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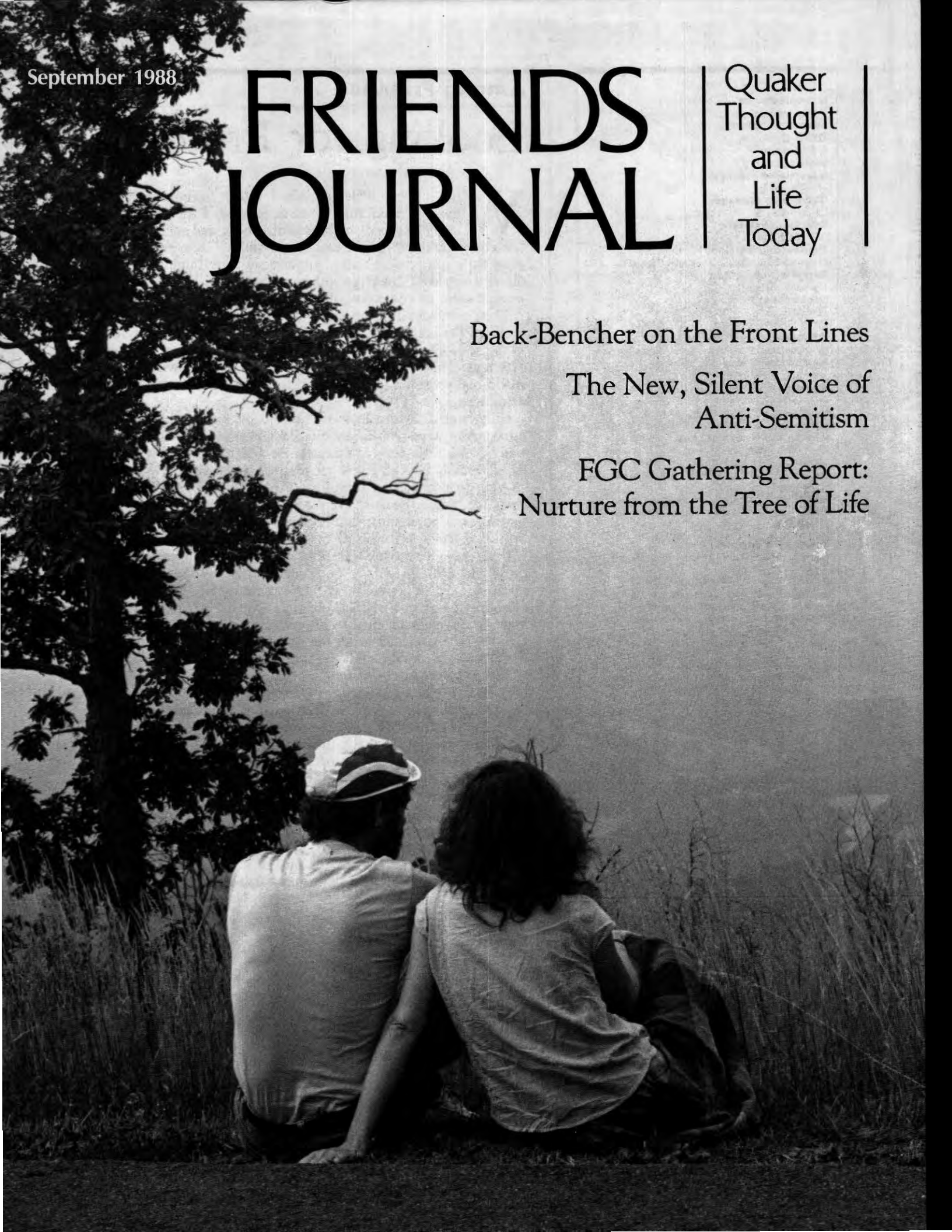
FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today

Back-Bencher on the Front Lines

The New, Silent Voice of
Anti-Semitism

FGC Gathering Report:
Nurture from the Tree of Life



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Among Friends

Looking for Proof

When I was a little girl, I believed in fairies, and I worked hard to make that belief come true. I used to build them teeny-tiny beds of beautiful leaves, and then I would leave a few cookie crumbs for their midnight snacks. Just knowing those good little spirits were there, sipping dew and dipping in and out of the real world—I could be somewhat happy with that, but I really wanted them to come out where I could play with them.

Then one morning something wonderful happened. When I got up to check the leaf beds and enclaves, there were teeny-tiny footprints in the soil—proof that those fairies were real and had found my offerings. That week I sailed on wings of joy, knowing that the other world really existed and that my efforts to get through were finally being heard.

Only later did word leak out around the supper table that those fairy tracks were planted by my older brother Russell, who had watched his little sister waiting to see a sign, wanting it with all her heart. Finally he had given her reason to believe.

Well, that revelation took away my euphoria, but didn't quite take away the magic. Because even though the footprints hadn't been left by fairies, a good spirit *had* left those tracks, and the residue of my brother's effort left a bit of magic intact.

I still have a need to believe in *something*, and the worst times are those when there seems to be no answer, no response to my belief, nothing there. It's a crazy world, and confusing, downright discouraging at times. It's those times when I wonder: where did the magic go, what happened to all my fine beliefs? What happened to God? What happened to all the powerful, articulate words I used when I was so good at talking about faith?

And then something pulls me back to wordless things—the magic of a skinny yellow squash that's just part of the blossom today and big enough to eat tomorrow; fireflies that light the night; a crazy moth that bashes itself against the screened window to get to the light (God help me if I do that); the sun that sets in a red blaze and always comes up again in a cycle stronger and less likely to be broken than my faith.

Those things are always there. Sometimes you don't have to put words to faith. Sometimes you can't. But at those times it's just waiting for you, a bit of magic always left intact. Knowing that, believing that, even now when I go to the garden I peek under the leaves of nasturtiums, inside the bud of a rose. I send those spirits a little message: I'm glad to share this earth with you. And in a way I can still see your tracks.

Melissa Kay Elliott

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A Jerusalem street scene

Solomon Mark Tuller

Front cover photo, by Barbara Benton, shows a couple pausing on their way home from the 1988 Friends General Conference Gathering.

Lessons About Animals

Joan Gilbert's article, "The Opportunity of the Turtle," (*FJ* April) is an example of a common situation confronting many educators: how does one instill a sense of respect for animals' rights and feelings in children? Clearly, the earlier people start having regard and concern for animals, the better.

Toward this end, every humane-minded teacher should begin to explore ways to incorporate into the classroom lessons about humane treatment of animals. I urge caring teachers to contact the National Association for the Advancement of Humane Education (P.O. Box 98, East Haddam, CT 06423; [203] 434-8666). NAAHE publishes materials for both teachers and students which are designed to foster concern for animals and the environment.

Leslie Pardue
Westport, Conn.

I like the story about the turtle. It sounded to me like that situation resolved itself exactly as it should have, because the correction came from the child's peers, from within his own community. That's how communities work: people guide and correct each other, easily, naturally, gently, without authoritative intervention.

That's what we do in meeting for worship.

Judith Newman
Lake City, Calif.

Plain Speaking

Over the years, in agreement and disagreement, I have found the *FRIENDS JOURNAL* to be informative, challenging, and thought provoking. Sometimes I think the absence of a creed and the reliance on the Queries has fostered in Friends the practice of analyzing, theorizing, criticizing, and scrutinizing to such an extent that our strength becomes our weakness, overshadowing simplicity in belief.

In response to Evelyn Moorman in the May Forum, may I say that Friends will not decide once and for all what they mean. She might refer to George Fox who after much theological struggle heard a voice say "There is One, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition." Then look to Jesus' answer to Satan, "You shall worship the Lord

your God and Him only shall you serve."

May we continue to exchange ideas, beliefs, and love.

Ina R. Moore
Plainfield, N.J.

For some years I have been struck by the anxiety of Friends about not speaking about God unless we add "in everyone" or "within." I call that putting God in his place. Yet we are willing to refer to the will of God, not realizing that if God has a will, then in Rudolf Otto's words, "God is where he wills to be": in burning bushes, in Christ reconciling the world to himself, and, as Elias Hicks wrote in a letter a few days before his death, "in the cross of Christ, the perfect law of God written on the tablet of the heart." Hicks added, "... and no rational being can be a real Christian and true disciple of Christ until he comes to know all these things verified in his own experience."

To answer Evelyn Moorman, then, when we say Christ, we mean Jesus seen with the eye of eternity written on the tablet of the heart.

Madge T. Seaver
Palo Alto, Calif.

Perhaps Evelyn Moorman (*FJ* May) should be directed to the *Journal of George Fox* in her quest for clarity in what Friends mean when they use the word *Christ*. The governor and assembly at Barbados requested a somewhat similar clarification, and Fox was happy to provide it. Here are some excerpts from Fox's letter to them:

And that Jesus Christ is his beloved and only begotten son in whom he is well pleased, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the virgin Mary, in whom we have redemption, through his blood even the forgiveness of sins, who is the express image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature, by whom were all things created that are in heaven and are in the earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones or dominions or principalities or powers; all things were created by him.

And we do own and believe that he was made sin for us, who knew no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth, and was crucified for us in the flesh without the gates of Jerusalem; and that he was buried and rose again the third day by his own power for our justification, and we do believe that he ascended up into heaven, and now sitteth at the right hand of God; and that this Jesus is the foundation of the prophets and apostles, and our foundation, so that there is no other foundation to be laid but what is laid, even Christ Jesus. . . .

The above-described Christ is the foundation stone upon which George Fox fashioned the Religious Society of Friends. If this same Christ is not the foundation stone of Friends today, then serious questions must be asked as to whether this is, in fact, the Religious Society of Friends founded by George Fox.

Pat Ryan
West Palm Beach, Fla.

Many people do not distinguish between Christ and Jesus. Jesus was an individual with a definite lifetime on earth, even as you and I, despite the virgin birth story recorded in two of the four Gospels. I consider the Christ spirit to be the higher nature of each one of us. Christ is the part of us made in the image and likeness of God, as recorded in the first chapter of Genesis. The second chapter gives another story of the creation of our temporary material bodies. The Christ spirit of divine truth dwells within each one of us, and whenever we obey its intuition and live as we should, Christ is resurrected and we become the kind of friends God intended us to be. Christ Jesus changed Christianity from a hope for the future to a present reality. The Christ spirit within each one varies somewhat according to our individuality, but the Bible records the actions and words of Jesus well enough so we can each bring our own Christ natures into greater harmony with that of Jesus.

Clifford North Merry
Los Angeles, Calif.



The Walls of Jericho

Although I was born in Jerusalem and my family lived there before the 1948 war, I attended the Friends Girls School in Ramallah both as a boarder and day student, graduating in 1950 at 15½ years of age. I later taught there for a year before I married and moved to the States. My mother, Ellen Audi Mansur, also taught at FGS for seven years before her marriage to my father, Jiries Mansur, a convinced Friend and later, clerk of the meeting. My mother's parents were also convinced Friends, and one of my most pleasurable memories was of my grandfather, Elias Audi, standing up to speak in meeting.

Being Palestinian with Quaker roots has brought me face to face with the dichotomy of my life. During my early teenage years, my family experienced violence and the loss of our family home in Jerusalem—even before the war of 1948, which erased Palestine from the map, and brought the new state of Israel into existence.

At William Penn and Earlham College, I sought answers in the study of religion to the violence that, in 1948, had dispossessed my people, and had made many of them refugees. As a foreign student, I was asked to talk to church groups about "my country, the Holy Land." I spoke of religion and culture and my Palestinian experience, and sometimes of politics, and of a people dispossessed. Inevitably, someone would declare that the Bible had predicted it; that God had willed it so.

The Judeo-Christian tradition had somehow left me behind. In biblical terms, I, a Semite, was considered a "daughter" of Ishmael—disinherited and sent away with Hagar to wander in the desert. Was this, then, symbolic of my fate or my people's destiny?

But Quakerism, I realized, went beyond biblical precepts. It taught the value of one's own insights and affirmed inspiration from the Inner Light. Even I, in a small way, could reach out toward present truth. And since "that of God" existed in all people, should our Quaker concerns—in spiritual as well as practical terms—then include *all* those who were oppressed or who suffered injustice, whether in Chile, Nicaragua, South Africa, or in the West Bank and Gaza?

In the summer of 1984, I spent nearly six weeks in Ramallah visiting family and friends. Just before returning to my home



Carolyn McCoy

A group of Friends gathers in front of the Ramallah Friends Meeting.

in Houston, Texas, I attended a potluck, or "eating meeting," with Palestinian and U.S. Friends. Since I lived in the United States, I was technically a "visitor," but part of me still considered Ramallah home. The potluck was held at Anna Kennedy's and Nancy Nye's home on the campus of the Friends Girls School, where Nancy was principal.

During the meeting, I was moved to speak out of the silence, giving my own rendition of the Alcoholics Anonymous prayer: "Lord, help me change the things I can, help me accept what I cannot change, and give me the wisdom to know the difference. . . ."

A few moments later, another voice, perhaps in response to my own, began to sing a song I had not heard before, a song I later discovered in *Songs of the Spirit*:

One man's hands can't break a prison down.
Two men's hands can't break a prison down.
But if two and two and fifty
make a million,
We'll see that day come around.
We'll see that day come around.

The song spoke to my condition at the moment. It gave me hope.

Since March of this year, when Israel cut off all international telephone lines to the West Bank and Gaza, I have been

unable to talk by phone to my mother in Ramallah. But the letters I get tell of daily injustices and brutality.

Some Israelis and U.S. Jews have spoken out or demonstrated against flagrant abuse of human rights by the Shamin government in response to the uprising, or *intifadeh*. For this I am grateful. But more, many more hands are needed to break down those prison walls.

A few weeks ago, when I talked to Nancy Nye in Jerusalem, she told me that Jennifer Bing-Canar (who wrote the article, "Is it Safe to Go to Meeting?" *FJ* May) was recently knocked to the ground by Israeli rubber bullets fired at close range. Her husband, John, was one of those beaten by Israeli soldiers a few weeks before.

Nancy's husband, Mubarak Awad, is head of the Palestinian Center for Non-violence in Jerusalem. He was arrested by Israeli authorities and forcibly deported on the charge of inciting resistance to the occupation. A week before his arrest, we called them in Jerusalem. When I asked what we could send, Mubarak suggested articles in the U.S. press about the uprising, and Nancy asked for the Quaker *Songs of the Spirit*. After news of Mubarak's arrest, I called once more to talk to Nancy. She told me of going to the prison where Mubarak was being held.

"Afterwards, tears began to flow," she said. "But when Palestinian women, also waiting to see their imprisoned husbands and brothers and sons, discovered why, they urged me to be strong."

To my mother and to Noel, to Donn, Rana, and Ramzi, to Aida, and Anna, and Nancy, and Mubarak, and Unce Wadi, and Salwa, and Um Isa, and Abu Shaheen, and Aunt Selma, and Leila, and Violet, and Aunt Lamia, and Kareemeh, and Jennifer, and John, and all those I have come to know and cherish . . . and to the families of those who have been killed or imprisoned or have suffered broken bones; to those whose houses have been razed to the ground in "collective punishment," to those thousands in Israeli jails—our love and concern. May the Light shine brightly in the darkness. We share your grief; but we also rejoice in your strength and hope that, with the combined effort of all our hands, the walls of injustice will come tumbling down.

May Mansoor Munn

The New, Silent Voice of

by Stanley Zarowin

Israel's military effort to stamp out *intifadeh*—the uprising of Arabs in the Occupied Territories—is nurturing a subtle form of anti-Semitism. The obvious brand, the ranting of bigots, is easy to recognize. We have, after all, many years of experience. The danger, as millions of Jews discovered too late, is when the ranting turns violent.

Before I state my case, allow me to state my bias: By birth I am a Palestinian and a Jew (my birth certificate is in Arabic, Hebrew, and English), and I feel an intimate spiritual connection with that land, no matter who tills its soil or who buries its dead. By conviction, I am a Quaker and a U.S. citizen. Although painfully mindful of the need for a Jewish sanctuary, I've never supported the creation of Israel because it opted to mix politics and religion. I believe that when the two are combined, as we've learned through history, they form an unstable compound which exhibits the worst of both elements: a loss of spirituality and a spread of political elitism. In many ways, I deeply regret that those fears have been realized.

Yet, being a Jew carries a responsibility. Like it or not, Jews are the first children of the New Covenant; Yahweh has written the Word in our hearts (Jeremiah 31:34). We are also witness to Diaspora, pogroms, persecutions, and Holocaust. And that history has seasoned our humanity with melancholy. Despite my intellectual bias, my heritage demands that I honor Israel's existence as a sanctuary. So, although I couldn't support her birth, I must support her survival.

