces.

Such a tapestry is woven, its colors chosen, its design complete.





The Four Doors

by Bliss Forbush

ately I have been moved to a smaller room in this hospital unit of a Quaker lifetime care center. From my second-story window I have an interesting view of the main parking lot, where something is always going on, from the movement of the daily mail truck to a large moving van bringing in the property of a nev resident. To my left I see a thick woods that marks the boundary of our property and an extension of the building that cuts off the south, and to the east a long one-story structure which houses the apartments.

Residents on my hall are convalescing from some illness or, like me, are terminal cases. Things go slowly here. Only with intimate friends or relatives do we talk about what lies ahead, which is death. Many of us have signed a living will, and all of us have stored our legal papers in a safe-deposit box.

Facing the future I can conceive of at least four possibilities.

The first was shown to me by a dear friend whom I had known for 60 years. He spoke feelingly of his wife, who had died six months before. As I left his room he said, "I will be with Elizabeth in a few days." He died two days later.

By contrast, a "weighty Friend" who had served her meeting well in many capacities over the years, declared, "We

Now 90, Bliss Forbush, a member of Baltimore (Md.) Meeting, has been executive secretary of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, headmaster of the Friends School in Baltimore, and chairman of the Friends General Conference central committee. His books include Elias Hicks, Quaker Liberal, and Moses Sheppard, Baltimore Philanthropist.

just go to sleep—and that is all. Our genes, our family 'stock' continues, and perhaps what we say or write may have some influence for a generation or two, but this is all."

A third possibility is suggested by Arnold Bennett, who told of an elderly statesman of India who had served his nation well. He sat on a promontory overlooking a large city. Here he had an "illumination." He could see into a typical slum, where a woman was soon to have a baby. In his prophetic revelation he realized that he was to be that baby.

The fourth possibility was expressed by an Episcopal minister who taught a class in our center. He was a scholar, a philosopher, a mystic, and a panentheist, that is, one who believes that the Divine is present wherever there is life, in nature or in man, but that this is not the whole of God's being. When death comes, that of God returns to the unlimited Divinity or God.

One night I had a dream. There was a heavy rain, and as I looked out of the window, fog was still rising from the parking lot. Looking to the east all had changed. The long row of clusters had disappeared and in their place were four sets of noble pillars, and between them were four large doors. I stepped out of my window and approached the doors. Halfway to them I could see distinguishing markers on each. On one was a Christian cross; the second showed a family genealogy; on the third was a figure of Buddha, and the fourth was plain.

I walked forward toward the four doors. \Box



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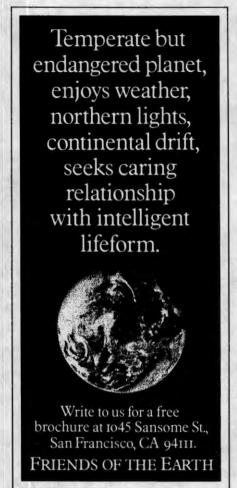
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A Remembrance - Esko Saari

by Mary B. Howarth

ne of the leading Finnish Quakers, Elvi Lahja Saari, died in Hämeenlinna, Finland, August 15, 1985, after a long struggle with cancer which never dimmed her cheerful spirit. Elvi was born December 23, 1910, in Kirvussa, Kerava, which is now in the USSR. As a child her eagerness and strength so resembled a tousled brother in the Finnish classic Seven Brothers, that she was called "Esko" even though she was a girl.

Esko left eastern Finland for Helsinki in 1935. While a candidate for a doctor of divinity degree she worked in girls' clubs and with the Finnish Girl Scouts. Unable to return to her home in eastern Finland after the Winter War, she served as a director in the Women's Defense Work Alliance. Following the war, through her association with the Finnish Christian Settlement Movement, Esko went north to Lapland to act as an interpreter for the American Friends Service Committee relief team in the winter of 1945. In this position with the Quakers, she gradually shifted from full-time relief work, distributing food and clothing, to more involvement with the budding work camp movement.

In 1946 Esko spent a year at Pendle Hill. This association, as well as time at Woodbrooke, moved her rapidly from her formerly nationalistic stance to an international, nonviolent outlook. After directing two summer work camps sponsored by the AFSC, Esko became the first Finnish director of the newly formed Kansanvälinen Vapaaehtoinen Työleirijärjestö (KVT; the International Voluntary Workcamp Organization). Her beneficial influence has helped KVT continue to the present.

In 1949 she returned to Rovanieni, Lapland, to direct the Rovala (Settlement) adult school. At a planning conference of leaders of the Finnish Settlement Movement, KVT, and Quakers (including Horace Alexander, Swedish Friend Emelia Fogelklou Norlind, Douglas Steere, and Thomas Harvey), Esko made the suggestion that perhaps this group could assist in establishing a "Finnish Pendle Hill," using as a pattern the indigenous Scandinavian folk high school. The group felt that this "would be a gift which would memorialize the almost New Testament-like fellowship that the three groups had had in those three years of relief work which they did together," according to Douglas Steere,

Mary Howarth was one of the founders of the Finnish work camp movement. She was in Finland as a relief worker from 1945 to 1948. A member of Media (Pa.) Meeting and a sojourner at University (Wash.) Meeting, she is on the JOURNAL's board of managers.



who elaborates further: "The idea took like a lighted fire and before we got up from our morning's closing session, we had dreamed up the way it should work under the Christian Settlement Movement's authority and [with] a close relationship with both KVT and the Ouakers."

