

January 1988

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today

AN INTERVIEW WITH
Rommel Roberts
**South African
Friend**



“ Friends need to be content with doing the little things and doing them well. And the little things abound. The fact that people need affirmation is clear, people threatened with removal, groups struggling for peace and justice, individual leaders to whom a word of encouragement might make them go that extra mile in time of despair. ”

Silence: A Puzzle Facing the Fear Within A Quiet Spirit at Work in the World

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Among Friends

Moments of Silence

The present issue of the JOURNAL should make it clear that though we begin a new year, certain things remain unchanged. Apartheid in South Africa continues; peace has not come to Central America; our own meeting communities are not far removed from crime and violence; meaningful employment is not a reality for millions.

The occupational hazard facing many of us who work for peace is ably articulated by Thomas Merton in his book *Conjectures of a Guilty Bystander*: "Douglas Steere remarks very perceptively that there is a pervasive form of contemporary violence to which the idealist fighting for peace by nonviolent methods most easily succumbs: activism and overwork. The rush and pressure of modern life are a form, perhaps the most common form, of its innate violence. To allow oneself to be carried away by a multitude of conflicting concerns, to surrender to too many demands, to commit oneself to too many projects, to want to help everyone in everything is to succumb to violence. More than that it is cooperation in violence."

My own tendency at some points is to become immobilized when I consider how large the problems are and how much there is for us to do. In a sense the large, turn-of-the-century house in which I live is something of a microcosm of the world outside. It seems impossible for me to make one house repair, for instance, without being distracted by the need to make another. Occasionally I go to the basement for some tools and discover a leaking pipe, a cracked window; by the time I get back to my original task I lack the time (and sometimes the will) to complete it.

The articles on pages 6-8 on silence are helpful to me. Early Friends, Rufus Jones said, "made the discovery that silence is one of the best preparations for communion [with God] and for the reception of inspiration and guidance." The challenge for many of us today, however, is to find the opportunity in our busy lives to center ourselves this way. We must sometimes settle for brief moments and cherish them when they occur.

There was such an occurrence in my own life this past month—a moment of grace, it seems, in the ensuing power struggle between my two sons. At bedtime one night my nerves were jangled. Arguments dragged on about the true ownership of certain toys. Feelings were intense, words were loud and angry. Even a favorite bedtime story failed to calm things. Five-year-old Simeon, in total despair, cried, "I hate you, Andrew!"

In the morning, when I went to wake the boys for school, Sim's bed was empty. I couldn't spot him anywhere, not even under the bed—a favorite hiding place. But then I spied two sleeping forms in the other bed, and I roused them for the day. At breakfast, while cracking eggs, I heard the story: Andrew, I learned, had been awakened by his crying brother in the middle of the night. Sim had wet his bed and was too tired to wake his parents for help. Andrew had found dry pajamas, helped Sim put them on, and taken him into his own warm bed.

I enjoyed a few moments of silence as I scrambled the eggs.

Vinton Deming

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Versions of Inequality

In "The Challenge of Nonconformity" (*FJ* Oct.), Elise Boulding asserts: "The gay position goes beyond generally affirming equality in human relations. It deals with the subordination of women to men and to the specifics of all subordination—women to women and men to men."

It seems to me that there is a basic inequality in Friend Boulding's failure to include the possibility that subordination of men to women can also exist. Indeed, if we are to achieve her goal of going "beyond generally affirming equality in human relations," we are obligated to bring that obverse topic out of the closet in order to address the specifics of all subordination.

If we do not, we will merely reaffirm inequality once again.

Frank Shutts
Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico

Looking Homeward

I appreciated the good articles by Marjorie Hope, James Young, Jennie Allen, and Clifton Gamble. I am so pleased to see you placing such a strong emphasis on homelessness and the overall problem of inadequate housing for many people. Making homelessness the focus of an issue of your fine publication helps raise the consciousness level of people on this vital and very pertinent issue. I do commend you most heartily.

I do want to take issue with one statement made in the article by Marjorie Hope and James Young. They wrote, "Clearly, only the federal government has the power and financial resources to create more affordable housing for its citizens." That kind of thinking tends to immobilize people into inaction, convincing them that ordinary citizens can do nothing, other than writing government leaders or engaging in protests outside government offices.

Habitat for Humanity is a good example of the private sector addressing the problem. This year, we will go considerably over our goal to build 1,000 houses for poor families. Our board of directors has already set a goal to build 2,000 houses in 1988, and I anticipate we will be able to double that in 1989. While even these kinds of numbers are perhaps thought of as impressive by a private group, they are still but a speck on the horizon of such vast need. But, by our words and by our deeds, as we raise consciousness, we are setting the stage to

eliminate homelessness and poverty housing, not only in our country, but throughout the world.

As a further attempt to raise consciousness on this issue, Habitat for Humanity is sponsoring a consciousness raising walk from Portland, Maine, to Atlanta, Georgia, next summer. We intend to build 120 houses as we walk and work 1,200 miles down the East Seacoast.

Connected with that event, former President Jimmy Carter will bring about 400 builders to north Philadelphia to build at least ten houses for the poor during June of 1988. The following week, another 400 to 500 builders will descend upon a poor neighborhood in Atlanta, Georgia, to build an entire city block of 20 houses in a week.

If there are persons who would like to get more information about these projects and others, write to us at Habitat for Humanity, International, Habitat and Church Streets, Americus, GA 31709.

Millard Fuller
Americus, Ga.

I want to tell you that I was glad of the recent number of the *JOURNAL* devoted largely to the homeless (*FJ* Nov.). But, as a resident of one of our Friends retirement communities, I could not help feeling an irony strike "right through marrow and cucumber," for there beside the articles on the homeless was a paean to the beauty, comfort, security, and congeniality of our own retirement communities.

The problem of the homeless is doubtless too large for Friends to solve, but I cannot feel we have done our duty to our own aging until we have found a way of dealing with old age that will use up less of the resources of society (our own resources and those of society at large) than our present retirement communities do.

There must be many people who were never used to, never wanted, and can never feel satisfied with so much comfort at so much expense of resources, while so many of our neighbors, both old and young, go unprovided.

Mildred B. Young
Philadelphia, Pa.

The very moving article, "Friends and the Homeless," ends with these words: "What we need is to rekindle that larger vision, the vision of a society based on fair shares, on a true sense of community. In that society every human being could have some place to call 'home.'" I

couldn't help thinking of this passage when I turned back to Norma Jacob's Viewpoint piece, "An Unusually Happy Group," which begins by telling us that she lives among several hundred people who are all waiting to die. She then acquaints us with the environment in which these people are doing their waiting. They have "a place to call home," unlike the elderly black woman who spends winter nights in the locked angle of a revolving door at the U.S. Post Office in Philadelphia. She, too, is waiting to die.

Clearly the affluent Quakers at Kendal and other retirement or life-care homes have reason to be "unusually happy." They not only have a rather luxurious home; they have plentiful food, adequate medical care, and people who care for and about them. They have all this because they are wealthy enough to afford the large down payments and fees required of them by such places as Kendal (which has, we are told, an emergency fund of close to a million dollars).

Norma Jacob tells us that another source of contentment is that the dwellers at Kendal can keep on good terms with their children because they are not dependent on them. Street people also do not depend on their children, but it doesn't make them contented.

For that matter, not all Quakers are so blissfully contented. Posh or almost posh retirement homes are for Quakers who have done well for themselves, or their grandfathers did. Quakers who neglected to do well for themselves because they were too busy doing well for others may in old age find themselves teetering on the knife-edge of poverty. Some have spent their lives that way. They already know the way to the Salvation Army store for clothing; they know where to get food stamps and government surplus cheese; they know the location of the free clinic. There are a goodly number of such Friends. As long as they can use even faltering abilities to help others, they remain content, and, when they can't, most of them find inner resources of happiness. In time they may need the assurance of what Norma Jacob calls "three walls and a roof, as many as three good meals a day, and whatever they require in medical care," but unlike Norma Jacob and the others who had incomes that let them into Kendal, they have no long-time guarantee of such a place to call home, a place where they can dwell and die in dignity. That is something they have in common with street people. Will someone put a study in hand on that?

Basil Burwell
Belfast, Maine

Viewpoint

A World of Beauty and Ugliness

Quakers believe that there is that of God in every person. I have heard God described as the Light, God, or simply good, but the meaning is clear. We believe that each person has, within themselves, an innate goodness. It's difficult for me to describe a Quaker except in these terms. In fact, I cannot think of much else on which Quakers would be in almost total agreement.

I am a park ranger, and in this last year I have been working at a park that has a large number of visitors. Many of the people visiting this park are from other areas, and they are here to have a good time. Their interest is not always directed toward preserving the environment or respecting the rights of other visitors. I am uniformed and responsible for seeing to the safety of the people and the environment. Almost every day I must confront an individual with an infraction of some rule or law. Most people, when confronted with their action and the reason their action is not allowed, respond with a sincere effort to rectify the situation. However, it is not unusual for someone to lie, deceive, or to react with hostility. Additionally, I have been responsible for supervising inmates at a work program in the park. These men are usually in prison on some drug related charge. Some simply made some bad mistake and ended up in prison. Some will very likely return to prison, probably for violent crimes. All those I have worked with came from economically or emotionally disadvantaged backgrounds.

I always knew there were unsavory people in the world. I have dealt with a few in the past, but they were never of a significant number. Now I am dealing with a significant number who are willing to deceive, lie, and occasionally even to hurt me. Several changes have taken place within me. The most obvious change is that I have increased my level of distrust for people in certain situations. Many times people have assured me of their sincerity and honesty, but I would later find that I was intentionally misled. Interestingly, my distrust does not extend to situations when I am out of uniform. I have also begun to re-examine my belief system. That of God I see in each person has

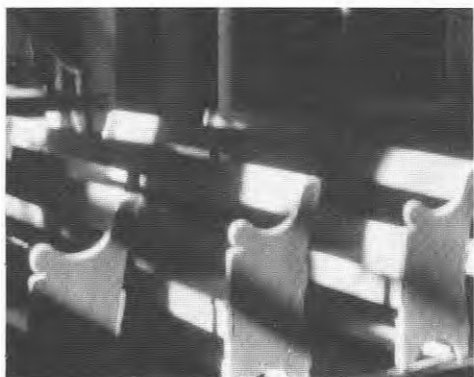
been reduced. The evil that lurks in our hearts has increased.

My five-year-old son is dealing with a similar issue. He has, for the first time in his life, had to deal with a bully. Not only has he been learning how to deal with the physical abuse, but he has been learning that some people will hurt him simply to hurt him. I explained to him that I believe some people have more good in them than others, but all have some good. He explained to me that some people have more bad in them than others. That explanation seemed to speak to both of our conditions.

My son and I, like other Quakers, don't live in a vacuum. We all must live in a world of beauty and ugliness. There have been individuals, past and present, who by the power of love could transform others. Lives were changed. There are also moments when I shine. There are a few inmates, for example, who may improve their lives as a result of my contributions. There are others who will succeed or fail as if I were never around. Most of us, it seems to me, are this way. We have our moments of greatness and our moments of mediocrity.

Our world has sometimes made tremendous strides forward because of individuals who were able to love the unlovable and to see God in the ungodly. As I get older, the once clear mirror seems to have dimmed. I believe in that of God in all people, but I can't see it as easily as in the past. My brother speaks of the need to get one's hands dirty and not stay in the ivory tower, but the dirt doesn't always wash off easily.

David McDonald
Big Pine Key, Fla.



Joseph Levenson

Soaking Up Light?

How many readers of FRIENDS JOURNAL are aware that unoccupied meetinghouse benches have their own inner light—and they glow in the dark!

Joseph Levenson
New York, NY

Let Go of Jesus Myth

I would like to comment on Leonard Kenworthy's article, "Some Enriching Readings on the Life of Jesus" (FJ Nov.).

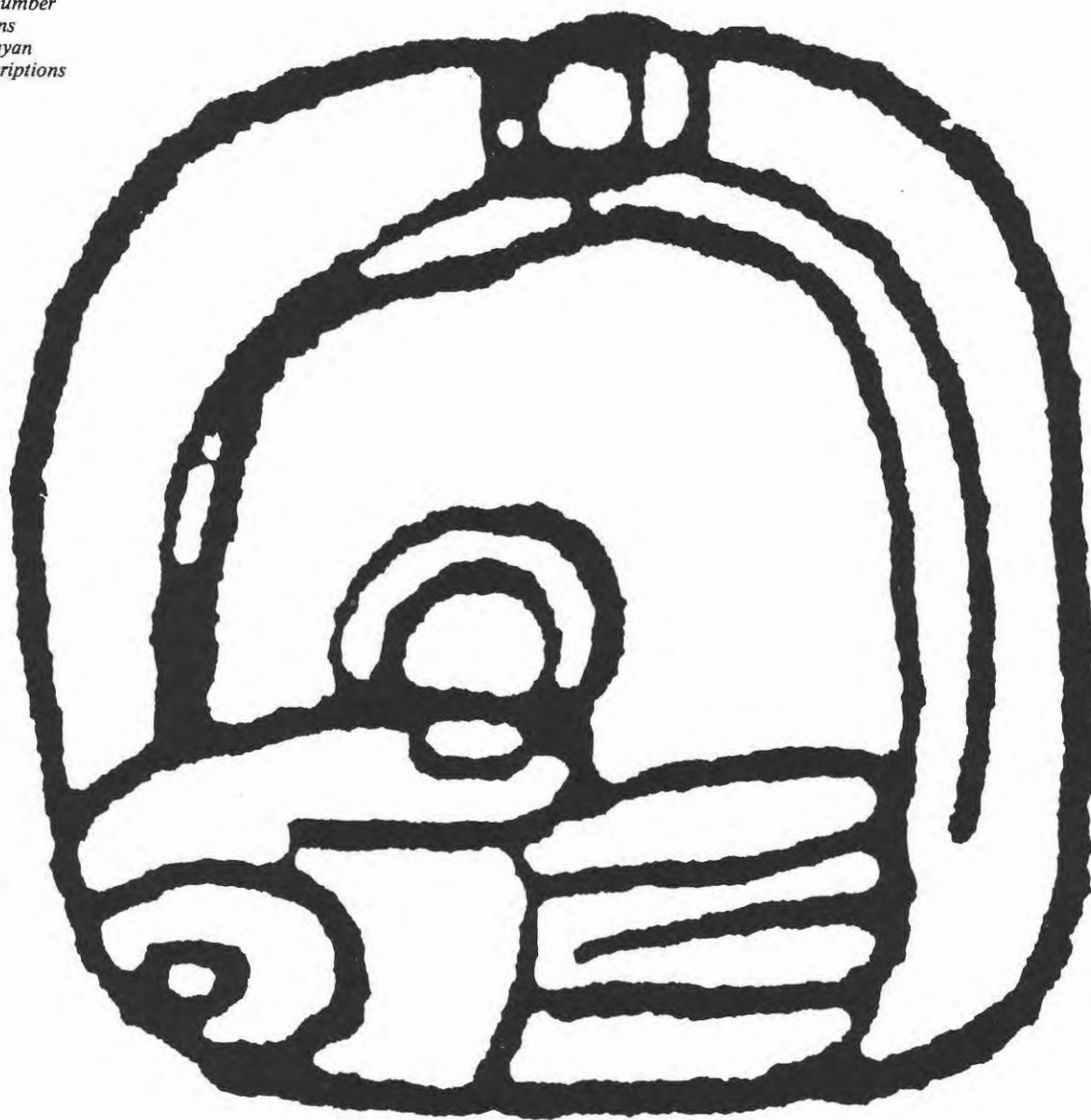
It is my hope that as Friends, we are searching for the truth, and are willing to acknowledge it when we are presented with it. An enormous amount of scholarly research has been done on the life of Jesus and the origins of the New Testament in the past two centuries. An in-depth knowledge of Jewish, Greek, and Roman political and religious history, along with intensive analysis of the New Testament itself, with its massive internal contradictions, shows the gospels to be no more historically accurate than Greek mythology. It is not at all certain that Jesus ever even lived, and if so, the Gospels account of him is highly questionable, according to even conservative biblical scholars.

I do not think, then, that what we need is more fiction about Jesus. Instead, we need the truth. It is time to let go of mythology. I find Kenworthy's statement that those Friends who deemphasize Jesus have become "spiritual pygmies when they could have become spiritual giants" highly offensive. There are many immensely spiritual people who have lived lives dedicated to service to humankind who have not felt compelled to accept the Christian myth as a basis for their relationship to God.

I do not think that letting go of the

continued on page 37

*One of a number
of zero signs
used in Mayan
carved inscriptions*



SILENCE: A PUZZLE

by Kate McCrone

Recently, I read that 60 percent of our speech is silence. It surprised me. I never hear any silence in speech. It took a trade journal article about hearing problems to make me realize there is a critical silent silhouette that surrounds not only words, sentences, paragraphs, but also the vowels and consonants within them.

It is the brain, of course, that turns understanding topsy-turvy, focusing on the 40 percent of talk that is noise, using the surrounding silence for definition in ferreting out meaning, without so much as a bow of recognition to it.

When I spoke about this at Quaker meeting one Sunday, it struck a resonant chord. Whereas other Protestant denominations incorporate deliberate silence in a small part of their worship, Quakers—at least Quakers in unprogrammed meetings—make it the center. Except in Quaker worship, silence is the last part of an endeavor to which intruding, ever-analytical humans pay attention.

As people spoke—during and after meeting—they noted different ways in which our attention is claimed by sensation: what we hear, see, touch, rather than spaces between our hearing, seeing, and touching.

It's easy to overlook these spaces. So easy that we often miss them entirely; we are not even aware they are there. Then we compound our misperception by calling sensation—hearing, seeing, touching—experience. In fact there is no experience without the less visible twin of sensation. That twin is space, nothing, emptiness. That twin is a void.

