

May 1989

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today



Community and Conservation • Moonlight: A Parable
Civil Disobedience: When Do I Break the Law?

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Among Friends

Just One Small Corner

Strong words by any measure: *defiant* ("boldly resistant to an opposing force or authority"); *trespass* ("to invade the property . . . of another without consent and with the actual or implied commission of violence"). They even evoke strong images—hoards of sinister pirates, perhaps, storming a ship, knives clenched firmly in teeth, bent on seizing trunks of treasure. The words do not create as easily the mental image of a slightly built, 75-year old woman—Quaker, no less—embracing an aged friend.

But that was the formal charge brought against Mary Bye: *defiant trespass*. For, after all, when she acted, she did so with force (all 95 determined pounds of her), moving directly against agents of the Pennsylvania Department of Transportation and their whirring chainsaws; and clearly, she did so without their consent (in fact, they begged her to stop). The "treasured trunks" involved were the 150-year-old white oak trees lining the road near Mary's suburban Philadelphia home. Mary describes what happened this way: "The whole thing really surprised me. I was just going up my road. Seeing them cutting down the trees, I didn't even take time to *think* about it. I just immediately ran across the road and hugged a tree!"

What followed surprised everyone. Befuddled tree cutters—worried, they said, about Mary's safety—called the police. "A nice officer arrived," Mary recalls, "and told me I had to leave. I said, 'No, no, I can't.' So I was arrested for hugging a tree."

Why, people began to ask, did the state have to cut down the trees anyway? Well, authorities responded, the highway intersection there was unsafe for motorists. Vision was obstructed by the enormous trees. The local township was worried too about the possibility of future lawsuits resulting from accidents. And besides, the amount of traffic in the area has been increasing; the township must protect its people. . . .

"Not so," Mary told a newspaper reporter. "I've been crossing that intersection for 33 years." The issue was not traffic, it was the environment. "Destroying the trees," Mary says, "is an example of human shortsightedness. We've been hearing a lot about the Greenhouse Effect lately, and what destruction of the trees does to the environment. We have failed to see how much we need the trees to live."

On February 1 Mary went to court, and 50 of her supporters went with her (one of them a state politician and lawyer, who had offered to defend her). A troubled judge sought a fair solution and found it: guilty of a *diminimus infraction*, no fine, Mary was free to go. Her friends celebrated. A local Quaker-run nursery, showing its support for Mary and the loss of the trees, has offered to give away \$300 worth of trees each month to any takers. And plans are underway to place a memorial plaque at the place where the old oaks were felled. Inscribed will be these words from Revelations: "Hurt not the earth, neither the sea nor the trees. . . ."

Amazing, isn't it, what a bit of *diminimus infraction* can accomplish? "I'm not out to change the whole world," Mary Bye says, "but I would like to change my little corner of it."

Vinton Deming

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Forum

Pros and Cons

I'm heartened by the letters appearing in Forum concerning the Mideast, Israel, and Palestinians.

The "quiet" that now reigns in the news of the uprising, or *intifada*, is a quiet imposed by censorship. But both the struggle for human rights as well as the suffering still go on. Schools, including the Friends schools, are still closed in "collective punishment," and children are being purposely deprived of an education. The demolition of Palestinian homes continues, as do the shootings, the arrests, and the imprisonments without trial.

A U.S. friend wrote recently from the West Bank, "It is not wisdom, but common sense that the longer people struggle without concrete results, the more disenchanted they become with the possibilities peaceful struggle offers them."

May Mansoor Munn
Houston, Tex.

Letters about the Arab-Israeli conflict published in the December 1988 JOURNAL under "Some Voices in Response" left me pretty distressed; their lopsided views of history, semantic games, and lack of substantiation did not lend a sense of nurturing or compassion for either side. Rather, experience with this sort of disinformation leads me to believe that they were intended as anything but compassionate. Unfortunately, almost all of the letters were typical of the unfair treatment Israel receives from many Quakers, usually on dubious grounds.

An issue broadly mentioned by a number of the letters is Jewish nationalism, or Zionism. Five of the seven letters denigrate Zionism or question its validity as a movement. The authors assert they are not anti-Jewish by relying upon worn-out slogans, such as "anti-Zionism isn't anti-Jewish," and "Arabs can't be anti-Semitic because they're Semites, too." The authors ignore the fact that the term *anti-Semitism* was coined in 19th century Germany to describe anti-Jewish sentiment and has nothing to do with Semites or Arabs. Regardless of what one calls Arab sentiment toward Israel and Judaism—anti-Semitism or anti-Judaism—it still comes out smelling like bigotry. Semantic games won't change that.

Anti-Zionists make an enemy of every self-affirming Jew, which amounts to an overwhelming majority of Jews, regardless of where they currently live. The fact that Zionists in Israel and elsewhere *do* speak for world Jewry is something many

Friends find difficult to accept. Why, I'm not sure. One author felt "revulsion" for the "arrogant nationalism of Israel," and another derided Israel's "paranoia." It's true, Israelis and Jews around the world have strong nationalist tendencies, and why not? Where would they be without them? At the mercy of the world? Never again! Jews have a reason to be paranoid, and the letters to which I am responding only go to show that Jews will be as easily sold out by those who openly espouse violence as by those whose "peace in our time" slogans will lead to the unfair treatment of Israel, which will ultimately lead to its isolation, making it ripe for the plucking.

Joshua A.R. First
Rochester, N.Y.

Thanks, Margaret

The January issue was terrific! Margaret Bacon's research ("Our Evolving Constitution") was unusually fine. What a study of Quakerism, past and present! Others of her articles of the past have been most appreciated.

John M. Eustice
Wonder Lake, Ill.

Immigration Alternatives

Thank you for Warren Witte's explanation of the American Friends Service Committee's action to challenge the immigration law (FJ Feb.). Let's take this opportunity to examine the reasons for the immigration pressures and to suggest more constructive ways to deal with them. Let's get Friends all across the United States talking about specific and concrete alternatives.

Ten years ago a presidential commission urged that the United States make overcoming hunger the focus of its foreign policy. We haven't, and migration is one of the results.

How much would that big ditch cost? How could that money be used to develop economic opportunities in those places from which the migrants come?

Vici Oshiro
Burnsville, Minn.

I have just returned from a stay in rural Belize to find that the current AFSC Bulletin's lead story concerns the lawsuit against the Immigration and Naturalization Service. Although I cannot claim expertise, I can offer some grassroots observations about some of



Rosamond C. Buskirk

the problems which AFSC hopes to address in this legal action.

It was my impression that much could be done to alleviate poverty in Belize by Belizeans if the U.S. government would permit them to make their own decisions and exert greater control over their destinies.