Money was raised to purchase property on a lake near Hämeenlinna, southern Finland. In 1951 Elvi Saari was chosen director of the new school "Viittakivi." To the present time, classes are given in both English and Finnish. The Finnish government pays 85 percent of the teachers' salaries, gives allowances for depreciation on buildings, and even gives student scholarships.

For 25 years, Esko served as director. During that time many Friends and others who had worked in Finland in relief and work camps returned to teach and lecture at Vittakivi. Esko successfully continued to draw students from around the world, including Eastern European countries. During the early years an Indian student from Shantiniketan, Tagore's school in Bengal, India, introduced Esko to the practice of yoga. She, in her usually thorough way, became an expert yogi and taught yoga for years.

Until the conclusion of World War II, Helsinki Meeting, under the care of British Friends, consisted primarily of elderly, Swedish-speaking Finns. Esko was one of the first Finnish-speaking Finns to join the meeting. Subsequently she lectured and traveled extensively in Europe, Africa, and the United States. In 1972, she was awarded the Suomen Kulttuurirahaston (Finnish Cultural Prize).

Of her writings, Friends should note particularly "Kveekarien jäljillä Suomessa" ("Quaker Footsteps in Finland") and Paavo Ruotsalainen—George Fox of Finland. This fall her autobiography Ei Minulta Mitään Puutu (I Shall Not Want) was published by WSOY, Finland. Friends are seeking to have it translated into English.

Esko's pioneering spirit in the field of East-West relations and her deeply spiritual counsel, both to individuals and groups, will be sorely missed by both Friends and friends.

Reports

Messengers of Hope: The Pacific Peace Delegation

Margaret Clark, from Australia, and Marian Lyftogt and Muriel Morrison, from New Zealand, were chosen by their yearly meetings to visit Hawaii, the U.S. West Coast, Japan, Korea, and Singapore as the Circle Pacific Peace Delegation: A Quaker Initiative, October 6-November 14, 1985. Our purpose was to meet with Friends and peace groups to tell about our peacemaking and to hear about their hopes and endeavors. We hoped to strengthen the ties of affiliation and friendship wherever we met with those active in working for peace around the Pacific.

In Hawaii, where we were so kindly cared for by Rusty and John Schweitzer at the Friends Center, Margaret and Marian attended classes with students at the university, while I spent a day with Jim Albertini on his community farm on Big Island (Hilo). Jim is out on bail after jumping in the harbor in front of a U.S. nuclear warship, in protest, as it entered the port of Hilo, which had previously been declared nuclear-weapon free.

In San Francisco we were welcomed by Carl Anderson. After meetings with Friends and a visit to the Livermore Laboratory. Marian and Margaret traveled north, Margaret to Victoria in Canada and to Seattle, where she joined the Ground Zero Group in their weekly, early-morning leafleting of the workers at the Trident base where the White Train unloads its cargo of death. Together we visited the American Friends Service Committee office in Seattle, and Marian visited Portland and George Fox College. In the San Francisco Bay Area we sailed in the peace navy of about 27 boats, countering the U.S. Navy's "Fleet Week" display of warships entering the harbor. We also addressed meetings in San Jose (FOR), in Modesto, Santa Rosa, Sacramento (Lawyers Alliance for Arms Control), in Visalia, and Fresno. We met with peace activists, talked to high school classes, and gave radio and TV interviews. We also attended Grass Valley Quarterly Meeting at John Woolman School, where we enjoyed meeting and sharing with Friends.

In the Los Angeles area we spoke to Friends, to an Alliance for Survival meeting, to a freeze group, and to the Friends Committee on National Legislation. I took part in the weekly demonstration outside the Norton Air Base which the Riverside Peace Center holds every Friday afternoon. We all met with the AFSC committee in Pasadena be-

fore we flew on to Japan.

In Tokyo, we were taken to the office of the Japan National Council of Churches, where we were given a friendly welcome, and Aiko Carter told us of the conference she is planning, centered around the plight of the Vietnamese women whose husbands from North or South Vietnam were exposed to Agent Orange during the Vietnam War. The wives are held responsible for the malformed babies born to them, are being divorced, and feel ashamed. After meeting for worship on Sunday we saw slides of present-day Vietnam, showing the devastation of forest and agricultural land.

In Hiroshima over dinner we met a women's group of great courage and gaiety making a strong witness against the male domination so general in Japan. We were taken to see the Peace Park, crowded with busloads of school children of all ages, and Japanese and other tourists. We listened to the story of the woman Hibakusha (victim of atomic bombing) who now works daily at the International Center, teaching visiting children the necessity of peacemaking from her own life.

In Yokohama, we were given very loving hospitality for three days by Susumu and his wife, Michiko. Susumu took us to Yokocuska, where we met with a very well informed, active peace citizen's group. One of their members took us up the hill to the point which he visits every day with his binoculars to observe and record the movements of the nuclear-armed warships for which Yokocuska is a home port.

Marian and Margaret went to Korea for two days where they were guided by Yoon Gu Lee to further valuable contacts. I stayed in Tokyo and attended Japan Yearly Meeting, where the clerk of Hong Kong Meeting and I were the overseas visitors. The Japanese Friends committed to peacemaking as an expression of their Quaker faith are a small group working in a difficult situation and need our support, encouragement, and loving concern.