That Sunday, each Friend noted example after example. In each case, the silent twin seemed as critical as the sensation it accompanied; in many cases it predominated. Nevertheless it was often unrecognized and, when recognized, ignored.

There are several examples that the Friends of Annapolis Meeting and I came up with. When we commit language to print, we carry the silence of speech onto space on a page. Each letter claims its own territory—and fills less than half of it. Each word has its own little yard, in front and back. Therefore, in writing as speaking, emptiness not only provides

definition, it quantitatively overshadows the sensation it accompanies. It predominates.

Also, in each case, the recognition and exploration of the emptiness came after analysis of the speaking and inking that it accompanied. The Phoenicians, who gave us an alphabet, recognized the importance of space even less than we do, as they did not leave spaces between their words. Each word abutted its neighbor, somethinglikethis. The eye had to seek out the spaces that the ear responded to. Reading was done primarily out loud and by educated servants.

This system persisted through antiquity. The Romans, who codified a system of law, and the Greeks who gave us what some believe was the first and most extensive body of philosophy, did so without separating their words as they wrote them.

Of course, people in those times overlooked another measure of emptiness and silence. Their aqueducts, their arches, their beautiful system of geometry, were evolved by people whose math lacked the zero. They didn't even know that a numerical form for nothing

existed, let alone that it could be important. All their additions and subtractions—all their mathematical problems and relationships—were done with no symbol to quantify nothing and no tool to compute it in their equations.

The zero was not widely used in Europe until the 1400s. Probably it was borrowed from the Arabs who borrowed it from the Hindus. Zero is the Latinized form of the Arabic "sifre" from the Hindu "sunya." It means "void."

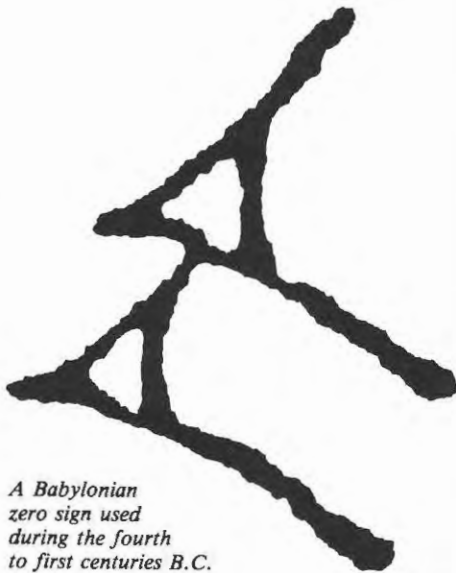
Scientists, following in the steps of mathematicians, also recognize the importance of "nothing" only secondarily. Astronomers marvelled at the stars before they wondered at the immenseness of space; physicists examined protons, electrons, and even subatomic particles before they talked about the enormity of the emptiness that fills each atom.

But if mathematicians and scientists discovered and explored the concept of nothing belatedly, artists seem to have always been aware of it. Art seems a constant balancing of emptiness and form against which artists speculated and created. Painters know emptiness is as critical as line and color. Some Japanese art, one Friend noted, is a worship of emptiness; calligraphy, said another Friend, is a conscious endeavor to create beauty through lines in space.

In music, as in conversation and math, silence circumscribes all; musicians count to get the silence right. For lay listeners the importance of silence is so taken for granted that it is mainly noticed by its absence. For example, in Puccini's *La Boheme*, when the soldiers march on stage and their singing joins that of the revelers in the cafe, there is no pause; the two songs rush together like streams, meshing and overlapping in contrast and harmony.

Mystics tried to give words to what artists intuited. Trances that focus on one thing—or no thing—are aspects of many of the world's religions.

Through nurture of silence, Quakers come to sense what mystics tried to give voice to. In a gathered meeting, the silence can produce a powerful paradox; a Quaker meeting for worship is not a quiet place. Somehow, aware in the silence, we are the atoms and the universe, the lines and the space, the music and the silence. As one Friend noted on that special Sunday, in a gathered meeting, we empty ourselves—to become full. □



A Babylonian zero sign used during the fourth to first centuries B.C.

Kate McCrone is a long-time attender of Annapolis (Md.) Meeting, where she hopes to become a member soon. She writes and edits a publication for deaf and hard-of-hearing children. She says some of the ideas for this article were spoken by people in meeting for worship.

SILENCE

I sat in the silence of a Quaker meeting recently. It had been several years since I last sat in that silence, and I came with anticipation. Quiet settled over the room as each of us turned within, listening to ourselves and preparing to listen to one another. Yet, it never really became silent. As the meeting settled, I became aware of the sound of breathing throughout the room, each person with an individual quality of sound and tempo. Then came the little noises of children unable to sit still any longer and of adults shifting position. One Friend went to sleep and for awhile her regular breathing dominated the room. A small airplane flew overhead. A lawnmower started up. Even the sunlight, reflecting off windshields and moving across the wall as the hour went by, made a sort of "noise."

We sat in silence, but it was not silent. Yet, we were silent, and not so much silent as listening.

I cannot speak for everyone, but I found that the sounds around me did not disturb the silence within. I heard the sleeping Friend and the rustling of the children, I marked the passage of the sun, but within I listened for other voices.

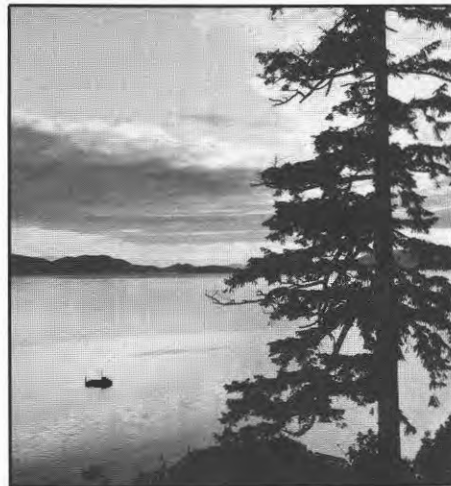
I have made many trips into the wilderness country of Minnesota and Ontario. I have heard the roar of the falls, the cry of the loon and the voices of my companions, and I have learned to listen for other things there, too. Sigurd Olson, the poet of the border canoe country, speaks of "the great silences" of those lands, but it was not until I sat one day on a rocky point by one of the wilderness lakes that I realized what that silence was made of.

I went purposely that day to listen to "the great silences," but I could not hear them. There was too much noise around me. Wavelets splashed against my rocky point. Seagulls swooped and

by Dwight Ericsson

called. Sunlight sparkled off the water. The breezes conversed in the tops of the trees.

The sounds disturbed me at first. I wanted "the great silences," and they were not there. Then I came to realize that I was hearing them. I realized that silence is not the absence of sound but the presence of something else. Silence is turning one's attention away from distractions and focusing on what matters most. Silence is the capacity to listen for the inner voice.



Victor R. Boswell

There are some kinds of places that encourage silence more than others. A wilderness lake gives perspective. With its infinite variety of colors and shapes, it reminds us of powers beyond ourselves. It abounds with comment on life, the world, and its Creator, yet it does not press itself upon us. If we want to draw on its richness, it is there for the taking. If not, it leaves us free to go on our way.

There are some kinds of people who encourage silence more than others. Quakers have learned to make times of silence times of expectation, but any man or woman who has learned to look to inner resources can encourage the same in others.

I value the people who encourage silence, and I value the places that make

listening easy, but I know that silence is not so much a particular time or place as a state of mind. It has to do with turning oneself in the right direction, with tuning in to the right channel. Sounds are not a hindrance to silence. The wilderness canoeist can find silence while drifting across a remote lake, and the city apartment dweller can find it above the traffic.

The first Quaker meeting I ever attended was in Virginia Beach, Virginia. Virginia Beach is home port for much of the navy's Atlantic aircraft carrier fleet, and the Friends meetinghouse happens to be located under the flight pattern of the navy's main runway. It was normal for the meeting to be interrupted by the roar of jet aircraft coming or going. The interruption was the more noticeable because pacifism is one of the basic tenets of Quakerism and the noise of military aircraft right during meeting for worship was a constant reminder of "the world."

Absolute silence is artificial. We can create it only by building elaborate rooms that shut out the world completely. And even there we hear the sound of our own heartbeat. Absolute silence is a scientific and technological curiosity, apart from the world in which we live.

We were not meant to live apart from the world. Without it we lose our center and become "eccentric." The world may seem at times to hold us back, but it is like the ballast in a ship. With ballast a ship can proceed in a straight line. Without it any storm can blow it off course.

So I am grateful for the splashing waves, the wiggles of small Friends, and even for jet engines. They remind me of the world in which I live, out of which I draw sustenance, and to which I must return after any retreat within myself. They remind me that anything I find in the silence must be tested against a larger reality than myself.

The purpose of retreat into silence is to be able to cope better with the world in which I live. As I must take the fruit of silence back into the world, so it is well that the world be present in the silence. □

Dwight Ericsson has had long association with Friends. He has studied at Pendle Hill and held staff positions at Scattergood School, Friends School in Detroit, and the Walton Home in Barnesville, Ohio. Though he currently lives in Andrews, Indiana, he retains his membership in Birmingham (Mich.) Meeting.

Two Flowers in the Sanctuary

by Wilmer Tjossem

Two families
in a small
Friends Meeting
cope with a
shared tragedy
with love and
courage

Early Saturday morning, March 29, 1980, two Quaker families near Central City, Nebraska, received messages that are perhaps the most devastating in human experience. One family received news that a daughter and sister, Janet Mesner, 30 (and her visiting friend, Victoria Lamm, 28), had been stabbed to death. The other family learned that their son, Randolph Reeves, 24, had been arrested for committing those crimes, crimes that occurred in an upstairs apartment of the Friends meetinghouse in Lincoln, Nebraska, where Janet lived.

On Sunday morning, March 30, the Associated Press and United Press International carried the story coast to coast. I was in Baltimore that day and recall seeing the news report prominently displayed. The story was beyond belief, and I telephoned friends in Central City who confirmed the account and described the stunned agony of the mem-

bers of the Central City Meeting, as well as countless others who knew the individuals and their families.

Janet Mesner, before she died, was able to give police the identity of her and her friend's assailant. The legal question of guilt has been determined. The assault and stabbings occurred during the early morning hours of March 29. Randolph (Randy) Reeves has been convicted of murder and awaits execution at the state prison in Lincoln pending appeals. The nature of Randy's relationship to Janet and the motive for the murders is still under speculation. No useful purpose is now served to relate here the details of the crime itself. (Press reports and court records can be obtained by writing to Jean Gilbert, Nebraskans Against the Death Penalty, P.O. Box 81455, Lincoln, NE 68501.)

The overriding aspect of this story is how the two families, the Mesners and the Reeves, and the small monthly meeting of which they are a part, have dealt with their shared tragedy and the issue of capital punishment. (Victoria's parents are on record as being in favor of the death penalty. Her husband said when he attended Janet's memorial service that he is sympathetic to the Mesner's position.)

Perhaps the most poignant event of this episode occurred on that Sunday morning, March 30, at the Friends meetinghouse in Central City. In the words of the local minister, Delano Cunningham (quoted from testimony to the Nebraska Judiciary Committee on February 16, 1983), "... There were two flowers in the front of our sanctuary for us to view as we gathered for worship—one for the victim and one for the accused, put there by the victim's family. . . . This forgiving and loving attitude

has continued and has not wavered during the painful months since. . . ."

The parents of Janet—Kenneth and Mildred Mesner, farmers near Central City (20 miles east of Grand Island)—have been active members of their local meeting since their marriage. They had five children. The adoptive parents of Randolph Reeves are Don and Barbara Reeves, who also farm near Central City, and they and their family have long been active in the meeting. The victim and the accused had known one another since childhood. The two families shared personal friendship and the community neighborliness found in rural America.

During Randy's trial in Lincoln, the Mesner and Reeves families were together at the trial in mutual support. Barbara and Mildred, however, as witnesses, were excluded from the courtroom much of the time. It is reported by members of the meeting that the prosecutor was bewildered, if not angered, by the friendship of the two families. Behavior such as that is unfamiliar to most attorneys in our traditionally adversarial trial system. Where were the signs of vengeance?

On the day Randy Reeves's trial started in March 1981, the Nebraska Unicameral Legislature's Judiciary Committee began hearings on a bill to repeal the state's death penalty law. Debate on that repeal still continues, and Randy, six and a half years later and just starting his second round of appeals, awaits the outcome of the legislative debate. The Nebraska Supreme Court, in the initial appeal, made modifications in the findings by the sentencing panel regarding both aggravating and mitigating circumstances; these modifications were in Randy's favor. At present, Randy is waiting for the decision of the District

Wilmer Tjossem, now retired as a fundraiser for the American Friends Service Committee, has traveled widely among Friends. He is the author of Quaker Sloopers, and is a member of Media (Pa.) Meeting.



Artist unknown

Court judge as to whether Randy is entitled to an evidentiary hearing on his application for post-conviction relief.

On that first day of hearings by the Judiciary Committee, one of those testifying against the death penalty was Kenneth Mesner, father of Janet. Not only that, Kenneth Mesner, supported by his wife Mildred, has served for several years on the steering committee of Nebraskans Against the Death Penalty. He has attended many meetings in Lincoln (200 miles round-trip), has repeated formal testimony, and has made special trips to talk to state senators supporting repeal of the death penalty as the father of a victim. When a date was set for Randy's execution (after denial of his appeal to the Supreme Court), Kenneth and Mildred again made the long and lonely trip to Lincoln to ask what he and Central City Friends could do to stop it. As Jean Gilbert, a member of the Lincoln Meeting and an anti-death penalty activist, says, "Always he was very gentle, kind, and shy. It is not easy for him to talk about this painful part of his life, but he does. . . ."

Kenneth and Mildred presented, on February 5, 1985, formal testimony to the Judiciary Committee that said in part:

. . . I am a member of the Religious Society of Friends. . . . I was born and raised in the belief that violence is not an acceptable method of solving the problems that arise in our daily lives. . . . The fact that my daughter, Janet, was a victim of murder has not changed that belief. . . . I would like to encourage this committee and the full legislature to repeal the death penalty in the interest of a less violent society. . . . The use of the death penalty only lowers the standards of government to the mentality of the murderer himself who may (have thought) at the moment of the murder that his life will benefit by the death of another. . . . For the government deliberately and methodically to execute one of its citizens is to put a black mark on a society that looks to Christianity as a standard to live by. . . .

But what of the parents of Randy? Don Reeves in the 1983 hearing on the repeal measure gave the following testimony (again in part) to the Nebraska Judiciary Committee:

I first testified against the death penalty before this committee in 1961, and on two subsequent occasions, little dreaming that we [including his wife Barbara] might be here under the present circumstances. Our

son Randy has been convicted of taking two lives. One of them was Janet Mesner, one of our favorite young persons, daughter of lifelong friends, member of our Friends meeting, family babysitter, Randy's good friend, and older sister of fellows he had lived with. . . . The Randy who killed Janet and Vicki was not the same person whom we know and love. . . . Neither we, nor any other person we know of, are aware of any other incident in Randy's life that remotely resembles this one. . . . Still we can't help wondering, what if Randy had been born in different circumstances? Or had been adopted by some other family? Were we too naive in accepting Randy's Indian heritage? What if our whole culture were less violent, or if we did not accept or even encourage the use of alcohol and other drugs? The presence of Nebraska's death penalty did not save Janet and Vicki. Taking Randy's life will not bring them back. It did not deter others in death row, or those others who took life but with whom the courts dealt differently. . . . Capital punishment is applied fitfully. . . . In Nebraska, as everywhere, it falls most harshly on the poor and on the minorities.

[After] nearly three years of hurting, Barbara and I take heart from the continuing efforts of Senator Chambers and many others inside and outside the Legislature to end this barbaric law. . . .

To paraphrase a familiar statement, the world at large will little note nor long remember what happened in that small Quaker community in Nebraska. But the Religious Society of Friends might well pause at length, prayerfully, to contemplate and remember the significance of the witness here briefly described.

Few Quakers in modern times have had to face the spiritual and emotional tests that have come to the Mesner and Reeves families and the Central City Meeting. With love and compassion, they have given us a vision of what can be and should be in our world of growing terrorism and violence. Let us hold these Nebraska Quakers in the Light and have confidence that, should such tragedy come our way, we too will have the God-given power to overcome evil with good. □

Support for Victims of Crime

When one is the victim of a violent crime, it can feel as though no one else in the world understands the anger, hurt, and confusion. That's why in recent years victims and their families have formed a number of groups that offer help and companionship. The following is a list of such organizations:

National Organization for Victim Assistance (NOVA)
717 D St., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20004
telephone (202) 393-NOVA

Parents of Murdered Children (POMC)
National Headquarters
1739 Bella Vista
Cincinnati, OH 45237
telephone (513) 721-LOVE

Families and Friends of Missing Persons and Violent Crime Victims
8421 32nd St., S.W.
Seattle, WA 98126
telephone (206) 362-1081

The Compassionate Friends, Inc.
National Headquarters
P.O. Box 1347
Oak Brook, IL 60521
telephone (312) 323-5010

They Help Each Other Spiritually (THEOS)
410 Penn Hills Mall
Pittsburgh, PA 15235
telephone (412) 243-4299

Violence Project of the National Gay Task Force
80 Fifth Ave., No. 601
New York, N.Y. 10011
telephone (212) 741-5800

There are also many books, periodicals, and professional journal articles that deal with concerns of crime victims and the process of grief. A list of reading resources and a list of resources about the effort to abolish the death penalty are available from the National Coalition to Abolish the Death Penalty (NCADP), 1419 V St., N.W., Washington, DC 20009.

Federal money is available for state programs to assist victims of crime. States must agree to meet certain criteria to be eligible for the money. In 1986, \$62 million was disbursed to state programs. The money comes from fines, penalties, and assessments collected for violations of federal law. For more information, contact Marie Pirog, National Victims Resource Center, Box 6000, Rockville, MD 20850, telephone (301) 251-5525.