I, too, am pained by Israel's attempts to quash *intifadeh*, as if violence ever righted a wrong or alleviated suffering. But I am also pained by the response of many Christians to these events. Although their condemnations of Israel's brutality are legitimately founded on appeals for morality and justice, I also hear a surprising ignorance of the historical events that led to the violence.

Stanley Zarowin attends Staten Island (N.Y.) Meeting, which he helped launch. He is active in Friends activities on the monthly, quarterly, and Friends General Conference levels.

I ask myself, how is it that this well-documented recent history is unknown by otherwise well-informed people? My sad conclusion is that it is not unknown: it is either forgotten, or, worse, ignored.

And so history is being rewritten.

Much of the source of that amnesia is, I fear, long-dormant anti-Semitism, a quiescent virus that was born with Christianity nearly 2,000 years ago. There appears to be no cure for it, only a palliative. I believe that the recent events have awakened a new and virulent

burden they are imposing on Jews can be more menacing because it is laced with Quaker tenderness and concern. To be charitable, I would concede that in many instances this double-think may not even be on the conscious level, which makes it even more dangerous. How does such subtle anti-Semitism affect Jews who live outside the Israeli sanctuary, where the deity cited in the motto "In God We Trust" is not always recognized as the same God who confronted Moses on Mount Sinai, where most Jews are so fully assimilated into their national cultures that often neither their actions nor their surnames reveal their heritage?

Most Jews, whether they admit it or not, react with some level of apprehension. The Spanish Inquisition and East European pogroms are ancient history, easy to forget. But *Shoah*, the Holocaust, is too recent to be ignored. Brave or not, the Jew who identifies anti-Semitism responds with fear, as much for his or her own life as for that of family and tribe.

Don't be misled by the word fear. I may fear but I do not necessarily tremble. Our sophisticated defenses disguise our anxiety. It may be expressed as overcompensation—humor, arrogance, megalomania, overachievement. Or it may be expressed as self-hatred—depression, anger, indifference. Neither self-effacement nor philanthropy cures fear.

Filmmaker Woody Allen, for example, has stylized Jewish self-effacement; he may, for all I know, also be into philanthropy. In a passionate letter to *The New York Times* he voiced his personal shame (fear) in the name of all Jews for Israel's actions. Other Jews if not voicing their shame, are suffering their fear in silence, dreading each day's news from Gaza. To be sure, many of these Jews simply may be exhibiting their humanity and sense of justice. But more likely than not, they don't want to be identified with these actions for fear of retribution, for fear of a resurgence of overt anti-Semitism, or worse.

And so, like Woody Allen, they choose an apologist reaction to their



form of the germ. What is unique about this strain is that it allows many Christians who see themselves as above bigotry the freedom to voice otherwise objectionable views.

This insidious brand of anti-Semitism—insidious because it is more difficult to address—is now being applied by many apparently unbiased Gentiles. In fact, many Friends who identify themselves as enemies of bigotry and champions of toleration, and stand bravely as witness to those beliefs, are often the most difficult to address. The

Anti-Semitism



Courtesy of American Friends Service Committee



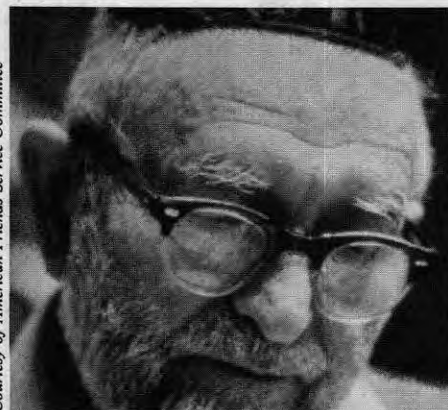
Larry Miller/American Friends Service Committee

Top left: A Palestinian woman
Right: An Israeli man
Bottom left: A street in Jerusalem

ignore the suffering of the Palestinians, I also cannot ignore the suffering of Israelis who wish nothing more than to live in peace with their Arab neighbors. And although I empathize with the anger and frustration of the young Arab, I cannot ignore the fear and anger of the young Israeli soldier caught up in this maelstrom and left spiritually drained.

These horrors remind me of Vietnam, where young U.S. soldiers, similarly brutalized by a "holy war," were transformed into brutalizers.

While I recognize the poverty and pain of the Arabs in the Occupied Territories, I cannot forget that Syria, the



Courtesy of American Friends Service Committee

nation to which those people are historically bound, has for 40 years rejected them and has instead nurtured their alien condition and thus their anger. And while I pray for a nonviolent solution, I cannot forget the vow of Arab leaders to drive the Jews into the sea. Nor can I forget the car bombs, the attacks on busloads of children, the missile attacks on Jewish communities, the hijackings, the refusal to negotiate. . . .

God forgive me if this sounds like I am minimizing the Arabs' plight. And forgive me if I convey the impression that I am trying to trivialize brutality by comparing one with the other. There can be no justification of an eye-for-an-eye mentality.

My hope in writing these words is not to compare the plight of Arab and Jew. On the contrary, my hope is that neither's plight be overlooked. That, I

believe, will be sufficient to sensitize Gentiles to this reality: neither side is totally innocent and no solution will be found through military force or through a defeat of either side.

Jewish Witness

Not all of Israel is marching in step with its government. There is a witness for humanity, and Jews weep for their brother and sister Arabs. There is a witness for nonviolence: the Peace Now (Shalom Achshav) and There Is a Limit (Yesh Gvul) movements. And their numbers are growing in response to the killings. But they need support for non-violence, not condemnation of their government's real fear of annihilation.

What can a Jew, or a Quaker who espouses nonviolence, for that matter, do or say in response to these unfortunate events? I say this: before we condemn Israel for its transgressions so strongly that we forget history, we must ask, *When was the last time we were threatened with a covenant of death? When was our witness to nonviolence challenged by a smoking gun held to the temple of our loved one?*

Condemning Israel is hardly appropriate—if that is the only response. Neither is a denunciation of Arab terrorism, if that is the only response. The fact is, both Arab and Jew are suffering deeply. And what must be remembered is that they are suffering because of events that are virtually beyond their control. Neither can act unilaterally. In fact, the forces compelling both sides are so overwhelming that they may be unable to bilaterally act with goodwill even if they wish to. Any meaningful solution requires the agreement of other Arab nations, and for the moment that likelihood seems remote, which underscores the source of the calamity in the Occupied Territories.

Peace would be better served if we—U.S. Jew and Gentile alike—spoke out for justice, not victory; for understanding, not condemnation; for unity, not divisiveness. Thomas Merton said, "It is not sufficient for us to hate war, we must love peace." □

Jewish guilt. And who can blame them? Is it a sin to be afraid? To pray for survival? Jewish history has taught us not to accept the validity of paranoia.

Intifadeh in Perspective

Although I condemn the actions of the Israeli soldiers, I cannot ignore the terrorist attacks by the Palestine Liberation Organization. Although I cannot

FRIENDLY

by Joy Goldstein

Friendly divorce? Do Friends believe in divorce? Amid grief and anger can there be any friendliness? Although circumstances vary widely among couples, I hope that sharing my experience may contribute information and encouragement to other Friends dealing with divorce. A divorce under the care of the meeting may prevent some potential disasters and can provide some real blessings. I especially encourage Friends to proceed at their own pace and to mind the Light they have. *Way does open!*

Divorce is increasingly common among Friends, but it continues to make us uncomfortable. None of us deals too well with negative relationships, especially when we truly care about the people involved. And there is a tension between the reality of divorce among our members and our belief, as a Society, in marriage as a lifelong commitment.

Our culture in general has not yet found a good way to deal with divorce. One of the complaints of people who get divorced is that there is no ceremony to mark the change to a new life. The courts have as little in the way of ritual as we Quakers do. The state's interests are that the dissolved marriage not become a burden on the state; that children are provided for, that the ex-partners have a fair settlement—usually approximately 50-50. Emotional and spiritual considerations are not the concern of the legal system.

But divorce is as real a life-change as marriage, and the emotional and spiritual dimensions are where that change is rooted. In my own divorce I found certain beliefs essential: the faith that God was present with us all the time; that (whether they chose to act on it or not) there was some of that divine and loving intelligence in each of the people involved; and that our decisions

Joy Goldstein is a member of Eastside (Wash.) Meeting. She and her ex-husband Don were founders of Vashon Island (Wash.) Worship Group and are regular attenders. Joy is an occupational therapist and works with children under age three who are developmentally delayed.



could become expressions in present time of divine and eternal wisdom. Divorce, like birth, marriage, and death, calls up *all we are* in order to deal with it. I believe that at such times we are most open to the Light. Friendly methods gave us a framework that provided emotional support, and allowed

for a wholeness in the process. Although it was not a conscious concern, reality *became* the ritual, verifying Friends' belief that all life is sacramental.

I had known for a long time that for my own growth I needed to escape from the insulating security of my marriage and become a more self-reliant adult. But I feared the future without financial resources to fall back on. It was important to me to continue in a caring relationship with Don, since it was my need for further growth rather than his fault which moved me toward separation. I knew he wanted to continue to feel part of the family of his stepsons and their families, and that in our small community and our small worship group we would continue to interact. I was sure that his generosity would provide a settlement that fit my needs better than a court settlement would, and it seemed to me that only if that settlement came of his own free will could we continue as friends. But though he was willing to go to counseling, he did *not* want a divorce. I could not see beyond the likelihood of bitter conflict.

One morning in meeting I visualized a settlement mediated by Friends, in a search for the guidance of the Spirit. With that idea there came a great sense of opening. Such a settlement, while it might not be the best for me (as I saw it), would be the most life-serving total solution. In that awareness I could let go of the fear and the need to get everything I could from the settlement.

Our worship group was too small for a clearness committee. We needed to seek out individuals to counsel with us on particular issues. Friends we asked felt profoundly aware of their own inadequacies and expressed much doubt about their ability to help. Just their listening affirmed that this was really happening, and that love and caring continued to surround us. And in addition to our gathered human efforts to see as clearly and compassionately as possible, there was always Someone Else present, seeking to work through us toward greater love.

Getting divorced is like getting married. Both are times to *make real what*

DIVORCE

is, to bring the external realities of living arrangements and social and legal recognition into conformity with the inner realities experienced by the two individuals. In marriage, there is the engagement, a time between the time when the decision is made and the time the event takes place. It is a time of preparation and purposeful bonding during which questions about the future are decided. In divorcing, we found a period of *disengagement*.

In engagement, the energy is that of love and happy expectations. In disengagement, it is anger and sorrow, hope, and caring for oneself. In this unbonding, we came to see anger as a way of gathering energy against old responses and for the move away. It was a force for change. A Friendly divorce does not mean a divorce without angry feelings. But the Friendly support helped in limiting pointless angry behavior. Friends are good listeners. Their love curtailed our mood swings and reduced feelings of isolation and embarrassment. No one took sides. Loving friendship validated the positive aspects of our personalities even as it accepted angry feelings. Their reflection of us as worthy, loving people helped us to retain identity when old supports were removed.

We had no children together. My sons were grown (and were part of our support system). We accomplished our divorce without lawyers. This is often possible if the couple have reached agreement on property settlement and arrangements for child custody and support. Avoiding lawyers does more than save money. For me, filling out the legal forms and going to the courthouse to file them was an important part of "making real what is." It was an opportunity to test again my conviction that this was the right thing for me to be doing. It made it clear that my future as a single person was something I was choosing. In order to file the petition, I had to compile a complete list of our assets, and to begin to pay the serious attention to financial details which being on my own would require. Don helped with this list, but I went alone to file the petition. Don's nonparticipation



said that this was not of his choice but that he would not oppose it.

Another reason for doing it ourselves involved simplicity. The participation of lawyers in a divorce brings two other people into the picture—people committed to an adversarial point of view very different from the context of Friends'

beliefs. The lawyer's task is to obtain for the individual client the best possible financial settlement and custody and support arrangements, without regard to the needs of the ex-partner. In most states, a lawyer who fails to fully pursue the client's best interests (as the law sees it) can be sued. By avoiding lawyers, we avoided having two strangers who were not familiar with our values do our fighting for us.

We did consult a mediation service. In this approach, a lawyer and a professional counselor, working as a team, help the couple negotiate their own settlement. This is still an adversarial framework, where the goal is to arrive at a set of tradeoffs that will stand up in court. Emotional values are generally

In addition to our gathered human efforts to see as clearly as possible, there was always Someone Else present, seeking to work through us toward greater love.

seen as irrelevant unless strong feelings block negotiations. The idea that we might all be operating in a spiritual context found no recognition.

Because I refused to proceed within that limited framework, we went back to our Friends. Their doubt that they could help was almost palpable, but all of us were willing to be helped. And in the silence of a meeting for worship, we were not limited to a division of property as the only consideration. The other dimensions were held up to the Light as well.

What came first were feelings: appreciation for how hard the other had tried, and in the safety of loving silence, tremendous anger. Then our friend John mentioned the issue where we

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seemed most bitterly opposed, asking each of us to say separately why it was important to us. As we each spoke thoughtfully of *why* it mattered, it was obvious that one of us had a strong emotional need, while for the other any substitute of equal value would do. Here was a way to open up the places where we had locked horns.

We had also made a list of other important possessions, with much genuine agreement as to who should receive what items. We set the difficult items aside, hoping we could find our way through the intense feelings with help from others. Now we went back over that list, asking each other, "Why is this important to you?" and found that usually a particular item had emotional meaning for one of us, where the other simply needed something that would fill that function in their new life.

These decisions about money and things were symbols of feelings we were both struggling with. It was easier to deal with the things when we could say what they meant to us, and be heard. We were working together, not in opposition, building a new bond as we dissolved the old one.

It was not with the mediators or even with our Friends that the last piece of the settlement solution fell into place, but alone with one another, having learned that we could take time to be silent and thoughtful in our exchange, and that statements of feeling were part of the process. Don's final suggestion of a substantial but deferred payment, came out of love, and it was with love and relief that I agreed.

Don did the actual writing of the settlement agreement. This was his area of greatest skill and knowledge. But it was also his part of making it real, his active contribution to the process. In court, the black-robed commissioner looked it over, pausing to read details. Then he leaned back and said, "I have to congratulate you. This is probably the

best *pro se* (appearing on your own behalf) divorce I've ever seen." I wanted Don to hear that, because he had written it. But I felt congratulated on the whole process; I had come through it all, step by step, keeping my wits about me and holding in faith to the truths I really knew. The legal dimension was real and had been blessed.

When it came time for Don to move his things to his new house, we were blessed again with Friends, not only helping physically, but helping me, at least, to bite my tongue. In that context of love, moving furniture became part of the ritual of the divorce—another aspect of the "making real what is."

The next two Sundays our worship group met first in my newly emptied space, and then in Don's new house. I was deeply aware how these meetings affirmed the reality of the new relationship on the emotional and spiritual levels. A true sacrament is two things at once; it is a point where the sacred touches us, and it is a marker of real change. In the silence in Don's new living room, I found myself still full of leftover pain, and yet the small voice within clearly urged me to speak. "May this house be blessed. . .," I began, stumbling on the words. Another member of the worship group finished it for me: "May it be a place of welcome for others and of comfort for Don." I went back to silence, with a sense of benediction. Reality, again, was the sacrament.

When it is all over, it is not all over. Writers on divorce speak of the two years following the divorce as "crazy time." It is a period of disorganization and reorganization when we try on new parts of ourselves and new ways of being in the world. We learn to take care of ourselves, acquiring skills which formerly belonged to the partner. We learn to cope with depression and anxiety in new ways. Because of the way we accomplished our divorce, Don and I are able to ask one another for help and advice. We continue to be supportive F/friends to one another. The sense of family which we shared with my sons seems almost unaltered when we are all together, so strong is shared history! Other divorcing Friends might wish for or need more emotional distance, but I believe it is true grace when that distance between ex-partners, however wide or narrow, is filled with peace and comfort rather than hostility, and we know that "by turning, turning, we've come round right." □



by James W. Beard

About a month before Christmas, Sam Rockwell, a member of Stillwater (Ohio) Meeting, died at his home in Barnesville after a relatively short bout with cancer. "Relatively short" meant he was still milking cows in September and was gone a little after Thanksgiving. Relative to about anything, it was a long time to be in pain.

Sam wasn't even his name, although that's what everyone called him. He turned his parents' attempt to name him Carl into a capital C period. He kept the "Franklin" because something had to follow the C., but no one ever called him Frank more than once. C. Franklin Rockwell. If you wanted to learn what Quaker education really is, you could do a lot worse than to look to the lessons taught by Sam.