There will be hardship as long as our country (1) utilizes their land as bases for military operations, (2) trains their surveillance forces to spy on and to intimidate loyal and legal opposition, (3) props up leaders who act as U.S. puppets, (4) allows U.S. commercial banks to prey on impoverished economies, (5) encourages U.S. investors whose only dedication is to the fast buck, (6) fails to provide proper judicial process for citizens who have been bilked by U.S. entrepreneurs, and (7) holds out the illusion of a bountiful economy based on tourism.

A truly concerned U.S. state department could promote balanced economies by stimulation of agriculture and industry, thus providing a suitable gross national product. The product of tourism is fun, and happy memories cannot be converted into any other kind of wealth. Furthermore, it lives on the crumbs of U.S. consumer dollars in boom times.

Feeding the hungry is, to be sure, a task which we should all be about, but I question whether doing so by reacting to the results of political and economic injustice is not working from the wrong end—a futile exercise born of frustration. Cannot we exert some force at the source?

Doris Baker
Bridgewater, Va.

View from Abroad

The "Going Home" article (FJ Feb.) was of particular interest to me. I am fortunate to be living in a Scandinavian country, possibly for as long as two years. The contrast with the United States is very sharp. Here no ragged, starving

Viewpoint

Better Alternatives Exist

people are seen wandering about, forced to live under bridges or in cardboard shacks, their continued existence grudgingly allowed by the skimpy charities of a wealthy nation. The government is elected through a reasonable process of public debate by parties representative of many shades of opinion, not by some disgraceful electronic propaganda system that stirs up dark hatreds in the people. Peace reigns here; there is very little criminal violence.

Seen from afar, the United States is a strange fantasy of bizarre behavior, irrational violence, greed celebrated, vanishing community, ever-growing alienation. It is a vast, ungovernable land populated by an impoverished (intellectually, emotionally, spiritually) people overburdened with the costly weight of superpower.

Sad as all this may be, many will nevertheless have to "go home." It is good that people who return keep up their spirits with a hope of change. Perhaps through some mysterious process and through time the United States (what a vast abstraction that is!) may actually change for the better.

If someone does have the choice of return it is better to return for the sake of being close to those persons most loved, rather than to return imbued with some notion that it is possible to be an active agent of change. Heads that batter stone walls suffer too much.

Robert Van Wormer
Norway

Shared Suffering

The following story may be of interest to JOURNAL readers:

One of the profoundest examples of reconciliation through shared suffering occurred recently in the city of Lebanon, Pa., when an 8-year-old boy was brutally murdered on his way home from the library. Within a few hours another boy, age 16, was arrested and charged with the slaying. During the next few days the suspect's 10-year-old brother, a friend of the victim, was taunted at school and their mother harassed at work. In response, the dead boy's father went to the home of the suspect to comfort the family, and he publicly urged everyone to bring no more grief to the already suffering family. His deep compassion has left a strong mark on all who have learned of it.

Ted Herman
Cornwall, Pa.

For years I have resisted the temptation to write on the subject of incarcerated juveniles. I have been informed that I am "too cynical" and "too prejudiced against the system" to give a balanced account of my 22 years in child care.

After reading "Warehousing Violence" in the March FRIENDS JOURNAL I have decided that the story needs to be told, even if it is admittedly one-sided.

In May of 1965 I started work as a volunteer at an institution serving wards of New York City. The institution was located in Westchester County, New York. It was literally a giant garbage can for unwanted poor kids. Kids were cuffed and sometimes punched for minor offenses. The institution was directed by a Friend. He did not approve of this behavior, but he was unable to halt it.

My career working with "the state's kids" has left me with a very unfriendly anger at a system that could be so careless with such a valuable resource as our children. I know why the majority of our adult prisoners come from this child "care" system. Violence will indeed breed more violence. When kids are removed from their own homes because of family abuse and are then reabused by the state or its agents, the seeds are sown. When neglect and abuse become a daily routine, the plant grows. By the time these children become adults the anger is too big to redirect, and a life of crime often follows.

My experience with the above-mentioned agency was by no means unique. I was also employed in Morris County, New Jersey; Hillsboro County, New Hampshire; Corvallis, Oregon; Knox, Hancock, and Penobscott counties in Maine; and Essex, Suffolk, and Worcester counties in Massachusetts. Treatment of kids differed only in philosophy, not in practice, except in Massachusetts.

Some years ago, a liberal Republican governor, Francis Sargent, closed the Commonwealth's 150-year-old reform school system. He hired a gadfly, Jerome Miller, to head the Department of Youth Services. Jerome Miller believed that kids should be treated where they live. He hired several private agencies and had them put their workers in the street. There was a different kind of worker hired by these agencies: younger, more dedicated, and in many cases, from the same neighborhood as the kids served.

Over the years the program has received a lot of political flack for being too liberal, lax in discipline, and not delivering enough punishment. However, today, Massachusetts locks up fewer kids than any other state. Its adult crime rate is falling when measured against the rate in California, the state with the distinction of having the greatest number of locked up juveniles.

Why, if the system in Massachusetts works, and I assure you it does, isn't it copied elsewhere? The answer is our attitude as a country. People in the United States believe in punishment. Successful treatment of juveniles might be important, but in the minds of too many, punishment carries a greater weight. If the choice must be made, we would rather punish than cure. That's a shame.

Often I have had the pleasure of returning to Massachusetts to see kids who used to be clients. They are all adults now and have families of their own. I laugh inside when I see them correct their kids using the same words I used to correct them years ago. It's a good feeling; too bad more people can't share it. Also too bad that my unfriendly anger remains for the short-sighted treatment of kids elsewhere.

Harry H. Snyder III

Harry Snyder is a member of Purchase (N.Y.) Meeting and attends Cobscook (Maine) Meeting. He worked in childcare for 22 years in six states. He now sells real estate.

Community & Conservation

A PERSONAL JOURNEY

*A pasture at
Monteverde, Costa Rica*



Stephen Cary/American Friends Service Committee

by Katherine Griffith

When I was a child, my family lived for a year in a small town in India. I apparently found being stuck in the desert disturbing, because I frequently leapt out of bed in the middle of the night screaming, "Wait for me! Wait for me!" After running full tilt into the door, I usually woke up and stumbled back to bed, confused and sheepish.

After this unpromising beginning, I somehow developed a passion for traveling. At 15, I traveled alone across the country, and at 17 I left high school to work and pay my way to Europe. I spent college vacations roaring back and forth across the country with truckers, and spent the year after I graduated wandering through South America.