"Rose," from
Rape Piece,
by Helen
Mangelsdorf



Photo by Will Brown

FACING THE FEAR WITHIN

An Unfinished Query

by Helen Mangelsdorf

Today in meeting one friend spoke of the two beliefs that he feels serve as a fulcrum to balance all other beliefs of the Society of Friends: the belief that God is a presence and force in our lives, and the belief that

Helen Mangelsdorf is an artist, and a member of Germantown (Pa.) Meeting. She lives in Philadelphia with her husband Roman and their infant daughter Anna.

each of us is born endowed with a portion of God's spirit within us. Another Friend said that he sometimes encounters within himself not a fear of strange situations and people, but a fear of what was within himself. These messages lead me to share in writing a message that I have attempted for many years to put into words.

It has been 14 years since I was abducted one night at knifepoint, raped by

three strange men, and left bound and gagged in a roadside ditch. I was a naive young college student at the time. I had been, and was subsequently, deeply involved in the Society of Friends, which had been an important part of my upbringing.

Since the time when I began to deal honestly with my feelings about the experience, I have sometimes felt deep anger at the Society of Friends for having endowed me with the belief that there was that of God in everyone. I think this is partially because my interpretation of the belief fostered an incorrect sense of invulnerability; and because I have found it so very nearly impossible to reconcile this tenet with my own experience. Like the second Friend who spoke in meeting, I have encountered a great fear within myself.

The healing that I have experienced from my pain came from my involvement in a rape victims' support group. It was in the group that I also became aware of how terribly widespread the experience of rape is for women (one in five); and how long-term and damaging the effects are on them. The anger I have felt at this knowledge left me alienated and estranged from the religious society which had always served as my spiritual base. I was angry at being challenged to live a belief I could not understand—or, if I could understand, couldn't accept. I was angry because I did not hear others grappling with the acceptance of

this belief. I felt alienated from my spiritual self.

I know that there has always been evil in the world. I think about how Jesus himself was tortured and killed. Early Quakers certainly also knew this suffering at the hands of their fellow human beings. I did not consciously choose this suffering, as perhaps they did. I have not emerged from the experience a triumphant spiritual being. My experience is common, it is happening every day, and to many in much more horrible ways. In the face of this, how

can we continue to “walk cheerfully over the earth, speaking to that of God in every one”?

It had always been my intention to deliver this message whole, with some answer or resolution. Instead, I present it as an unfinished and probing query. The one positive message I have had the opportunity to deliver is also in the form of a question. Some years ago I made an art piece about my rape victims’ support group. I painted a portrait of each woman and accompanied it with a shallow box that contained objects symbol-

izing each woman’s rape experience. The *Rape Piece* has been touring the United States in an exhibition entitled “Rape.” It has helped thousands of people consider this painful issue.

I would be very interested in hearing how other readers of *FRIENDS JOURNAL* have responded to such darkness in their lives. □

Responses from readers will be collected and published in a special Forum in the April issue of the JOURNAL. Letters should be received by February 15. —Ed.

... and a Response

by Cathy Scott

I was very, very affected by your essay, Helen. It wasn’t what I expected—I guess I had thought it would be more of a pronouncement than the query it was. For me, though, it was even stronger as a query, since that seems to be a deeper level of being than anger, horror, and outrage. How *are* we supposed to go on, after a horror like your rape? How *do* we fit into the world?

Not being as involved with Quakers as you are, I find it easier than I imagine you do to simply say that I *do* believe evil exists and is embodied in the actions of certain people. Such people seem to be taken up by evil and to live it daily. In the same way that I wonder how some people walk on hot coals and don’t get burned, I wonder how others can believe there is that of God in every person—even someone like Klaus Barbie. How do people who believe there is that of God in every person feel when they read in the newspapers about a man who chains women in his basement and kills and buries them? It is so much easier for me to say to myself, “That is an evil person. He has lost his humanity somehow, somewhere. I wish he were dead, just gone.” I don’t think I have ever met someone like that man. Maybe if I had, I *would* see the humanity in him, beyond his actions. I might learn to be able to

Cathy Scott has attended Friends meetings on and off since she was 14 and living in England. She has a continuing and abiding interest in Quaker theology and considers herself a spiritual seeker. She works with adolescents who have been abused, neglected, or are considered ungovernable, and she lives in Asheville, N.C.

say, yes, there is that of God in him.

But the Quaker statement of faith that there is that of God in every person remains impossible for me to accept theoretically or philosophically, because it doesn’t make sense to me in the world that I experience. My experienced construction of the world leads me to feel and believe that acts of kindness and understanding are to be cherished and valued; it is a good thing to be able to live without fear and intimidation; play and trust and happiness are to be encouraged. Conversely, cruelty and hard-heartedness are discouraged, fearfulness is consoled, and it is a good thing to uplift the spirits of the sad and distrustful.

So it doesn’t make sense to me how we can tolerate people who act in ways that are cruel and intimidating. How can we say that we value the one way of being and still tolerate the other? I know the word “tolerate” is problematic, and I know it does not mean “condone.” By tolerate I guess I mean to continue to hold the belief that there is that of God in everyone. How can a Quaker separate the actor from the act? If I look at a man or woman who has done an evil thing, and seems to be unaware of its evilness, what do I see? I cannot say that I am seeing a human being with that of God in him or her. My knowledge of that person’s actions colors what I see; the person is indelibly dyed by the behavior. How else am I supposed to see the person? How else are we to know the nature of reality? How can we know this world?

So my own way of operating in the world contradicts what I understand the Quakers to mean, which is that we need to look beyond the evidence of actions, to another order of understanding.

If I *were* a Quaker, it would be imperative for me to understand what the Society thought about the existence of evil. In an attempt to order my own life, there must be both words and concepts to describe my own experiences. If the concept—in this case, the concept of evil—is denied, then my experiences with it are also denied, and I cannot speak about my life.

And I guess it’s the inability to find common ground, in concepts and words, that keeps me from being healed by the Quaker faith. Even though there are things I love about the Quaker practice of religion—the meetinghouse atmosphere, the lack of a minister, the emphasis on straightforwardness and simplicity in dress and lifestyle, the stand on war and conflict in solving international problems—I am not ever sure that I share an experientially based language with the Society.

I feel exhausted by all this writing. I don’t know if this will make sense to you. I know that we have talked before about the healing that is to be found in speaking one’s own truth, and I remember C.S. Lewis’s book, *Till We Have Faces*. I think healing, which might be the same as “making sense of it” or “accepting it” or may be something else entirely, must be a very long and complex process. □

Those who have known deep grief have often felt, amid a whirl of emotions, the somewhat childish but powerful thought, "I'll never be able to be *really* happy again, now that this has happened!" This is particularly true when someone we love dearly has died very young, deprived of those fresh, spontaneous pleasures that make up the tissue paper house we call happiness. But it comes also when some cherished dream into which we have poured our souls is smashed by human cruelty or natural accident, and we pout like a child with a broken doll, and declare in our wrath at God, "I'll never be happy again."

emotion coming from personal gratification or success. I agreed with my sister in saying that life is a school, and the pursuit of happiness a false goal. We are here to learn and grow in spirit, and placing happiness above spiritual learning is a kind of spiritual prostitution.

Joy, on the other hand, has always seemed to me to have a more spiritual quality, embracing all of humanity instead of shutting it out. I have felt instinctively for years that joy is the closest expression of God's living presence. It comes in glorious mystic openings, when the awareness of light and the pulse of joy so permeates one's senses that all the

mother in the last dreadful stages of Alzheimer's disease, which mocked the rocklike patience and love of the woman who had been my greatest role model and inspiration. Nowhere in my life was there sanity in the way I had known it: doing good for others and having good come back to me from many directions. Despite the love and loyalty of a few intimate family members and friends, God and humanity seemed deaf to my grief.

A distant Quaker friend in California, Hanne Sonquist, wrote me letters which "spoke to my condition," as we Quakers phrase it. She referred to "the loss of innocence, when you discover experientially for the first time that you can give of your very best and purest to the world, and the world may not pay you back in kind."

Elie Wiesel, the great Jewish author whose adolescence was spent in Nazi concentration camps, referred to release from that situation as coming too late for living and dead alike. For survivors, childhood innocence was as surely buried in those camps as were the bones of those who died from gas, starvation, or disease. How could those who had experienced the ultimate depths of human brutality ever know the thrill of innocent laughter again? Yet Elie Wiesel's life of compassion in laboring for refugees is an eloquent testimony to deeper joy through human service. Through his service he freed others to discover a chance at the pleasures of innocent happiness and growth in the path of joy. His face, like only one other I have known, is an eloquent witness to his life story. Deeply etched lines of suffering tell the story of his early life; but springing from those lines are lines of radiance which tell of his discoveries of love, compassion, and a new kind of joy.

Two more years have passed since I began to emerge from searing grief, and I now find myself coming to a new understanding of happiness. When I travel, I am reminded of the satisfaction my aging parents took in natural beauty. Each fall, they took frequent trips to see a particularly beautiful tree in a neighboring suburb. As a child, I had always been relatively blind to natural beauty, but now I find myself more filled with wonder each year, at the majesty, colors, smells, and variety of natural beauty.

As I write this, we are on a holiday in Wales, and the thought behind this essay came to me one day as we were

BEYOND THE BARRIER OF GRIEF

by Ruth Morris

For many years, without being able precisely to define it, I have felt a great difference between happiness and joy. Happiness seemed to me a much earthier feeling. The search for selfish happiness has led human beings into alcoholic debauchery, brothels, enslavement of their fellows, and capitalistic exploitation of those less privileged. At best, it seemed a rather self-centered surge of

rest of the world fades in the glorious ecstasy of praise and unity with the Divine Presence. I have been delighted that great spiritual writers confirm this instinctive feeling. Teilhard de Chardin once said, "Joy is the most infallible sign of the presence of God," and C.S. Lewis entitled his spiritual autobiography *Surprised by Joy*.

Three years ago I had to accept that simple, childlike happiness had passed from me, but the deeper beauty of joy was enriched by what I experienced. For me, this was a loss of innocence. It occurred when I was cast out of the field I had dedicated myself to because of stands I took about human rights of prisoners. Many friends and colleagues I had loved and trusted seemed to turn from me in my hour of deepest need. To my grief, we were caring for my beloved

Ruth Morris is a Canadian Quaker who was formerly coordinator of the Canadian Friends Service Committee. In addition to family life with her husband Ray and their four children, she has spent years working on prison abolition. Currently she is executive director of the John Howard Society of Metropolitan Toronto. She is the author of articles and pamphlets on prison and religious issues, including The Risk of Loving, and Seeds of Abolition, obtainable from QCJJ, 60 Lowther, Toronto, Ont.

driving through beautiful countryside in the company of beloved family. Glorious classical music was pouring from the car cassette recorder. I was filled with pleasure at such a combination of beauty, warmth, and joy, and said to myself, "The older I grow, the more happiness I find in such things."

This startled me when I remembered my peaceful farewell to happiness, and I tried to compare this pleasure with the innocent pleasure of childhood. This was strengthened by the knowledge of the temporality and vulnerability of that earlier happiness. Now I knew the depths of pain, shock, and grief, and I knew they would come again.

My pleasure now was enriched by those sombre hues, so that the picture I now experienced was far more striking in its contrasts—and therefore in its total impression—than the pastel hues of the time before my loss of innocence. Those who knew intellectually that such deep tragedy existed but had never personally experienced it, seemed to me almost to be living lives in pale pastel. Or to use a musical analogy, pleasure without knowledge of pain is like listening to a symphony with no bass tones: tinkly, but lacking in power, and immature in its fullness of beauty and sound.

As I caught this sense of wonder in my new discovery, I found there is indeed happiness for those who surrender in love and faith to loss of innocence. Sorrow and grief merge with all the beauties and gifts of life in a tapestry so breathtakingly lovely we could never have imagined it on the other side of that great barrier, and in that discovery, divine joy and human happiness merge.

As this new vision came clear to me, I caught a vision of a truth beyond. I understood that those who have not experienced the loss of innocence cannot comprehend the deeper happiness that comes when dark colors of tragedy blend with light pastels of childlike pleasures.

I saw that death, too, is another great divide. Beyond that impenetrable curtain of death, there is joy and richness more wonderful and incomprehensible to me than the richly textured happiness previously unknown to me, which was discovered through the transformation of my grief. When we walk in faith, holding the hand of God, through these ominous shadows before us, a great and beautiful light beyond our present knowing awaits us. □

Kathe Kollwitz





Melissa Kay Elliott

A Mending Month

January is a mending month
 on days too wet for weeding in the garden
 or even walking,
 when every branch drips water down
 your neck, and even on flagstones
 among the low and clustered herbs,
 my shoes squelch mud.
 On days like these, there is a need for attics,
 for cellars, storage rooms
 where indoor weeds can be culled out,
 old letters sorted through,
 old magazines tied in neat piles for neighbors

who later give you theirs.
 It is a time for going through leftovers,
 cleaning refrigerators, tidying button boxes,
 assessing the mixed clutter of the mind.
 Then, in late afternoon, before the fire,
 I feel the godlike sense
 of order shaped from chaos.
 Light flames high and clear,
 slow stirring in the ordered spaces;
 dim and still wavering, the embryo
 of tomorrow's incorruptible spark.

—Alice Mackenzie Swaim

CAPETOWN

1987

by Dyckman Vermilye

The historical concern of Quakers for grassroots involvement with people in need—in prisons, in hospitals, in conflict with their government or with other people—is well documented. South Africa is a country in need, and members of the Cape Western Monthly Meeting are involved in a number of grassroots programs. A brief sketch of some of their activities may give others a sense of what is being done by Quakers in this part of South Africa.

The Cape Province of the Republic of South Africa is the largest of four provinces that make up the basic political geography of the country. The Cape Province is so large that one speaks of “the Eastern Cape” and “the Western Cape.” Cape Town is in the Western Cape, has a population of approximately one million, and is the legislative capital of the country.

The Cape Western Monthly Meeting had, as of December 1986, 40 members and 18 attenders. Of these, 44 can be depended upon to be present three or four Sundays each month.

The meeting owns its own meeting-house in Mowbray, a suburb of Cape Town. Prior to enactment and enforcement of the Group Areas Act, it was a residential area for coloreds. The meetinghouse is a one-story building with a nice front lawn and a couple of bearing fig trees. A raised verandah is

trellised with bougainvilleas. A paved side yard permits outdoor braais (barbecues) when the weather is not too cold. The property is walled on one side, and the entrance is marked with a big Quaker notice board.

There are four rooms inside the building. The meeting room is the largest, and is furnished with about 50 chairs, a table, and bookshelves. The other rooms provide space for meetings during the week, for Sunday school, an office for the Quaker Service Committee, and quarters for a caretaker. There is also a kitchen and bathroom.

The meeting was helped recently by grants from Quaker Peace and Service in London and the Australian Friends Service Committee to purchase and rehabilitate a house across the street to be used as headquarters for the peace-work program, with a guest room for visitors.

As with all other Quaker meetings in Southern Africa Yearly Meeting, a sense of isolation from other Friends is felt. The nearest group is in Port Elizabeth (the Eastern Cape Monthly Meeting), almost 500 miles away along the coast. Beyond the borders of this country are meetings in Botswana, Zimbabwe, Lesotho, Zambia, and Malawi. “Quaker meeting” sometimes means Quaker presence with only one or two members in the entire country. Annual gatherings provide an incentive for Friends to come together and affirm their membership in the Society and their interest in one another’s welfare.

Many of the active members and attenders of the Cape Western Monthly

Meeting are involved with grassroots activities. The energy and time invested in their work is considerable, and what follows is a sampling of their concerns:

Susan Conjwa is the only black member of the meeting. She lives in Nyanga, a black township in Cape Town. She is the organizer of a self-help project there that was established, with help from Quaker Service Fund and other agencies, in 1984 to provide training and employment for men. What exists today is the Siseko Community Trade School, which occupies a half-acre of land adjacent to the Reformed Presbyterian Church. Approximately two dozen men are there each day to mix the cement needed to make building blocks and bricks of several sizes for sale to residents of Nyanga and other black townships. Siseko is a struggling program, trying to increase its areas of training for new job opportunities.

Mary Savage is the joint convenor of the regional office of the Early Learning Resource Unit (ELRU), which has its main offices in Johannesburg. Its focus is the development of human potential through nonformal adult education designed to help learners develop preschool programs in oppressed areas. Their students learn how to initiate and sustain creches and other programs for preschool children in the townships.

Bridget Scoble is the regional representative of the South African Institute for Race Relations. The institute, which has an office in Mowbray, is involved in research, publications, educational programs, and library and information serv-

Dyck Vermilye is retired and lives with his wife, Avis Crowe, in South Africa, after a career as a college administrator and educator. He was dean of students at Pendle Hill from 1983 to 1985.

ices. It disseminates research findings to foster better understanding and cooperation among different races. The institute provides financial aid for black and colored students' study in a bursary program that is dependent on funds from individuals and from groups. It is annually flooded with applications that far exceed its capacity.

Scottie Morton is the correspondence coordinator of Careers Research and Information Centre (CRIC), whose primary aim is helping individuals make decisions about work and study. The center has a good library, including information on available bursaries for students. The center's services are free. It operates a satellite program once a week in Guguletu, a black township. Scottie handles correspondence requests for information and also counsels individuals.

Helen Zille Maree and Angus Morton are both involved with the End Conscription Campaign (ECC), which has come under heavy government pressure to stop its work. Several of its national officers are in detention under the provisions of the state of emergency. No charges have been brought against them, nor has any date been set for trial. The ECC mounts vigils and lectures aimed at sensitizing the population to the alternatives to war. It has counseling services available for young men who want to consider conscientious objection, although care must be taken not to be accused by the government of encouraging any specific individual to resist conscription. Helen is the vice chair of the ECC in the Cape, and Angus is the chair of the parents' support committee. By virtue of that post, he sits on the executive committee and is also the official Quaker representative. This activity has brought personal abuse and threats to Angus and his family.