Sam was not an educator, Quaker or otherwise, in the usual sense of the word. He never taught at one of the Friends schools, although he served Olney Friends School in countless ways throughout his life. No, instead of facing a classroom year after year, Sam used his life on the farm to teach any who would care to learn a bit more about the joy of living.

Sam was one of the gentlest farmers who ever came along. He knew every single one of his cows by name. He treated them with love and affection, and mourned their passing when it came time for them to go. Countless visitors

Jim Beard first visited the Rockwell farm in 1972 as a guest of Sam's youngest daughter Kathleen, whom he later married. Jim was headmaster of Olney Friends School from 1985 to 1988. He is a member of Stillwater (Ohio) Meeting.

C. Franklin Rockwell: A Quaker Educator



Photos courtesy of the Rockwell family

left his farm entranced by the image of Sam hunkered down milking a cow with one cat on his shoulders and another on his knee. He always had time to scratch the dogs and pet the calves.

The course Sam taught didn't come with a catchy title. It probably wouldn't fit in any school catalog since it changed from student to student. The essence of it was to share the wonder of our world and the thrills to be had from savoring life. Anyone who happened by was welcome to enroll for as long as they were able.

There probably wasn't really a grand plan for Sam to be a teacher. But Sam was so happy with life that it was hard not to get caught up in his class. He welcomed anyone, and took pains to draw them into the special world in which we lived.

Sam shared his extraordinary love of life by including visitors in his world. The first places to which those visitors were drawn were the calf pens, the scene where life on his farm started. More often than not the visitor ended up holding the gigantic baby bottle for an eager little doe-eyed calf.

If there happened to be a new calf on the way, visitors were included in the birthing, even if it meant a cold trip to the barn at a strange hour of the night. If the calf was born somewhere in the fields, Sam would invite the visitor to help search for it. Few could imagine a better way to see the glorious earth than to go out into the fields and search.

In the chill morning fog one would see deer, hawks, and all manner of creatures. The fields felt soft and friendly, welcoming the stumbling footfall of the stranger trying to navigate a cow path while still woozy with sleep. Eventually the visitor would come upon the new calf, lying still wherever its mother had hidden it away. Such a moment lingered long in the hearts of Sam's visitors.

Sam taught his guests how to work. Everything looked like such fun it just had to be tried. Folks were never required to help, but to miss it would be to pass by the joy of the day. People learned to load wagons with hay and see the birds at the same time. For Sam's children it was too much. Their exuberance burst out in full song all through the working day.

Sam deftly encouraged his "students" to come back for more. Visitors were often asked to name a calf born during their stay. Sam ended up with a barn full of cows with such entertaining names as Desert Flower, Nutmeg, March Miss, Omega, Pilgrim, Hepzibah McGillicuddy, and Frothing Slosh. Others would discover that a calf had been named after them. Most found that they could never fully leave behind the place where a calf resided that they had helped bring into the world.

The visitors came to Sam's farm from all kinds of backgrounds. A lot of them were brought home by his children. Many arrived during college vacations. But the most important visitors to Sam were the "strays." Sam's farm was close to the edge of town, and kids would just show up to see what was going on. For many, the magic of Sam's world was too much to resist, and they came back again and again to learn more about this joyful life. For some, the visit turned into months and then to years. Here they learned the joys of love, work, God, joy and ultimately life.

As the family greeted the friends of Sam's life by his coffin at the funeral home, these visitors returned. One was in her mid-thirties. Several were in their twenties. Some were still teenagers. Most were local. One came 300 miles. They were all a loving testimony to a very special man and his grasp of what a real Quaker education is all about.

Sam encouraged and nurtured what was right in his students. He allowed what was wrong to wither and leave of its own accord. He shared the thrills to be found in all the nooks and crannies of life, and taught how to seek out the joy. He inspired his students to contribute at home, in their community and to the larger world. Most of all, he let his students know that they were loved fully and unconditionally. Quakers have always had a hard time defining what it is that makes a Friends education, but in Sam's life there was a clear reflection of what such an education aspires to be. □

Sharing the Strengths

A Call for Cooperation between Friends and Unitarian Universalists

by John C. Morgan

Religious experience, rather than the authority of the Scriptures or church dogma, is the dynamic center of religious life among Friends and Unitarian Universalists. Religious truth, by whatever name it is called, is never to be secondhand, but discovered experimentally and learned through experience.

Friends and Unitarian Universalists (UUs) share not only a common heritage from the so-called "left wing" of the Reformation, but an amazing kinship in our time. We may name the experience in what may sound to be different words—"the Inner Light" or "spirit of truth"—but the experience itself shows common ground. Commenting on this shared experience, Larry Ingle, a Friend, and William Schultz, president of the Unitarian Universalist Association, said in an article in *FRIENDS JOURNAL* (Jan. 1988): "... 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."

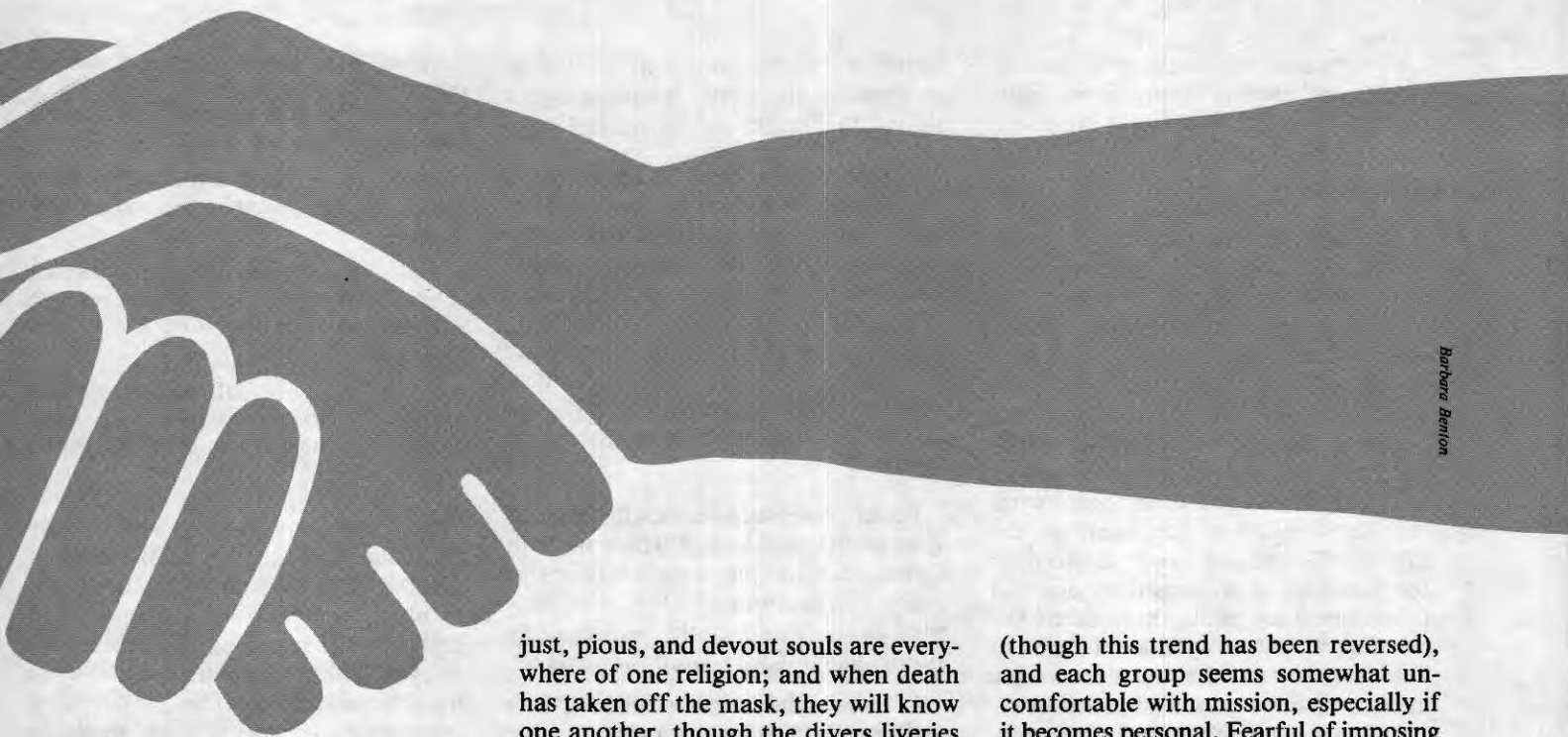
I believe that the time is ripe for renewed dialogue and cooperative action between these two religious movements. There are many areas of mutuality, such as in social issues, and there are areas of striking difference, such as lay or

clerical leadership, but even these differences may be opportunities for institutional renewal. UUs have a great deal to learn about the power of stillness and silence and group mysticism, while Friends could learn a great deal about UU patterns of leadership and how UUs are wrestling with issues of pluralism and making our local congregations more inclusive, more open to diverse racial and economic groups. What may appear to be opposites are sometimes complementary, and the mark of a vital faith is one that is open to new insights.

It is true that the Unitarian Universalist tradition has placed primary emphasis on the cognitive path to truth, though this emphasis is growing less. Meanwhile, Friends remain firmly within the mystic tradition. Yet the distinctions are not all that rigid. There is, I believe, a hunger for the mystic dimension among many Unitarian Universalists and growing awareness of the limitations of reason. While Friends may speak of the Inner Light or the spirit of the Divine within each person, UUs also believe that there is good within every person. In fact, one of the living traditions described in the UUA statement of principles and purposes has a familiar ring to many Friends: "The living tradition we share draws from many sources: direct experience of that transcending mystery and wonder, affirmed in all cultures, which moves us to a renewal of the spirit and openness to the forces which create and uphold life. . . ."

Dialogue between Friends and UUs is hardly of recent vintage, such as the meeting in 1987 in Wappingers Falls, New York, from which stemmed the ar-

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ticle by Larry Ingle and William F. Schultz. Our roots go deep together. Each of our traditions emerged during the same century, and often in response to the same ecclesiastical oppression. And while some Unitarians believe (wrongly) that their ancestors are the only people who refused to accept the doctrine of the trinity, it is interesting to remember that William Penn expressed the same doubts in his book, *Sandy Foundation Shaken*. Strangely enough, one of the first times the word *unitarian* appeared in print in English was in a book against the Friends (*Controversy Ended*, 1672-73). Universalist historians also remind us that when the early Universalist, George de Benneville, came to North America, he was greeted by Christopher Sower, a Universalist Friend. In more recent times, during the so-called "Unitarian Renaissance," Frederick May Eliot, president of the American Unitarian Association, sought to engage in dialogue with Friends.

Why do we sense in each other spiritual friends? Obviously, one reason is that we share so much common history. But, at a deeper level, I suspect we recognize in each other a "company of strangers," friends who share an essential unity of spirit, though our forms of expression appear different. We share the same struggle and find in each other kindred spirits. Each tradition can embrace the words of William Penn, written in 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."

During the past two years I have had the opportunity of participating both in UU and Friends activities, most especially worship. And from these experiences I can offer some limited, tentative insights about our respective traditions.

Three emerging concerns seem to mark each group.

The first is an organizational concern. How can each movement, given its emphasis on individual freedom of belief and a creedless religion renew its institutional covenant? In other words, what is the basis of religious community or organized behavior? No groups that I know are ever really united by their differences. But what does "unity of spirit" mean, and how can we form communities of people who are diverse in their unity?

A second issue has to do with religious identity. Given the pluralism of the times, what is it that binds us into religious community, and not just a collection of individuals? Just how broad is our spiritual center? This is not simply a theological concern, though it is that, but a sociological concern. By and large, both UUs and Friends are not diversified in terms of race and class—a factor, I believe, which does not speak well of our professions of inclusiveness and openness to continuing revelation or truth.

A third issue has to do with mission or, if you prefer, outreach or evangelism. Both traditions have experienced declines in recent years in membership

(though this trend has been reversed), and each group seems somewhat uncomfortable with mission, especially if it becomes personal. Fearful of imposing our values on others, we have sometimes left missionary work to others, and the result has been that our good news has not even been heard by those who might need to hear a gospel of liberation and justice.

In each of these three concerns, I believe that cooperative reflection and action can benefit both Friends and UUs. We are struggling with the same issues, and our shared responses might be heard in a very dark world. To be sure, there are some areas in which our traditions seem quite distinct.

One such area is worship. It is quite different to sit in a UU service and in an unprogrammed Friends meeting. One is predominantly verbal and musical, and the other still and quiet. In one, the focus seems to be on the pulpit, and the other on the sense of the whole meeting. In one, the minister seems to play a greater role than the congregation, and in the other everyone seems to be a minister. Granted there are some UU fellowships which seem almost Quaker-like in worship, and some Quaker meetings with a minister, hymns, and readings. But generally, the worship format is quite different, and many times even the purpose of worship.

A second area of difference has to do with the issue of leadership. While there are Quaker pastors, the dominant mode of leaders is lay—or, everyone is a minister. Among UUs, there is a specialized form of ministry, ordination, and employment of full-time religious professionals.

A third area has to do with how decisions are reached within the religious community, or how power is exercised. Historically, both groups have placed great authority at the local level, congregation, or meeting, while also providing avenues for wider association (districts among UUs, quarterly and yearly meetings among Friends). The process of decision making also seems quite different. Among UUs, within the so-called "free church tradition," the majority rules, votes are taken, and decisions reached according to a self-described democratic process, though UUs can sometimes suffer from what has been called a "tyranny of the minority." Among Friends, at meetings for business a consensus is reached (sometimes) by taking a sense of the meeting, though an outsider might be so bold as to suggest that the clerk of any meeting retains a great deal of authority.

My own sense is that these differences are grounded in unique histories, but that each group might learn something from the other. For example, silence is a profound worship experience, and wordy UUs have much to learn about keeping quiet. At the same time, as UUs struggle with the meaning of leadership, and its many forms, perhaps some insights can be offered to Friends.

What can be done to foster renewed cooperation between the two groups? It is obvious to me that the dialogue has already begun. Our choice is whether to

continue it or not, not walking behind or ahead of the spirit, but alongside. I have a few rather simple suggestions.

Continue and expand our opportunities for dialogue. This might be done between such groups as Friends General Conference and the Unitarian Universalist Association, but mostly—and probably more important—between local UU congregations and meetings. Occupying common geographic areas, we have much to share with each other. We are neighbors, and spiritual neighbors at that.

Foster greater appreciation in those services to the world upon which we both agree. For example, on such issues as peace and economic justice, our presence in the world could be incredibly strengthened if we shared the struggle.

Create a voluntary association of UUs and Friends to sharpen our shared vision and look at ways to engage in cooperative ventures. Our goal would not be merger, but closer cooperation. By so doing, we would value the interrelatedness of life of which each tradition is a part. Among the questions which such a group might consider are:

What is the "root metaphor" or essential vision of each group? Where do these differ? Where do they converge?

What is the source of our respective religious authority?

What is our distinctive message, and how do we reach out to the world? What are our missions—and how do we communicate these missions to the world?

How can we understand each other's forms of worship, organization, and decision-making?

How can each group best address the issue of inclusivity so that our respective religious communities become more open to a future that is already here?

Do our respective faiths demand of us the creation of new meetings or new congregations, and how do we carry out such a vision?

In a strangely moving way, I have discovered our times to be like those of the Old Testament prophet, Jeremiah. In his time, Israel was at the brink of destruction; Jerusalem had been destroyed. The people were in exile, while the orthodox religion of the age had failed to respond to deeper spiritual needs. In the midst of such times came these words to the prophet: "I build you once more. You shall be rebuilt. Set up signposts, raise landmarks, mark the road well, the way by which you went. Come home."

It is a prophetic message that UUs and Friends would do well to heed. It is possible to drag the future toward us. It also is possible to draw the wagons closer. As we open ourselves to each other, surely we can learn to share the struggle. □

Friendly Funnies



Signe Wilkinson is a member of Willistown (Pa.) Meeting and is editorial cartoonist for the Philadelphia Daily News.

Impelled to Pray

by Judith Kotary Straffin



Narcissa Weatherbee

I woke at one in the morning, in deep trouble. I felt tossed and restless, impelled to act somehow. I felt impelled to pray.

But how? I felt the old resistance. Growing up Catholic, I'd learned to associate prayer with a *place*: a church, a pew, a sacred space of some kind. And I regarded prayer as an act of will; it was something I had to choose to do.