This was how I arrived, several years later, in Monteverde, Costa Rica, a small, mountain dairy community founded in 1951 by a group of U.S. Quakers. I came as a budget traveler, camping and hitchhiking my way south

Katherine Griffith lived in Costa Rica from 1985 to 1988, founding a community environmental education project, which she administered until returning to graduate school in agricultural and resource economics in Madison, Wis.

from Nicaragua. I came to see things—to soak up a little atmosphere, get a few vicarious thrills perhaps—certainly I had no intention of getting involved. I was far too interested in the whole world to want to burden myself with the details of any one place. I planned to stay a couple of days.

A year later, I was still there. I realized with surprise that not only had I been so far unable to leave (somehow having accepted one temporary job and commitment after another), I no longer even wanted to. In fact, I was searching for an occupation that would provide me with more than a temporary excuse to stay. Somehow, it seemed I had grown a taproot into the local soil.

After some false starts, and a few vague attempts to catch a shrimp boat to Peru (I still couldn't quite believe I didn't want to keep traveling), I ultimately decided that what I really wanted to do was start a community environmental education project. My initial goal was to create curriculum materials for local schools about the nearby Cloud Forest Reserve. The reserve was a largely untapped educational and recreational resource for local people, and the unique and exciting biological community there was mostly unknown and unappreciated

by area residents.

For the next 2½ years, I was immersed in "my" project. I initially worked as a volunteer and later received institutional support and a modest salary from the Monteverde Conservation League and the Monteverde Institute, which are involved in conservation projects, educational programs, and community outreach. However, the project quickly ceased to be "mine" as I abandoned goal after goal, realizing that the things I thought were important were not recognized as such by anyone else. I ran headlong into unforeseen obstacles, and I learned that the only thing I had to work with was the community—the grassroots—of which I understood rather little.

The best I could do was work through existing channels and with existing resources to accomplish ends that were very much those of the local population. As it turned out, those ends had precious little to do with the Cloud Forest Reserve, which was regarded as largely the domain of wealthy and eccentric North American tourists and biologists. To get conservation on as many agendas as possible, I set about joining every organization I could think of that might have a potential interest in the environment.

Conservation became broadly defined: if an organization was concerned about health, we discussed water contamination, pesticide poisonings, and garbage. If it dealt with infrastructure development, we looked at the impact of paving the road, the desirability of a community-operated water system, the effects of hotel development. If the goal was education, we looked at ways of fitting conservation, local natural history, and basic ecology into the curriculum. I worked with the dairy plant, the co-operative, the experimental farm, the agricultural high school, the community development association, the town meeting, the Catholic youth group, any and every group with an actual or potential interest in anything environmental.

The bad part was that I spent an inordinate amount of time in meetings, many of them having little to do with

conservation or the environment. I was pulled in all directions at once, forgot my original goals, and often lost perspective. At times I felt as if I were drowning in a sea of competing institutional goals, and everywhere I looked was a bottomless pit of need. But there was a positive side, too. I learned that in the complexity of a small community, there exist unlimited possibilities for action, a million different ways to approach every issue. And I began to see that while people were the worst—perhaps the *only*—real threat to the environment, communities were perhaps its only salvation.

The boundaries between preserving the biotic community and the human community began to blur; what reinforced one seemed to reinforce the other. There was, of course, conflict between human needs and environmental protection. Farmers needed to cut trees for fence posts, and the watershed needed the trees standing. Struggling dairy operations needed to put just one more cow in that pasture, and the grass gave up the fight in protest. And for farmers on the edge (most of them most of the time), there were compelling economic reasons to use pesticides. But even in these instances of conflict, the fact that conservation and community needed each other was clear. Any environmental solution that couldn't work for farmers and get their support was doomed to failure, and any solution to farmers' problems had to work for the environment too, or self-destruct. I began to see that any environmental solution that ignored the complexity, fragility, and interconnectedness of human institutions would be no solution at all; just as any human project that ignored the complexity, fragility, and interconnectedness of the environment would not be sustainable.

Most trees, for example, were cut by "the little guy," and clearly most would have to be planted by him too, with his needs and interests in mind. Watershed protection had more communal than individual benefits, and would have to be protected by communities that planned to be there in the long term. A government decree to protect the watershed, ignoring the needs of small farmers, resulted in threatened violence and a decision by landowners to engage in deforestation as a protest. They could regard such destruction as an option because they had been threatened with the uncompensated loss of their land,

and no longer had much incentive to care for it.

There was overwhelming evidence that the worst destruction of the land was caused by people with no long-term attachment to it, and by individuals and communities besieged by social and economic forces that threatened the existence of their way of life.

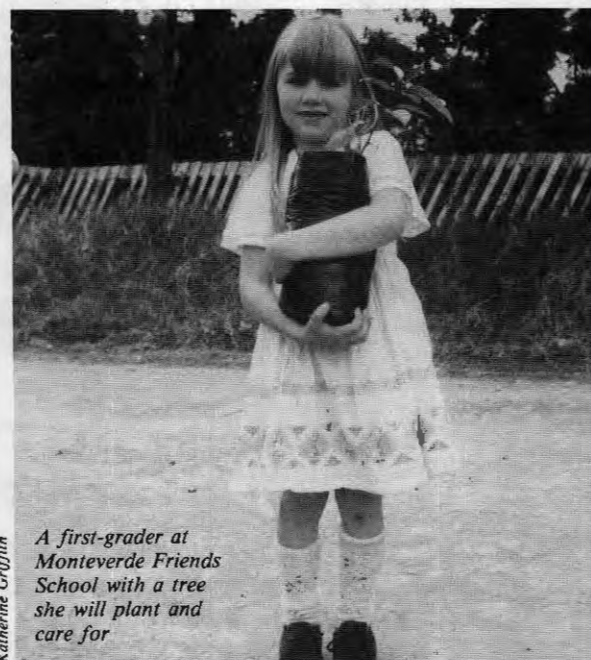
As I began to explore the relationship between community and conservation, I came across an essay entitled "The Defense of the Peaceable Kingdom," by Marshall Massey, a Quaker environmentalist and writer. Massey described three types—perhaps they could be called phases—of environmental activism. The first, "the simplest, most primitive, and by far the loudest," is NIMBY, "Not In My Back Yard." This is the impulse to protect one's own life and property. The second phase is stewardship, exercised by those who care for people they will never meet, and for long-term problems that affect them indirectly, if at all. The third, "the sweetest and wisest," is altruism "born from the sense that all life is precious."

As it turns out, these three types of concern closely parallel the history of conservation efforts in Monteverde. The first major, public act of environmental preservation was the declaration of the *Bosque Eterno*—"Eternal Forest"—to be protected as a watershed. The river originating in this forest powered the sawmill, among other things, and was recognized as vital to the survival of the community.