Mary Roberts Ellis volunteers as a physician in one of three Philani Nutrition Centers in the black township. These centers provide food supplements for mothers with children and deal with emergencies concerning young children. A physician holds a clinic several days each week to diagnose and recommend treatment for infants.

Celeste Roberts, a frequent attender (and wife of Rommel Roberts, who is our peacemaker) is involved with Elethu, a sewing cooperative of black women. Elethu means "our own" in Xhosa. The women make clothes to sell to whites and to black township markets. This group uses space in the Congrega-

tional Church in Rondebosch, a white suburb of Cape Town.

Celeste is also chairperson of Lamla, a project whose purpose is reflected in the Xhosa meaning of its name, "intervention for the sake of reconciliation." Through workshops and assistance in conflict situations, the group attempts to broaden awareness among multi-racial groups about causes of conflict and ways of resolving them.

In addition to these members, others are involved with related programs:

Sadie and George Stegmann are on the Southern Suburbs Shelter Committee of The Haven, a Catholic Welfare Bureau hostel in downtown Cape Town. Church groups in the southern suburbs are represented on this committee seeking a location for a shelter to care for street people in that area.

Ann Oglethorpe is area supervisor of World Vision, an international organization whose historical concern has been about welfare of children. World Vision is moving into community development and is a funding agency for self-help programs.

Muriel Ohland is a retired school teacher who teaches in an adult literacy program. This is operated by St. Francis Adult Education Center in Langa, another black township, and is a program of the Catholic Church. It is financed by the Department of Development and Training, a government body established to look after black education. It is not reliant on outside funds.

Finally, there are two grassroots committees within the Friends meeting. The Quaker Service Committee has a long history of activity on behalf of individuals and groups in distress, largely by funding projects and making emergency grants to individuals. The Peace-work Committee was created in 1981, meets monthly, and uses donated funds to support self-help projects and meet the needs of destitute individuals. A small endowment underwrites costs for a part-time secretary. Donations are used for direct assistance to others.

The Peacework Committee was established when Rommel Roberts was employed as a Quaker representative in the black townships and as a community and peace worker. Danile Landingwe was added recently as a second field worker. The committee meets several times each month to hear reports from field workers about conditions in the townships, and to consider funding strategies for suggested projects. Field staff

members are frequently involved in conflict management and resolution. They are seen as being in the forefront of township developments by most members of the meeting.

It is an active meeting, but perhaps no more active than many other meetings around the world. What is of special interest about this group is its geographical location, and the state of oppression enforced by the white government toward nonwhites. The members mentioned above are making their own contribution to relief of the oppressed. There is a lot to be done. They need your prayers and, if you are so moved, your financial support. □

Addresses for nonprofit groups in South Africa that are eligible to receive donations from abroad are as follows:

Quaker Service Committee
Quaker House
2 Rye Road
Mowbray 7700

End Conscription Campaign
P.O. Box 208
Woodstock 7925

Careers Research Information
Centre
7 Roscommon Street
Claremont 77000

Siseko Community Trade School
Sithandathu Avenue
Nyanga 7755

World Vision
P.O. Box 67
Wynberg 7824

Elethu
37 Sunnyside Road
Crawford 7764

Quaker Peacework Committee
Quaker House
2 Rye Road
Mowbray 7700

Early Learning Resource Unit
Springbok Street
Kewtown, Athlone 7764

South African Institute on Race
Relations
5 Long Street
Mowbray 7700

Philani Nutrition Centres
16 Trill Road
Observatory 7925

Lamla
9 Suffolk Road
Harfield Village 7700

Nourishing the Small Seeds of Social Change

by Vinton Deming

In June 1987 Rommel Roberts—a South African community worker, peace activist, and member of Cape Western Monthly Meeting—traveled among Friends in the United States. His trip was financed in part by Mullica Hill (N.J.) Meeting and Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. While in Philadelphia, Rommel visited with FRIENDS JOURNAL editor Vinton Deming.

It's good to have a chance to visit with you Rommel. I'm sure our readers, like me, would like to learn something of your background.

I am of Indian/British extraction, a product of colonial pollution which my German name, Rommel, signifies ("rubbish" in Afrikaans). I was actually born in the eastern part of the country, Durban, which is a heavily Zulu and Indian populated area. I never really lived there except during my seminary years when I studied in a part close to Durban. I moved to different parts of the country, largely as a result of a vagabond but likeable father. I probably stayed in Cape Town, the most southerly part of Africa, the longest. I spent something like seven years studying for the Catholic priesthood. My decision to leave was based on a fundamental problem I had encountered with organized religion, where the accent was on structure rather than people. When I left, I did a great deal of hitchhiking around the country, including places like Botswana and Zimbabwe. Filled with religious fervor but having no starting point was a problem, particularly if one has great visions. It was quite a step to realize that great things start small.

So it was that the first starting point became children in a gangland area in Cape Town. The place was Q.town, a flatland. This progressed to working

Rommel Roberts with his wife, Celeste, and their son, Che, during a previous visit to the United States



Courtesy of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends

with gangs directly. It proved to be quite a watershed for me in terms of coming to grips with death. I was often out until the early a.m. hours (when 9-11 year olds seem to come alive as they prowl for survival). To make the contact and develop the relationship and credibility, this was necessary. It was quite a challenge. All the work during this time was voluntary. Many organizations would not have me. I was even turned down as a laborer as I was considered too educated to the bosses. This work led me to work with the Muslims for a year where I got to understand Islam quite well, although I did have some initial grounding. It is ironic that I was trying to stand up for the rights of women (subjected to second and third wife status in a viciously exploitative way) in Islam when—horror of horrors—someone high up in the Muslim hierarchy discovered I had formerly been a Catholic priest! I was dealt with very diplomatically but amazingly allowed office space to do as I saw fit in terms of community organization.

The first three years saw me supporting myself, singing many evenings in restaurants for a living. Many days and nights were spent largely listening and following up complaints. Sheer frustration with the dead-ends that every complaint seemed to produce pointed toward the dreaded legalized apartheid system that would have to be confronted, be it housing, pass laws, group areas, etc. The answer lay in the changing of laws, systems, and attitudes. People needed to be transformed from helpless, cringing beings to dignified humanity. I set about trying to achieve this with a very heavy heart.

The path that followed has made me convinced of the wisdom of the mustard seed concept as used in scripture. I set out with two other people to try to come to terms with these awesome obstacles. "Where two or three are gathered . . ." means for me literally that a caring church is as few as two or three or as many as millions. The number of people does not determine the value—this is an article of faith and hope. There were only two or three of us working initially, the third person being my wife (she wasn't then; in fact, she was still a nun at the time). Gradually we built a vision which expanded. I remember the time when I couldn't sing in restaurants any longer because night work was quite heavy. We went around to different bush areas. I recall once coming across

a family. They were living in dugouts; they had dug caves in the ground in an area where a bulldozer was assigned to do some routine clearing. People in some bush parts were often so terrified when they initially saw us that they would scurry like rabbits. We were not of their own and as such had to be feared since the only other people encountered were those representative of an authority who had been burning and destroying their shacks for a long time. They had nothing left except dugouts. This community was our miracle community. Theirs is a fairy tale based on their own courage with some support.

We literally worked ourselves into the ground working with people in as many as 50 different areas of the country trying to respond to various calls. People didn't think anything was possible then, for the political groups were not as widespread as they are today. Gradually, we built together a group of volunteers. It grew to about 800 at one stage. Many volunteers have since become key figures in major political groups, unions, and community issues. Some have, in fact, written books (e.g., *Crossroads*, *The Surplus People*, *Home*). Projects against removals grew out of this period.

When would that have been—what time period?

The time between 1973 and early 1976 was a formative period with a great deal of experimentation and learning: the bus boycott of 1975 (a failure), many legal suits, protests, etc. Then came the incredible period of repression. After 1976, as we got people together in communities, and as they started resisting the forced removals and we won one legal case after another, the government would change legislation overnight. In a period of months we saw squatter right of legal recourse reduced to limited recourse and finally eroded to no recourse, leaving the way for mass demolition. There was an incredible case involving the church of the state. In this incident, the church deeded its property over to the government in an overnight deal in order to legalize the government position of demolishing people's shacks, a devastating denial of the protective mantle of mother church to the poor. This was another watershed. We came face-to-face for the first time with terrible repression while working with a community of about 10,000 families, Modderdam (also a book writ-

ten by a U.S. citizen, A. Silk), whose shacks were totally destroyed by the government. Various protests were undertaken, people stood in front of bulldozers—days of prayer and fasting were undertaken, together with many other actions. That was the start of a whole mobilization, which had national implications.

The South Africa Development and Coordinating Conference was persuaded to make removals its key issue from 1977 onwards. A shelter fund was started, churches took squatters into church property, and in so doing broke the law. Breaking the law became the "in" thing. It culminated in the struggle for Crossroads. It didn't end there, of course, since there were other manifestations. With a major Crossroads victory, others joined the struggle. People had developed a new resolve which saw a new wave of resistance and resulted in



harsher measures by new groups and communities. They were "deported" back to homelands especially created for them—the first time such a measure was used. A new height in people's suffering and resolve was created. Women walked back over 1,000 kilometers—pregnant women sometimes miscarrying on the way. There was immense human suffering. To support the people we would follow the buses that deported the people, for no one knew where the buses would drop them off; some of them would be dropped along the side of the road. We would help people to get to churches and had to educate ministers to the role of the church in this time of crisis. Churches had to be organized to act in support.

Of this time we can speak of incredible endurance and courage, and of the development of a groundswell of movement, which culminated in the abolition

of the pass law system in its most vicious form. It is true that authorities now are thinking of something perhaps softer to replace it. But to date they have not done so because people have refused to accept it. People have gone through the worst that the government had to offer, including the use of the army to man roadblocks in order to prevent people returning.

During this entire period I had been director of all operations with various people and committees taking responsibilities for particular sections. A fully representative committee met at different times to review and plan. Needless to say, this was quite tiring, and an occasional bridge game was not unwelcome. As if to relieve the boredom, I found myself roped into a comprehensive involvement in the 1980 boycotts, both student and bus boycott, where I played the principal role of initi-

ator and partial organizer prior to my own imprisonment. There were consequences: to this day I personally owe approximately \$20,000 in legal costs and can never hope to pay (so therefore must avoid owning anything). I had to take off time for about two solid years. There were legal cases, everything thrown in, and periods of personal imprisonment as well. I think we probably saw one of the first major nonviolent, completely noncoercive actions where people—old and young alike—joined in. Youths went to fetch parents from stations. Street committees for alternative transport were organized. This for me remains probably one of the highlights in terms of real cooperative action. There was great intransigence, of course, on the part of the bus company, supported by the government. They refused to look at the realities.

To me, these actions are symptomatic experiences of what happens when people become really liberated: ordinary, simple people being at the root of the action, taking responsibility themselves and being prepared to suffer. They determine their strength; they determine how far they will go. In short, they are in control of their destiny—a democratic right. A right of respect. In a sense, in much of the sanctions issues today, these are the elements that I feel are badly lacking in the whole debate. One hears prophetic voices and pontifications but no people's movement and hence no groundswell. The people have been left out. Their participation and cooperation are assumed.

Very few U.S. Quakers have been to South Africa. When you mention Crossroads, I don't think most of us know much about it. What is it? Where is it? Who are the people who live there?

Well, of course, to look at Crossroads is to look at a symbol. It's actually more than a simple little place called Crossroads. It symbolizes the years before when many people had resisted, had had their shacks demolished, had gone for refuge into church property, or been sent to prison. Crossroads is also a physical place within the Western Cape situated at the outskirts of the metropolitan area of Cape Town. It is essentially a shantytown outside of the city. There are about 120,000 to 150,000 people there. But the numbers we're talking about in this whole movement are well over half a million.



Rommel Roberts speaks to Mullica Hill (Pa.) Friends Meeting members and visitors, June 1987.

What is the detention situation now? We heard a lot about it in the news for a time but we don't hear much anymore.

Well, of course, there is a great deal of restriction on news coverage, new restrictions even now being planned. It's awfully difficult to obtain facts. There are little networks of people who try to assemble the facts about the numbers of people who have been detained. But it's never really accurate because so many get detained and you never know until much later; we also don't have accurate information on releases. Admittedly the numbers have decreased, but there are still people being detained. At one stage there was something like 20,000; then it dropped to 12,000. I would say it's still well over 1,000 if we count the children. The government puts it at 250.

I know that the Religious Society of Friends in South Africa is small. Tell me a little bit about that body. What are they doing to help in the situation?

Yes, it is a very small body. There are a little over 200 now. It has grown a bit in the last three years. It has specific areas in which it functions. The development of a children's meeting has been slow. There's been some concern that the children really haven't been cared for adequately, and I'm always looking for ways to bolster such programs. On the social side we have a service arm, Quaker Service, which funds little self-help programs usually not exceeding about \$500. They have a destitution section that tries immediately to alleviate some of the suffering from unemployment through self-help programs and relief operations. It looks to establish programs, etc. Essentially it is a funding arm. Then you have the Peace Action section, which is a subcommittee of the monthly meeting and is concerned on the more active side and would be involved in conflict resolution and direct development work both in the Western Cape and as far as the Eastern Cape, to an extent of 800 miles. We have developed relationships with key people, ministers, local councils of churches. We have, from time to time, undertaken evaluations of projects and brought in short-term volunteers for specific projects. We've been running workshops for the last three years as part of a long-term venture in the Eastern Cape; there

are something like 40 different communities involved. Essentially people from rural areas are taken through a process of education, which first affirms their own wisdom in problems and solutions prior to making any input. We first find out where people are at, what they have done; what their visions are; what they have done towards those visions and what the obstacles are; and what they might suggest as solutions. A whole spectrum of wisdom has slowly emerged, which makes it easier from an educational point of view. There are virtually only two of us working in the field, myself and Danile Landingwe, a former Robben Island inmate. It is a major operation. For so many years we've been caught up in one crisis after another within a general movement. And now we're finding for the first time that we can actually pay more attention to developing leadership, which we have found to be a key factor relevant to our future and thus very important—hence my trip here.

Yes, I was wondering what brought you to the United States just at this time?

My trip essentially is to gather such resource material I feel would be beneficial to educational programs and peace programs that will help us in fulfillment of our different tasks in the Western Cape. We have found, for instance, that a great deal of resource material in our own country tends to be of an awareness-building, politicizing, and academic nature. While such political awareness is important, significant change cannot occur unless we first establish a fundamental basis of community, humanity, and respect. If you don't have that basis, then you're letting loose something which is bound to be corrupted, something which is based purely on the understanding of power. It doesn't have the critical awareness that acts as a touchstone for the exercise of true leadership.

How can Quakers outside South Africa be more helpful and serve as a resource?

I feel that if Friends would be content to do the little things, and do those things well, it would be the most effective way of responding and in keeping with a Quaker spirit. We need to be content with doing the little things and doing them well. And the little things abound. The trouble is we're looking at

the big things and we miss the beauty that's around, the fact that people need affirmation is clear, people threatened with removal, groups struggling for peace and justice, individual leaders to whom a word of encouragement might and will make them go that extra mile in time of despair.

Who have been some of the people who have inspired and given you hope?

I would say without a doubt my mother. She is one of the most amazing people in the way in which she has been able to struggle and sacrifice and be of service, even to the extent that her own children would suffer. I found so many more like her. You know, there's a saying that in the poor we have our liberation. And I think it is in this point that I discovered over and over again that the beauty that is around abounds and far supercedes the evil and ugliness. Because our educational system and the media are all geared to the ugliness, they don't see the beauty. In the South African struggle, I can name so many people who have just humbled me beyond words. When a mother, for instance, had been resisting and went on a protest and lost her baby in the process; she bled to death while her five children watched her, along with friends and neighbors. Her neighbor, who is a single parent, without batting an eyelid took on these five additional children. They became *her* children. Now that is even *beyond* heroism. There are more similar examples. If I must go on telling such stories of human endurance, endeavor, bravery . . . to me, it seems almost criminal: it should be those people talking, not me. The trouble is those people don't have access to the corridors that are prepared to listen. People are not prepared to listen to them. They are the little people of our society—they are not "name" people. It doesn't make economic sense, it doesn't make political sense, it doesn't make any damn sense. God bless the little people who do things without ambition but with a gentleness and spirit of being and love.