Bed wasn't the place for it. I roamed the house until I settled in an old blue velvet chair with encompassing arms.

"All right," I told myself. "Pray."

I could not. I was mute. Words would not form. Inside was trouble and outside was silence. There were no Friendly others at Meeting to warm me into belief. Around me was only the silence of one in the morning on a Wednesday night in February.

I stopped struggling to speak to God, with God. I sat quietly and did not know I was waiting for anything. Then, slowly as first light on a winter morning, the space around me changed, grew softer, came alive.

And then I understood. Prayer is not the words I make to God. Prayer does not need me to begin it. It begins the instant I turn toward God. In a way I do not understand, prayer is begun for me in a subtle shift of my whole being.

Perhaps when we need God, God grasps us before we even know ourselves taken. Before we know, we have begun to pray. □

Judith Kotary Straffin is a member of Beloit (Wis.) Meeting. She teaches composition and literature at Rock Valley College and is a feminist, a jazz lover, a photographer, the mother of a 17-year old son, and the spouse of a mathematician.



Back-Bencher on the Front Lines

by Avis Crowe

It was a dreary Cape Town winter day: chilly, wet, gray. I rounded the corner of St. George's Cathedral and found U.S. Quaker Elizabeth Pearson at her post in front of a small, makeshift Buddhist shrine, quietly beating a Buddhist drum. Garbed in rain gear, she was kneeling on a foam rubber pad. On the sidewalk were flowers and several small plants, gifts from passersby. There were even a few coins on the ground, donations from well-wishers, I assumed. A single sheet of paper, plastic-coated, and secured by stones, explained Elizabeth's presence and that of her two companions. This was the 37th day of a 40-day fast and vigil. Nara Greenway, an English Buddhist nun, had been the

A former student, housekeeper, visiting instructor, and retreat leader at Pendle Hill, Avis Crowe has led workshops and retreats in Cape Western Monthly Meeting in South Africa, where she has lived with her husband, Dyckman Vermilye. Now at home in the Albuquerque area, she hopes to continue with her writing and spiritual direction.

catalyst and was, as Liz later told me, "the star of the show." Nara was accompanied by Dutch novice Buddhist Irene Winje, and Elizabeth Pearson, who is from Albany, New York.

Liz was an unlikely looking radical, engaged in a radical act. I couldn't help thinking, "what's a nice U.S. Quaker doing beating a Buddhist drum in front of an Anglican cathedral in Cape Town, South Africa?" She explained that an old Buddhist monk gave her the drum. Jun-san, the Japanese Buddhist nun who shares Liz's apartment in Albany, explained that the closest English translation of the chant used while beating the drum is the prayer of St. Francis. Liz said she has often used this prayer and feels quite comfortable with it. It made it possible for her to participate in the beating of the drum. She later learned that Japanese and English Buddhists often have different translations of things. Nara also wanted Liz to do the deep bowing she and Irene did, but Liz wouldn't do that.

In an interview with Liz after the vigil was concluded, I discovered that her journey to St. George's had begun many, many years before. Raised a Presbyterian, Liz's maternal grandmother was brought up in the Oakwood Friends School Orphanage in Perry City, New York. The grandmother had a strong influence on Liz's mother, and Liz grew up with Quaker sayings and stories. In college years, Elizabeth spent some time at Detroit's Merrill Palmer School, where there was an American Friends Service Committee clothing center in the basement. She quickly became involved in AFSC work, beginning at a farm labor camp in Mt. Holly, New Jersey. After she married, she and her Quaker husband (they are now divorced) were assigned to Chicago and became active in Friends meetings there. In 1959 the family moved to Albany, New York, where Liz has been an active member in the Albany Meeting, serving as clerk until she stepped down to travel to South Africa.

Putting herself on the front line is nothing new for Elizabeth Pearson. In 1971 she helped organize a demonstration of 500 Quakers from around the country who convened in the nation's capital to hold President Nixon in the Light. Liz experienced her first arrest and spent 36 hours in jail. "It was interesting—not at all frightening." With a touch of humor she added, "Since then, I've been getting arrested

periodically." During the court proceedings following that first arrest, Liz learned a lot about Quaker testimonies, and was able to act for the first time on such testimonies as affirming, rather than swearing, and not standing for the judge. With the help of a woman attorney from the American Civil Liberties Union, the defendants were acquitted; some, including Liz, took on the government and sued for damages. They won their case.

It was on her release from jail about a year ago that Liz met Nara, through Jun-san. Nara had been to South Africa

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the previous year, and had decided a major walk was called for to protest government policies, especially the detention of children. The original plan was a walk from Port Elizabeth to Cape Town, a distance of about 475 miles, concluding with a week of prayer and fasting. Nara had arranged meetings with various anti-Apartheid groups and was hoping to recruit walkers. Liz, who had taken part in several long peace walks, agreed to go. While Nara returned to London to complete the arrangements for the walk, Liz proceeded with visa application and travel plans. Liz's decision became an opening for Albany Meeting, which had been trying to discern a way to be part of the South African struggle. Liz has spoken often of how important the support of her meeting was during her experience, which turned out to be quite different than she anticipated.

In fact, the whole project almost fell apart. Arriving in London, Liz learned

that the expected backing hadn't materialized and that there was only one other walker besides herself and Nara. Nara seemed ready to back out, and Liz had her worst moments right there. "I felt like I was letting the meeting down. But I just decided I'd see it through, no matter what happened." What happened was that Quakers all along the way, from Soweto to Natal to Cape Town provided support, hospitality, and encouragement. Nara told Liz at one point, "I could never have done it without you." What also happened was that a 40-day vigil and fast evolved to take the place of the walk. St. George's Cathedral is in the heart of Cape Town, not far from Parliament. Archbishop Tutu's home church, it has been the site of many vigils and demonstrations in recent years. In her prior trip to South Africa, Nara had secured permission to use the crypt of the cathedral, and a tiny space there became the trio's headquarters during the 40-day period.

"It was Nara's fast. She wanted it to be hers. I've always been a backbencher, so that was okay with me. I think Nara felt her action would be so dramatic that it would have an impact on the government." (Irene joined in the fast during the last ten days; Elizabeth simply continued her usual routine of fasting once a week.)

For those 40 days the women alternated three-hour shifts, from 8:00 A.M. until 5:00 P.M. Except for a few unpleasant incidents, the vigil was peaceful. One disturbed woman periodically shouted at them, denouncing them for worshipping false idols. A man became aggressive with Nara; Liz simply walked over and stood between them. At the beginning, there were large crowds of curious onlookers, and some people complained about the noise of the drums and chanting. The three women were wearing Save the Children t-shirts, and the police decided they were a "riotous gathering," and asked them to leave. They refused. The dean of the cathedral intervened on their behalf and secured a three-day permit, at the end of which the police once again demanded that they leave. The women refused. A policeman asked Liz, "what would you do if you were me?" She replied, "I'd probably go to my superiors." That is exactly what the police did, returning with a prepared statement that Irene signed, stating that the women had been asked to leave but chose not to. And that was the end of it.

Between 3,000 and 5,000 people came

by. Some were afraid and held back for fear of arrest, Liz said. Several admitted they waited till there was no one else around before daring to come forth to speak. Most people were curious, interested, supportive. The fast happened during the Muslim celebration of Ramadan, during which fasting and the giving of alms play a central part. So the Muslims were interested in Nara, and were generous with gifts of money. Others gave money, too—children, black people, little people. Many stopped to talk,

'What sustained me was the Quaker understanding of that of God in every person. I tried to see that in everyone I encountered here.'

to ask questions, or simply to stand, or sit, with the women. A sense of community developed as a group of regulars returned day after day to lend their support and encouragement. Many of these came to a farewell potluck meal at the home of members of Cape Western Monthly Meeting, which provided hospitality for Nara, Irene, and Liz before and after the 40 days.

What sustained Elizabeth? What kept her going? What did she learn during this unique sojourn on the other side of the world? "For one thing, I've learned a lot about interpersonal relationships. Nara's a very strong person . . . and I'm not so weak, myself. I've had to be real firm about what I believe. I've never felt so grounded in the Friends' way of doing things. I feel like I've internalized nonviolence. What sustained me was the Quaker understanding of that of

God in every person. I tried to see that in everyone I encountered here."

I had asked Liz if she had been afraid. Her answer was immediate and simple: "If anything is going to happen to me, then it will happen and I'm not going to worry about it."

Perhaps Liz's train journey from Johannesburg to Cape Town best summarizes what has been at work in Elizabeth Pearson, back-bencher from Albany on the front lines in South Africa. Nara and Irene had planned to fly from Johannesburg, but this was unacceptable to Liz. "We'd been separated by the system from the black people of South Africa, except from our brief stay in Soweto; I simply had no desire to fly." Elizabeth decided to travel third class by train—unheard of for white people. The travel agent refused to sell her a ticket; at the train station she was given a hard time, but she finally prevailed. On the train, she shared her compartment with seven others, all black—six men and one woman. Besides the ticket taker, who kept checking up on her, Elizabeth Pearson was the only white person in the car. She said they shared food and conversation, and most of the other riders were friendly toward her. However, there was a lot of drinking, and one man kept coming past looking at her. He was finally asked to leave. Later, after her fellow travelers had gotten off, the man returned, and belligerently confronted her, asking her why she was taking up a seat when she could be riding in the first class section. Liz told him that she came to South Africa to speak truth to power and that she wanted to be part of the South African community while there. She said she wanted to share the troubles of the black South Africans and that the people of the United States were concerned about what was happening there.

There was a brief moment of silence; then the man smiled, gave Liz a big hug, and lurched drunkenly on down the aisle.

On the final day of the vigil, a member of Parliament who had waved to Liz every morning but had never spoken, came over and told her that he was going to miss her. "You don't realize how much power you've got," he said. Liz responded, "It's not our power." Wishing her good luck, the man went on his way, leaving Elizabeth Pearson to continue demonstrating that answering that of God in every person really works. □

Friendly A

by Dyckman Vermilye
and Avis Crowe

We have recently lived for a year and a half in South Africa as sojourning members of the Cape Western Monthly Meeting of Southern Africa Yearly Meeting. The yearly meeting includes Friends in Malawi, Zambia, Botswana, Zimbabwe, Mozambique, and Lesotho, as well as South Africa; contrary to what is often assumed, there is no yearly meeting just for South Africa. Our experience there confirmed a concern that had been growing in us long before we left the United States and which a number of people on both sides of the ocean expressed to us: that financial assistance and program development intended by U.S. Friends for South Africa and for other troubled areas of the world is often poorly thought out and implemented or simply inappropriate. This may be prompted by concern and enthusiasm on the part of Friends, but American zeal and impatience often circumvents Quaker process. This can lead, and indeed has led, to confusion, antagonism and resentment—conflict that is the very opposite of what is intended.

We have tried to think through some ways in which constructive help can be offered to Friends in difficult parts of the world. We offer the following suggestions that might serve as a springboard for dialogue in meetings and support groups that are struggling to discern how best they can "help."

- One of the first questions to address might be, "Do we want to help the Friends meeting or the needy and oppressed in the country in question?" To assume that a meeting is ready, willing, and has the capacity to be a conduit for your help may be a mistake. Friends *may* be happier directing you to other agencies and grassroots organizations in their country. Friends

sistance



Rose Mbude (center), who trains teacher aides and mothers for day care programs in townships, is paid by Quaker Service Fund through Cape Western Monthly Meeting. Here, she talks with a member of the meeting.

Avis Crowe

This means more time, more of what people from another part of the world might feel to be a different order of acting or behaving.

- Be as creative as possible in any offer of assistance, if you are led to make a specific proposal. Money isn't all that can be provided. The meeting may need something you cannot anticipate. Ask what is wanted before developing plans. Give the foreign meeting the chance to see your willingness to stand with them. Give some indication of the resources you are prepared to make available: would the meeting like a subscription to FRIENDS JOURNAL . . . Quaker Life . . . Pendle Hill Pamphlets? Can they choose titles up to a certain dollar amount from the catalogue of offerings printed by Quakers United In Publication? Do they want video equipment or audio cassettes or study packets from Woodbrooke or yearly meetings in the United States?
- If your resources permit it, ask if it would help to underwrite costs for a foreign Friend to sojourn in the United States for a while. Or, if it would be seen as helpful to have a U.S. Friend live among them for a while. No project, no agenda need be involved. A Friend with time to be with Friends abroad will inevitably find things to do. Meetings frequently need to be nurtured and loved. They are often so busy they haven't the time to devote

to this essential strengthening role.

- Be prepared for no response or even for a "thanks, but no thanks!" Pressures on individuals within meetings and on the meeting can be so intense that no additional project or proposal can be considered. We must be willing to accept with grace that our help is not wanted or needed. The simple expression of concern and the willingness to help may be the real gift.
- Recognize the possibility that a level of expertise may already exist in a foreign country in an area in which you may be prepared to offer expertise. Foreign Friends may ask for this help and welcome it, but don't assume that such resources are not already available to them.

One of the distinctive features of the Religious Society of Friends is the way it deals with concerns, seeks discernment, and makes decisions about possible action. It can be clumsy and time-consuming, and we in the First World often trip over our own impatience and need to feel useful. In doing so, and in ignoring the process or in not including the people whom we wish to help in that process, we weaken the fabric of the Society and engage in a kind of benign but nonetheless real form of violence. Let us rather learn to walk slowly, planting seeds of compassion and care instead of conflict and misunderstanding.

may also, because of their isolation, small size, and the burdens they already carry within the country, be needy and might welcome support.

- Recognize and respect the autonomy of meetings in foreign countries. If you want to help, ask first if your help is wanted. Be cautious of Friendly enthusiasm to do for others, which frequently includes deciding what is "best" for others and may be motivated as much from our own needs as the perceived needs of others.

- Communicate with as many Friends as you can establish contact with, keeping in mind that one person's views do not necessarily represent the sense of a meeting. Be sure to send a carbon copy of any correspondence to the clerk of the meeting abroad, or a record of phone conversations. Clerks (and meetings) like to know when foreign Friends are trying to be helpful. It is not appropriate to assume that your contact is keeping meetings and committees informed. This is probably not out of any wish to be secretive, but simply a matter of expediency and forgetfulness.

- Be prepared to have your initial offer of help sit for some time before you get an acknowledgement, or even a specific response to your offer. An approach from abroad is likely to be subjected to the same Quakerly process that we follow at home: it may be considered by the clerk, perhaps referred to overseers and elders for reactions, perhaps put on an agenda for a future monthly meeting, perhaps carried over into several monthly meetings so that unity can be discerned. It is also possible that one meeting may need to seek the opinion or reaction from another meeting in the country or in the yearly meeting. This takes time; correspondence is more likely than telephone calls.

Foundation for the Future

by Dyckman Vermilye

My wife called my attention to a notice in the morning paper for a free seminar on basic techniques for concrete block making being offered by the Portland Cement Institute in South Africa, where we were living at the time.

"Would this be useful for the men at Nyanga, do you think?" she asked.

Nyanga is one of five black townships outside Cape Town, where we had come to live. I had been in touch with a concrete block-making group there which received support from the Quaker Peace Work Committee of the monthly meeting we attended.

"I missed seeing that. That's a good lead. I'll call them."

I soon got through to a staff member of the Institute and told him why I was calling. He discouraged me from pursuing the seminar, which, he said, was chiefly for professional contractors and those in their employ. I did not challenge him. I thought he was putting me off because of the color of my colleagues' skin, but one gets used to that and hopes that something might develop with more conversation. And, happily, he began to talk with me about other ways in which he thought help could be provided for the group in Nyanga. There was a man, for instance, located in Johannesburg, who regularly went to Soweto to train men there in concrete manufacture. Perhaps he could arrange to come to Cape Town and spend a day or more at Nyanga. Any help would be welcome, I assured him, and I asked him to find out what he could. It was the start of a very helpful and fruitful relationship.

The men in Nyanga named their co-operative "Siseko," which means "foundation" in Xhosa. In addition to those involved with cement block making, there was also a woodworking group

and a painting group. A sewing group and a welding group were talked about, but not much had developed yet. The concrete makers have a history that goes back to the time when Crossroads was a thriving black community adjacent to Nyanga. Their equipment and manufacturing site was destroyed when Crossroads was burned out a year or so earlier. Many of the men fled the community and had not returned. Those who remained found housing in Nyanga, and other men joined the core of "old timers" and learned by experience how to make the blocks. There were about 24 men involved. They obtained permission from the Presbyterian church in Nyanga to use their side lot, which was the size of a basketball court, and had poured a cement slab on which to place the bricks as they came out of the hand molds for curing in the sun. They erected a wall of concrete slabs to surround the area, and hired a watchman to provide coverage at night. Purchasers come to them regularly from within Nyanga and from Guguleto and Langa, other nearby black townships. The demand for their products was greater than they could meet.