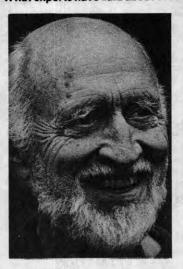
In Singapore we had a good meeting with some of the staff of the Christian Conference of Asia.

It was a good, a joyous, and a sad time for me, to be a messenger of hope from New Zealand to the United States and Japan and at the same time to experience the darkness. Our presence among peace groups was more meaningful than I had anticipated. I experienced a growing sense of the interconnectedness of all things.

To all the people I have met on this journey and to all I will meet working in different ways and committed to different paths, I want to send "positive, hallowing love energy." I want also to contact more closely that Life-giving Source within me to find ever freshly my own path for the healing of the world.

Muriel Morrison

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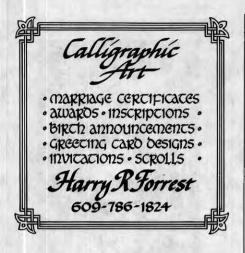
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World of Friends

"Choose Life!" is the theme of the 1986 World Day of Prayer on March 7. Begun in the United States in 1887 by laywomen of the Presbyterian church, the World Day of Prayer has now spread worldwide and is a catalyst for Christian women to come together in continuing relationships of prayer and action for peace. Each year women from a different area in the world write the service. This year Australian women wrote "Choose Life!" to articulate the prayerful choices to be made if peace is to be achieved. It calls women of faith to take actions that will begin to change the injustice and inequities that cause suffering in the world. Church Women United, the sponsor of the World Day of Prayer, is an ecumenical movement that brings Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Orthodox women together in one Christian community of prayer, advocacy, and service.

Youth Quest '86, a youth delegation to the Soviet Union, June 24-July 24, is being sponsored by the Fellowship of Reconciliation. The trip will give 20 U.S. young people (ages 16-20) an opportunity to meet with Soviets and explore together the meaning of nonviolence and reconciliation and to learn to appreciate our cultural differences. The trip costs approximately \$2,000. Full or partial scholarships are available to ensure a diverse (ethnic, class, geographic) group. For applications or more information, write Youth Quest '86, Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960, or call (914) 358-4601.

The Associated Committee of Friends on Indian Affairs (ACFIA) will hold its 117th annual session in Des Moines, Iowa, April 11-12. Friends and others interested in native Americans are encouraged to attend the sessions to find out what is being done in the areas served by the ACFIA. For more information, write Sterrett L. Nash, Secretary of Education and Publicity, 612 Plum St., Box 161, Frankton, IN 46044, after March 10.

Meet Finnish Friends at the Viittakivi International Center, the "Pendle Hill" of Finland. Isolated and off the beaten track, Friends in Finland are always interested in meeting Friends from abroad. Viittakivi has both winter and summer programs. The winter course, which aims at increasing understanding of world problems, also includes two weeks in Lapland to study arctic life. Viittakivi sits in a rural setting, which provides opportunities for skiing, walking, and other open air activities. For details on attending programs, write Viittakivi International Center, SF—14700 Hauho, Finland.

Small international aid projects are Miami (Fla.) Meeting's way of making a difference in the Third World. The meeting adopts projects too small for the American Friends Service Committee or the Friends World Committee for Consultation or other organizations by channeling donations to these projects. Friends and others can send taxdeductible monies to the meeting, which are then forwarded to the projects indicated by the donors. Present projects include helping Haitians find jobs, housing, and medical care in the Miami area; helping Guatemalan students with advanced education through Tom and Trudi Hunt of the Guatemala City Meeting; and assisting the AFSC director in Mexico City to buy a house to help young men from the villages with temporary housing, job skills training, and job placement. Miami Meeting also supports the Peace Center in San José, Costa Rica, and the Women's Cooperative in Bangladesh. Friends wishing to help any of these projects can send checks (indicate the project) to Miami Friends Meeting, 1185 Sunset Drive, Coral Gables, FL 33143. Contributions to the Peace Center and the Women's Cooperative may also be sent through the FWCC.

The Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine in New York City declared its grounds and buildings a nuclear-free zone at its 1985 New Year's Eve Peace Concert. By joining the almost 3,000 communities in 17 nations that have declared as nuclear-free zones, the dean of the cathedral stated that the church "has resolved to disengage, however best it can, from the Nuclear State and the Nuclear State of Mind." Every day at noon, the bells in the cathedral tower ring for peace and the International Peace Prayer is read.

A Quaker writers' network is in the works for Canadian Friends. Those who are interested in developing a "morale-boosting support group" and in sharing their literary endeavors may send their names, addresses, and areas of interest to Bob Foster, 373 Wardlaw Ave., Winnepeg, Manitoba R3L 0L8, Canada, or to Alison Pirot, 2629 Garnet St., Regina, Saskatchewan S4T 3A8, Canada.

"Many Roads, One Journey" is the theme for the 1986 Friends General Conference Gathering of Friends to be held June 28-July 5 at Carleton College, Northfield, Minn. The Advance Program will be sent to Friends in mid-March, but in the meanwhile, mark the date on your calendar.