This forest ultimately formed the core of what became known as the Monteverde Cloud Forest Reserve, the creation of which was the second major conservationist act in the community. The reserve was created out of a sense of the importance of protecting a place of scientific significance. The reserve was created for people, plants, and animals its creators would never see or meet—future generations of scientists, hikers, and amateur naturalists, and as-yet-undiscovered plants and animals. Its creation was an example of stewardship.

It would probably be too generous to say the third act—creation of the Monteverde Conservation League—was born entirely of altruism, though this certainly was part of it. First, there was a growing realization that the reserve was not large enough to maintain populations of its animal inhabitants. Biological relationships were more complex and geographically far-reaching than originally

supposed, and there was no scientific or philosophical justification for stopping conservation at the borders of the reserve. And once one boundary was debunked, the question became, "How big is big enough? Where do we stop? Is there any logical limit to the things and



A first-grader at Monteverde Friends School with a tree she will plant and care for
Katherine Griffith

places we should protect? Any limit to the number of tourists and scientists that can come and enjoy the forest and learn from it? Any limit to the problems we should address, or the area that we should regard as within our concern? Any boundary to this 'community'?"

Monteverde's vision of community had grown. It began with residents working toward self-preservation, and expanded to include a larger geographical area with no logical limit, and a definition of community that took distant, potential, and unknown users into account.

Environmentalists are fond of pointing out that the earth is one vast community—everything is connected to everything else in a huge and complicated web. However, I don't believe that most of us are effective on a global scale. What is a realistic range for our concern and activism? Where and how will we be most effective?

Perhaps these are questions for our committees on global concerns, as we rush hither and yon to get involved in projects in five continents, seeing the real issues as being somewhere else, where they are more glamorous or profound or significant—or, at the very least, more exotic.

"Wait for me!" I had yelled as a nine-year-old, alarmed that the world was leaving me behind and that I wasn't where the action was.

Some years later I said, "Maybe I'll go to Nicaragua/Bolivia/Israel," sure that the challenges would be more meaningful there, the battles more glorious, and the heroes more noble.

The point is that the range of our effective action is limited, that "thinking globally and acting locally" is probably the very best of which we're capable. It reminds us that while our spiritual community may be the whole world, and our goodwill on a good day may even extend that far, on a practical level our real community is much closer to home. A vision of the whole may guide us locally, but cannot replace our local ties, wherever we should decide to establish them.

Wendell Berry once said, "It used to be that every time I heard of some public action somewhere to promote some cause I believed in, I would be full of guilt because I wasn't there. If they were marching in Washington . . . how could my absence from Washington be anything but a sin? . . . But if I can't promote what I hope for in Port Royal [Kentucky], then why go to Washington to promote it? What succeeds in Port Royal succeeds in the world."

An incorrigible globetrotter, with lofty global concerns coming out my ears, I discovered the answer to the question of community and scale—a personal answer—only when I became mired for several years in the adhesive mud of a small mountaintop in northwestern Costa Rica. "Community" for me turned out to be both more prosaic and more sublime than I could have imagined. Prosaic in that it turned out, on a day-to-day level, to mean nothing more than relentless committee meetings, filling in for sick teachers, taking care of people's animals, being fed chicken soup when I was sick, being given a place to stay when I was broke, and being given a kick in the ass when I was wrong. Sublime in the sense that I discovered what *real* connectedness was. It wasn't the metaphysical, ethereal idea of connectedness with all living things (though I believe in this too, and even thought I felt it, floating across continents as a footloose and fancy-free hitchhiker); it was the ache to come home after a few weeks away, the sense of responsibility for the neighbors and their cats, the satisfaction of a well-attended meeting

or a new friend, and even the richness of death, which seemed to bring us closer together.

I came to believe that for most of us, most of the time, "community" means someplace (or something) pretty small. It makes good intuitive sense that among other social animals, instances of cooperation seem to occur primarily when recognition of individuals is possible—and this is only the case when the number of fellow creatures is limited. Economics and game theory tell us that the costs of cooperation and altruism are not worth the uncertain rewards if we cannot recognize the other players, or have no reason to believe that we will meet them or interact with them again. A vague belief in karma is simply not enough for most people.

I also came to realize that community is not just a place, but a state of mind—we can make it anywhere (though some places are admittedly a lot more promising than others), and if we have not the state of mind to create it, we probably won't find it anywhere either. Building community is probably one of the richest, most rewarding, and most important tasks of this mobile age, deserving of all the creative energy we can muster.

I started out to teach people about an ecological community, and they taught me about the human community. I started out running a program, and learned that it was no program at all without grassroots participation. And then I learned that nobody ran the grassroots—not the government, not the missionaries, not the development experts, and certainly not me. So I became grass too, and learned Whitman's truth: "... a leaf of grass is no less than the journey work of the stars." And I learned that many leaves of grass can be a community, in all it's tangled, unplanned, unlovely messiness, and that it is through community with each other that we learn the meaning of community with our environment. Finally, I learned that planting human grass was as important as planting pasture grass; they both stemmed erosion, and I grew a root. The long journey to Someplace Else led, finally, to home.

Bind me ye Woodbines in your 'twines,
Curle me about ye gadding vines,
And Oh so close your Circles lace,
That I may never leave this Place . . .