Those who supported the group financially had questions that concerned them. How good were the bricks? Were they the proper consistency measured by brick experts? Were the methods used by the men efficient? Were the proportions of sand, gravel, and cement the correct ones?

It seemed wise to visit the Institute soon after my phone call to establish a personal relationship with those there. I arranged for a morning meeting and drove to Nyanga to pick up Tembe, Siseko's senior man. Tembe's English was good (some of the others speak no English), and I was impressed by his quiet sense of competence. We took samples of the bricks in the trunk of the car to show or have technically evaluated.

Our contact man was joined by the head of the research station at the Institute. They talked to us for about an hour, asking technical questions that I

could not answer but which Tembe handled with assurance. They made suggestions of how the work could be improved, and they started to call people who might be of help to us. One finding was that there was a rapid hardening cement, unknown to Tembe, that would allow the molded blocks to be moved and stacked for curing 24 hours sooner than was the present practice. That could double production since workers usually filled the concrete slab each day with blocks and had to wait 48 hours before moving the bricks to make room for more. Further, there was the chance that a company would be willing to come to Nyanga and install a mini-silo on the site and deliver the rapid hardening cement, all at no cost to Siseko. This would eliminate the back-breaking job of hauling sacks of concrete from the supplier every time more was needed, and would reduce the unit costs. Tembe asked me on our ride back to Nyanga to go ahead and see if arrangements could be made.

On the drive back, he also said, "You know, Dyck, it's only fairly recently that white men have been willing to give help like we got this morning. Instead of telling you how to do a thing better, they would simply say, 'That's no good.' They would knock down what you had done, but they would not tell you what you should do to correct mistakes. Sometimes it is different now."

The silo contact's response was not surprising. When he learned that this was for a group in a black township, he quickly said that he would have to refer this to his boss for a decision. I could only say that I would be glad to have him check, and that I would be looking for his call the next day. The call did come through—from a woman who was in charge of sales. She was hesitant. "Well, is it really safe? We have never made deliveries there." I asked her if she had ever been in the township herself. No, she had not. I told her of the times that I had been there, and that nothing had occurred out of the ordinary on those visits, and that I thought it would be unfortunate if she decided against

Since retiring from a career in higher education, Dyckman Vermilye has been a student at Pendle Hill, and later dean of students there. He has also been assistant to the director of a Jesuit mission in Zimbabwe and recently returned from living in Cape Town, South Africa. He and his wife, Avis Crowe, are settling now in Corrales, N.M.

providing the service requested without actually visiting the site. She finally agreed; we set a time when I would meet her and act as a lead car driving into the township.

I knew how important it was to have a guide if you were not familiar with these socially segregated communities. Streets do not always have names or paving, and twisting routes could be confusing. I still remember my first trip into Nyanga. I was following my own lead car when we were stopped at a police blockade on the outskirts of the township. My guide was pulled over and detained for questioning (he was colored), and I was told I could go on. If I had told the truth, I would have said that I didn't want to go on, for I didn't know where to go. But neither did I want to stay voluntarily at a police blockade.

As it turned out, I got lost, wandered about what is left of Crossroads, the adjacent township, until I retraced my steps and began to see landmarks that I vaguely remembered from my first visit with another driver a couple of weeks earlier. The uncertainty I felt was real and bordered on being frightening. I knew I had to help the people who were offering to help with the silo so they could avoid this kind of situation.

The afternoon before I was to take the silo people into Nyanga, I got a call from the manager. She had decided that it was not a good idea to go ahead, and she was calling to cancel our arrangements. I talked to her long enough to get her to change her mind, again on the grounds that it would seem strange and unfortunate if the decision was reached on feelings, not fact. She finally agreed again and we reaffirmed the time and place for our meeting the next day.

I was parked at the outskirts of Nyanga a good half hour early, and waited for ten minutes beyond the appointed time before a car which held the people I was to meet pulled up behind me. My anxiety that they would not show at all was ill-founded. Two men had come; I was told that the woman was just too uncomfortable to make the trip herself.

We drove in tandem to the Siseko site, and I think the men had a good time while they were there. It was a new experience for them, too, and what they saw obviously impressed them. But there were real problems. I found myself holding my breath, but in spite of obstacles it was decided to go ahead. In-

structions were given to the Siseko men about how to prepare for the installation of the silo that was to come the next day. There was another problem in finding the money necessary to pay for a full silo of cement when they had been accustomed to buying it in dribs and drabs, but that was solved as well. On my next visit, I was amazed to see this great cone of a silo looming over the landscape: big, secure, impressive, the validation of a going concern.

I must confess that I left after that visit with singing in my heart. It was clear that the new rapid-hardening cement had changed things for the better.



Cement blocks dry in front of the Siseko office building in Nyanga.

The men said that the blocks they made were harder. It was easy to move the blocks after just one day's curing. The prospects for greater sales and income was right in front of everyone. I was elated.

My wife heard my enthusiastic report and cautioned me about the feelings that some of the men might well harbor; resentment that so much improvement was possible just because a white man had begun to get involved in their work. They could well recognize that they would not have been given the hearing and the help they received if they had gone as black men asking for help. I recognized the rightness of her caution, but also acknowledged the real satisfaction I felt to be part of that change, even if I had to temper my enthusiasm with knowing that my whiteness may have been the major factor.

There are more changes ahead for Siseko, I hope. The Portland Cement Institute has sent one of their staff members to work with the men in Nyanga. He has made a number of suggestions and recommendations for improvement. I talked over some of them

with Tembe, who said it is essential to get netting over the bricks to retard the drying process during the first three days. It is essential to keep the bricks wet for that period, and arrange for one of the men to keep the hose working.

Tembe said the problem is that the township cuts off the water during the day in the summertime so that the people won't use too much. It isn't cut off in winter when there is a lot of rain, but otherwise the supply of water cannot be counted on.

This is another form of institutionalized harassment, not aimed especially at the concrete plant, but obviously af-

fecting them seriously. The solution was to rig our own water tower of several 50-gallon metal drums and have the night watchman fill them as part of his regular duties. Then the water was available for sprinkling judiciously over the cast blocks through the day.

One final note: I called the woman sales manager soon after the visit by her colleagues to thank her for their visit and for their decision to go ahead. I also said that my wife and I would be going to Nyanga in the following week, and I wondered if she would be interested in going with us. There was a palpable hesitation before she said, "Yes, I'd appreciate that." It gave me satisfaction to take another Cape Town resident and business person into territory perceived as threatening and dangerous. I wanted to let them see Nyanga as home for several thousand men and women for whom the necessity of living productive and peaceful lives was as important as it was to anyone else. Even one person disabused of inbred fears fostered by apartheid represents progress. And that kind of progress generates an exuberance in me that made being here worthwhile. □

The Real Sin of Sodom

by Marian Henriquez Neudel

The new religious right demonstrates a curious combination of homophobia and indifference to the plight of the poor, which warrants careful examination from a biblical point of view. Even in the abstract, this obsession with the evils of homosexuality is odd. After all, once Leviticus tells us that men who lie with men are to be stoned to death, it abandons the subject. If for some reason we never get around to inflicting the ultimate punishment, Scripture provides us no guidance whatever on whether we are required, or for that matter *allowed*, to discriminate against these miscreants in housing, employment, or public accommodations.

But it is even, as Alice would say, curiously, that the neo-fundamentalists justify their position by reference to the "sin of Sodom." Christian tradition on the subject, of course, is that the citizens of Sodom and Gomorrah got their just desserts for sexual deviance. They did, evidently, *practice* it. But the Jewish tradition takes a very different position on what specific conduct of the Sodomites and Gomorrahites brought down the wrath of heaven upon them.

To elaborate on this tradition, we need to understand the Jewish concept of *midrash*. Loosely translated, it means "storytelling." In practice, it means that the rabbis take responsibility for what the characters in the biblical narrative

do between installments. While the stories that account for how the *dramatis personae* got from here to there do not have the authority of Scripture, that is part and parcel of the Jewish mindset. Jews do not read the Bible raw and unaccompanied; it is always filtered through commentary and midrash.

So what does the midrash say about Sodom and Gomorrah? My source is Louis Ginzberg's *Legends of the Jews*:

If a stranger merchant passed through their territory, he was besieged by them all, big and little alike, and robbed of whatever he possessed. Each one appropriated a bagatelle, until the traveler was stripped bare. If the victim ventured to remonstrate with one or another, he would show him that he had taken a mere trifle, not worth talking about. [Anyone involved in consumer protection work knows that it is vastly easier to steal one dollar each from a million people than a million dollars from one person—and far less likely to be prosecuted and punished.] And the end was that they hounded him from the city. . . . After a while travelers avoided these cities, but if some poor devil was betrayed occasionally into entering them, they would give him gold and silver, but never any bread, so that he was bound to die of starvation. Once he was dead the residents of the city came and took back the marked gold and silver which they had given him, and they would quarrel about the distribution of his clothes, for they would bury him naked. . . .

The cause of their cruelty was their exceeding great wealth. Their soil was gold, and in their miserliness and their greed for more and more gold, they wanted to prevent

strangers from enjoying aught of their riches. Accordingly, they flooded the highways with streams of water, so that the roads to their city were obliterated, and none could find the way thither. They were as heartless towards beasts as towards men. They begrudged the birds what they ate, and therefore extirpated them. They behaved impiously towards one another, too, not shrinking back from murder to gain possession of more gold. . . .

Their laws were calculated to do injury to the poor. The richer a man was, the more was he favored before the law. The owner of two oxen was obliged to render one day's shepherd service, but if he had but one ox, he had to give two days' service. . . . For the use of the ferry, a traveler had to pay four zuz, but if he waded through the water, he had to pay eight zuz [one of the earliest examples of the now well-known fact that the poor pay more].

Ginzberg follows with a story of an outsider woman who had married a man of Sodom.

Once a beggar came to town, and the court issued a proclamation that none should give him anything to eat, in order that he might die of starvation. But [the woman] had pity upon the unfortunate wretch, and every day when she went to the well to draw water, she supplied him with a piece of bread, which she hid in her water pitcher. The inhabitants of the two sinful cities, Sodom and Gomorrah, could not understand why the beggar did not perish, and they suspected that someone was giving him food in secret. Three men concealed themselves near the beggar, and caught [the woman] in the act of giving him

Marian Henriquez Neudel is a practicing attorney, an attender of the 57th Street (Ill.) Meeting, and a part-time cantor with a Jewish congregation in the same neighborhood.



The Flight of Lot, by Gustave Doré

something to eat. She had to pay for her humanity with death; she was burnt upon a pyre. . . .

The people of Admah [one of the other "cities of the plain" destroyed with Sodom and Gomorrah] were no better than those of Sodom. Once a stranger came to Admah, intending to stay overnight and continue his journey the next morning. The daughter of a rich man met the stranger, and gave him water to drink and bread to eat at his request. When the people of Admah heard of this infraction of the law of the land, they seized the girl and arraigned her before the judges, who condemned her to death. The people smeared her with honey from top to toe, and exposed her where bees would be attracted to her. The insects stung her to death, and the callous people paid no attention to her heart-rending cries. Then it was that God resolved upon the destruction of these sinners.

Which brings us to the visit of the angels to Sodom, and the locals' demand to gang-rape them, that actually appears in the narrative in Genesis. Midrash explains it thus: "It was not the first time that the inhabitants of Sodom wanted to perpetrate a crime of this sort. They had made a law some time before that all strangers were to be treated in this horrible way." In short, the midrashic tradition is that the cities of the plain were punished for their inhospitality to the poor and the stranger. Their proposed attack on the angels, like most rapes, was not a sexual act, but an act of violence. It was especially evil because it was directed against victims protected by Heaven—strangers and travelers, people with no other source of protection among the locals.

The midrashic narrative suggests that the "sin of Sodom" in our own midst is more likely to be committed by advocates of regressive taxation (though the risk of libel suits makes one reluctant actually to use the word "sodomite" in describing such people) than by proponents of gay rights legislation. Several municipalities may be in the running for the Fire and Brimstone Award: a couple of towns have arrested people for feeding pigeons, for instance. Then there's Santa Barbara, California, which passed stringent laws forbidding sleeping in public places; and Burbank, Illinois, which tried to levy a special sales tax specifically on food stamp purchases. Those neighborhoods and restaurants which spray the garbage in their dumpsters with noxious and poisonous substances to keep derelicts from eating it definitely qualify. So do the states which have nothing to offer vagrant ex-mental patients but a bus ticket to some other state. (California and Florida recently sent one unfortunate back and forth twice, rather than assume any responsibility for him.)

The midrashic analysis is noteworthy, too. The sin of Sodom is not to be found among the poor and desperate, trying to hold on to what little they have. It occurs among the exceedingly wealthy, grasping for more. The sin of Sodom, in short, has very little to do with men doing it with men, or for that matter women doing it with women—and a great deal to do with rich people doing it to poor people. □

Nurture from the Tree of



Barbara Benton



Julie Turner



Barbara Benton



Lucy Savarese



Martha Penzer

Life

The 1988 FGC Gathering, held July 2-9, was a record-breaker in many ways. The almost 2,000 Friends and friends who gathered at Appalachian State University, in Boone, North Carolina, represented the largest attendance at the Gathering since the days when it was held in Cape May. The Gathering met further south than any before, at a higher elevation than any other (3,120 feet above sea level), and enjoyed cooler weather than any Gathering in recent memory.

The Gathering, however, isn't really about setting records. It is about creating a week-long community, under the leading of the Spirit, in which Friends may refresh and renew themselves physi-

cally and spiritually. It is a time to learn about current Quaker concerns and programs, make new friends, play together, worship together, and enjoy fellowship. Friends who gathered at Boone had a wide array of activities from which to choose.

The core experience for most Friends was the workshop they attended every morning. This year there were 70 possible choices, ranging from "Peacemaking that Makes a Difference" to "Money and Conscience" to "Basics of Bible Study" to "Nonviolent Responsive Parenting" to "Anger" to "Nurturing Family Spiritual Life." In their workshops, Friends found others on the same spiritual path, and nurtured deep con-

nections with each other throughout the week.

The evening plenary sessions provided a wide range of perspectives around the Gathering's theme, "Nurturing the Tree of Life: Cultivating Justice, Healing, and Peace." Sunday night's panel speakers told of their personal efforts in promoting justice in South Africa, healing the spirits of those with AIDS, and their friends and families, and working for peace through listening deeply to views of people not expected to share our values.

Monday night, native North and South Americans brought us insights into their cultures and the effects of centuries of domination by European-origin whites.

Top Left: Janie Hunter, a performer at Friends Journal's Henry Cadbury Event, tells stories of her native John's Island to a group of children. Middle left: Adventurers get ready for a white-water rafting trip. Bottom left: Nurturing the tree of life begins with families. Top right: A small group gathers for worship under a tree. Bottom right: A Junior Gathering group presents its version of the tree of life.

Right: Aliza Luick-Thrams shares his experience of family violence, while an interpreter signs his story.



Lucy Sikes



Lucy Sikes

Below: Bob Cory, far right, leads a discussion in a workshop about the environment.

More than 30 interest groups Tuesday night provided opportunities for Gathering attendees to learn and share in smaller groups.

The Henry Cadbury Event, sponsored by FRIENDS JOURNAL on Wednesday night, featured a concert for all ages by Guy and Candie Carawan and Will Byers from New Market, Tennessee, and Janie and Tina Hunter from John's Island, South Carolina. The Carawans and Will Byers brought a brand of Appalachian folk music that spoke of roots and struggle and determination. Janie and Tina Hunter brought the sounds of blues and hollers from their folk culture, interspersed with stories from their lives.

Thursday night's panel, on "The Many Faces of Violence in Our Families," was approved by the Gathering Planning Committee after long and prayerful searching. Speakers shared their personal experiences as victims of physical and sexual abuse by members of their own families. The stories were painful to hear, and very moving. As hearers, we were forced to confront the

reality of violence in our midst.

Elise Boulding, speaking Friday night on the topic, "Walking Cheerfully, Answering Joyfully," left us with a renewed sense of dedication to the tasks of cultivating justice, healing, and peace—with some practical suggestions for setting about our work.

While adult Gathering attendees were involved in workshops and plenaries, Junior Gathering attendees had a program of their own, staffed by more than 100 adults. Junior Gathering activities included such things as preschoolers learning to live in a world without words through mime, and junior and senior high schoolers confronting their own courage through a complicated ropes course.