The 1986 Martin Luther King, Jr., Award goes to Myles Horton, who has spent almost all his 80 years helping people to help themselves through reflection and action. On Christmas night in 1931, Horton couldn't sleep because he was envisioning a school in which poor Southerners, blacks, mountain people, and factory workers would be welcomed as students. Out of this dream the Highlander Research and Education Center was founded in Tennessee. At that time it was the only place in the South where blacks and whites could meet as equals. Shortly after attending a Highlander workshop, Rosa Parks launched the civil rights movement by refusing to sit in the back of a bus. Martin Luther King, Jr., found strength and renewal from his many visits to Highlander. Threatened many times, Highlander Center and Myles Horton survived a devastating fire, a conviction for illegally practicing integration, and being labeled as "Communist." Sponsored by the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the award is presented annually to a person who is a "drum major for peace and justice."

This "Prayer for the Aging" was sent by Olwen Palmer to New Zealand Wider Quaker Fellowship members. The original author is unknown. "Lord, I thank you that I am aging. For many folk it is an impossible privilege. To know this blessing gives every day a fresh reason to wonder. I thank you for the joys which I can now suddenly appreciate: for the freeing of my fingers from worthless business, for a more simple life, for songbirds meeting in flight over a sunlit field, for moments of tranquility in which to nurture a faith in your past blessings, for holy times when everything falls into its rightful place, and heavenly pleasure absorbs all the world's sad bustle.

"Father in heaven, give me a consciousness of the beauty of the autumn of life, a time to fulfill, a time to harvest. Let old age be seen as part of your plan for the world and for us, so that the years may weigh, not as a burden, but as a blessing upon us. Free us from self-pity which shrivels up the soul. Although our wrinkles increase and our bodies tire, do not wither our spirit. May every new hour be worthy of enquiry."

The Ouaker Universalist Fellowship will hold its annual meeting on March 8 at Germantown Meeting in Philadelphia, Pa. Open to Quaker Universalists and other interested persons, the day's program includes a talk by Howard Bartram on "Quaker Universalism-Centripetal, Centrifugal," and by Michael Sells on "Universalism, Silence, and Mystical Traditions." For more information, call Bob Rubinstein, (215) 527-6387 (eves.) or Alfred Roberts, (215) 923-3969. For overnight hospitality call Carolyn Terrell, (215) 842-3342 (home) or 241-7279 (work).

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Forum

Aging Creatively

Many people ask me how I keep myself so creatively active at age 94.

My answer is: will power. I work at it

every morning.

1. Reflexology-massage bottom of feet and use electric stimulators on every part of body. Slanting board 15 minutes twice a day. Blood to the head then rest.

2. Exercise on floor in the a.m.-do voga-acupressure to cure arthritis and bursitis

3. Chiropractic-in nearby town-

works on spine.

4. Food intake-difficult to be complete vegetarian. I follow a dietary program based on having one's active life last to 120 years or more. I use natural herbs, much yogurt, lots of fresh fruit, and cottage cheese.

5. Spiritual meditation-one half-hour or longer. I face the rising sun, holding my Quaker philosophy: "There is that of God in everyone." I prefer the word Divinity. Humanity is evolving. I'm a part of it. Everything in the universe is connected. At a certain point I hold particular individuals.

Now I am ready for breakfast and one

cup of coffee.

I live alone in a four-room house built for me across the yard from my nephew and his wife and two teen-age children. I do as many things for myself as possible, most of my cooking, etc. When elderly people begin to let others do things for them, their bodies accept it and they become less and less active.

By noon I'm working at my desk, keeping up with creative activities connected with my work. If I've had to be out late I plan to spend most of the

next day in bed.

The books from which I get the most guidance are: Joy's Way by W. Brugh Joy, M.D., Alternate Realities by Lawrence LeShan, and The Turning Point by Fritjof Capra.

> Rachel Davis DuBois Woodstown, N.J.

Quaker Author Responds

I am sorry if my essay for "Quaker Authors Respond" (FJ 11/15/85) exceeded the available space, but friends here tell me that the missing second paragraph leaves them baffled. May I impose on your good nature and briefly explain what I said there?

Tolstoy the artist led me to Tolstoy the moralist, at just the time I was most vulnerable, but the moralist is very dangerous. His intensity of conviction

leads him to simplify what is complex. He "translates" the Gospels by dropping out what he doesn't like; he replaces reason with passion. He deceives himself and his followers.

Just when I was recognizing I needed to be free from Tolstoy's false simplicity, I rediscovered his true simplicity through "Where Love Is, God Is." The rest of the essay should be clear from these comments.

> Paul A. Lacey Richmond, Ind.

Wolf in Sheep's Clothing

The splendid article "Sister Horse and Brother Ox" (FJ 12/15/85), which details our cruelties to God's other children, the animals, is flawed by two small but crucial pieces of misinformation.

Hi Doty points out "countless obscene ways we are killing God's creatures" then goes on to say he hopes Friends are supporting "World Wildlife Fund, Greenpeace, and National Wildlife Federation." I hope we're all supporting Greenpeace, but the National Wildlife Federation is affiliated with the National Rifle Association and, like World Wildlife Fund, has as its goal the supply of quarry to hunters, that they may continue to indulge in blood sports for amusement

To stop the truly obscene killing of God's creatures, Friends should be supporting People for Ethical Treatment of Animals (P.O. Box 42516, Washington, DC 20015), Mobilization for Animals (P.O. Box 1679, Columbus, OH 43216), and Fund for Animals (200 W. 57th St., N.Y., NY 10019)

Hi Doty's article is deeply moving, and the errors are understandable because the two organizations to which I take exception masquerade as humane groups.