—Andrew Marvell □

LET'S SAVE

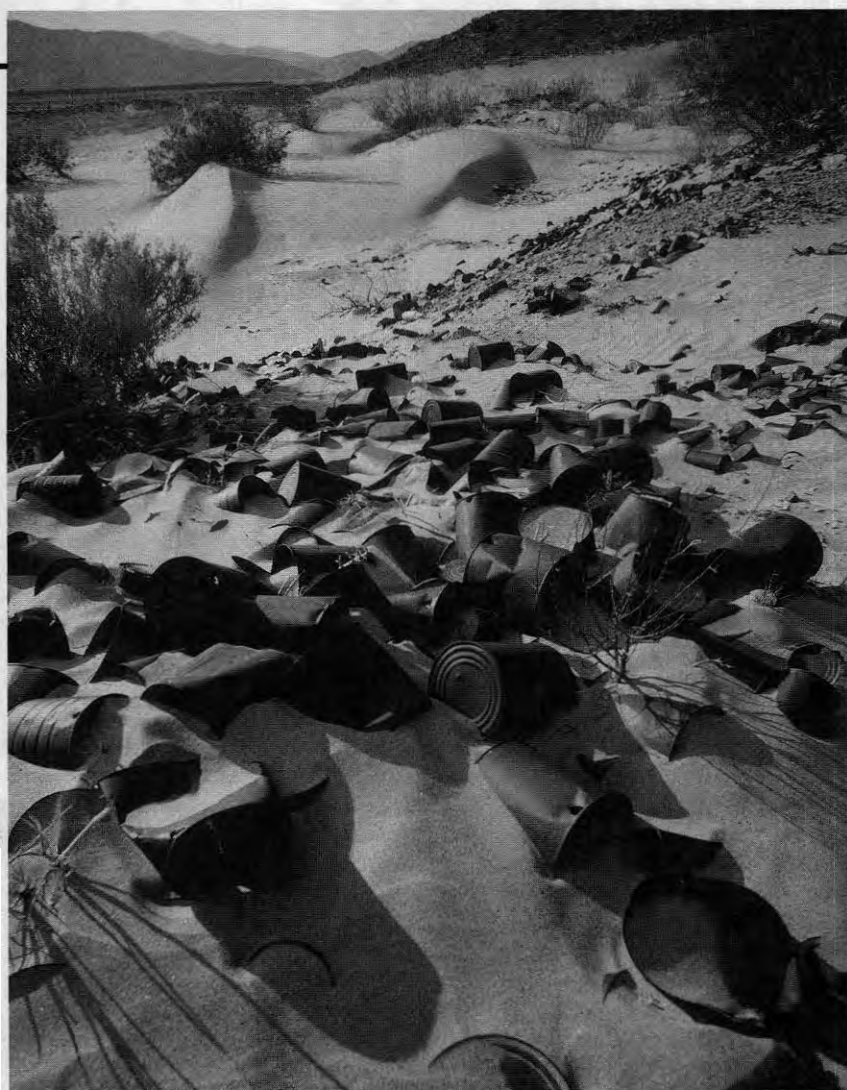
Noah didn't save all that much. He did not think of everything to save but then he was just thinking of a big flood—lots of rain.

Here are some things to save: beer cans, vegetation, wolves, gila monsters, used clothing, eagles, seals, myths, witches, poets, leprechauns, heretics, unicorns, history, and even people.

Some people are worth saving and we can not tell which so, what the heck, save 'em all.

—Alex Stach

Alex Stach is a member of Twin Cities (Minn.) Meeting and a person of many interests, including sociology, political science, music, theater, and Slavic languages.



UNTITLED

How quite contrary
of our garden seed:
It digs down and dies
to rise up and live.

—E. A. Gloeggler

*E.A. Gloeggler is a
retired school psychologist
from Far Rockaway,
New York.*



Anthony Manoussos

INFERNAL SCISSORS

Daffodils had gone
and in the season's waiting space
the garden lay,
a tangle full of listing stalks
and leaves.

I took my scissors,
came out briskly,
trimmed them close.

But when the beds were nearly ordered,
you strode up, all ragged,
growling down that I had cut
the coming April's blossoms out
with my infernal scissors.

God, I know now
bulbs need times with straggled leaves
to grow and store up into daffodils.

—Helen Weaver Horn

*Helen Weaver Horn lives
with her family on a cattle farm
and is a member of Athens
(Ohio) Meeting.*

· F R I E N D S ·

by Floyd Schmoe

*In light of recent political developments in Japan following the death of Emperor Hirohito, the following article seems particularly appropriate. Through the years, other Quakers, too, have experienced helpful connections with the Japanese. In this category, Elizabeth Gray Vining comes to mind, with her years of tutoring the Crown Prince of Japan, who is the subject of this article, and now Emperor of Japan. She described her experience in her book, *Windows for the Crown Prince*. —Ed.*

Your Imperial Highness the Crown Prince," and "Your Imperial Highness the Crown Princess," and, of course, to bow in good Japanese manners to their highnesses: so we were instructed by their chamberlain to address the royal couple.

In bowing we were well versed, for since arriving in Japan last November 10, to be awarded the Hiroshima-Tanimoto Peace Prize, we had already bowed to hundreds of Japanese friends. The "Your Highness" part did not come so readily. Such stilted address does not come comfortably to mind.

Our escort, young Mr. Nishimoto of the Hiroshima-Tokyo office, was not comfortable either. He said that he had not slept well all night, and to be certain that we arrived at the appointed hour he delivered us to the crown prince's household an hour too early. In fact the family had not yet returned from their daily visit to His Imperial Highness, the emperor, who was in his bed sick.

Rather than keep us waiting longer, the prince and princess, having now returned, agreed to receive us immediately. We were led by the chamberlain

through long hallways, an impeccably liveried gentleman bowing at every turn—across a gorgeously appointed music room with concert harp and grand piano, then ushered into a cozy sitting room opening at ground level onto the woodland of the palace grounds.

Protocol forgotten . . . we were met by outstretched hands, warm smiles, and friendly greetings in perfect English.

The prince, well into his 50s, I suppose, is beginning to gray in a handsome manner; but the princess, who suffered serious illness a few years ago, has regained her youthful beauty and could readily pass for 35. The prince wore street clothes of the ordinary Japanese business man, but the princess was dressed in a tailored suit of some soft woolen material in olive and lavender colors. Her black hair was drawn back in a simple modest style. She is gentle and soft-spoken, obviously intelligent and well-informed on world affairs.

We talked at length of family. My daughter, Ruthanna Higley, accompanied me. Her children are approximately the same age as those of the royal family; but we spoke of serious matters as well: the illness of the emperor, the good health of the empress and other family members, the U.S. political situation, and of world upheaval.

It may have been presumptuous on my part, though I trust it as a Divine leading, that I, so lately a Kansas farm boy, dared to council a member of history's longest ruling royal family, on affairs of state. But I did remind the prince at the time I spoke with him that he was likely to soon become head of state of one of the most powerful nations of the world, and, as such, would bear great responsibility, as well as enjoying great opportunities to influence world opinions in ways of justice and peace.

The prince and princess both nodded agreement, and I felt sure that they accepted my council in good spirit.

The prince regretted the loss of Friend Esther Rhodes and inquired lovingly as to the situation and good health of

another Friend, Elizabeth Gray Vining. We were convinced that even after so many years the simplicity and Quaker sense of integrity as exemplified by these two great women lives on in the lifestyle of Japan's royal family.

When our watchful chamberlain rapped twice on the door to remind us that our allotted time had expired, and we rose to say farewell, the princess suggested that we walk in the gardens. She is a birdwatcher and lover of flowers, and the prince a serious student of marine biology. (I had presented the prince with a copy of my book, *A Year in Paradise*, and he had given me reprints of some of his scientific papers.)