There were affinity groups for children to get to know each other, activities for children to experience what it's like to have a disability, and opportunities for white-water rafting, mountain hiking, and singing. Many Junior Gathering attendees learned a song about the Tree of Life composed by Patricia



Lucy Sikes

McKernon for the Gathering. The high school program had the added benefit of constructing and participating in a sweat lodge led by Hawk Littlejohn, a Cherokee elder.

Important elements of the week's experience for many attenders were the women's, men's, and singles' centers, which each had workshops and activities. Other elements were daily opportunities for meeting for worship. As has been the custom for the past several years, Friends for Lesbian and Gay



Concerns sponsored worship each afternoon, which many found rich and moving.

Through displays and presentations, Friends had the opportunity to learn about the wider Quaker world. Recreation included singing; square, folk and rock dancing; movies; swimming; T'ai Chi; a music festival; and a lawn festival. Local area Friends provided a list of field trips to places of interest, parks to visit, and other attractions.

Along with these, Friends also found time for relaxation, leisurely conversations with old friends and new, and physical and spiritual renewal. The Gathering is an eagerly awaited event for many, and its growth in recent years suggests that quite a few first-time attenders return.

Next year's Gathering will be held July 1-8 at St. Lawrence University, Canton, New York. The theme of the 1989 Gathering will be "Currents of Faith; Wings of Vision."

*Mary Ellen McNish
David R. Miller*

Mary Ellen McNish and David R. Miller were co-clerks of the 1988 Gathering. They live in Baltimore, Md. She is a member of Byberry (Pa.) Meeting, and he is a member of Evanston (Ill.) Meeting.

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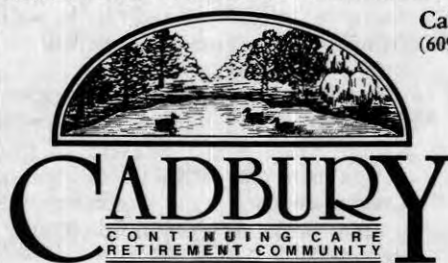
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The Price of Freedom

by Bliss Forbush

Maryland was the first southern state to revoke the law that forbade a slave owner to emancipate a slave. As a result, Maryland probably had the largest percentage of freedmen in the early 1800s. The only opportunities open to the freed Negroes were to be sharecroppers, hire out as servants, or to work for craftsmen. Moses Sheppard, a Quaker merchant of Baltimore, believed that if black men could be placed where they would be free from discriminating laws, they would soon learn the arts of government and commerce.

The American Colonization Society, of which Moses Sheppard was vice president, made this experiment possible. A tract of land on the coast of West Africa was purchased from the natives south of Sierra Leone. The Maryland Colonization Society was assigned an area around Cape Palmas which enjoyed a reasonable climate and possessed fertile land. With great enthusiasm Moses Sheppard threw himself into this project, which became a chief interest until his death in 1857.

Between 1813 and 1829 seven ships sailed from Baltimore to West Africa with colonists. In each case Moses Sheppard visited the ships with words of encouragement for those going out. As agent for the Maryland Colonization Society, he saw to it that each new settler had clothing, tools, and seeds with which to make a good start.

The first letter Moses Sheppard received as a result of these visits came from Joseph Brinkhurst, who sailed on the initial ship. He wrote, "Shall I ever forget, I think not, the morning when you came aboard the brig with words of farewell and hope. You shook the hands of my wife and child with words of encouragement."

This article was received a day after Bliss Forbush's death. He was a long-time contributor to FRIENDS JOURNAL and much-loved by Friends through the years. A conscientious objector during World War I, he joined the Society of Friends, which became central to his life. His many contributions with Friends included roles in Baltimore Yearly Meeting, Friends General Conference, American Friends Service Committee, and Baltimore Friends School. His numerous publications focused on Quaker and Maryland history.



The residence of the president of Liberia in the mid-1800s

To one of the first colonists Moses wrote, "You tell me that you are working hard and living low. Persevere in that way and you will live better and work less."

Not always did everything go smoothly. The Reverend George McGill reported the blacksmith was lazy and spent what little money he earned in drinking. Moses Sheppard replied, "John is a free man and has a right to drink, and I have the right to stop sending him any more aid."

To Henry Hyman, Moses wrote, "You complain about the cost of flour and other items from America." He added, "You ought not to be concerned about American goods. If you can't raise all you need in Liberia, you had better come home." To another complainer he sent word, "You were among the best equipped people to go to West Africa. I am certain if you have a large vegetable garden and a few goats, you can raise all the food you need."

To another former Baltimorean he sent clothes for rough work and a Bible, adding, "read a chapter a day and time will not be lost."

To a family about to sail he gave a sealed letter containing the words, "No doubt there will be privations and hardships, but these are the price that all whites and blacks in America and in Africa, at some time and in some way, pay for freedom and independence."

Now and then the Quaker had a thrill of joy. When Sarah Hapgood, the black who did the washing of a large family next door, had scrimped and saved until she could purchase her husband's freedom, Moses Sheppard offered to pay their passage to Maryland in Liberia and to set them up in a fresh start. The offer was accepted.

In June 1834, Moses Sheppard received a letter from a young man in West Africa. He replied, "I was pleased to receive such a well-written letter from the son of an old friend." The young man was the son of the Reverend George McGill who had been a leader in the Cape Palmas group. Several months later he received a second letter from Samuel McGill in which the lad wrote of his desire to come to the States, secure an education in medicine, and return to Maryland in Liberia. He asked if the Colonization Society would provide the necessary funds. Moses Sheppard considered the request carefully. He felt duty-bound to point out the problems involved. "I felt it my duty to inform you of your situation. If you are admitted to the Washington Medical School in Baltimore you would be a servant. No one would call you Mister even though you would receive the same education as the other students. Your associations would be entirely with black people. But," he added, "if you have the courage and determination to undertake such a program, I will see that all costs are covered." Meanwhile he secured the consent of the faculty of the medical school to admit Samuel McGill. The Society would pay his tuition, several doctors would supply his textbooks, and Moses Sheppard would pay for his transportation and take him into his home.

Samuel McGill came, entered the medical school, but on the second day the student body rebelled and proclaimed that "students with fair complexion could not mingle with those of black skin."

Edward Phelps, president of Vermont University, took a different attitude. He wrote that if the young man from Africa came to Vermont, he would enter him as a

private pupil, Further, he could live in Edward Phelps's home, free of room and board, and use his personal laboratory. The offer of Edward Phelps was accepted and Samuel McGill was on his way.

The letters from Edward Phelps were very encouraging. Samuel proved to be an excellent student, determined and intelligent. Once in spring he wrote to his benefactor, "When an epidemic of small pox broke out in the town, I was used with other doctors to care for people. My feelings were indescribable."

Edward Phelps had promised to give Samuel a certificate accrediting him as a doctor at the end of the year. This was customary with lawyers and doctors at that time, but Samuel felt that was not sufficient. To give him proper standing in Liberia, he would need to have a doctor of medicine degree. In spite of such problems as supplying cadavers for the study of anatomy, Moses Sheppard was willing to pay the cost of a second year. On inquiry, Dartmouth College, which was originally founded to provide higher education for Native Americans, admitted Samuel. He was placed in a college dormitory and was accepted by the student body.

Samuel did well in his studies at Dartmouth, passed all examinations, and in June received the doctor of medicine degree. After a short stay with Moses Sheppard, he sailed to Cape Palmas. There he had a rough start. The native women mocked him, the witch doctors scorned him, but after malaria swept the colony and the young doctor helped arrest it, there were no more difficulties. In time Samuel McGill became a major figure in Maryland in Liberia. As the years passed, he kept Moses Sheppard informed of the progress in West Africa. His benefactor corresponded with Samuel, and sent medical books and instruments.

In 1851 Moses Sheppard was pleased to learn that Samuel McGill had been appointed governor of Maryland in Liberia. The Governor wrote his life-long friend, "Since the Declaration of Independence of Liberia, we have felt convinced that Liberia is the only home for civilized men of color; elsewhere they are sought only as hewers of wood and drawers of water. . . . my time has been occupied so fully by my own and the government affairs. . . . I have been neglecting my most valuable friend."

Moses Sheppard's conviction that freed slaves could learn to govern themselves if given opportunities and freedom from discrimination was realized in his work on behalf of Samuel McGill and others as seen in his West African correspondence. □

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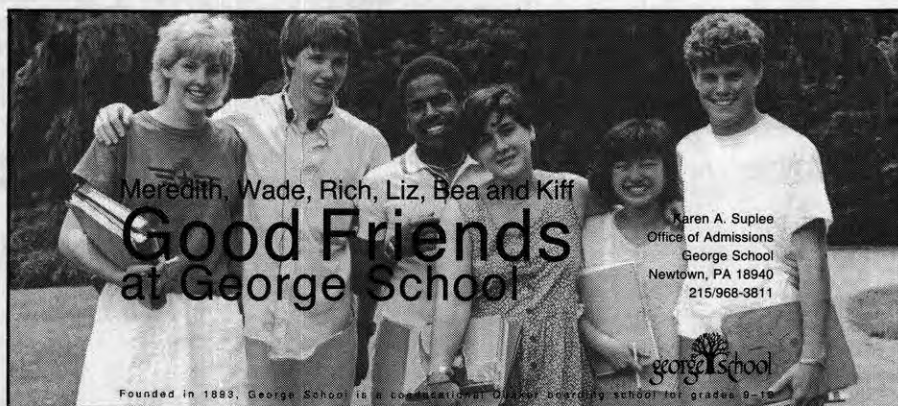


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News of Friends

A conference on AIDS was held this spring at Woodbrooke, sponsored by Quaker Social Responsibility and Education (QSRE), a department of London Yearly Meeting. The following minute was produced:

We have met together prayerfully to consider the AIDS crisis. This has been a painful experience for us. We have examined our prejudices in the face of the God-given diversity of human sexuality. As we have done this we have grown closer and more understanding of one another.

The experience of AIDS can be one of suffering in fearful isolation, but it can also be a challenge to us as Quakers to translate our faith into practical action, and to let our lives speak of that accepting love which casts out fear.

Some of us feel a call to travel in the ministry to share with other Friends what we have been given and have given to one another. We recommend that QSRE set up a working party to look for ways of taking this matter forward. However, there is a concern laid upon all of us to promote urgent discussion throughout the world of this yearly meeting of the issues raised by AIDS.

Friends' influence outweighs our numbers.

Now Jefferson P. Selth has given the notion some substance in a study he presented in a recent issue of the *Journal for the Scientific Study of Religion*. According to the study, Friends have 208 people listed in *Who's Who in America* for each 100,000 members. That's second only to Unitarian Universalists, who have 503 people per 100,000 members. Jefferson Selth compiled a list of people in *Who's Who* by religious preference (including Jews, Moslems, Baha'is, and people of Christian denominations), then compared these numbers with membership information in *Yearbook of American and Canadian Churches* to arrive at the proportional numbers. Selth did not distinguish between members of Friends General Conference, Friends United Meeting, or Evangelical Friends Alliance.

This story about wisdom in age comes from the newsletter of the Friends Meeting at Cambridge, Mass.: "An elderly Quaker woman with a beautiful complexion was asked what kind of cosmetic she used. She replied: 'I use for my lips—truth; for my eyes—pity; for my figure—uprightness; for my voice—prayer; for my hands—charity; for my heart—love.' This prescription can be filled without expense, and the supply will increase with continual use."

The religious freedom of Indian groups—and potentially people of all faiths—is threatened by a recent Supreme Court decision which articulates a disturbing interpretation of the First Amendment. According to a report by the Friends Committee on National Legislation, the court ruled in April

that the First Amendment could not be used to prevent the government from building a road through national forest lands in California, although the lands are traditionally used for religious purposes by three Indian tribes. The court admitted that the road would "interfere significantly" with the Indians' spiritual practices. But it held that First Amendment protection can be used only where the government prohibits religious practices, not where it frustrates or inhibits religious practices. Wrote the court, "Even if we assume that . . . [the road] would virtually destroy the Indians' ability to practice their religion . . . the Constitution simply does not provide a principle that could justify upholding" the Indians' claims.

Affirming equal opportunity of same sex couples to marry under meeting care is the focus of a minute on marriage prepared by Beacon Hill (Mass.) Meeting after deep searching. Early in the process, Friends decided "that we would give each other permission to express our deepest feelings; we would not suppress the truth of our feelings for fear of offending. . . . We have discovered common ground in that the consideration of this issue has touched our deepest fears and frustrations around intimacy and loneliness. The legacy of alienation touches us all. . . . As painful and challenging as we—both straight and gay—have found the process to be, we have been rewarded by a new sense of community. So far we have not been divided by conflict and confrontation, but united in search and discovery. We have all had to look inward and have shared the pain and reward of self-examination." (Excerpted from a report prepared by the meeting and quoted in the 1988 summer newsletter of Friends for Lesbian and Gay Concerns.)

Disliking the term "Third World," Walter Martin has coined a new expression for most of the countries in Africa, Asia, and Latin America. "I prefer the term 'economically deprived countries' in that these words signify that we in the 'West' have a prime responsibility for the present state of affairs," says Martin, a retired development worker for Quaker Peace and Service of London Yearly Meeting. "I dislike the term 'Third World' for two reasons. First it is arrogant of us in the so-called 'First World' to claim superiority in this way, and so, by implication, be derogatory to the vast majority of countries on this earth. Second I believe in one world. I like the expression of the former Secretary General of the United Nations, U Thant, that the world is simply a global village."

Bulletin Board

• How are our tax dollars used and what are the options for protest? These are the questions addressed by the Colorado War Tax Information Project. The project also redirects to social programs money that war tax resisters would otherwise have paid in taxes. In 1986-87, \$3,500 was raised for this purpose. All of the 1988 War Tax Redirection Fund money will go to the Boulder Emergency Shelter. For information, contact the Rocky Mountain Peace Center, Box 1156, Boulder, CO 80306. (From *The Peacemaker*, June 10, 1988)



• Quakers in New Jersey will be the featured topic of an upcoming edition of *New Jersey Folklife*, the annual publication of the New Jersey Folklore Society. The editors have issued a call for papers and invite a wide range of topics, including Quaker history, spirituality, biography (especially Quaker women), agriculture, domestic life, costume, cookery, diaries, art and music. For further information, write to William Westerman, Editor, *New Jersey Folklife*, P.O. Box 747, New Brunswick, NJ 08903.

• Another Nestle boycott will begin in October, unless the company ceases the practice of dumping free supplies of infant formula on hospital and maternity wards. Nestle has broken the 1984 agreement, which ended a seven-year international boycott of its products, according to Action for Corporate Accountability, an infant health advocacy organization. Despite definitive statements by the World Health Organization and UNICEF calling for an end to this industry practice, Nestle has refused to stop it. The practice is said to undermine breastfeeding by poverty-stricken mothers in Africa, Asia, and Latin America. Severe infant malnutrition is often the result.

• The family of Benjamin Linder, the mechanical engineer killed in Nicaragua one year ago, is suing contra leaders and organizations responsible for his death. The lawsuit seeks \$50 million in compensatory and punitive damages, all of which will go to Nicaragua for schools, hospitals, and

hydroelectric plants. Financial support for the case is needed. Contributions may be sent to: Center for Constitutional Rights, 656-66 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.

• Preservation of a wilderness area in southern Arizona is the focus of a group of Friends and others, according to Jim Corbett, a founder of the sanctuary movement and member of Pima (Ariz.) Meeting. The group hopes to buy 640 acres of Sierra Blanca land 25 miles north of Benson, Ariz. They plan to create a bill of rights for its preservation. Activities to provide subsistence livelihoods on the land would be an educational program, cheese-making, growing of wild and garden food, an orchard, beekeeping, and animal husbandry. Private ownership will be allowed within the constraints of the Wilderness Bill of Rights. A full share for camping and land use will cost approximately \$2,100. For more information, contact Jim Corbett at 6741 S. Sparrow, Tucson, AZ 85746, or call (602) 883-1424.

• The Fulbright Teacher Exchange Program is accepting applications for the 1989-90 school year. Deadline is October 15. The program involves a one-on-one exchange of teachers at the elementary, secondary, and post-secondary levels with teachers in Argentina, Australia, Belgium/Luxembourg, Brazil, Canada, Colombia, Chile, Cyprus, Denmark, the Federal Republic of Germany, Finland, France, Hungary, Iceland, Mexico, The Netherlands, Norway, Panama, the Philippines, Senegal, South Africa, Switzerland, and the United Kingdom. Eligibility requirements vary by country. The program will also offer three- to eight-week seminars during the summer of 1989 in Italy and the Netherlands. For more information, write to the Fulbright Teacher Exchange Program, E/ASX, United States Information Agency, 301 Fourth St., S.W., Wash., DC 20547, or call (202) 485-2555.