> Beatrice Williams New York, N.Y.

Would Woolman Wear Fur?

Your December 1, 1985, issue presents a paradox. It contains the article, "John Woolman and Animals," in which writer Joan Gilbert exhorts us to examine our insensitivity toward animal suffering, and it also contains an ad in the classified section for one fox jacket (value \$1,500), proceeds to benefit the Community Friends School Scholarship Fund.

Now, fox pelts neither grow on trees nor are willingly relinquished by foxes wishing to escape the summer heat. And, only one species of fox-the silver gray—will reproduce in captivity. It alone is commercially "ranched," a euphemism for the factory farming of wild animals. Most foxes are taken in the wild by steeljaw traps, set throughout our woodlands during winter.

These traps are designed to clamp onto

and crush the animal's leg. They destroy tissue and bone. They cause the animal to thrash frantically in pain and terror, to bite and gnash at the metal, thus destroying teeth as well. This agony continues until the trapper returns, perhaps days later. Death comes by clubbing or strangulation (so as not to damage the pelt's value).

What kind of person would condone or reap profit from this disgusting, violent,

and cowardly activity?

R. C. Varden Mercersburg, Pa.

The following letters were received in response to Edward N. Wright's Forum letter "On Aging: What Are the Answers?" (FJ 2/15/85). Although the letters were received too late to publish with the others, it seems appropriate to print them now. —Ed.

Old Age: Hobbies Help

Edward N. Wright's Forum letter (FJ 2/15/85) was interesting. I am nearly 75 years of age, so I am increasingly interested in the subject. Any hobbies, preferably those helpful to others, are essential to useful longevity. Those who have developed no hobbies usually don't last long after retirement.

usually don't last long after retirement.

In October 1977 I found I could print booklets on my mimeograph, and although I still don't get professional results, by doing it all myself the cost is lowered to what I can afford, and I can present interesting ideas to more people. Seniors have had more experience and can make their latter years the most beneficial in their whole lives. Some projects require a long development period before coming into general acceptance.

A constantly increasing proportion of our population is reaching senior age, therefore the need for satisfactory occupations for them is increasing. Also individuality is apt to increase and should be matched by an increase in available

occupations.

I can still swim at the YMCA, although at a slower rate. It is a healthy exercise. Recently I swam three miles at one time. I have swum over 75 miles each of the past two years, and since January 1, 1967, my total distance is further than the highway distance from L.A. to Providence, R.I. I also play



chess at times. I suppose even bingo is better than no hobbies at all, but everyone should have useful hobbies, and younger people will find them of increasing benefit as they grow older.

> Clifford North Merry Los Angeles, Calif.

Coming to Terms

I think a special aspect of the later years is that we may find ourselves doing well to confront important issues that we were able to gloss over earlier. The process of coming to terms with oneself can be difficult at any age, yet energies can be redeemed by committing to a deepened understanding of one's own character as principal architect of one's destiny and internal condition.

To be more specific, I find it useful to recognize the extent to which we may prop up our lives by leaning on other people, rushing to their aid, and manipulating them like objects in our need to be needed and gain acceptance

and control.

The same compulsion and impulsion operate in all manner of relationships. The problem is that often beingness is missing. Without it, there's nothing much left inside when we cease manipulating our objects. When circumstances, due to change, no longer afford the patterns of relating in which we've invested so much energy, it's little wonder that we feel our foundations have turned to sand.

In our pain and barrenness at any calendar age, we may be prone to ask what, if any, are the answers? It seems to me that asking for answers is apt to be a request to be told what to do by some other human voice. In so requesting, we refuel the fires of avoiding the decisions and choices only we can make for ourselves, individually. As someone said, the crown of life is the exercise of choice.

Wilfred Reynolds Evanston, Ill.

A Full, Active Life

Edward N. Wright asks what the answers are to aging, and I felt I would like to offer some comments on this

inquiry

I shall be 83 years old next birthday and have lived a full and active life—my health is good in mind and body. I'm a little slower in my movements, a little arthritic in my knees, which makes jogging not feasible, but my bodily and mental functions are as good as when I was 60—so my doctor tells me—consequently in my years of retirement I have found that I really did enter into new reaches.