It is this form of liberation which I feel quite strongly about as well. It is the quiet revolution that goes on that very few people know about—the quiet revolution that I believe will emerge victorious because by its very nature it is so persistent, it is rooted in people, and that's the kind of revolution I really believe in. □

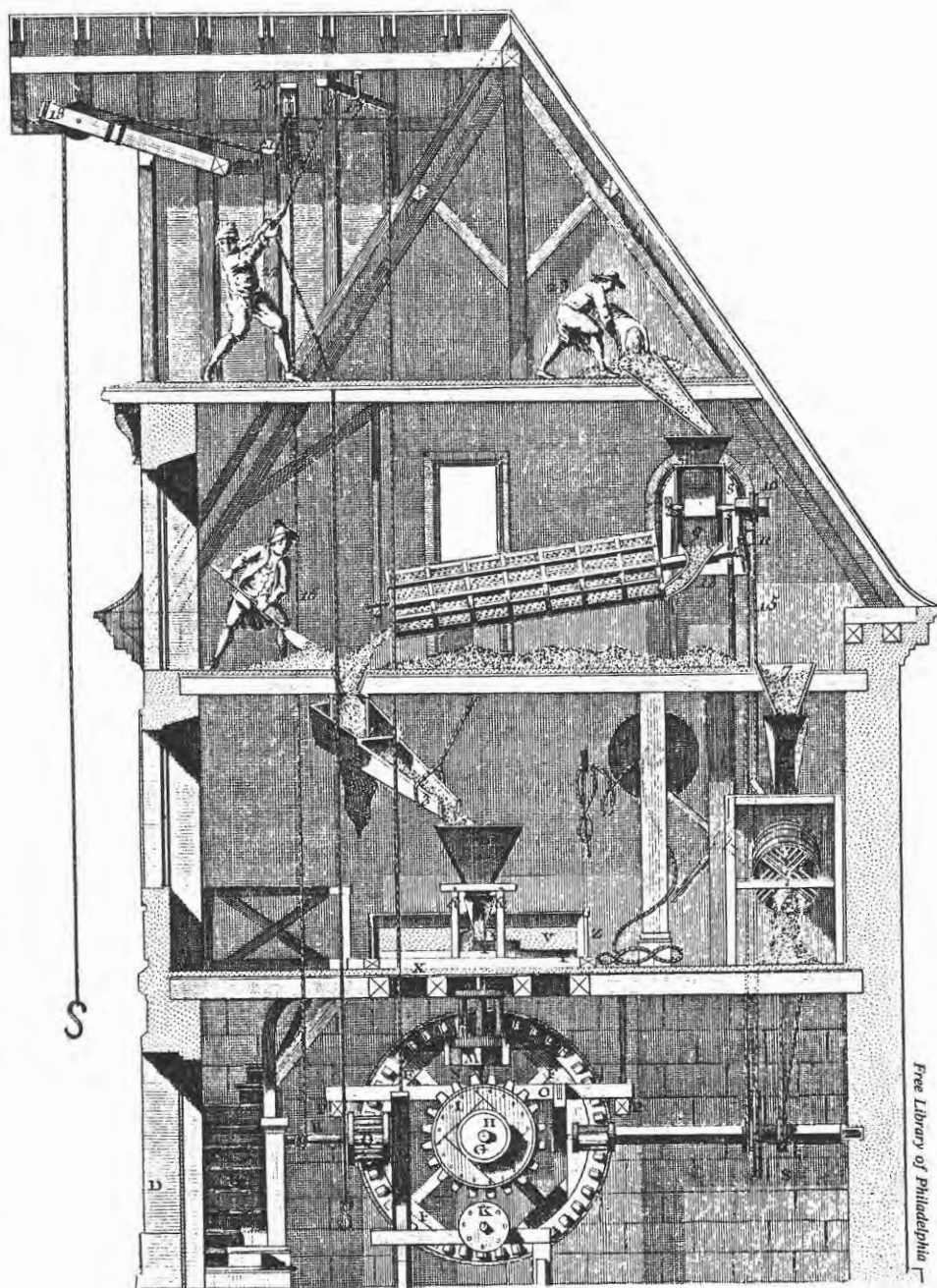
A Quiet Spirit at Work in the World

by William A. Charland, Jr.

Spend ten years as a career counselor, as I have, and one is bound to develop some strong opinions about employment. In the course of working with more than 1,000 midcareer adults, I have come to several conclusions about working life today: that our problems in employment are growing, that they are global, and that they are to a great extent spiritual.

A study by Johns Hopkins sociologist Harvey Brenner suggests the severity of employment problems. Brenner found that in the United States each 1 percent increase in unemployment was accompanied by "a 4.1 percent rise in suicide, a 5.1 percent rise in homicide, and a 1.9 percent rise in mortality." While being out of work may have different meaning to different people, it is clear that most of us suffer when we are unemployed.

Furthermore, there is evidence that growing numbers of people will face prospects of unemployment as they seek work in a tight global economy. Harvard economist Robert Reich writes: "The International Labor Office estimates that every year between 1980 and 2000, 36 million people will enter the world labor force, and 85 percent of them will be from developing nations" (*The Next American Frontier*). Prospective



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workers will confront a labor market steadily eroded by automation, in which double-digit unemployment already is typical, according to *The New State of the World Atlas*.

The spiritual side of employment problems derives from some of the values we have learned to associate with working. These values have changed through the years, and they are in flux today. In the origins of Christian thought, work received little notice. It was regarded simply as an intrinsic if unspectacular part of life. Jesus worked and so did Paul. But if either found much significance in the occupations of carpentry or tentmaking, nothing was said. The predominant biblical and Christian view, up through the late medieval writings of Martin Luther, was that each of us ought to be content in whatever occupation we might find ourselves. Work was a limited, less-than-glamorous segment of life, something like Adam's tending the Garden.

John Calvin, in the 16th century, took a radically different view that we have come to identify as the Protestant work ethic. Calvin represents the emerging European middle class—riding the crest of an expanding economy, exploring every corner of the world. Now work was seen in a new light: not as a limited part of life, but as a way to overcome some of life's most troubling limitations, such as doubts about one's worth and salvation.

John Calvin, John Wesley, and other Protestant leaders encouraged Christians to work with heart and soul. "Gain all you can," urged Wesley. "Save all you can. Give all you can!" This ethic of growth and gain gave people a new way to define and affirm themselves, and it fit hand-in-glove with an age of economic expansion.

Today we are living through the death throes of the Protestant work ethic, for we find ourselves in the presence of some impressive new limits, and the age of expansion is done. Many of the most basic limitations have shown up in the natural environment: loss of the woods to acid rain, the death of many thousands of animals every year as tropical rain forests are destroyed, apertures in the ozone over the poles. All of these losses in nature are the result of rampant human expansiveness: a doubling of the world's population and a quadrupling of its economic activity in the last 40 years.

"The thing a person's gotta have—a human being—is some kind of center to his life, like something he's good at that other people need from him, like, for instance, shoemaking. I mean something ordinary, but at the same time holy, if you know what I mean."

—Arnold, the cook,
in *The Art of Living*,
by John Gardner

Most Western societies continue to function as though such harsh facts were not real. We proceed with business as usual, raising U.S. highway speed limits, for example, even as oil imports continue to replace domestic sources. Part of our denial results from a blind faith in technology. However we may find ourselves threatened—from dwindling energy sources, to epidemics of sexually transmitted disease, to rank starvation—we continue to seek solutions in new and more elaborate technology. Our fundamental hope and faith lie in the human capacity, demonstrated in several centuries since the days of Calvin, to modify nature. We believe in progress through technology.

And we believe in individual progress as well. Today, through a litany of advertisements, the American dream is drummed into us as never before: "If you're not moving up, you're falling behind!" "Who says you can't have it all?" We have been schooled to value expansiveness: "to know no boundaries," as another of the ads instructs. We are programmed for upward mobility—expected to transcend the occupations of our parents, to steadily increase our income so as to "earn our age." Expectations of this kind are burdensome in

an age of automation when increased productivity no longer brings more jobs: a time of "jobless growth."

That's the basis of much of the spiritual anguish surrounding employment today. We continue to measure ourselves by the Protestant work ethic of growth and gain so deeply ingrained in our culture. And thus we may react to signs of the world's limitations in the only way we know how, by increased competition. Frantic at the scarcity of jobs and other resources, we may scramble to compete for the few good prospects we can see.

There is an obvious need for alternative spiritual responses. Those who can embody a lifestyle of simplicity may serve as inspiring examples to others who would like to learn how to live less driven lives. Those who go off somewhere to seek centeredness may lead others to a place where they can feel grounded and whole. Today it may be important as never before to cultivate a spiritual life of centered simplicity.

Yet, when it comes to employment, I believe that we are called to do more than attend to our own lifestyles. The original meaning of the word *employment* was *involvement* which suggests that to be employed is to be involved with others, a part of the world. That, in addition to material needs, is the basic reason people seek work, and it's the prime reason that many suffer so much from unemployment; we need some place to be involved with others.

Today there is a need for fresh, large-scale solutions to our problems of employment. We should consider new political strategies—improved systems that anticipate employment change and plan retraining—that could help stabilize careers in times of rapid change. There are other approaches to economic life that could counter our continuing loss of jobs to automation—E.F. Schumacher's emphasis on labor-intensive, appropriate technology, for example; or Gandhi's reminder that "there is more to life than increasing its speed!"

But in the last analysis, our best resources for the problems of work may come as individuals search for a meaningful place in the world. Today some of our greatest opportunities and callings may be found as we try to help one another address common needs through involvement.

There is a spirit that enables us to do

that. I have seen and heard it described in many ways. An elderly deacon in a storefront church speaks of his work distributing food to the poor in Chicago: "It's my ministry. I guess God must have intended for me to do this kind of work, because I feel blessed in doing it!"

A number of my clients have manifested the same spirit in their own ways. There is the elementary teacher who is fatigued from personal problems and comes to see me because she feels burned out in the classroom as well. Nonetheless, she finds herself spending 20 hours a week for more than a month tracking down an abused child whose family has moved to another state. Determined to find help for the little girl at her new school, she discovers that she has grown through her own travail and that she's drawn to a new career in student services.

There is the British professor in the United States who grew up in an aging, industrial city where unemployment is 20 percent. In midlife, he tires of academic research and takes up international marketing. Then, as he works in marketing, he discovers an opportunity to establish a factory back at his birthplace, and that becomes the focus of his new career.

There is the middle-aged man who has lost his house and savings in a divorce, sold his farm implement business, and left the crumbling rural economy of his small town only to be buffeted around our large city. Three months before when I had tried to assist him he was bitter and defeated, miserably employed in sales; it was hard to know how to help him. Then one day he called in a renewed spirit to discuss a business venture. The business would be founded, he explained, on his own experience as an entrepreneur, helping others who have lost their jobs determine whether they should try to start a business of their own. It would be a way, he commented quietly, of offering others the kind of help he himself had needed.

Time and again, I have found, there is a quiet spirit at work in the world. It enables us to seek meaningful employment as we come to understand what we and others need. The spirit is not grandiose, like the old Protestant ethic, and the work to which it leads us may be modest indeed. But the spirit is pervasive and strong. Sensitizing us to openings for service, it can involve us in the world in new ways, and empower us to find a workplace there. ☐

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Friends and Unitarians Find Mutual Respect

by Larry Ingle and William F. Schultz

—Quakers came to this country to do good and stayed to do well.

—Unitarian Universalists are quite tolerant people; they approach every question with an open . . . mouth.

Self-deprecating humor is often a facet of denominational meetings, but rarely do members of one faith reveal their foibles directly to others. Such uncharacteristic candor, however, distinguished a pioneering meeting that took place May 29-31, 1987, in Wappingers Falls, New York.

Twelve Unitarian Universalists and 12 members of the Society of Friends (Friends General Conference [FGC]) met to consider ways their two traditions complemented one another and where they diverged. The gathering produced not only a commitment to continue the conversation but also an expression of hope that the two groups might find projects on which to cooperate. No one presumed to suggest that the weekend's dialogue, wholly unofficial as it was, might eventuate in changes in denominational structure or any kind of merger. Instead it allowed members of the two relatively small groups—FGC claims a bit more than 30,000 members, the Unitarian Universalist Association (UUA) 175,000—to get to know each other better.

These two religious movements, each with roots deep in the left wing of the Protestant Reformation, have remained relatively isolated from one another as well as from the larger religious world. For example, FGC is not a member of the National Council of Churches of Christ by choice and polity; as a confederation of 14 yearly meetings, it does not speak for its constituent parts. The UUA, recently admitted as an official observer of the Council, is not permitted to be a member for doctrinal reasons. (Some Friends were rather bemused by their counterparts' annoyance at this slight.) Thus for both groups, Wappingers Falls meant a healthy step away from isolation. What's more, they discovered that the differences between them, although real, did not obscure the similar views of faith they shared.

To some extent these differences revolve around style. Friends, it quickly appeared, prove uncomfortable with outright expressions of conflict and evince disquiet with the Unitarian Universalist tendency to argue points down to a fine distinction. Our Quaker practice of expectant waiting, or of

asking for silence if an exchange should heat up seemed downright quaint to those sometimes accused of substituting Robert's *Rules of Order* for more sacred scriptures. Friends and Unitarian Universalists obviously speak different religious dialects.

By the end of the weekend it had become clear that three major areas separate our two traditions. The first difference is ecclesiastical: The distinction between ordained clergy and laity is virtually unknown among FGC Friends who in traditional Quaker fashion regard all members as ministers. Unitarian Universalists affirm the priesthood of all believers, but they still take pride in a specially trained and presumably learned ministry enjoying major leadership responsibilities.

The second difference seems rooted in history and culture yet is quite striking. We Quakers traditionally regard ourselves as in some sense outside the centers of power and public decision making and often choose to provide social witness from a position separated from the established order. Equally insistent on their prophetic role, Unitarian Universalists have usually sought entrée to the halls of power in the hope of changing society from inside, pointing with pride, for example, to their extraordinarily high per capita members of Congress and the large number of their denomination in the Hall of Fame of Great Americans. Friends would coax society into righteousness by example; Unitarian Universalists would exert their influence by participation.

The third difference turns out to be the most crucial. In our commitment to discerning the truth through every person's Inner Light, Quakers remain firmly within a mystical tradition. Although less prone to sterile rationalism today than in previous periods, members of the UUA nonetheless assign a more important role to the cognitive path. They tend to revel in their theological pluralism, and they question whether some form of ultimate truth can be successfully apprehended. For both traditions, the individual's direct experience of the Holy—however differently defined—within the context of each religious community is central to an understanding of spirituality.

As it turned out, that profound respect for the individual conscience provided the common link between these two nondogmatic movements. Both Quakers and Unitarian Universalists readily agree that, no matter what the ultimate nature of truth—each person has equal access to it; that the Bible is a source of wisdom but not final or complete authority; and that the purpose of religious education is not to indoctrinate children but to inspire them.

Regarding the public realm, agreement came even more quickly. Both traditions insist that human beings can affect the future, and they endorse active commitment to corporate social responsibility. Both offer healing to a fractured world by attempting to speak to the good or divine in each person. Both recognize the occasional precedence of moral authority over civil law (indeed, no one in the group batted an eyelash when one Quaker mused that he supposed both denominations suffered from "a few oddballs who believe you ought always obey the law"); and both revere the insights and values of feminism.

Not surprisingly, consensus eluded us on theological questions such as the nature of God or Jesus, because both remain matters of considerable debate within the two households. Hence unitarian Friends usually coexist peaceably alongside trinitarian ones, while atheists as well as Christians live together within the even broader Unitarian Universalist fold. But general affirmation emerged that, whatever the precise nature of the Spirit may be, it is at work when we humans are not looking; that the mysteries of creation outshine every attempt to squeeze them into narrow human categories; and that God's manifestations appear in simple signs and not flashing neon lights.

Perhaps the greatest mutual sympathy occurred between the two communions once talk turned to common problems. What is the source of religious authority for nonhierarchical, fiercely individualistic traditions? How do we articulate a faith compelling enough to attract new members? How do we overcome our own racism and homophobia? How do we best equip our young people for contemporary life? Left unasked but lurking just below the surface was the sociological question of how two groups primarily consisting of well-educated, intellectually oriented, and rather well-off individuals could become more inclusive.

The Wappingers Falls conference did not shake participants' personal perspectives; if anything, our dialogue reinforced respect for each one's tradition. But having shared 14 intense hours of formal conversation—to say nothing of informal exchanges over meals and coffee—and having entered unreservedly into one another's markedly different forms of worship, we easily embraced William Penn's ecumenical sentiment of 1693: "The humble, meek, merciful, just, pious, and devout souls are everywhere of one religion; and when death has taken off the mask, they will know one another, though the divers liveries they wear here make them strangers." □

Larry Ingle, a Friend, teaches history at the University of Tennessee at Chattanooga. William F. Schultz is president of the Unitarian Universalist Association, which has its headquarters in Boston.

Reports

Central Alaska: At "The Last Frontier"

While Pennsylvania License plates state "You have a Friend in Pennsylvania," the state license plate of Alaska declares that Alaska is "The Last Frontier." This seems to be the bottom line for Alaska, in more ways than one. The feeling of the north pervades every aspect of Alaska. The architecture, the terrain, topography, vegetation (lack of oaks, maples and other broad-leaved trees) evoke a feeling of Finland, Iceland, Siberia, and other northern outposts.

The large military presence in all of populated Alaska, and some of otherwise almost unpopulated Alaska, accounts in part for the rampant nationalist, politically conservative (reactionary?), white, male, red-neck, macho-dominated society. Native Americans are numerically significant but have about as much political clout and influence on their own destiny as do the native born Asian Jews in Israel—and for the same colonialist reasons, none of which are defensible: exploitation, domination, subjugation, and cheap labor.

The economy is terribly unbalanced, with the largest source of wealth being north slope oil, transported by the pipeline across the breadth of the state to the port of Valdez on the south-central coast. Twelve percent of this enormous wealth goes into a state controlled fund of billions of dollars, so large that each state resident annually receives \$700-\$800 with no strings attached.

In the midst of this strange and wondrous nation-state are some 70-150 Quakers—even estimates are casual—and a yearly meeting attendance of 25-40 Friends is considered satisfactory and rewarding. There are two well-established meetings near universities in Fairbanks and Anchorage. There is a "seasonal" meeting in Juneau, often meeting only during legislative sessions—and several small worship groups of three to five Friends who gather irregularly for worship, business, eating and fellowship.

These Friends gather yearly at Friends Retreat Center near Wasilla (about an hour north from Anchorage, at the head of Knik Arm) each summer for the Central Alaska Friends Conference. Friends have been reluctant to call it a yearly meeting since the title "Alaska Yearly Meeting" is used by the almost Pentecostal, native-based Friends Church, established by the mission work of Evangelical Friends Alliance.

Friends Retreat Center is a 10-acre land-trust established by a revered black woman lawyer from Anchorage who, long ago, homesteaded the land adjacent to this area.

Some 30 Friends gathered on August 7-9 for worship, eating, speaking, listening, workshops, discussion, swimming, and business. Friends camped in a light rain the first night, but the sun broke through on Saturday afternoon, and the rest of the weekend was warm and clear. Friends in this exotic, exhilarating land have much to do to confront and transform the present values that threaten to turn all this splendid wilderness into another exploited and bespoiled land, more than twice as large as Texas, one-fifth the size of the rest of the United States.