The prince escorted Ruthanna, and Princess Michiko—we were beginning to feel almost on a first-name basis—took my arm as we walked through the woods and across the meadows of the huge palace park. She was especially anxious to show us a lovely red rose, then in full bloom, which had been developed by an Irish rose lover, and named *rosa michiko*, in her honor.

She also pointed out to Ruthanna a sizeable white birch tree which she said she had grown from seed gathered from a birch tree at Blair House in Washington on one of their early visits to the United States.

When Ruthanna suggested that she would love to find acorns of the huge oak under which we stood that she might grow a royal oak in Seattle, the princess, no doubt with recently manicured fingers, scratched among the fallen leaves until she found a number of freshly fallen acorns.

When finally our limousine overtook us to take us to a luncheon appointment with members of the Diet and the staff of the prime minister, the prince and princess stood by our open window and extended their hands in warm farewell. As I looked back they still stood arm in arm on the road waving us goodbye.

Royal protocol—"His Imperial Highness," "Her Imperial Highness"—no longer; these were our dear friends. □

Floyd Schmoe is a member of University (Wash.) Meeting. He is a scientist, artist, author, and humanitarian. He did relief work in Europe following WWI and helped build houses in Hiroshima and Nagasaki after WWII.



*Lyubov Dmitryeva
and George Grigoryev
on the Haverford
College campus*

East *Meets* West *in a College Snack Shop*

by Jennifer Drake

George Grigoryev and Lyubov Dmitryeva, who attend Haverford College, share a great deal with U.S. college students. They live in the dorms and eat at the cafeteria. They write papers and worry about tests, and enjoy spending time with their friends. However, they are a bit far from home to take their laundry to Mom on the weekends. As their accent and names attest, George and Lyubov are from the Soviet Union. They are participating in the first unchaperoned Soviet-U.S. student exchange program, officially dubbed "the American Collegiate Consortium for East-West Cultural and Academic Exchange." I was fortunate to be able to spend some time with these students this past autumn, discussing their academic interests, the exchange program, their impressions of the United States and our college students, differences in the educational systems of the two superpowers, and their new-found fame since arriving in this country.

For George and Lyubov, Haverford, a small Quaker college near Philadelphia, whose campus is host to many trees, flowers, and a duck pond, is certainly a change from their universities in Moscow. George, quiet and bespectacled, is a fourth year student at Moscow State University, where he studies physics. Lyubov, bubbly and with a smiling, open face, is in her sixth year at the 2nd Medical Institute of Moscow. Her plan is to become a clinical psychiatrist. They were invited to participate in this exchange program based on merit as good students and aptitude for the English language.

Jennifer Drake, a student majoring in English and music at Kalamazoo College, wrote this article while working as an intern at FRIENDS JOURNAL.

George, who sleeps in a dorm room devoid of decor, is matter-of-fact about the diversity of our cultures. He shrugged at many of my questions concerning differences. "It's different, yes, but not so different," was his standard reply. It seemed as far as he was concerned, most differences were trivial, as long as the laws of physics remained the same. His dry sense of humor emerged from time to time in our conversations, and he was always ready with a smile as long as the camera wasn't around.

Lyubov, whose friendly disposition suits her more to people than scientific factors, was more vocal about differences in the peoples of our nations. She dresses sensibly, in skirt, sweater, and sturdy shoes, but she also possesses a streak of silliness (which prompted her to strike a pose with an umbrella during our photo session).

The program is, as Lyubov agreed, one of the positive products of Gorbachev's glasnost policies. She remembers hearing Reagan and Gorbachev discuss programs such as this at one of the summit meetings, where it was agreed that it is important to establish communication between young people of both our nations and to provide opportunities for them to learn about and get to know one another. This was before she had any idea that she would be one of those young people.

Haverford is one of 22 U.S. liberal arts schools acting as hosts to Soviet students for the 1988-89 school year. Next year, U.S. students will have their turn, attending 20 different Soviet universities, rather than the two Russian institutions which are generally reserved for non-Soviets.

George and Lyubov, along with other

Soviet students, arrived in August at Middlebury College in Vermont, which serves as headquarters to the program. The students spent a month there undergoing an orientation to U.S. college life. George and Lyubov both agreed Vermont was beautiful, but hot.

Neither George nor Lyubov had ever been to the States before, and neither was quite sure what to expect. Lyubov said her preconceived visions of our country were mainly of a metropolitan place, with skyscrapers and bustling activity. She was surprised by the country atmosphere at Haverford, and although used to the city, she thinks that the country is a good setting for study. When I asked what they found to be the most different, George the serious-minded physicist, replied jokingly, "The language." How could I argue?

I was certain that, as we talked, I would encounter a Soviet stereotype of the "typical American." Lyubov, however, claims that she did not have such a stereotype, but her impression of people here is they are very open and friendly and always ready with a joke or a smile. As a whole, she thinks Soviets are much more reserved. George, however, disagreed, claiming you could not generalize about vast groups of people.

It turned out I was the one who did the stereotyping when I asked Lyubov and George if they had more freedom to travel here than they did in the Soviet Union. Apparently, they had been asked this question before. Lyubov replied with a laugh that as a matter of fact they were more restricted here. In the Soviet Union, they are able to go anywhere, while here, if they wish to go beyond a 25-mile radius, they must write and explain their plans to an official of the

CHILDREN

by Robert Kunkel

program. My visions of an oppressive Soviet Union and the freedom for all in our own country were a bit skewed after that, especially when I discovered that the travel restrictions were placed on the students, not by the Soviet Union, but by the United States. [Please see author's note at end of this article.] They have done some traveling, though. Lyubov has gone to Massachusetts with a roommate; George has been to New York City, where he took many pictures of the ocean, the sky, and the Columbia University physics department.

As a college student myself, I was interested to discuss differences in higher learning institutes of our two nations. I was particularly envious of the fact that in the Soviet Union, colleges and universities are publicly funded, whereas here a college education is often a financial burden, which in some cases discourages people from obtaining an education.

Another major difference between the Soviet and U.S. systems is that Soviet young people must choose, upon graduation from high school (usually at the age of 17), the field of study which they will pursue for the entirety of their college education. This would be a hard task for most U.S. students, who might change their major four times in their freshman year alone. George debated which system he felt was more beneficial. He reasoned that in the Soviet Union, once the choice is made, one can concentrate more intensely in the chosen field (consequently finishing one's schooling nearly two years earlier than in the States), rather than spending time on subjects that won't be pursued. However, George could also see that it might be helpful to have some knowledge of fields other than the chosen one. He also said he was concerned at first about the quality of a physics department at a liberal arts school which did not specialize in physics. He has since discovered that there was no need for concern, and he is much impressed with the physics department at Haverford.