Clive Packer-Doust Kerikeri, Bay of Islands New Zealand



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Resources

Selected Resources on Aging

Books

- After Ninety. By Imogen Cunningham. University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1977.
- Aging. By Henri J.M. Nouwen and Walter J. Gaffney. Doubleday, New York, 1974.
- The Aging Game: Success, Sanity and Sex After Sixty. By Barbara G. Anderson. McGraw-Hill, New York, 1979.
- Aging and the Human Spirit: A Reader in Religion and Gerontology. By Carol LeFevre and Perry LeFevre. Exploration, Chicago, 1981.
- Avoiding Drowning and Seeing the "Me": An Essay on Old People and Loneliness. By David E. W. Holden. Argenta Friends School Press, Argenta, B.C., 1981.
- Don't Give Up on an Aging Parent. By Lawrence Galton. Crown, New York, 1975.
- An Easier Way: Handbook for the Elderly and Handicapped. By Jean Vieth Sargent. Iowa State University, Ames, Iowa, 1981.
- A Good Age. Alex Comfort. Simon and Schuster, New York, 1976.
- The Grieving Time: A Month by Month Account of Recovery From Loss. By Anne M. Brooks. Delapeake, Wilmington, Del., 1982.
- Growing Old: A View From Within. By Norma Jacob. (Pendle Hill pamphlet #239), Wallingford, Pa., 1981.
- Growing Older, Getting Better: A Handbook for Women in the Second Half of Life. By Jane Porcino. Addison-Wesley, Reading, Mass., 1983.
- A Guide to Caring for and Coping with Aging Parents. By John Gillies. Nelson, Nashville, 1981.
- Let the Patient Decide: A Doctor's Advice to Older Persons. By Louis S. Baer. Westminster, Philadelphia, 1978.
- The Myth of Senility: Misconceptions About the Brain and Aging. By Robin M. Henig. Doubleday, New York, 1981.
- Nobody Ever Died of Old Age. By Sharon Curtin. Little Brown, Boston, 1972.
- Old Enough to Feel Better: A Medical Guide for Seniors. By Michael Gordon. Chilton, Radnor, Pa., 1981.
- The "Old" Speak Out. By Bonnie Bluh. Horizon, New York, 1979.
- Our Older Friends: A Guide for Visitors. By Joel Keyes. Fortress, Philadelphia, 1983.
- Planning for Your Retirement. Tony Lamb and Dave Duffy. Penguin, New York, 1977.
- Thirty Dirty Lies About Old. Hugh Downs. Argus, Niles, Ill., 1979.
- To Your Good Health: A Practical Guide for Older Americans, Their Families and Friends. By Robert Skeist. Chicago Review Press, Chicago, 1980.



- Understanding Aging Parents. By Andrew D. Lester. Westminster, Philadelphia, 1980.
- The View From 80. By Malcolm Cowley. Viking, New York, 1980.
- You and Your Aging Parent: The Modern Family's Guide to Emotional, Physical, and Financial Problems. By Barbara Silverstone and Helen Kandel Hyman. Pantheon, New York, 1982.

Organizations

- American Association of Retired Persons (AARP), 1909 K St. NW, Washington, DC 20049.
- Cathedral College of the Laity, Episcopal Church House, Mount Saint Alban, Washington, DC 20016.
- Friends Committee on Aging, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, 1515 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.
- Gray Panthers, 311 S. Juniper St., Philadelphia, PA 19107.
- National Council on the Aging, Inc., 600 Maryland Ave. SW, West Wing 100, Washington, DC 20024.
- Older Women's League, 1325 G St. NW, Lower Level B, Washington, DC 20005.

Many of these organizations have local chapters.

Periodicals/Catalogues

- Aging. Published by H.H.S. (U.S. government publication) six times a year. \$15. Superintendent of Documents, G.P.O. Washington, DC 20402.
- Creative Aging Journal. Friends United Meeting, Meeting Ministries Commission, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374.
- Friends United Meeting Creative Aging Library catalogue. Free copy from Creative Aging Library, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374.
- Modern Maturity. Monthly magazine of the American Association of Retired Persons (AARP). 1909 K St. NW, Washington, DC 20049.
- Nica Inform. A publication of the National Interfaith Coalition on Aging, Inc., P.O. Box 1924, Athens, GA 30603.

Milestones

Births

Cook—Kiri Hess Cook on November 9, 1985, to Megan Hess and Sid Cook. Both parents are members of Germantown (Pa.) Meeting. Her maternal grandparents, Beverly and Dick Hess, are members of Lancaster (Pa.) Meeting.

Wajda-Levie—Dylan Andrew Wajda-Levie on January 6 to Michael Wajda and Alison Levie. Both parents are members of Harrisburg (Pa.) Meeting.

Williamson—Jesse Ian Williamson on November 16, 1985, to Frances Williamson, a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting, and Bruce G. Williamson, a member of Springfield (Pa.) Meeting. Jesse's paternal grandmother was Hazel Williamson of Wooster (Ohio) Meeting.

Adoption

Lambert—Gerald Jacob Lambert, on October 8, 1985, by Mary Louise and Marc A. Lambert. Gerald was born August 20, 1977. His mother is a member of Clear Creek (Ind.) Meeting, and his father is a member of Strawberry Creek (Calif.) Meeting.

Marriages

Maloney-Bailey—Max Bailey and Rosaleen Maloney on November 16, 1985, at the First Baptist Church in Waynesville, Ohio. Max is a member of Miami (Ohio) Meeting.

Celebration of Commitment

Hansen-Sparks—William Roberts Sparks, Jr., and Roger Charles Hansen on October 5, 1985, under the care of Homewood (Md.) Meeting in Baltimore. Both are members of Homewood Meeting.

Deaths

Ayars—Rebecca Caudill Ayars, 86, on October 2, 1985, in Urbana, Ill. A beloved member of Urbana-Champaign (Ill.) Meeting, Rebecca encouraged those she met to develop their talents and ideas. A graduate of Wesleyan College and Vanderbilt University, she taught for two years in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Later, she edited a magazine for teen-age girls for the Methodist Publishing House in Nashville, Tenn. She was a prolific writer; her many books include A Certain Small Shepherd, A Pocketful of Cricket, and Did You Carry the Flag Today, Charlie? The public library in her hometown of Cumberland, Ky., is named for her. She is survived by her husband, James, and a daughter, Rebecca Baker.