The theme of the conference dealt with growth of meetings, worship groups, isolated Friends, and individuals. These concerns were addressed by William Walters, a young lawyer from Fairbanks and caretaker of the Hidden Hill Friends Center there, and by Jim Cavener, 1987 Friends General Conference representative. They spoke out of their experiences with the national and international voluntary service movement.

Alaska has many residents with values and goals which are attractive to Friends and who are seekers after significance and substance in their lives. These "closet Quakers" are found in both urban and rural Alaska. If they knew what Friends were really about and where they could be found—or, if given help to coalesce and find each other—there could be Malthusian growth among Friends there. Friends General Conference resources are helpful here and could be even more effectively utilized.

While the values (or lack of values) of the frontier are rampant in all of Alaska, there are many persons with progressive concerns for the environment, for global justice, for equal rights for Native Americans, women, gays and other minorities, and for a non-exploitive economy. These goals won't be easily accomplished in a legacy of unjust practices, but Friends are also 'alive and well' in this 49th state.

Jim Cavener

Christianity And Ecology

In every conference worth its salt, the leadership and then the participants want to issue a statement. In the North American Conference on Christianity and Ecology, which met at North Webster, Indiana, August 19-22, the leaders and participants, wanted to issue a statement. And they *did*! But thereby hangs a tale.

There were two splits in the conference: new age versus traditional language and attitudes, and handed-down doctrine versus a fresh interpretation of the biblical teaching

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Reports *continued*

that includes God's care for the creation. Despite these splits, participants agreed that the world as an ecosystem is in danger of collapse, that current efforts by environmental organizations are not sufficient to turn us around, and that Christians *must* awaken, become aware, and do something to avoid disaster.

Not all of the splits hit the plenary sessions. For example, Wesley Granberg-Michaelson, author of *A Worldly Spirituality*, was verbally pummeled by two women who objected to his "white male theology," and by others who objected to a scriptural basis for ecology because Yahweh told the children of Israel they were doing his will by slaughtering thousands of their enemies—men, women, and children.

More mainline objections to the traditional interpretation of Scripture came from philosopher Thomas Berry and his brother James. (See Genesis 1:28 and 9:2 for the offending passages.) Tom, a Catholic priest who doesn't use the title, "Father," would "put the Bible on the shelf for 20 years," suggesting that it has done more harm than good to the environment.

Creation Spirituality was represented by Tom and Jim Berry, Joanne McAllister of Oakland's Holy Names College, and by Sr. Miriam Therese McGillis of Genesis Farm, Blairstown, New Jersey. Sr. Miriam told the plenary, most of whom sat utterly transfixed, the story of creation as we now know it scientifically, placing Christianity in the context of that story and finding that history firmly embedded in the mind and spirit of God. Diversity in organization and thought, and the interrelatedness of all atoms are the natural outcome of our common origin in the Big Bang that started out the universe 15 billion years ago. It is a fascinating hypothesis with great explanatory and uniting potential for people of all beliefs, but we were forcibly reminded it is not quite for all by a boorish, stentorian male voice from the rear of the audience, booming, "Yer time's up, lady."

Wendell Berry, our famous farmer and poet from Kentucky (no relation to Tom and Jim), holds the church largely responsible for our ecological plight. "The organized church has made peace with ecological disaster." And "Our punishment is adaptation to this society" he said. Wes Jackson, head of the Land Institute at Salina, Kansas, is attempting to restore plains agriculture to a prairie-like permanent production through development of perennials in symbiotic relationships. He asked us how many the earth can support on sunlight. At one point, goaded by a questioner, he said, "Capitalism stinks." Tom Berry quoted Erlich, "Technology is a lethal mistake," and

Meyer, "We are in an extinction spasm."

Despite extreme differences, everyone at the conference sensed its historic importance. None more so than Jeremy Rifkin, who sacrificed another appearance, came at his own request and expense, and gave us an unparalleled 90-minute one-man show about "algeny"—raising mice that mature twice as fast to twice the size of ordinary mice because they have human growth genes inserted in their chromosomes, which reproduce themselves in the mice generation after generation.

Leaders of the conference wanted desperately to produce a document and had produced four out of five pages of such a document in advance, leaving only suggested actions for the conferees to struggle with. Participants had worked valiantly in small groups to produce suitable responses in 17 areas of concern, but doctrinal differences seemed determined to thwart closure. Then Jim Berry saved the day with three sentences.

The Earth is in danger. While an ecological crisis of unprecedented proportions looms before all creation, our society continues down a path of excessive consumption and despoliation of the land. The North American Conference on Christianity and Ecology asks the Christian community to take on the burden of rescuing the earth from degradation, to join ongoing efforts so that the present ripple of spiritual-ecological concern will be amplified to a mighty wave of compassion, protection, healing and revitalization of the Earth.

In comparison with the enormity of the problem, this first effort at a Christian solution seems pitifully inadequate. There were 500 assorted individuals representing none of the mainline upper echelons. Eleven were Quakers including Marshall Massey, who presented two hours of well-researched material on atmospheric pollution to a small but enthusiastic audience. The board of directors tries to operate by consensus, with absence of tradition, discipline or commitment to the process—always under time and financial pressure. But working together is our best hope. And in the light of all the potentials, I, too, will call the conference an historic landmark.

Robert Schutz



Daniel Laiten

Witness

Giving Blood States Sympathy for Nicaraguans

by David McCauley

My anxiety about giving blood had passed, and I calmly watched the blood flow from my arm to fill the clear plastic bag. Once, 20 years ago, I gave for an injured friend. This time I donated to the Red Cross for someone I didn't know; gave my blood in the name of people whose situation I have come to know very well: the Nicaraguan victims of the contra war.

I was one of more than 140 Vermonters who last winter donated blood through a project organized by the American Friends Service Committee in Vermont. By giving blood for use in Vermont, we combined an act of community service with a serious statement to our community about our concern about the contra war. Some people also donated money to purchase medical supplies for the Bertha Calderon Hospital for Women and Children in Nicaragua. While the gift of blood was symbolic, the nearly \$3,000 for medical supplies was direct aid.

The medical needs of Nicaragua have grown as casualties of the contra war have mounted. The Reagan administration and a slight majority of Congress support and finance this brutal, shameful war. The amount diverted to the contras from the Iran arms sales, the CIA, and other secret sources, is not known to us. All of this helps the contras wage a terror campaign, mainly against the civilian population. The contras also kill and destroy the people and structures that deliver government services in education, health, and economic support. Many Nicaraguan people have been displaced by the war.

The AFSC has consistently opposed United States funding of the contras has supported the contadora negotiations, and now supports the Arias/Central America peace plan to settle disputes in the region. As we have seen, the secret support for the contra war has violated our law, and it has undermined our constitution and our democracy. The time is past due, as the new AFSC National Board statement on Central

American Friends Service Committee



America says, to "break with our bitter past" and chart a new direction in the region.

For the Red Cross, the project promised more blood and new donors, but the Vermont Red Cross was very cautious about its political neutrality. Since the AFSC's international relief and development mission is to help people regardless of their form of government, Vermont AFSC understood and honored this Red Cross concern. Vermont AFSC and the Red Cross developed a statement of Red Cross "neutrality on any political dimensions of the project." We printed it on all our pamphlets and posters, and stated this in all newspaper, radio, and television commentary. Still this concern about politics led to qualms by some Red Cross people, and opposition to one project.

The contras shed blood with the support of the United States government. Thus, this blood is shed in the name of and to the shame of the people of the United States. We shared our blood in the name of the victims of the contra war. To give blood in this framework is a powerful symbol and a strong statement.

Almost as the blood left my arm, I felt a transfusion of quiet resolve. I resolved to strengthen my concern for the people of Nicaragua, and I resolved that, in the midst of the apathy and the hostility, I would continue to work to stop the killing that our government—and we—pay for.

It is, I thought, the patriotic thing to do—American, and red-blooded. □

Author's note: For a copy of the AFSC Board statement on Central America, "Breaking With A Bitter Past," write to Information Services, AFSC, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

David McCauley is field secretary for the American Friends Service Committee in Vermont, and a member of Putney (Vt.) Meeting. For a copy of blood drive materials, write Vermont AFSC, 61 Western Avenue, Brattleboro, VT 05301.

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News of Friends

It looked like seven years' work had gone down the drain when Earlham professor Dick Davis discovered his car, containing research notes for a book he planned to write, had been stolen from a New Haven, Conn., street. But as whimsical fate would have it, an Earlham alumna came to the rescue. Dick Davis, a professor of religion, was in New Haven to finish some research at Yale University. Locked in the trunk of his car was a box containing notes he had compiled while traveling around the country and abroad since 1980 interviewing drug addicts, AIDS victims, and religious leaders for his book on shame and how it relates to the Christian faith. He was understandably appalled to discover on the morning of August 18 that the car, a white 1986 Toyota, had been stolen. He reported the theft to the local police. Touched by his story, officers began an all-out search for the vehicle. In the meantime, a reporter for the *New Haven Register* interviewed him and wrote a feature about his plight for the morning edition. Barbara Price Monahan, a 1975 Earlham graduate, was reading the story in her apartment before going to work at Yale, where she is a development official for the School of Medicine.

"I started reading and said 'Oh, my gosh, it's Dick Davis,'" she later told the *Register*. She stepped out of her apartment, looked out on the street and saw a parked car similar to the one described as belonging to Dick Davis. It was indeed the same. She called police, who contacted Dick, and met him at the scene. Dick confirmed that the white Toyota was indeed his. The car's stereo system, some clothes, and the ignition were missing, but inside the trunk Davis found his box of research notes. "This is a tremendous relief," he told reporters. "This just shows the incredible tribal loyalty at Earlham. It's just too good to be true."

Barbara Monahan said although she never had Dick Davis as an instructor, he was "an excellent professor and a nice guy."

Wrestling mats have become beds for homeless men at Friends Select School gymnasium in center city Philadelphia while renovation takes place at a shelter for the homeless, My Brother's House, supported by Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting. The shelter's van delivers 24 men to the gymnasium each evening and picks them up before school starts.

The roof is up on the Soweto meetinghouse, the kitchen and warden's apartment are in working order, and Friends are worshipping in the meeting room. While much work remains to be done, observers say that this

tangible proof of Friends' love and concern is attracting attention in the township.

Speaking for belief in the future of Friends in Nicaragua, Friends there have purchased a house to be used as a center for activities for Pro Nica, the health care development organization of the Americas Right Sharing Program. It will also be the home of Joe and Soledad McIntire, who have been central to development of the Managua Worship Group.

The new executive director of Friends Council on Education will be Kay M. Edstene, who will begin her duties on July 1. The current director, Adelbert Mason, is retiring. Kay Edstene is a graduate of Earlham College and a member of New Castle (Ind.) Meeting. She has taught at George School, where she also served as chairwoman of the history department, dean of students and assistant principal, and director of studies. In 1978 she became principal of Brooklyn Friends School in New York. Friends Council on Education is a national organization of 74 Quakers schools.

Constructing a well that provides clean water was the mission of Young American and Kenyan Friends last summer. They constructed the well in a remote area where people had been drinking dirty, stagnant water. Now about 20 families are drinking clean water from a fountain spring made by the young people. They also worked on building a clinic and a primary school in two other areas, as well as fixing window glass in the Friends meetinghouse at Lugulu in the Bungoma District.

Rapping for peace is the joyful aim of three high school sophomores in Dayton, Ohio, as an American Friends Service Committee project. AFSC staff member Robert Taylor, 23, formed the group, called RAPEACE, to communicate social concerns with young people he met in AFSC community activities. He says the focus of many such activities is to develop self-esteem in young people, and the rap group gives these young men a chance to perform. "The guys like it that both young people and adults take them more seriously because of their raps. They're giving out a positive message," says Robert Taylor. This is an excerpt from their rap, "The Power in Peace":

The prospects for peace are fading away.
As you live your life each and every day,
So take a step toward peace
And take what it gives,
Because you only have one life to live.

Bulletin Board

• Applications are open for two grants conferred by the Committee of Award of the American Friends Service Committee. The **Mary Campbell Memorial Fellowship** provides up to \$2,000 for graduate study either abroad or in the United States. It is intended for U.S. students who are preparing to be emissaries of international and interracial peace and goodwill. Mature applicants who plan independent study not necessarily related to formal graduate work will also be considered. The award will be granted on the basis of applicants' academic qualifications, aptitude, and future plans. The way a year of further study might prepare the individual for a life of service in peacework will also be considered. The committee will consider how applicants' plans relate to the most pressing international problems from a long-range perspective. The second grant is the **Mary R.G. Williams Award** and is aimed at enabling the recipient to travel and teach at the Friends Schools in Ramallah north of Jerusalem. It is \$1,500 and is normally for one year only. Preference is given to applicants from Mid-Atlantic and New England states who are members of the Society of Friends or are in sympathy with Friends testimonies. Applicants should be interested in teaching and participating in extracurricular activities at the schools. Applications for the grants are available from the Committee of Award, American Friends Service Committee, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. Each grant requires that application, academic transcripts, and three reference forms be returned by Feb. 15. Applicants for the Mary R.G. Williams Award must also file an application for a teaching position with the Wider Ministries Commission, Friends United Meeting, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374.

• The Friends Vegetarian Society of North America celebrates its fifth year of existence and launches its sixth year with an anniversary issue of its newsletter, *The Friendly Vegetarian*, featuring reprints of some of its previous issues. The group was inspired by an article by Robert Heckert that appeared in *FRIENDS JOURNAL* in June 1982. Vegetarian Quakers came together for their first meeting at Friends General Conference in Slippery Rock, Pa., the following July, and banded into a national organization. The newsletter offers articles on the subject of vegetarianism and recipes. The address is FVSNA, P.O. Box 53168, Wash., DC 20009.

• Credit card purchases can work toward solving world conflict, pollution, hunger, and other social maladies. How? Paul Davis, a Friend in Corvallis, Ore., reports that the

Indiana National Working Assets Visa card donates five cents from every purchase to nonprofit corporations who are working for the good of humanity. The company is able to do this by taking the money from the 3 percent fee that merchants pay for credit card use. Last year was the first year for this credit card. Sponsors reported that 13,000 people used this card, making it possible for the organization to donate \$2,000 to each of 16 groups, including Peace—The Africa Fund, American Friends Service Committee, Amnesty International, Equal Rights Advocates, National Gay & Lesbian Task Force, Native American Rights Fund, Planned Parenthood, Greenpeace, People's Alternative Energy Services, Children's Defense Fund, National Coalition for the Homeless, Oxfam America, U.S. Committee in Solidarity With the People of El Salvador, and others. The Visa card also provides additional services, such as convenience checks, nationwide cash access, car rental discounts, and travel service. For an application or more information, write to Working Assets, 230 California Street, San Francisco, CA 94111.

• Information about Isaac Sharp, a Quaker missionary in Greenland is sought by Marianne Stenbaek, codirector of the Center for Northern Studies and Research at McGill University. Isaac Sharp visited Greenland in the late 19th century, taking flower seeds to that arctic and subarctic country because he felt the land needed some color. People managed to make the seeds bloom, and his legacy was a series of small gardens throughout southern Greenland. Marianne Stenbaek would also be interested in receiving information about other Quaker missionary activity in Greenland, if Friends know of any. Her mailing address is 550 Sherbrooke Street West, Suite 460, Dept. FJ, West Wing, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H3A 1B9.

• Supporting the work of Rommel Roberts and his co-workers in South Africa is the focus of a group of Friends based at Mullica Hill (N.J.) Meeting. The group is called the South Africa Peace Network. If you are interested, send your name and address to Lark Worth, 854 Brinton's Bridge Road, Media, PA 19063.

• Does your town have a Peace Pole? These six-foot cedar obelisks are handcrafted in Michigan with four sides, each bearing the message, "May Peace Prevail On Earth" in the languages of your choice. The Society of Prayer for World Peace in Japan distributes the poles as part of their ongoing work of promoting global harmony. In the past ten years, Peace Poles have been planted in 51

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Bulletin Board

continued

countries, and one was dedicated at Findhorn in Scotland at the 1987 summer solstice. Placed in front of schools, libraries, community centers, parks, factories, farms and private homes, the poles serve as symbols of international prayers for peace and the need to work for peace. For information about ordering a pole, write to Society of Prayer for World Peace, 5-26-27 Nakakokubun, Ichikawa, Chiba, 272 Japan.

- Strategic letter-writing to the board members of media corporations could influence news content and coverage, according to John G. Mihalaros, a former public affairs reporter who worked for metropolitan daily newspapers for nine years. He has compiled a list of media corporations and those in charge of them. His list also includes a page of tips on how to approach the subject of news coverage to have the greatest chance of reaching receptive ears. To get the list, send a legal-size self-addressed stamped envelope to him at 4059 Harding Way, Oakland, CA 94602-1919.

- Nevada Desert Experience invites Friends to join in Holy Time/Holy Ground, Lenten Desert Experience VII, from Feb. 17 through April 3. The witness will provide a continuous presence at the Nevada nuclear test site during those days. Groups are encouraged to come for four-day stretches, either Tuesday through Friday or Friday through Monday. Large group actions are planned for Passover, Palm Sunday, Good Friday, and Easter. Local vigils will also be held across the country. By developing local support communities and increasing visibility, these witnesses hope to strengthen the campaign to end nuclear testing. For more information on ways to participate, contact Nevada Desert Experience, P.O. Box 4487, Las Vegas, NV 89127, (702) 646-4814.

- Single Friends in the Philadelphia area are reaching out to each other and to singles elsewhere with the publication of a newsletter. The newsletter is a forum for announcement of special interest activities and for creating a network among single Friends. The current issue encourages singles to share needs and interests with one another by submitting brief statements for publication. To get on the mailing list, write to Single Friends, P.O. Box 860, King of Prussia, PA 19406. The group meets monthly for potluck dinners, with worship and entertainment, and is planning other events. For more information, contact Amy Traganza at (609) 235-0013, or Allen Reeder at (215) 659-6180.