I sat in on a pharma-psychology class with Lyubov, which she said was much more informal than her classes in the Soviet Union. She admitted surprise at the way U.S. students interrupt the professor and each other and raise thoughts that are perhaps unorganized or don't quite have to do with the subject at hand. While the opportunity to ask questions is the same in the Soviet Union, a student would never interrupt a professor and would ask much more

specific questions. However, when I later asked George about his classes, he did not find there was a significant difference between his classes here and in the Soviet Union.

One aspect of my interviews with George and Lyubov which surprised me was that I did not find them to be more different from myself. I certainly did not expect to discover they had green skin and slept hanging from their toes in the closet, but I was prepared for a much wider cultural gap. Lyubov and George both seemed amused there is so much public interest in them and their program. They have been interviewed by newspaper reporters and on public radio. George appeared in an article in *Time* magazine; upon request, Lyubov wrote an article about the Moscow Circus for the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. Lyubov stated that she had never been famous for anything before she came here. I expected them to be a bit weary of answering questions and being treated like celebrities, but they were both willing to answer my questions, to traipse all over campus taking pictures, and even—in George's case—to come to my rescue by loading the film into my camera when I had trouble managing this task on my own.

Both George and Lyubov were very positive about the exchange program. They think it is a good way to strengthen relationships between our countries, by building ties between young people and replacing misconceptions with firsthand experiences. The program seems characteristic of the openness that will be prevalent, one hopes, in our generation—the openness that will allow others to sit and talk and share a sticky bun in the college snack shop just as I did with Lyubov and George. □

Author's note: It later came to my attention that there are indeed restrictions on Soviets' internal travel. At 16, a Soviet citizen is issued an internal passport which must be stamped by an official before a ticket may be purchased. To visit a city for more than three days, a Soviet citizen must register with that city's police. These practices are considered commonplace in the Soviet Union, and apparently Lyubov and George do not find them restrictive but just a necessity of travel. As for the 25-mile radius limitation for Soviets in the United States, there is a similar restriction placed on U.S. citizens in the Soviet Union.

In a recent issue of *FRIENDS JOURNAL*, a correspondent wrote that if modern Friends do not accept the same Christ described in a letter said to have been written by George Fox in 1671, "then serious questions must be asked as to whether this is, in fact, the Religious Society of Friends founded by George Fox." The 1671 letter, addressed to the governor and assembly at Barbados "from the people called Quakers," was intended to refute charges that Friends "deny God and Christ Jesus and the Scriptures of Truth." It is in the form of a creed and recites that Friends believe, among other things, that:

- Jesus was "conceived of the Holy Ghost, and born of the virgin Mary."
- Jesus now sits in heaven on the right hand of God, "destroys the Devil," and will save us "from hell and the wrath to come."
- On the day of the last judgment, when all the dead are to be resurrected and judged, "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God and obey not the Gospel." (2 Thess. 1:7-9)
- The Holy Scriptures are "the words of God."

The letter also denies the "slander and lie" that Friends had sought to foment rebellion among Barbados's black slaves, and asserts that Friends had exhorted slaves to be "faithful and diligent in their masters' service and business" and "to love their masters and mistresses."

Before taking up the question posed by the *JOURNAL*'s correspondent, I think it should be noted that it is doubtful that the 1671 Barbados letter was in fact written by George Fox. The letter was printed in Ellwood's edition of Fox's misnamed "journal" after an introductory sentence reading, "We drew up a paper, to go forth in the name of the people called Quakers, thus." However, this sentence, which implies that Fox participated in the drafting of the paper,

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N OF THE LIGHT



Society is no longer the one that was founded by George Fox, but a mere husk or shell whose kernel has withered?

The question is, I think, a serious one and should not be ignored. Yet, like many serious questions, it does not have a clear, objectively verifiable answer. It is best treated as an invitation to meditate, not a request for information. Treating it in that spirit, here are some of the considerations that it has brought to my mind.

Fox's first great "breakthrough" occurred when he found that there was "one, even Christ Jesus" that could speak to his condition. The most notable—and from the standpoint of the orthodoxy of his day, controversial—aspect of this discovery was his identification of Christ with a universal light or principle of God to be found in *everyone*, even people

who had died before the time of Jesus of Nazareth and heathens who had never heard of him, Fox described the Christ who spoke to his condition in a variety of ways: for instance, as the "Seed of God" within all of us; as the "power of God and the wisdom of God" (quoting Paul's first letter to the Corinthians); and as the "true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world" (quoting the Gospel According to John).

Because he preached a living Christ, to be known directly and inwardly, and held that the Scriptures could not be "read aright" by those who did not have the experience of this inward Light, Fox was accused of denying the importance of Jesus and the Bible. A number of passages in his writings make the accusation understandable, such as his ringing question in the church at Ulverston, "You will say, Christ saith this, and the apostles say this; but what canst *thou* say?" However, Fox was a sedulous reader of the English Bible, phrases from it pervaded his speech, and in the religious controversies in which he was wont to engage he cited it readily and shrewdly—sometimes, it may seem to modern readers, more shrewdly than

wisely. In these controversies, both Fox and his adversaries assumed that the Bible was self-consistent and inerrant and that even such stories as those of Adam and Eve and the talking serpent were historically accurate. As to Jesus, Fox had no doubt that the Christ he had known inwardly was identical with Jesus of Nazareth as depicted in the four New Testament Gospels.

Fox was separated from Jesus by 16 centuries and had no conception of the textual and historical problems posed by the Gospel narratives. We, in turn, are separated from Fox by three centuries in which our understanding of the universe has radically altered. Fox knew nothing of scientific method or the basic findings of modern geology, chemistry, biology, or physics (Newton's *Principia* was published only a few years before Fox's death). Such a proposition as that there is a place called heaven in which Jesus now physically resides, seated at the right hand of God, required no particular forcing to fit into Fox's framework of thought.

Fox's belief in continuing revelation largely overcame the aridity and absurdity that almost inevitably infects any form of religion that ascribes infallibility to a closed canon of Scriptures. He insisted that the Scriptures must be "read aright" and that the *living* Christ within must be experienced before we attempt to interpret the life of Jesus. He also saw that in spiritual matters none of us is infallible, and that our search for truth must often be carried on in concert with others.

Modern Friends stand in relation to Fox somewhat as do adult children to their parents. Ideally, adult children respect their parents and share their deepest values; nevertheless, as autonomous human beings they will differ from their parents and even at times differ *with* them. Children, no doubt, sometimes come to think that their parents were right after all; but no generation has a monopoly of wisdom, and it often happens that children see clearly what was hidden from their parents.