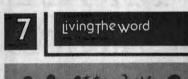
Inouye—William Y. Inouye, 64, on July 20, 1985, at home in Elkins Park, Pa., after a long and courageous struggle with mesothelioma, an asbestoslinked form of cancer. A long-time member of Abington (Pa.) Meeting, an emeritus professor of

surgery at the University of Pennsylvania, medical director of Friends Hall, chief of surgery at Philadelphia General Hospital when it closed in 1975, and an active Rotarian, William Inouye was also appreciated by his many friends and neighbors for his beautiful garden, his quiet humor, and his concern for the spiritual life of the meeting. Born of Japanese parents in San Francisco in 1920 and interned with his family in California in 1942, he nevertheless reached his goal of becoming a doctor, graduating from Swarthmore College and the School of Medicine of the University of Pennsylvania. He is survived by his wife, Eleanor; a sister, Miyoko Bassett; three sons, David, Robert, and Richard; and five grandchildren.

Lindley-Amelia Ruger Lindley, 91, on November 1, 1985, in Wallingford, Pa. Born in Tillson, N.Y., Amelia worked her way through Oakwood Friends School and Earlham College, where she graduated in 1920. The day after graduation she married Lawrence Lindley. The young couple spent five vears working with Indians in Oklahoma, and then were transferred to Philadelphia, where Lawrence worked for the Indian Rights Association and Amelia worked as a volunteer, speaking to schools and women's groups about Indian problems. A member of Media (Pa.) Meeting, Amelia was a recorded minister of New York Yearly Meeting. She was active in the religious and social activities of her community. She is survived by her husband, Lawrence; a son, L. Eldon, Jr.; five grandchildren; and six great-grandchildren.

Lucas—Livia Lucas, 78, on July 3, 1985, after a long bout with cancer. For many years, Livia was a member of Flushing (N.Y.) Meeting. Then for

A Wealth of Ideas for First-day School - Friends General Conference



BEING, CHIRINGINIA, GROWING IN GOD'S SIGHT

Trash Bag Simulation - for Younger Youth

Give each student a large plastic trash bag, asking the student to poke a hole in the bottom for the head to fit through. Have everyone put the bags on over their heads, covering the upper body. Ask: What effect do the bags have? How do you feel about being covered by a bag? What effect do the bags have on some of the aspects of your identity? Does wearing these bags give you any clues as to why different people and groups of people wear uniforms? Would you like wearing bags like these all the time? Why or why not? Talk about the safety we feel when we are partially hidden or

disguised—we might behave in ways we might not otherwise consider appropriate. Ask the class to identify classes or persons who conceal their identity such as the Ku Klux Klan, bank robbers, church officials wearing vestments, etc. Ask how such covering might free them to act differently. Ask the students to read Gen. 1:26-31 and Rom. 12:4-8 and discuss what the passages imply about identity. Jointly compose a prayer of thanks in light of the uniqueness and the discoveries of identity and read it in unison.

This is part of one lesson taken from the Joint Educational Development (JED) Living the Word curriculum. There is a wealth of ideas and material available at FGC. For the FGC Catalog or more information on JED, write to Friends General Conference, 1520-B Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. Call Cindy Taylor, Religious Education Coordinator and our new Publications Manager (215) 241-7270 if you want to discuss ideas or problems.

11 years, she was a member of Sarasota (Fla.) Meeting, and most recently she attended Celo (N.C.) Meeting. Livia Lucas was born in Budapest and came to the United States after World War II. Her concerns for peace and international dialogue continued until her death. Celo Meeting remains grateful to Livia for bringing her own intimate prayer and the closeness of the Holy Spirit into meeting for worship.

Newby-Richard Prouty Newby, 62, on December 9, 1985, in Muncie, Ind. Born into a Quaker family in Iowa, Richard decided early in his life to become a pastor. As a student at William Penn College he was pastor of Buffalo and Center Friends meetings in Iowa. He was recorded a Friends minister in Iowa Yearly Meeting in 1945, the year he graduated from college. He then was a pastor of meetings in Kansas and Minnesota, and of Friends Memorial Meeting in Muncie, Ind., twice, most recently in 1974-85. He was instrumental in starting Friends School, a preschool institution housed in the Friends church and open to the community. After retiring as full-time pastor at Friends Memorial Church, Richard was pastor at Back Creek (Ind.) Meeting. He was also active in civic and humanitarian affairs in Muncie. He had served on the board of trustees of Friends University, Earlham College, and William Penn College, from which he received an honorary doctor of divinity degree in May 1985. The citation mentioned that he was being honored for his "exemplary work among Friends as pastor, teacher, author, active member, and leader of significant Friends programs." Richard Newby is survived by his wife, Doris; a daughter, Darlene Ann; two sons, James Richard and John Charles; a granddaughter, Alicia Marie; and two sisters, Gail Newby Newhall and Joy Newby Cronk.

Nicholson—Edith DeCou Nicholson, 83, on November 4, 1985, in Richmond, Ind. A native of Moorestown, N.J., she attended Moorestown Friends School and graduated from Westtown in 1921. She then attended the Philadelphia School of Industrial Art for two years, until she married E. Leslie Nicholson. They moved to Llanerch, Pa. in 1928. Edith was a member of Lansdowne (Pa.) Meeting. She moved to Richmond, Ind., after Leslie died in 1977. She is survived by sons Ed, Dav, and Bob; a daughter, Edith Stackhouse; 2 sisters, Elizabeth Wolcott and Carol Howard; 13 grandchildren; and 10 great-grandchildren.