Books

A Review Essay

Time Wars

By Jeremy Rifkin. Henry Holt and Company, N.Y., 1987. 263 pages. \$18.95.

This book is about human beings reclaiming time and the rhythms of nature from a computer-programmed authoritarian social order which dehumanizes its citizens. Rifkin sees the possibility of a new empathic social order with a recovered time consciousness in which humankind will live in peace with all life forms. Rifkin always writes with passion, and spurns fine intellectual distinctions, as readers of *Entropy* and *Algeny* know. He has an intuitive feel for scientific issues which threaten our humanity, and he deserves to be respected as a twentieth century Jeremiah. If he leaves something to be desired as a critic of science, the book nevertheless deserves a reflective reading by Friends, who have a concern to live in a right relationship with time.

We all recognize the beauty of a life lived in tune with the rhythms of nature. That's why we go camping, or vacation in the mountains or by the seaside when we can. We like to think of the nature-patterned lives of pre-industrial peoples. But rhythms of nature include ice ages, droughts, floods, earthquakes and forest fires. There was no idyllic time-utopia such as Rifkin suggests in those millennia before settled existence, let alone in agricultural societies. If there was leisure, there was also recurring hardship and insecurity.

Rifkin builds up a picture of a steady enslavement of humans to rhythms not found in nature with the invention of the clock and discovery of time as a "resource," beginning with the Benedictine scheduling of the divine Hours of Office in the monasteries of Europe. He sees continuity between the Benedictine scheduling and the building of factories and schools to control the time of displaced rural workers and children. Time is seen as both power and the instrument of power—a lethal weapon. This is interesting as a mythology of development, and there may be something in it. Such statements as, the Benedictines "helped to give the human enterprise the regular collective beat and rhythm of the machine," and "the clock, not the steam engine, is the key machine of the Modern Age," have a fine ring about them. However, they ignore the fact that the sun was our scheduler long before cities were built. And if we look at time-budget records of medieval peasants or today's Third World

subsistence farmers, it is not clear that time-enslavement began in factories.

Rifkin's greatest eloquence, however, is reserved for the "computopia" of the computer age. Time and information become both resources and commodities. Efficiency is the only value. Human beings figure only incidentally in the system. Computers can speed up all processes so that production systems are accelerated to rhythms incomprehensible to the human mind—rhythms in which a nanosecond is a slow beat. The real horror for Rifkin, however, is that the computer can not only simulate all natural environments and processes, rendering them obsolete, but it becomes the new evolutionary force through its continuing generation of order and complexity (the definition of evolution itself). The too-slow human brain is simply left behind.

We, like Rifkin, have seen the dehumanization of a world become an automated battlefield. We have witnessed the decline of social interaction with the computerization of human services, we have felt the ugliness of the constructed shells that shield us from nature, and we have all been driven by the demon of time. What would Rifkin have us do?

The reader may be pleased to know that Rifkin invokes the peace movement, the green movement, ecofeminism and various holistic and new age movements to reclaim and democratize time, to remove the controls the computer age has put on us. These movements, he feels, will bring an end to computopia and redevelop a time consciousness that will enable us to live in empathic harmony with our planet.

Most Friends would agree that harmony with the planet is desirable. The problem lies in treating the computer as the enemy, as though it is against nature. The segments of time with which the computer can operate, however infinitesimal, are also in nature. The computer has not created new forms of time, as Rifkin claims. Infinity encompasses nested rhythms from the pulsing of the photon to the birth-to-death rhythm of the universe. These rhythms are within us, they surround us. If our task is to live both in eternity and the now, then an expanded time consciousness will help us place the computer in its appropriate niche in the social order. The problem is not with the computer, it is with our inattentiveness to the vast range of rhythms in nature, and our failure to learn from those rhythms how to live more fully in mind, spirit, and body.

Every new discovery, whether in science, philosophy, or the arts, requires a process of spiritual discernment on our part. How can any new invention increase goodness, love,

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Books

and shared abundance? And what does the answer to this question imply for our social institutions, our social policies? The computer is not twentieth century *deus ex machina* designed to order our lives. It is a tool to be used as sparingly as we desire. Only our failure of discernment permits it to invade our way of life.

The underlying issue that Rifkin raises is what we let our tools do to us. The computer is really incidental. We can thank Rifkin for raising this issue in such a dramatic way. The answers are up to us.

Elise Boulding

Elise Boulding is professor emerita of Dartmouth College and a member of Boulder (Colo.) Meeting. She is the author of many books and has worked internationally as a scholar and an activist on problems of peace and world order.

Reviews

James Nayler

By William G. Bittle. *William Sessions, Ltd., York, England, in association with Friends United Press, Richmond, Indiana, 1986. 240 pages. \$9.90, plus postage/paperback.*

It has been a long time since there has been a biography of James Nayler available; we can be thankful to William Bittle for this careful piece of work. In it, however, we see both the strengths and weaknesses of non-Friends writing Quaker history; such historians generally lack insight or curiosity about the inward dynamics of our faith, and especially about the way Friends under the leadership of Christ grow into greater faithfulness (the recent discussions about the origins of the Peace Testimony are a good example; Geoffrey Nuttall comes to mind as an outstanding exception).

In Bittle's case, his care and expertise enable him to throw much light on the political context of "Nayler's fall" and the cruel and irregular response by Parliament. Though he is clearly engaged by Nayler himself, the author is more concerned with the events, emotions, and issues surrounding the Bristol events of 1656. Of 176 pages of text, about 100 treat these matters. Sixteen pages in the back contain many careful tables of numbers dealing generally with the backgrounds and attitudes of political figures involved with the Nayler affair. I feel that Bittle has treated this aspect of Nayler's career in a definitive way.

As a Friend, however, I am unsatisfied by

the treatment of Nayler in the context of the Quaker movement. Other biographers (notably M. Brailsford) have written of this with more understanding. To take one example, Bittle rightly questions E. Fogelklou's analysis of the crucial relationship between Fox and Nayler, but offers only his conclusions, and a modicum of discussion: "Stirred by Nayler's move to supplant him, Fox's animosity accompanied him to the grave." More testimony from other contemporaries must be considered before we really understand this as well as we might.

Bittle also shares a commonly seen focus on Nayler as theologian and controversialist. We have heard from historians very little about Nayler's extensive role as counselor, comforter, and leader (in the Quaker sense of the word). A great deal of Nayler's writings have to do with the "cure of soul" (in this he is like many other of the early leaders, such as Fox, Pennington, & Dewsberry), and it is here that Nayler's great sweetness and motive power are seen best. Bittle respects this fundamental side of Nayler's ministry, but portrays little of it, and Nayler's brief but powerful witness after his imprisonment and reunion with Friends is very lightly sketched, so that we are left still at arm's length from this great figure.

Brian Drayton

Brian Drayton is currently completing a selection of devotional passages from Nayler's works. He is a member of Cambridge (Mass.) Meeting and is a recorded minister.

Being Peace

By Thich Nhat Hanh. *Parallax Press, Berkeley, Calif., 1987. 115 pages. \$8.50/paperback.*

Troubled are the Quaker peace workers who struggle to express love and nonviolence while confronting situations that would tempt a saint, or an army of saints, to a retaliatory blow. Those of us who are not created perfect have had to face the question: how do I give priority to my being a better person when the world is in flames?

Thich Nhat Hanh, a Vietnamese monk in exile who has been an inspiration to some and an irritation to others in peace circles, gives his Buddhist answers in this readable, short book. His approach is summed up when he quotes a bumper sticker: "Let peace begin with me." That is correct, he says, but so is: "Let me begin with peace." The reader must not expect to leap into this question upon opening the book. Thich Nhat Hanh

begins his talks (edited from 1985 lectures to peace workers and meditation students at Buddhist Centers) about meditation and the practice of breathing, walking smiling, and being calm—"being peace." His words enlighten us to the meaning and beauty of Buddhist awareness and understanding. He quotes the story of the monk who was asked what is pure and immaculate and the monk points to the excrement of a horse. A gardener might understand that, but the monk's purpose is to shake us loose from set thought patterns and to stress that ultimate reality is free from being pure or impure. I recommend for our own meditation and adaptation Nhat Hanh's seven practices of reconciliation and 14 precepts for being in touch with present reality. A sample: "Do not think that the knowledge you presently possess is changeless, absolute truth. Avoid being narrow-minded and bound to present views. . . ."

Not surprisingly to those who know his history, the author has searing words to say about the peace movement. It is, he says, "filled with anger and hatred," and peacemakers "cannot fulfill the path we expect from them." Better, he says, to practice meditation. This I find one-dimensional and overstated. I have encountered anger and

hatred in the peace movement, but also love, compassion, empathy, and inspiring selflessness. To see one aspect and not the other, one must focus on the impure and exclude the pure from vision.

Praise to Mayumi Oda whose Matisse-flavored sketches catch the spiritual quality of the words.

John A. Sullivan

John A. Sullivan is a member of University (Wash.) Meeting and lives on Vashon Island in Puget Sound. He is retired from the American Friends Service Committee, where he worked in information and interpretation.

The Lives of Jean Toomer

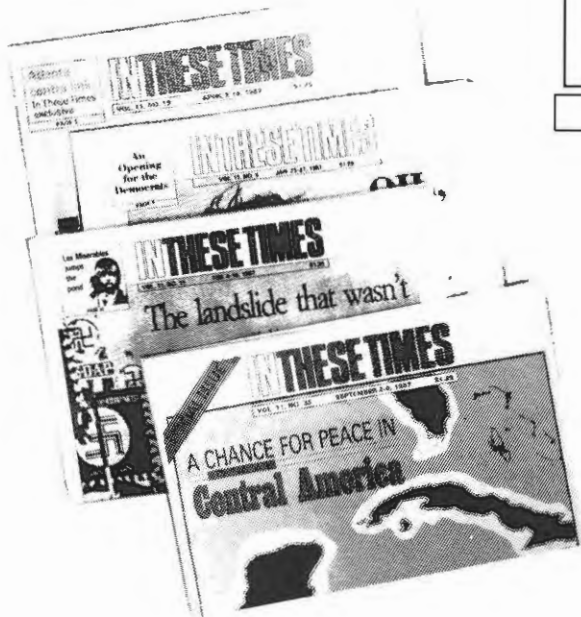
By Cynthia Earl Kerman and Richard Eldridge. Louisiana State University Press, Baton Rouge, 1987. 411 pages. \$29.95.

This fascinating biography of a remarkable writer and mystic received laudatory reviews from the *New York Times Book Review*, which called it "an intelligent and

probing work. . . ." It is written by two Quakers: Cynthia Kerman of Baltimore (Md.) Meeting and Richard Eldridge of Buckingham (Pa.) Meeting. A librarian introduced them in 1976 after noticing that both were making trips to the Fisk University Library in Nashville, Tennessee, to pore over Toomer's papers, each unaware of the other's work. They agreed to collaborate and continued their research together, conducting interviews with Toomer's widow, Marjorie Content.

This book vividly depicts Jean Toomer's childhood. His remarkable grandfather, P.B.S. Pinchback, was a successful politician and financial entrepreneur who served for two months as lieutenant governor of Louisiana. Toomer's father disappeared shortly after his birth, leaving him in the care of a young mother who died tragically when he was fourteen. His maternal grandparents provided him a home through his forays into college.

The light-skinned, racially mixed Toomer aspired to be a new American, neither white nor black, representing a fusion of races. His search brought him into contact with many 20th Century mystical, intellectual, and religious leaders and disciplines, including G.I. Gurdjieff, Quakerism, Edgar Cayce,



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He worked with the Greek-Armenian mystic, Gurdjieff, in 1924 at the Paris Institute for the Harmonious Development of Man, and later led a Chicago group. But he broke with Gurdjieff in 1935 over money, and soon after he and his second wife, Marjorie Content, began attending Buckingham (Pa.) Meeting. Toomer sent his daughter, Argie, to the Buckingham Friends School, (where co-author Richard Eldridge now serves as headmaster).

Still intensely dissatisfied, and yearning for enlightenment, Toomer persuaded Marjorie to travel to India with him (using her father's money) in search of a guru. The trip proved fruitless, and Toomer's health declined on his return. He and Marjorie formally joined Buckingham Meeting in 1940, and he was prominent in the quarterly and yearly meetings until 1947, bringing his special abilities as a catalyst for spiritual growth to young friends and adults. Then his interest waned, and he gradually withdrew, turning again to Gurdjieff's ideas for inner solace. Near the end of his life he was an invalid, described as receiving visitors while lying down, in almost total silence, radiating a spiritual serenity.

This is a marvelously engrossing account of a spiritual journey, a work of great insight and integrity. Perhaps, in the end, Toomer failed in his anguished search for sainthood, but he strived unceasingly for a higher reality few attain.

David Diorio

David Diorio is a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends, Stony Run, Baltimore, Md.

In Brief

Remaking Motherhood

By Anita Shreve, Viking Penguin, Inc., New York, 1987. 227 pages. \$18.95. This book reviews the effects on children of having a mother who works outside the home. Using studies about family life and child development, as well as interviews with professionals and working parents, Anita Shreve concludes that children with two working parents are enriched in many ways other than financially.

A Deeper Kind of Truth: Biblical Tales for Life and Prayer

By Elizabeth M. Reiss, S.S.J. Paulist Press, New York, 1987. 97 pages. \$5.95/paperback. The author looks through the literal phrases of the Old Testament to the story that is God's call to people now. Elizabeth Reiss is a storyteller—the inscription to the book frees us to see both fact and truth: "Some of this happened; some of it I made up . . . all of it is true."

Swords Into Plowshares: Nonviolent Direct Action for Disarmament.

Edited by Anne Montgomery and Arthur Laffin. Harper and Row, San Francisco, 1987. 243 pages. \$8.95/paperback. This book explores the political and spiritual motivations of some who believe that "there is no 'right' way to say no to death and yes to life." Phillip and Daniel Berrigan, Agnes Bauerlein, and others provide examples of personal experience with nonviolent protest against nuclear war and war preparation. The book includes a chronology of actions by the Plowshares movement and a description of peaceful resistance actions, their meaning, and interpretations. Also included is a list of national peace and disarmament groups.

Quest For Faith, Quest For Freedom: Aspects of Pennsylvania's Religious Experience

Edited by Otto Reimherr. Susquehanna University Press, Selinsgrove, Pa., 1987. 203 pages. \$28.50. The essays in this book focus on Pennsylvania's contribution to freedom of religion in America, highlighting the diversity and creative expression that religious toleration allowed. Included in Part I is an essay by Edwin B. Bronner about William Penn's focus on religious liberty. Essays in Part II include examples of this freedom in practice.

Going Back: An Ex-Marine Returns To Vietnam.

By W.D. Ehrhart. McFarland and Company, Inc., Jefferson, N.C., 1987. 188 pages. \$14.95/paperback. W.D. Ehrhart first went to Vietnam as a U.S. Marine in 1967. In *Going Back*, Ehrhart writes of his experiences and impressions of a return trip as a peacemaker 10 years later. The ghosts and scars of conflict, both physical and emotional, are evident against the slowly healing background of the writer, the country, and the people he writes about. The Vietnamese "have no need for my anguish or my guilt," Ehrhart concludes. "My war is over."

No Reason To Talk About It: Families Confront the Nuclear Taboo.

By David S. Greenwald and Stephen J. Zeitlin. W.W. Norton and Company. New York, 1987. 226 pages. \$22.95. The threat of nuclear war is ever-present, leaving many with an overwhelming feeling of powerlessness. This feeling is compounded for parents who need to protect and provide a secure future for their children. In *No Reason To Talk About It*, David Greenwald and Stephen Zeitlin show the importance of free and open discussion of the nuclear threat in facing our fears and responsibilities. The emphasis is on a day-by-day commitment to the caring community of family.

Forum

continued from page 5

New Testament mythology should be threatening to Friends. Instead, it should be a wonderful liberation. A relationship to God based on truth should be far stronger and richer than one based on myth. As Mahatma Gandhi said, "Truth never damages a cause that is just."

As we strive for truth and justice and love in this world today, let us look for moral guidance to those who we *can* know, in history and in fact: Gandhi, Martin Luther King, Jr., and others whose lives have been full of wisdom, compassion, and courage. It is *they* who have set us an example to follow, who have taught us, through their actions, not only their words, to love our fellow man, and in so doing, to serve God.

Carolyn Knudsen Adams
Alexandria, Va.

Gauging Political Wallop

If one is to promote political action between international states to replace military threat, pragmatic considerations will demand that the initial actions take place where they will achieve the greatest political wallop. The Friends' demands that my actions be universally harmless, universally just, and universally peaceful renders such action impossible. I do not anticipate a world where we may be any more peaceful, just, or harmless than can be accomplished by liberals in political contest with conservatives.

Quakers and their allies have no definitive goal toward, nor definable means of pursuing a nonmilitary world, but pursue, rather, as a goal an amorphous, ephemeral, nebulous concept called "peace," presumably a universally desirable, achievable, permanent goal. But peace as we have experienced it is a temporary place of rest in the shifting conflicts of interest between people and people and is rarely satisfactory to everyone. I propose that Quakers miss their target by shooting too low. The energy that is now directed against weapons could more profitably be directed toward the political integration of international states, toward a common, international, politically achieved civil system. And my training with "Live Without Trident" plus my familiarity with the political techniques of Gandhi and Martin Luther King, Jr., have taught me the means by which we might raise the necessary issues.

John J. Runnings
Seattle, Wash.

Milestones



Daniel Leisen

Births

Bell—*Laurel Cope Bell* on Sept. 22, 1986, to Graham W. and Molly Cope Bell. Her brother is Nathan, and her grandparents are Marjorie and Caleb Cope, and Colin and Elaine Bell, members of Charlottesville (Va.) Meeting.

Marriages

Kinney-Wash—*David Henry Wash* and *Katie Laurie Kinney* on Oct. 17 under the care of Sandy Spring (Md.) Meeting. Katie and her parents, Bettie and Herb Kinney, are members of Sandy Spring Meeting.