• Friends in the conservative tradition gathered at Barnesville, Ohio, in June of this year. The event was sponsored by the Wider Fellowship of Conservative Friends. Participant John Everhart writes: "At a meeting for Bible reading, Friends gathered in the stillness and shared Scripture as led by the Light of Christ. This was a new and profound experience for many Friends, and a witness to our willingness to wait upon the Lord in whatever ways the Lord may choose to teach us." Friends interested in the conservative tradition may write to WFCF, c/o Nancy Hawkins, 409 S. Walnut Streets, Ravenna, Ohio 44266.



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Reports

Ghost Ranch Overflows With IMYM Quakers

For the 14th year, Intermountain Yearly Meeting Friends gathered in June at Ghost Ranch in Abiquiu under the gaunt and splendid red cliffs of New Mexico's desert land. Although the meeting undertook business prepared in monthly meetings—business about our country and the human condition in the world—what emerged most strongly from the gathering was reluctant recognition that our yearly meeting has grown too large to continue meeting at Ghost Ranch as in the past.

This year we exceeded guest capacity by more than 150. We agreed to come here again in 1989, but only after we find a fair way to limit our numbers to those the Ranch can comfortably handle. Murmurings have begun that very soon we will have to consider dividing, but we are not quite ready for what we know lies ahead of us.

Our keynote speaker, Edwin Bronner, lifted our somewhat frazzled feelings into good cheer with his address on Quaker history and his sense of what's funny. His wife, Anne

Bronner, later talked with us in a smaller group session about Quaker literature.

During this year's business meetings, we finished some projects, continued work on others, and started out on still others. The yearly meeting approved laying down several committees. These included the Environmental Concerns Work Group, whose issues we are committed to continue working on within our monthly meetings; The FWCC War Tax Concerns Committee, whose task has been completed; and the Hispanic Culture Committee. IMYM accepted and approved the report of the Committee on Aging, which, having assembled materials on living wills, the right to die, and the Hemlock Society, is shifting focus from *death* to *age*. The difficult and important work of the Committee of Concern on Continuing Relationships between the American Friends Service Committee and IMYM will go forward for another year. The Committee on Sufferings stands ready should there be need for its work. Right now, help is being offered locally by monthly meetings as needs arise.

In a report from Mexico City, monthly meetings were thanked for contributing toward the support of a social worker to help

refugees at Casa de los Amigos there. Yearly Meeting approved providing financial support for a volunteer from Quaker Volunteer Witness to work in sanctuary along the U.S.-Mexico border. During the year to come, monthly meetings will provide for contributions from individuals in support of the project. IMYM also approved exploring a future gathering of the five Western yearly meetings. Finally, attenders took home the concern of Salt Lake City Meeting about biological warfare research. This will be seasoned in monthly meetings.

It is impossible to relate the gifts of the Spirit which were also taken home: the stories, the thoughts, the friendliness and comfort rising out of worship groups; the praise of God which cheers and unites us in our gathered meetings; and always, for IMYM Quakers, the beauty, abiding in memory, of the wide, enfolding silence of Ghost Ranch.

Phyllis Hoge Kirtley

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Books

Suite for Calliope

By Ellen Hunnicutt. Walker and Co., New York, 1987. 255 pages. \$17.95.

Can a madman and his deformed daughter find happiness in the circus, she playing the calliope and writing a suite for it, he pursuing his own musical destiny while occupying the locked cage of a late lioness? Yes.

In *Calliope*, the narrator, Ada, and her father, Reynard, speak, write, and play music, create instruments and repair them, she against the handicap of a congenital nerve disorder, which causes her to drag one leg and renders the last two fingers on each hand useless. He is afflicted by a mental illness of which the most dangerous manifestation is arson. When she is driven out of their small Indiana town, leaving him in the local mental hospital, she makes her way to a small circus museum only 70 miles from home. Her father escapes from the hospital, finds her, and is welcomed into her eccentric community. He arrives just as the lioness is dying, and is invited to stay. He inspects her cage and its surroundings and finally says to the circus proprietor: "There is something else I must take up with you. Unfortunately, I set fires. When I am not being watched I must be locked up. With the lioness gone, perhaps her cage could be made into a studio and sleeping room for me. It would have to have a heater for winter, a remote heater I could not reach. I think I would like the acoustics. There's no drapery in the barn at all."

This coming together of man with cage has a pleasing inevitability. A psychologist friend once told me that everyone is required to make an end run around something, whether it's geometry or a personality disorder, to find that safe place on earth where one is freed both to love and to work. Ada and Reynard admirably demonstrate the end run.

There are Quakers in *Calliope* but they are not, generally speaking, the good guys, because, where music is concerned, we've had a lot of catching up to do. The bulk of the story is set in Richmond, Indiana, "a few miles east of Indianapolis," in which Ellen Hunnicutt has placed a Quaker institution, Pendle College. She has also appropriated this reviewer's front yard.

It is William Penn who has the last word, through a character who quotes Penn as advising against self-indulgence: "Do not walk in the light of your own fire."

Reynard replies, "But isn't it possible he was simply telling us to be alert, lest we miss the next necessary thing?"

Ada and Reynard feel like lifelong friends to me. *Suite for Calliope* is a fine novel,

Quaker in the best sense, in that it is a thing of beauty created by a Quaker.

Margaret Lacey

Margaret Lacey is a housewife and a writer and a member of Bear Creek Meeting, Iowa Conservative.

Sonnets on Courtship, Marriage, and Family

By Kenneth Boulding. Peaceable Kingdom Press, P.O. Box 5337, Bloomington, IN 47407-5337. 1987. 32 pages. \$3.50, plus \$1 postage and handling/paperback.

The old saw, "You can't judge a book by its cover," fits this book perfectly. The plain grey jacket, with its typed title, is austere even by conservative Quaker standards; it reminded me at first of a sociological report. But like many old Friends, the interior discloses delightful surprises; a sequence of sonnets lovingly written over a long, rich, deeply lived lifetime by a man devoted to his wife and family and to a quaint yet utterly charming muse.

I must confess to bias. As one contemplating a second marriage, I am inspired and encouraged by reading a sequence of sonnets by a man who managed to survive and thrive during a marriage lasting 40-odd years and producing five children and 14 grandchildren. I was also amazed that, in the midst of a busy career as a sociologist and peace advocate, Kenneth Boulding managed faithfully to write sonnets to his wife, children, and even to his sister-in-law, who died tragically. The personal note in these poems spoke to my condition more movingly than did Boulding's first work, the *Naylor Sonnets*.

The early sonnets to his bride-to-be, Elise, are unashamedly romantic, with occasional flashes of metaphysical wit. While the language is deliberately archaic, Elizabethan in the extreme, the author also displays a down-to-earth awareness of the human (and modern) condition: "I thank God for thy body, and for mine/That we are walled about with flesh and skin. . . ." This awareness of life's concrete realities lends force and credibility to the later poems, written 40 years later, when the fires of romanticism (but not of love) had cooled:

Friday's the hardest day of married life;
The blows and emptinesses of the week
Pile on our backs, bear down, won't let
us seek

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Rest, and the sheer ragged tiredness turns
to strife.
In half-forgotten wounds still turns the
knife,
Trust falters, and unrestful queries seek
Unwanted answers—shoring timbers
creak,
Familiar words look monstrous—
"husband"—"wife."

Boulding looks not only into the ocean of
darkness, which is an inevitable part of mar-
riage, but also into the ocean of light that
love and commitment can produce:

Now, after forty years of wandering,
Not in a wilderness, but in a land
We entered, when each other by the hand
We took, and promised, sealing with a
ring,
To be to one another that strange thing,
A Husband and a Wife, today we stand
Like children, having reached an
unknown strand,
And peering eagerly beyond it,
wondering.

Behind us now we have a colony;
Those forty years have blessedly borne
fruit,
For five new families have taken root,
And children's children gratefully we see;
And here we still will have joy and
increase
'Til our Ark comes, and we depart in
peace.

This book deserves to be read as a touch-
ing testimony to marriage and family life. I
wish it could be spruced up in more appeal-
ing dress and circulated among those couples
who would like to enrich their relationship
with some old-fashioned, but nonetheless
lovely poetry.

Anthony Manousos

Anthony Manousos, recently a student at Pendle Hill, has moved to the West Coast to be near his fiancée, Kathleen Ross. He writes poetry himself and has taught college-level English literature.

Resources

• *Real War Stories*, copyrighted by the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, contains graphic first-hand stories of individual experiences in the armed services. Parental discretion advised. Send \$2 to Eclipse Comics, PO Box 1099, Forestville, CA 95436.

• Elfrida Vipont Foulds's *The Birthplace of Quakerism, A Handbook for the 1652 Country* is available for \$1.50 from Quaker Home Service, Friends House, Euston Road, London NW1 2BJ, England.

• *Gifts and Ministries: A Discussion Paper on Eldership* is "an essay about the concept of 'eldership' which . . . is intended as a stimulus to discussion of . . . pastoral care and spiritual leadership wherever Quakers face the current implications of 'a priesthood of all believers.'" Available from Quaker Home Service, Friends House, Euston Road, London NW1 2BJ, England.

• A manual for recording clerks, *Unforeseen Joy: Serving a Friends Meeting As Recording Clerk*, by Damon D. Hickey, is available for \$2.50 from North Carolina Yearly Meeting of Friends, 903 New Garden Road, Greensboro, NC 27410.

• The *Peters Projection World Map*, created by a mapmaker whose life work emphasizes the equal status of all peoples, is described in a handbook entitled *A New View of the World*. Available for \$3.95 from Friendship Press, Distribution Office, P.O. Box 37844, Cincinnati, OH 45222-0844.

• *Global Television and Foreign Policy* is a 72-page essay on television news which explores the relationship between foreign policy making and the media. Send \$4 to Foreign Policy Association, 729 Seventh Ave., N.Y., NY 10019.

• *Gandhi's Seven Steps to Global Change* is a compact handbook containing explorations of today's major world problems and their Gandhian solutions. Includes a chapter entitled "What Can I Do?: A Guide for Action." Available for \$5 from Ocean Tree Press, 1325 Cerro Gordo Road, P.O. Box 1295, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

• Church World Service has published *Fulfilling the Promise: A Church Orientation Guide to the New Immigration Law*. Single copies are available at no cost (additional copies \$4) from Immigrant Services Project, Church World Service Immigration and Refugee Program, 475 Riverside Drive #656, N.Y., NY 10115.

• The Children's Defense Fund has developed a public education kit on children's political issues which includes two booklets and a poster. Available free of charge from Children's Defense Fund, 122 C St., NW, Wash., DC 20001.

• *Studies in Quakerism*, a series of booklets issued by Progresiv Publishr, includes such titles as "Black Quakers: Brief Biographies" and "Truth-Speaking and Power Among Friends." Write to Progresiv Publishr, 401 E. 32nd #1002, Chicago, IL 60616.

Milestones



Births

Borne—Robert Laurence Borne, on May 25 in Cambridge, Mass., to Elizabeth Bowman Claggett-Borne and Jonathan Robert Vogel-Borne. Both parents are members of Friends Meeting at Cambridge (Mass.). The maternal grandparents, Lorraine and Laurence Claggett, are members of Third Haven (Md.) Meeting; the paternal grandfather, Robert Vogel, is a member of Orange Grove (Ca.) Meeting, as was the paternal grandmother, the late Etta Berry Vogel.

Colmorgen—Elizabeth Antal Chasey Colmorgen, born January 17 and adopted by Martha and Garrett Colmorgen, of Greenville, Del. Her father is a member of Shrewsbury (N.J.) Meeting.

Crauder—Robert Collins Crauder, born July 9, 1987, and adopted by Anne Douglas Collins and Bruce Charles Crauder. His parents and brother, Douglas Collins Crauder, are members of Salt Lake (Utah) Meeting and attend Stillwater (Okla.) Meeting. His maternal grandparents are Douglas and Hazel Swearingen Collins of Camilla, Ga.; his paternal grandparents, Robert and Renee Crauder, are members of Radnor (Pa.) Meeting; and his paternal great-grandmother, Alice Calm, is a member of Trenton (N.J.) Meeting.

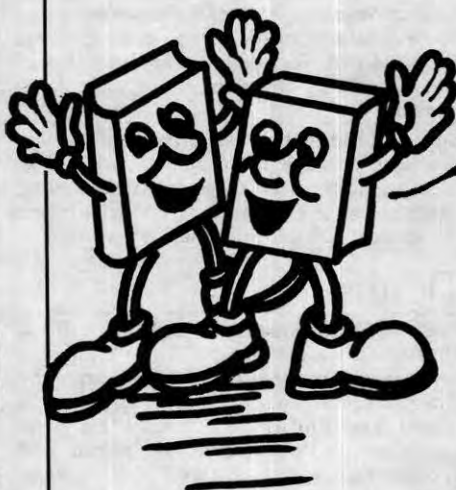
Foster—Caleb Henry Foster, on June 27 in Haverhill, Mass., to Ethan Foster and Natalie Golden. His paternal grandparents, John and Georgana Foster, are members of Mt. Toby (Mass.) Meeting. His paternal great-grandmother, Thyra Jane Meyers, is a member of Providence (R.I.) Meeting.

Goebel—Peter Jacob Goebel, on July 2, in Philadelphia, Pa., to William Kirk and Theodora Goebel. His father is a member of Old Haverford (Pa.) Meeting. His maternal grandmother, Martha Balderston Kirk Goebel, is a birthright member of Old Haverford Meeting, where his great-grandmother, the late Martha Balderston Kirk Simkins, was also a long-time member.

Hunt—Colin Francis Hunt, on April 23, to Timothy and Anne Hunt of Arlington, Va. His father, and paternal grandmother, Patricia Hunt, are members of Media (Pa.) Meeting, where his paternal grandfather, the late Francis J. Hunt, was also a member.

James—Anikatrine Ednah James, on June 14 in Burlington, Vt., to Than and Alison (Illsley) James. Her paternal grandparents, Sam and Jane James, are members of Media (Pa.) Meeting. Her maternal grandfather, Norman Illsley, is a member of Fort Collins (Colo.) Meeting, as was her maternal grandmother, the late Ednah Illsley.

Sanderson—Matthew Craig McCoy Sanderson, on July 3, in Philadelphia, Pa., to Carolyn Jean McCoy and William Ross Sanderson. Both parents are members of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting. His maternal grandparents, Richard and Margaret McCoy, are members of Pittsburgh (Pa.) Meeting; his paternal grandparents, Ross and Holly Sanderson, are members of the Monthly Meeting of Friends, Stony Run (Md.).



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Marriages

Lindsay-Wanner—Richard Robert Wanner and Marie Elizabeth Lindsay on Oct. 10, 1987, at Lake Forest (Ill.) Meeting. Marie and her father, Robert M. Lindsay, Jr., are members of Lake Forest Meeting.

Sollmann-Rima—L. Philip Rima and Mariana Sollmann on June 18 at London Grove (Pa.) Meeting, under the care of Newark (Del.) Meeting. Mariana is an attendee at Newark Meeting, where her mother, Elfriede Sollmann, is a member.

Deaths

Brainerd—John Grist Brainerd, 83, on Feb. 1 at Crosslands, Kennett Square, Pa., a member of Swarthmore (Pa.) Meeting for 26 years. Grist Brainerd's professional life was closely tied to the Moore School of Electrical Engineering of the University of Pennsylvania. He earned both bachelor's and doctorate degrees there; he taught there from shortly after his graduation until retirement; he became director of the school. Much involved with pioneering work in electrical engineering, his greatest accomplishment was as head of the team that designed and built ENIAC, the first all-electronic general purpose digital computer and the original from which all of today's computers have been developed. That one project changed the way the modern world does business; all systems of accounting, writing, communicating, and managing are dependent today on developments from principles embodied in ENIAC. It was not his only accomplishment, however. Basically an electrical engineer, Grist Brainerd had an interest in and an awareness of all branches of science, and especially the history of technology. Whether a young engineer or a school director, he was quick to recognize new ideas and foster their development; the existence of biotechnology as an industry today owes much to his strong backing of Penn's electromedical group, which combined in one graduate program the skills of medical and engineering research and produced the first Ph.D. in bioengineering. His heavy academic schedule did not limit his activities. At the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia he served as member and chairman of the Science and Arts Committee. Social reaction to technological change concerned him, and he brought an informed reality to discussions of social-economic issues, whether as a member of Swarthmore Meeting's social order committee or Philadelphia Yearly Meeting's working group on energy, or at Crosslands. He was also an active member of the board of Concord Quarter's Friends Home in West Chester, Pa. Beginning with the first displaced persons after World War II, he worked when he could to help refugees with their problems. In his pursuit of truth through research and development, the world knew him as a man who helped change that world; to those who knew him best he was a man who gave of himself generously to make the world a better place. He is survived by his wife, Carol Paxson Brainerd, and 11 nieces and nephews.