Thompson—Carney S. Thompson, 95, on September 19, 1985. A life-long resident and farmer in O'Brien County, Iowa, Carney was an active, much-loved member of Paullina (Iowa) Meeting. His wife Mary Hobson Thompson, son Wendell Thompson, and daughter Hazel Williamson preceded him in death. He is survived by six grandchildren, Virginia Wilson, Ann Armstrong, Bruce G. Williamson, Victoria M. Williamson, Pamela J. Williamson, and Wenda F. Williamson-Hymes; and a brother, Isaac Thompson.

Van Nostrand—Iris Van Nostrand, 88, on September 20, 1985, in Greenport, N.Y. Iris was a former member of Manhasset (N.Y.) and Jericho (N.Y.) meetings, and later of Southold Executive (N.Y.) Meeting. She is survived by a son, Robert; a daughter, Valerie Montgomery; four grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Correction: Under births (12/15/85) Tacy Bell Emens was incorrectly listed as Tracy Bell Emens.

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Research Interns. Three positions available assisting FCNL's lobbyists with legislative work. These are 11-month paid assignments beginning Sept. 1, 1986. Duties include research, writing, monitoring issues, attending hearings and coalition meetings, maintaining clipping and issue files. Applications close March 15, 1986. For information write or call Friends Committee on National Legislation, 245 2nd St. NE, Washington, DC 20002, (202) 547-6000.

American Friends Service Committee seeks: Quaker Representative at United Nations Office, NYC: senior position for Friend to represent world body of Ouakers, organize conferences, seminars; supervise staff and budget; give leadership to program. Requires: broad experience in international affairs, strong analytic and communication skills, administrative and program experience, knowledge of UN. Also director, Quaker House in NYC: residential position involving arrangements for meals, meetings, seminars. Requires: skills for managing a hospitality center and building; flexibility, patience, stamina, good humor. Positions can be filled by a couple or single persons. Starting late '86; initial application deadline March 15. Contact: Karen Cromley, AFSC, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. AFSC is an Affirmative Action/Equal Opportunity Employer.

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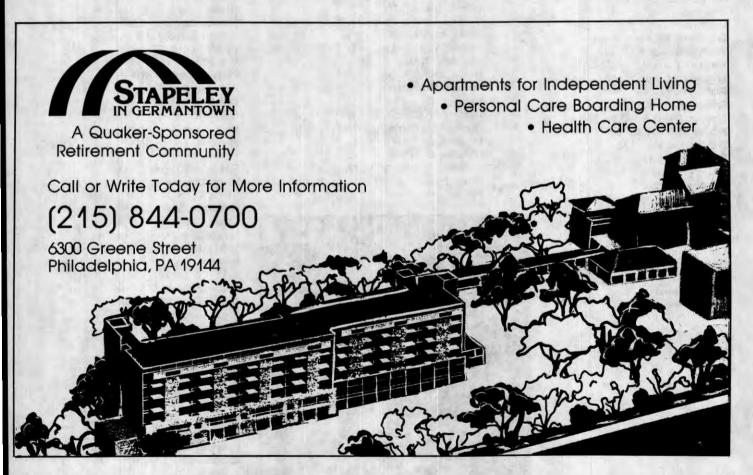
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Dear Friends:

I welcome this opportunity on behalf of the Trustees of Medford Leas to share with readers of the Friends Journal some of the philosophy and practices of our continuing care community. Large organizations may unwittingly present barriers to individuals seeking information or attempting to assist others, and to the extent possible, we would like to remove those barriers.

The staff of Medford Leas are available as a resource to offer suggestions and information to Friends and Friends Meetings who may have questions or concerns about Friends or relatives and friends of Friends who are aging or require care. You need not be inquiring about Medford Leas. Please do not hesitate to telephone or to arrange an appointment for a longer discussion. All too often Friends delay such discussions and then fewer options may be available.

For Friends who are specifically interested in living at Medford Leas, financial assistance is available to those with limited funds. Confidentiality is always maintained so that the privacy of the resident receiving financial assistance is protected. The gift that all residents bring to Medford Leas is the gift of themselves. We are enriched by the diversity of our community and the individual contributions of each resident.

You may have a special situation that makes you wonder if you or your loved ones would be accepted by Medford Leas. Again, please contact us because almost always we have been able to make adjustments for special needs.

We have built a variety of living accommodations to provide options for residents. In addition to the 250 full service residential apartments, those options range from a secluded cottage overlooking the Rancocas Creek for those who want to live in a woodland setting, to one and two bedroom apartments in Mt. Holly, New Jersey, on land adjacent to the Friends Meeting for residents who want to be an integral part of an active town. All residents have full medical and nursing coverage but may select accommodations with or without meals or housekeeping. The opportunity to move to a full service apartment at a later date is available to residents who initially elect to provide their own meals or housekeeping. Finally, we can occasionally offer a direct medical contract to individuals requiring nursing or personal care.

We feel a particular commitment to people on the waiting list. Although the waiting time cannot be shortened, we can serve as a continuing resource, and outpatient medical care is available to prospective residents.

Space is too short and words inadequate to fully discuss Medford Leas. We are here to serve you and to grow in understanding of how best to carry forward our mission.

Sincerely,

Tak Moriuchi

Medford Leas

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