Moore-Clendenin—*Lydia Anne Moore* and *Mary Ann Clendenin* on Oct. 10 under the care of Penn Valley (Mo.) Meeting, where Lydia and Ann are members.

Anniversary

Kennedy—*Thomas* and *Ruth Kennedy* reaffirmed their marriage vows at a 50th anniversary celebration at Providence (Pa.) Meeting on Oct. 24 in the presence of their children, grandchildren, and many friends.

Deaths

Beyer—*Edna Specht Beyer*, 87, on Dec. 15, 1986, in Wellsboro, Pa. She was a member of Elmira (N.Y.) Meeting for many years. After growing up in Iowa, she graduated from the University of Chicago in 1923 and taught school in several mid-western states. She was also a graduate of the school of library science now affiliated with the University of Pittsburgh, and was school librarian in Billings, Mont. She married Leonard K. Beyer in 1934, and the couple moved to Mansfield, Pa., where he joined the state college faculty. Edna was a member of the American Association of University Women, Tiadaghton Audubon Society, the Humane Society of the United States, and had a long-standing concern for the welfare of animals. She is survived by her husband; a son, George R. Beyer; and two grandchildren, Anne and Jason.

Hubben—*Trudy Hubben*, 76, on Dec. 4, 1986, at Foulkeways retirement center, Gwynedd, Pa. She was born in Mannheim, Germany. Her studies in economics were interrupted by the Hitler regime, which excluded Jews from higher education. After spending time in Israel, she came to the United States with her mother, studied nursing, and later studied social work at the University of Pennsylvania. After earning her master's degree, she worked at St. Christopher's Hospital for Children, the Nationalities Service Center, and other agencies. She had her first contact with Quakerism at Pendle Hill, and, in December 1958, she married William Hubben, a former editor of FRIENDS JOURNAL. In creating a home with him, she became close to his sons, Herbert and Klaus, and their

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families. In 1965 she followed William in joining Chestnut Hill (Pa.) Meeting. She is particularly remembered by her meeting for the skill and warmth with which she extended hospitality to visitors, as well as to others in the meeting community. She is described by her meeting as a seeking person, whose search brought her into contact with others on similar paths. She looked for ways to bring about a better world and to right injustices toward people and the environment. In later years, she studied at the Jung Institute in Switzerland and spent time in Israel. She moved to Foulkeways in 1986 and died unexpectedly about six months later. She is survived by her stepsons and her brother, Eric Baum.

Weed—*Esther Anna Weed*, 77, on Nov. 13, 1987, at Blue Hill Memorial Hospital in Maine. She was born to Jessie and Mamie Cochran Sopher on March 23, 1910, in Oskaloosa, Iowa, where she was raised and educated. She married Ernest H. Weed on Jan. 1, 1931, and graduated from William Penn College in 1933. The couple then moved to Brunswick, Maine, where their three daughters were born and where Esther worked at a paper mill. In 1945, the family moved back to Oskaloosa and lived on the college campus. Esther worked for a time at the college, and as a switchboard operator at the county hospital and at a food market. The family moved to High Point, N.C., to work for a Quaker meeting, and then to Oak Grove Meeting in Vassalboro, Maine. In 1957, they were called to a full-time pastorate in South Dartmouth, Mass., and then became directors of Beacon Hill Friends House in Boston in 1960. In 1974 they retired to Deer Isle, Maine, where they were active in the garden club and historical society. Esther's health began failing in the 1960s, and she suffered a crippling stroke in 1985, followed by several hospitalizations for heart problems. She is survived by her husband; three daughters, Joyce, Esther, and Estella; 13 grandchildren, and 16 great-grandchildren.

Wood—*Roselynd Atherholt Wood*, 85, on Oct. 16, 1987, at Kendal-at-Longwood, Kennett Square, Pa. Born in Philadelphia and graduated from Swarthmore College in 1923, she married the late Frederick S. Wood and lived most of her life in West Chester, Pa., where she was a member of West Chester Meeting. She served on the board of West Chester Friends School for more than 50 years. She was founder of the West Chester Area Day Care Center and was active in the Chester County League of Women Voters, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and Children's Services of Chester County. She is survived by Roselynd W. Jones; Molly W. Tully; Thomas A. Wood; seven grandchildren; and a great-grandchild.

Calendar

JANUARY

9—Friends Social Union's 64th Annual Luncheon, 11:30 a.m., Arch Street Meeting House, Philadelphia, Pa. Stephen Cary, chairperson of the national board of directors of the American Friends Service Committee, will speak. To make a reservation, send a \$10 check made payable to Friends Social Union to Daniel C. Frysinger, R.D. 1, 1634 E. Street Road, Glen Mills, PA 19342, or call (215) 399-0395.



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

Books and Publications

Let Friends Serve You. Quality bookstore service to Friends everywhere. Quakers classic and modern; inspirational readings; peace and conflict resolution; minority issues; books for women, children and all readers. Friends Book Store, 156 N. 15th Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. (215) 241-7225.

Common Sense (abolition of war in the nuclear age).

This 22-page pamphlet by Ed Lazar says that abolition of all war is the only way to prevent nuclear war and end the nuclear threat to life on Earth. "... a special treatise that is arguably poetic"—*Peacework*. "... excellent discussion of the vital issues"—*Co-Op News*. "Get copies for friends."—David Hartsough. \$4 Sasuma Publ., P.O. Box 60935, Palo Alto, CA 94306.

Old bookscout locates out of print books. Write: Greenmantle, Box 1178FJ, Culpepper, VA 22701-7324.

In Praise of Law, Betty Stone's peace primer. *Fellowship* reports, "a quality that makes it hard to put down ... educational ... well-researched ... great anecdotes." \$7.95 ppd. Waterway Press R2, Supply, NC 28462.

Exciting selection of books, cooperative games, other resources for ethical, ecological, stimulating teaching and parenting. Free catalogue: GEODE, Box 106, West Chester, PA 19381 (215) 692-0413.

Free. Our new catalogue of inspiring books by contemporary Sufi Master Bawa Muhaiyaddeen. Write or call: Fellowship Press, 5820 Overbrook Ave., Phila., PA 19131. Phone (215) 879-8604.

Books—Quaker spiritual classics, history, biography, and current Quaker experience published by Friends United Press, 101-A Quaker Hill Dr., Richmond, IN 47374. Write for free catalogue.

Golden Rule: 1958 Nuclear Tests Voyage, Micronesia. Pacific Peacemaker crewmate (1984) seeks books. Box 171, Stevenson, MD 21153.

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Friends of Truth publications: *Faith and Practice of the Friends of Truth* (\$1); *On Correspondence among Christians* (\$1.25). 16 Huber St., Glenside, PA 19038.

Camps

Friends Music Camp: Our outstanding instructors help young people achieve maximum progress, while downplaying competition, in a caring Quaker community. Ages 10-18. July 10—August 7 at Barnesville, Ohio. See monthly display ads describing features of FMC. P.O. Box 427, Yellow Springs, OH 45387, for brochure and information, (513) 767-1311.

Communities

Integrated Quaker agrarian-rooted community forming, will settle in wooded, rolling northeast Iowa. Emphasize simplicity, cooperation, consensus, right livelihood. More info, SASE: Aliza Luick-Thrams, Omega House, 2412 First Avenue South, Minneapolis, MN 55404.

Move Back to the Land: Rural, beautiful, Bradford County, Pa. Friends looking for more Friends to move this way. Very low cost housing and land. Hour's ride from Elmira, Binghamton, Ithaca, and Scranton. Local Friends preschool and elementary school. Active peace group. More information, contact Brooks Eldredge-Martin, Box 359, RD #2, Ulster, PA 18850. (717) 888-9349.

Conferences

Woolman Hill Weekends

January 22-24, *Women Creating Sanctuary on this Earth* with Judith McDaniel, author of *Sanctuary: A Journey*. A dialogue on nonviolence and feminism, with particular reference to the sanctuary movement. February 19-21, *Journal Writing* workshop with Molly Duplisea. Journaling for personal and spiritual growth. Cost \$50 per weekend. Contact: Woolman Hill, Deerfield, MA 01342, (413) 774-3431.

For Sale

Calligraphy: Certificates, Quotes, Sayings, Poems, Prayers, and Protests. Please call Leslie Talon, (215) 332-8120.

Susan Stark's second album, *Rainbow People*. Released in November. Cost \$9 per cassette plus \$1.50 postage and handling. Send orders and checks to Susan Stark Music, P.O. Box 339, Rindge, NH 03461. (603) 899-6060.

Peace Fleece—The Soviet American Wool—skeins and kits. Our own Corriedale yarn, Bartlett yarn, Nature Spun Yarn, quality wooden needles, buttons, washable sheepskins. Price list and yarn samples, \$2. Yarn Shop on the Farm, RD 2, Box 291, Stevens, PA 17578, (215) 267-5860.

Join the Towhee (Quaker) Community in the Sierra foothills. 2000 sq. ft. house: 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, den, on 5 acres of undeveloped land. 60 miles north of Sacramento, 60 miles west of Lake Tahoe. Outstanding views all sides. \$150,000. Miriam Swift, 15834 Sunnyvale Lane, Grass Valley, CA 95949, phone (916) 272-2017.

Personal

Single Booklovers gets cultured, single, widowed, or divorced persons acquainted. Nationwide, run by Friends. Established 1970. Write Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039, or call (215) 358-5049.

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange—Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Write CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803.

Concerned Singles Newsletter links compatible singles concerned about peace, justice, environment. Free sample: Box 555-F, Stockbridge, MA 01262.

Positions Vacant

Friends couple required at new Friends centre for Wellington Meeting in New Zealand's capital city. Please reply to Center Committee, P.O. Box 9490, Wellington, tele. (64 04 698991).

Older couple needs companion, cook, and housekeeper. Will provide good home and compensation. Car is desirable. North Chicago suburb. Russell M. Lawall, 711 Greenleaf Avenue, Wilmette, IL 60091, (312) 251-6620.

Scattergood Friends School is looking for someone to direct its development program. Speaking and writing skills, initiative, persistence, and familiarity with Quaker style are critical. Prior experience with fund raising and PR is helpful. Position opens in spring 1988. Contact Peter Ewald, Director, Scattergood Friends School, Route 1, Box 32, West Branch, IA 52358.

The Friends Schools in Ramallah, north of Jerusalem on the West Bank, are seeking several expatriate teachers for a two-year teaching assignment beginning August 1988. This assignment provides teaching experience in historically significant Friends Schools and opportunity to live in a Palestine community. If you are interested in pursuing this opportunity, please write the World Ministries Commission, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374, (317) 962-7573. Application deadline January 10, 1988.

Nurse, Counselors (age 18+), W.S.I. (age 21+), Cook needed for small, co-ed, residential summer camp. Skills in pottery, crafts, music, and nature are needed. We are looking for staff with high energy, creativity, and maturity. Better than average pay. Write or call Susan Morris, Director, Friends Camp, P.O. Box 84, E. Vassalboro, ME 04935, (207) 923-3975.

Farm Worker with energy, experience, and enthusiasm to help with irrigation, haying, machinery maintenance, livestock, fencing. Two-bedroom house plus salary. Send resume, references: Kellogg Family, 2180 Sardine Creek, Goldhill, OR 97525.

Lead Carpenter. Ready to move into a rural community to put traffic and the rat race behind you? I need a talented carpenter to head a small, renovation/new work, residential building crew. Interesting work in a beautiful waterfront community. Clint Wadsworth, (301) 745-2478.

American Friends Service Committee Workcamps in Central America. AFSC welcomes applications from prospective participants in its summer workcamps in Mexico and Cuba. July and August. Working knowledge of Spanish is essential. Ages 18-26. Costs include round-trip travel to the area and a participation fee. We also seek co-leaders: modest honorarium and travel expenses. Contact Carol Tuttle or Hilda Grauman, (215) 241-7104.

Opening for Dean of Studies and Student Affairs September 1988

Pendle Hill is now receiving applications for the position of Dean of Studies and Student Affairs, to begin September 1, 1988. The Dean is a member of the Administrative Staff, with special responsibilities for the selection and nurture of the teaching staff, development of the curriculum, and general oversight of the academic and personal counseling of students. The Dean should have previous experience in teaching, including adult education, and should have a demonstrated delight and competence in scholarly pursuits and exchange. Since Pendle Hill is a closely knit residential community, the Dean should be able to live easily in community. Preference will be given to active members of the Religious Society of Friends. A modest cash salary with perquisites that include housing, meals, and utilities is offered. The Search Committee welcomes hearing from candidates by February 15, 1988. For more information and application procedures, call Margery Walker at (215) 566-4507, or write to Kathryn Roether, Dean Search Committee, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, PA 19086.

Florida Friends Need: Young, vibrant, unprogrammed meeting seeks individual or couple for part-time position opening April '88 in Orlando. Nurture our community as Quaker Resident(s). All ages welcome. Cottage and stipend provided. Respond to: Search Committee, Orlando Monthly Meeting, 316 E. Marks St., Orlando, FL 32803.

ARC Retreat Center near Minneapolis—emphasizing peace, justice, prayer, simplicity—seeks adult volunteers for one- or two-year commitments beginning August 22, 1988. Volunteers join a resident ecumenical community that provides hospitality for guests seeking quiet retreat and renewal. Applications due May 1. For information or application, contact ARC, R.R. 2, Box 354, Stanchfield, MN 55080.

Virginia Beach Friends Meeting seeks Quaker couple who feel led to be foster parents to four or five children. Free home. Live-in aid. Other volunteer help available. Father willing to work, mother willing to stay home with children. For more information call Julie Shubert (804) 481-1300 or Louise Wilson (804) 425-1000.

Virginia Beach Friends School is seeking a Quaker Head beginning in July 1988. The school, founded in 1955 under the care of the Virginia Beach Meeting, enrolls 140 children between 2½ and 14 years. Previous Friends education experience helpful. Address letters of interest and resumes to Clerk, Search Committee, 504 Thalia Road, Virginia Beach, Virginia 23452. Deadline for receipt is January 1, 1988.

Salvadoran Medical Relief Fund seeks Executive Director. Knowledge of Central American issues, willingness to travel and speak essential. Salary competitive, benefits negotiable. Reply to SMRF, P.O. Box 1194, Salinas, CA 93902.

Assistant to the Director, wilderness canoe trip camp. 2½-month Base Camp position, dealing with people, food, equipment, transports. Family welcome, simple island living. People, organizational skills essential, mechanical and boat-handling a plus. Valid driver's license. Write Rte. 68, Box 16, Cushing, ME 04563.

Camp Woodbrooke seeks a co-ed staff 19+ for a small, ecology-oriented summer camp for younger children. Quaker leadership. Wisconsin. Jenny Lang, 795 Beverly Place, Lake Forest, IL 60045.

Religious Studies. Two-year sabbatical replacement, beginning Fall 1988, with possibility of a longer appointment. The candidate must be committed to the vocation of undergraduate teaching in a Quaker context and give evidence of teaching effectiveness and/or potential. We seek a candidate whose scholarship includes a feminist perspective and who has discipline competence in one or more of the following: 19th-20th century Christian Thought; Biblical Studies; Religious Ethics; nonwestern religions; a "Religion and . . ." (literature, social science, etc.) area. Interest in participating in a freshman humanities program is desirable but not essential. We especially encourage applications from women, minorities, and Quakers. Ph.D. or ABD. AA/EQE. Send dossier or a C.V. with three letters of recommendation to Dick Davis, Department of Religion, Earlham College, Richmond, IN 47374. Review of applications begins Dec. 20, 1987.

Wanted: a Director, Oakwood School, to begin July 1, 1988. We are seeking an individual who has shown creative leadership in education, consistent with Friends' principles. Oakwood School is a 170-student coeducational secondary boarding and day school under the care of the New York Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends. Please send resumes and applications to: Joan Oltman, Clerk, Search Committee, 157 Mercer Ave., Hartsdale, NY 10530.

Schools

The Meeting School, a challenge to creative living and learning. A Quaker high school that encourages individual growth through strong academics and an equally demanding emphasis on community cooperation. Students live in faculty homes. Art and farm programs. Coed, boarding, grades 9-12 and post grad, college prep. Founded in 1957. Rindge, NH 03461. (603) 899-3366.

Quaker School at Horeham, 318 Meetinghouse Rd., Horeham, PA 19044, (215) 674-2875. A friendly, caring environment where children with learning disabilities can grow in skills and self-esteem. Small classes. Grades 1-8.

Services Offered

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Invest ethically because peace, social justice, and a clean environment matter. Free information: Skip Lodos, A.G. Edwards & Sons, Inc. (Member, SIPC), 4800 Lakewood, Waco, TX 76710, (800) 777-8410 or (817) 776-8410. Thanks for your interest!

General Contractor. Repairs or alterations on old or historical buildings. Storm and fire damage restored. John File, 1147 Bloomdale Rd., Philadelphia, PA 19115, (215) 464-2207.

Moving to North Carolina? Maybe David Brown, a Quaker real estate broker, can help. Contact him at 1208 Pinewood Dr., Greensboro, NC 27410, (919) 294-2095.

Family Relations Committee's Counseling Service (PYM) provides confidential professional counseling to individuals, couples in most geographic areas of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. All counselors are Quakers. All Friends, regular attenders, and employees of Friends organizations are eligible. Sliding fees. Further information or brochure—contact Arlene Kelly, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102, (215) 988-0140.

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Vacation Opportunities

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Bed and Breakfast in Jamaica. Idyllic rural setting ten miles from Montego Bay. Children welcome. Episcopal rector and Quaker wife. Full details from: Patricia Otley, St. Mary's Rectory, P.O. Box 2, Montpelier, St. James, Jamaica. Telephone: (809) 952-4299.

Maine island vacation rental: Mostly off-season openings. \$500/week negotiable. 8 bedrooms, 3 baths, fully equipped on 14-acre peninsula, Vinalhaven. Phone (215) 843-4034.

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