Cook—Marylee Milbank Cook, 65, on November 16, 1987, among family and friends at her home in Eugene, Ore. She worked as a school psychologist in California and Sweden before going to Eugene, where she earned a second master's degree in communications from the University of Oregon. An active member of Eugene Meeting for 11 years, she was deeply committed to the causes of peace, ecology, and feminism. Most recently

she served as northwest regional representative for the Peace Tax Fund campaign. She gave generously of her time, energy, and money to make her vision of a peaceful, caring world a reality. She is survived by her mother, Mary Milbank; two sons, Fred and David; one daughter, Joan; three grandchildren; and three sisters, Virginia Troon, Althea Brimm, and Martha Mueller.

Griffiths—Louise Benckenstein Griffiths, 80, on April 15, at Wilmington, Ohio. Educated in Cincinnati public schools, the University of Cincinnati, Boston University, and Columbia University, she was director of religious education at Presbyterian churches in Cincinnati, Ohio, and Madison, Wis., before her marriage to C. Warren Griffiths in 1939. Gifted in visual arts, music, teaching, and writing, Louise's lessons in Christian education were published by the International Council of Religious Education and Westminster Press. From 1957 to 1975, Louise taught ceramics at Wilmington College. Her own ceramics work revealed keen observation of plants and animals; she held annual sales to benefit the American Friends Service Committee and Friends Committee on National Legislation. She worked in international youth camps, where she was known as "Becky" because she beckoned youth to work to bring the kingdom of God here on earth. An active pacifist concerned for justice and equality for all, Louise refused to pay federal income tax toward American military efforts, encouraged blacks as well as whites through hospitality in her home and the founding of an interracial home and garden club, and volunteered for several community organizations. She was on the advisory board of the local Quaker Volunteer Witness. A diabetic since age 21, Louise managed to fill her life with service to God and community. She is survived by two sons, David and Daniel; five grandchildren; one sister; and two brothers.

Healey—Winifred Healey, 94, on August 11, 1987, at Tucson, Ariz. Educated at Northwestern University, she taught speech and drama at Oberlin College, then went to Alaska for a year to have the adventure of her life. When her savings ran out, she worked as a cook and a nursemaid to extend her trip. She met Albert Charles Healey, her future husband, on the return train trip. Later divorced, she lived with her daughter and parents in Chicago, working at the Art Institute of Chicago and in the family household. She became very active with the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Winifred moved to Philadelphia in the 1960s to be near a friend, Sue Worrill, and described this as the most fulfilled period of her life. She became a Friend and joined Lans-



downe (Pa.) Meeting, studied writing, tutored foreign students in English, and attended the theater. She later moved to Tucson, Ariz., to be near her daughter, where she became a beloved member of Pima Meeting. She is remembered for her love of children, her nurturing attitude toward the unfortunate, her love of words, and her openness to new experiences. Survivors include her daughter, Susan Peters; three sisters, Margaret Belt, Marion Staley, and Elizabeth Parsons; and four grandchildren.

Ho—*Keith Jose Matias Ho*, 25, of a self-inflicted gunshot wound on May 8 in Portland, Oregon. He was a birthright member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting and had attended DeMoines (Iowa) Meeting and Multnomah (Oreg.) Meeting. He was born in Highland Park, Mich., and had lived in Portland since 1956. In 1981 he spent nine months in Central America. He served in the U.S. Army Signal Corps in West Germany and later studied in Jordan, Tunisia, and Israel. He was fluent in Spanish and conversant in German, Chinese, Arabic, and Hebrew. He is survived by his father, Robert; his mother, Beth, his stepmother, Mary; his stepfather, Ed Richter; and two brothers, Christopher and Peter.

Lamb—*Bee Lippincott Lamb*, 70, on June 1 in Chester Springs, Pa. A member of Green Street (Pa.) Meeting, she served for 25 years as president of the former First Family Day Care Association, a nonprofit organization founded in the Civil War era to provide day-care help for working mothers. She loved golf, and was also an avid cook, gardener, and painter. She is survived by her husband of 48 years, Walter Lamb; two children, Robert E. Lamb and Joan Baldwin; four grandchildren, and a brother.

McCain—*Elizabeth Earle McCain*, on March 11 at Newtown, Pa. Elizabeth was a graduate of Madiera School, Vassar College, and Columbia University. She joined Doylestown (Pa.) Meeting in 1953 and was active in meeting concerns. She served as founder and board member of many Bucks County and Doylestown community organizations. She was an antique dealer for 29 years, and a devoted member of the Doylestown Nature Club. Elizabeth is survived by her son, William A. McCain, Jr.

Philips—*Caroline Philips*, 88, on April 5, in West Chester, Pa. A birthright Friend, born in Wilmington, Del., she was the daughter of John C. and Florence Hall Philips. She graduated from Wilmington Friends School in 1911, attended Swarthmore College for two years, and earned her B.A. from the University of Delaware. From 1922 she served as a secretary at Wilmington Friends School, before becoming executive secretary for 30 years, then alumni secretary from 1965-1967. She was always an active member of Wilmington Meeting, serving on Overseers, Nominating Committee, and as recorder. She reached out to the wider community of Friends through serving on the board of Concord Quarterly Meeting Boarding Home at West Chester. She also served Philadelphia Yearly Meeting on its Committee on Education, the Mary Jeanes Loan Committee and the Friends Council on Education. Always concerned for quality Friends education, Caroline provided conscientious and loyal administrative assistance to three headmasters at Wilmington Friends School. The last years of her life were spent with her sister, Lydia Hall Philips, as a resident of Concord Quarterly Meeting Friends Boarding Home, but she retained a keen interest in her Meeting, its members, its activities, and in its school. Both she and her sister, who died in 1983, are missed

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in Wilmington Meeting. A niece and a nephew survive.

Pickering—*Esther Peters Pickering*, 93, on May 10 in Chandler Hall Hospice at Newtown, Pa. Daughter of the late Zachariah and Mary Tyson Peters of Guernsey, Pa., she was originally a member of Menallen (Pa.) Meeting. When she married in 1923, she became a member of Mid-dletown (Pa.) Meeting, where she remained active for nearly 50 years. Following the death of her husband, Henry Comly Pickering, in 1968, she moved to Solebury Township, Pa., and attended Solebury Meeting. Most recently, she lived with her daughter in Newtown. She is survived by three children; eight grandchildren; five great-grandchildren; a brother, Herbert Peters; and a sister, Eleanor Peters Arneson.

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Books and Publications

Ill, not Insane, legal and medical implications of brain research for the mentally ill. \$15.00 pp. New Idea Press, POB 13683-A, Boulder, CO 80308.

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

Aug. 27-Sept. 1—France Yearly Meeting at Sommieres (Gard). For information, contact George Elias, 114 rue de Vaugirard, 75006 Paris, France, or call 6826-5886.

2-5—Northern Yearly Meeting at Chetec, Wis. For information, contact John E. Martinson, 270 W. Cottage Place, St. Paul, MN 55126, or call (612) 484-7966.

15-18—Quaker Lesbian Conference at Camp Onas, Ottsville, Pa. Cost: \$75; scholarship aid

Quinfopeck contains leaflets and information about the English "1652 Country," where Quakerism began. Quaker places to stay (guest homes, meeting houses, and hostels). Places of interest in the North (castles, abbeys, museums). U.S. addresses of agencies for English maps and tourism, and general information. \$22.50 + \$12 post and packing. \$ check to John and Christine Rose, Royd Hill, The Mains, Giggleswick, SETTLE, North Yorkshire, BD24 OAX, England.

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available. Children welcome. For information, contact Susan, Box 4563, Highland Park, NJ 08904.

23-25—Missouri Valley Conference Yearly Meeting at Camp Chihowa, north of Lawrence, Kans. For information, contact Louis Cox, 534 East Crestview, Springfield, MO 65807, or call (417) 882-5743.

OCTOBER

14-24—Peace with Justice Week, using the theme "Is This the Fast We Choose?" An interfaith celebration and call to self-examination and recommitment to social justice and peace. For information, Write: Justice Week office, 475 Riverside Dr., Rm. 712, New York, NY 10115, or call (212) 870-3347.

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Grounds Keeper/Caretaker for Friends cemetery in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N.Y. 22 wooded acres require self-motivated with skills and attitude for a "small farmer." Full-time position with hours flexible as seasons permit. 17-20 K. Apply by mail: Leif Anderson, New York Quarterly Meeting, 15 Rutherford Place, NY 10003.

Philadelphia Yearly Meeting is seeking a full-time Development Coordinator, a new position established to assist the Development Committee in planning, organizing, and carrying out programs for annual support, planned giving, and special projects. Salary, while modest, is toward the upper end of the yearly meeting salary scale, with excellent benefits. Application deadline September 30. Address inquiries to: Search Committee, General Secretary's Office, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102, phone (215) 241-7210.

Fundraiser, (Associate Development Secretary) for Friends Committee on National Legislation in Washington, D.C. The person filling this key professional position will participate in all aspects of fundraising and financial development for FCNL. Major role will be in working with the Development Secretary in planning and implementing the development program, including travel to solicit contributions and interpret the work of FCNL to individuals and groups throughout the U.S. Excellent verbal and writing skills are critical, a background in fundraising/sales desirable. A well-founded understanding of Friends and Friends' testimonies is very important. For information and application, call or write David Boynton, FCNL, 245 Second Street, NE, Washington, DC 20002, (202) 547-6000.

Senior Accountant (AFSC). The national office of the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia is seeking an experienced professional to manage our annual budget compilation process, assist with monthly accounting operations, and participate in year-end closing and annual audit. Requires a bachelor's degree in accounting or finance (or equivalent work experience); two or more years of accounting experience or closely related financial work; experience in the use of personal computer spreadsheets; communication skills, initiative. Application deadline is September 1. The position starts October 1 or sooner if possible. Send letter and resume to Rick Boardman, AFSC Personnel, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. AFSC has a broadly inclusive affirmative action program.

"I want to serve others." Year long assignments in Quaker outreach (inner city, peace, refugees, hunger, social services). Inquiries: Quaker Volunteer Witness, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374. (317) 962-7573.

Circulation and Office Coordinator for small monthly religious magazine. Full-time position (35 hours a week) with good benefits. Available about October 15. Strong organizational and office skills essential, experience in using computers helpful. Opportunity within small office to learn about all aspects of publishing. Job description available on request. Interviews will begin in September. Send inquiries and resume to Editor, Friends Journal, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.



Assistant Program Coordinator—Young Friends. 3/5 time position starting Nov. 1, 1988. Help coordinate and run Philadelphia Yearly Meeting programs for children in grades 6-12. Weekend work required plus two days per week at Friends Center. Salary plus full benefits. For application write Religious Education Committee, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. (215) 241-7221. Application deadline: Oct. 1, 1988.

Clerical Support Person. 2½ days per week starting after Labor Day, 1988. Provide secretarial support for the Adult Education Program Coordinator and for Friends Institute. \$8 per hour. For application information write: Religious Education Committee, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. (215) 241-7221.

Principal's position open, beginning summer 1989 at John Woolman School, a residential high school located in Nevada City, CA 95959. Address inquiries to Chris Thollaug, Search Committee Clerk, address of the school, 12585 Jones Bar Road, by November.

Youth Minister: Plymouth Monthly Meeting (near Philadelphia) seeking energetic adult to work with young people, junior high and high school age. Three sessions per month, October '88-May '89. Paid Position. Write or call Becky Cratin, 1223 Forsythe Drive, Fort Washington, PA 19034. (215) 542-8738.

Religious Education Coordinator for Westfield Monthly Meeting, Cinnaminson, N.J. 26 hours per month at \$8 per hour. Contact Ellen Miller, (609) 778-1898.

Construction skills bank. Volunteers on weekends to donate or learn construction skills on Quaker projects—especially Philadelphia Yearly Meeting Youth Center. Send name, address, phone, skill interest to: J. Mark Robinson, RD #4, Tunkhannock, PA 18657. (717) 836-1560.

Wanted: A Friendly Metallurgist who can help me turn a stainless steel sword into a garden hoe. Call Grant Syphers, (415) 462-4270.

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 Horsham, 318 Meetinghouse Rd., Horsham, PA 19044. (215) 674-2875. A friendly, caring environment where children with learning disabilities can grow in skills and self-esteem. Small classes. Grades 1-6.

Services Offered

Quaker Universalist Fellowship is a fellowship of seekers wishing to enrich and expand Friends' perspectives. We meet, publish, and correspond to share thoughts, insights, and information. We seek to follow the promptings of the Spirit. Inquiries welcome! Write QUF, Box 201 RD 1, Landenberg, PA 19350.

Frustrated by paper clutter? Office and household records custom organized. Filing systems designed, work spaces planned. Horwitz Information Services, (215) 544-8376.

Typesetting by Friends Publishing Corporation. Our organization offers you professional typesetting at friendly rates. We typeset books, manuscripts, newsletters, brochures, posters, ads, and every issue of *Friends Journal*. We also produce quality type via modem transmission. Call (215) 241-7282, or 241-7116 for more information.

Wedding Certificates, birth testimonials, invitations, announcements, addressing, poetry, gifts all done in beautiful calligraphy and watercolor illumination. Write or call Leslie Mitchell, 2840 Bristol Rd., Bensalem, PA 19020, (215) 752-5554.

Socially Responsible Investing

Using client-specified social criteria, I screen investments. I use a financial planning approach to portfolio management by identifying individual objectives and designing an investment strategy. I work with individuals and businesses. Call: Sacha Millstone, (202) 857-5462 in Washington, DC area, or (800) 368-5897.

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.

Vacations and Retreats

John and Penelope Yungblut, teachers in the Quaker tradition, will lead a retreat, "Individualization & Contemplation", at Southern Dharma Retreat Center near Asheville, N.C., Sept. 9-11. Write: SDRC, Rt. 1, Box 34-H, Hot Springs, NC 28743.

Winter in Florida. Secluded area. Can accommodate two travel trailers \$100/month for space, hook-up etc. Small cabin for rent. \$200/month. On fishing lake. Next to wildlife refuge. Close to Gainesville Meeting. Jack or Leila Cushman (904) 732-5632, 3501 S.E. 7th Ave., Ocala, FL 32674.

Cuernavaca, Mexico: Small seminars, large families, or Friends find "Casa Rose" a delightful place for study, reunions, or holidays. Our staff provides friendly Mexican spirit, concern for guests, excellent meals. Seven double bedrooms with baths and small single; large dining and living rooms with fireplaces; long verandah for outdoor living; quiet porch and upstairs terrace; large garden; garage and parking area; 40' X 25' heated, filtered pool; mountain views; near central plaza, buses, and taxis. Good language schools available in Cuernavaca; day excursions to archaeological sites, colonial conventos, haciendas, attractive villages, and much natural beauty, including the great volcanoes of Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl. Cuernavaca is an hour from Mexico City; a good base for Mexican travels. Inquiries: Chule Rose Nicholson, 516 Oakley Road, Haverford, PA 19041. (215) 642-3595.

Mountain Retreat, modern cabin bordering Pa. state forest, good hiking, \$250/wk. Call (717) 742-4118 for brochure and dates.

September 24, Fred Small in concert. Peace activist, singer/songwriter writes his music around true stories. October 14-16 Storytelling Conference with Belden Lane, Arthur Waskow, Jenny Warwick: stories are the vehicle for peacemaking this weekend. Call Beaver Conference Farm for brochure. (914) 962-6033.

Beaver Conference Farm: Ecumenical peace and justice retreat center located on an old dairy farm 33 miles north of Manhattan. Conferences offered year-round. Also available for personal retreats and groups with their own programs. Contact Beaver Conference Farm, Underhill Avenue, Route 118, Yorktown Heights, NY 10598. (914) 962-6033.

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.

Wanted

Nineteenth century Quaker clothing—especially men's coats and hats. For display purposes; occasionally to be worn on special days. Information about the original owners would be appreciated. Virginia S. McQuail, Downingtown Friends Meeting, 745 Peck Road, Downingtown, PA 19335. (215) 269-3432.

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