Paradoxically, it was Fox himself who said that the vital question is not what he or anyone else may have said, but "What canst *thou* say?" □

was written not by Fox but by Ellwood, after Fox's death. Moreover, as Howard Brinton has pointed out, the Barbados paper or letter differs both in style and substance from the numerous epistles known to have been written by Fox. Fox was in Barbados from October 3, 1671, to the following January 11, but was seriously ill for a good deal of this time. Thus, unless better historians than I can supply more accurate information, it seems likely that Fox did not write the letter to the governor and assembly, although he presumably was made aware of it (perhaps after it had been sent) and did not disavow it.

Still, there is no reason to doubt that Fox, in common with other early Friends, believed in the virgin birth, the divinity of Jesus, the New Testament miracles, the devil, the resurrection of the dead and the last judgment, and many other particulars of orthodox Christian theology. Some of these beliefs are still cherished by some modern Friends, but I have no doubt that very few Friends (at least among those who attend "traditional" silent meetings for worship) any longer accept *all* of them. Are we then driven to conclude, as the Friend who wrote to the JOURNAL suggests, that our



Moonlight

A PARABLE

In the Land That Had No Sun there lived a child of darkness, whose name was Moonlight. Her mother and father, according to custom, named her so because when she was born, pale as the palest in the land, her eyes shone as keenly as the brightest light in the sky, and so they named her after her eyes, and the moon.

Now Moonlight grew through childhood in the manner of all children in the Land That Had No Sun. She sang the song and danced the dance of youth who know or care little beyond the safety of their parents' closeness. But her father, who loved her and looked into her thoughts more carefully than others, saw in her eyes a yearning, and sometimes, when she thought she was alone, he watched her searching the sky, beyond the moon, beyond even the patterns of stars that those who are wise call the Writing of the Gods. And as he watched her and she watched the sky, they both grew restless and lonely, each for separate reasons.

In one of the seasons that those who live there measure by sudden changes—birth, marriage, and death—in the season when Moonlight found herself stirring with the

urgings that foretell the leaving of childhood, and in the season when parents know that now they can be replaced by those to whom they gave birth, Moonlight asked her father, "What is beyond the Land That Has No Sun? Is there nothing brighter than the moon?"

Her father looked into the eyes of his questioning child, and to his sorrow saw a light already brighter than the moon she was named after, so he bent to kiss the loss he knew would come. "Child," he said, "in the legends of our land there is a story of a blind poet who went on a long journey and after many seasons returned and sang of a light far greater than we know. The people of the land loved the beauty of his songs, but only a few understood what he was singing. The songs have been passed down but themselves have lost their brightness, and are now sung only by old people to restless listeners. Rejoice in what you see and be happy with what you know, and leave the old and blind to sing of visions they have never seen."

But the child was not satisfied with the answer, and her father could see he had failed. So one sleeping-time, in the shadows that fill the Land That Had No Sun, she slipped away from her family with what few belongings she had, and began her search for the light that was brighter than the moon. For many seasons she wandered far beyond the Land That Had No Sun, until she noticed the sky, eternally black but for the moon and the Writing of the Gods, began to lighten. The flickering stars disappeared altogether, and the moon, now low in the horizon, grew red and flat, pressed to the land.

Still she walked, until in the growing brightness she came upon a land rich with life and color she had no names for. There, on the gray rocks, grew green moss as deep as her toes, and orange salamanders crawled in

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Anne Blood-Patterson



by Richard Eldridge

profusion near the pools of water. Ferns, layered among the rocks, canopied the purple trillium and red columbine. Above the ferns, blossoming laurel and rhododendron made tunnels where she could walk. The woods smelled of cedar, hemlock, and honeysuckle; and she heard a mockingbird, the leaves touching each other in the wind, and a white-tailed deer scattering from the path.

She fell to her knees with joy, and looked to the sky in thanks that such beauty should be shared with her. It was then that she saw the sun, inconceivably brilliant.

No one in her land, of course, could have forewarned her not to look straight into the sun. So she gave her prayer of thanks, entranced by the burning orb, while the sun, according to its nature, burned the orbs of her eyes into cinders. As she ended her prayer, the sun disappeared to her sight.

But the light, brilliant though less direct, still appeared as a circle around the outer edges of her eyes, so she could see, though always indirectly. And she began her many seasons' journey homeward, returning by the route that gave less light, but rejoicing still in the outer ring of light revealing beauties that gave her unutterable joy.

At last when it was so dark she could barely see by the ring of vision in each eye, someone from her land found her. They brought her to the center of town rejoicing, but none so filled with rejoicing as she. She told them stories and sang them songs of wonders that they could only partly understand, even though they knew the beauty of her tales. Season after season Moonlight sang in the light that she once saw, and the people sang with her in her circle of light. All except her father, who even in his last season would look into her eyes and mourn, for all he could see was her blindness. □



Patrick Kent

Prayerfulness

by John C. Morgan

What is prayer? And, more specifically, what can prayer possibly mean for someone who no longer holds the view that it is a specific request for assistance on a personal level to some listening force out there waiting to respond?

The only way to pray is to pray, and not to think about praying. And as I have been doing so for the first time in years, it has come to me that prayer is really *prayerfulness*, the act of centering oneself, of being attentive, of being mindful of those realities always present that one somehow manages to miss in daily activities. And prayerfulness is spirituality made concrete.

The act of prayerfulness is its own response, even though nothing seems to happen or no words are spoken. To be prayerful is to take the time to be attentive to the deeper movement of the Spirit and to those mysteries with which each of us is involved every moment.

John C. Morgan is consulting minister to the Thomas Paine Unitarian Universalist Fellowship and to the Pottstown, Pa., UU Fellowship. He is also a frequent attendee at Friends meetings.

As I sat in silence at a Friends meetinghouse some weeks ago, in a prayerful state, I received an opening into new understanding. After enduring what seemed an eternity of silence (about 15 minutes), I became mindful of my surroundings. All of us sat in silence in a circle facing each other. But this was not all we faced. We also faced an open space in our midst, the center of our circle. There was no preacher, no altar, no flowers, no outward symbols nor colors. But in my silence, and that of others, that empty space was full, even holy. And I began to sense, not with my mind alone but with my whole being, something of the tremendous mystery of the human/divine encounter of which prophets and mystics have spoken in the past. What was holy was already here, in the space between, in the silence, right now and forever. It was reflected in the emptiness, but full of meaning. And it was reflected in the faces of those gathered.

Did I hear God speaking special instructions? No, but I understood that God is always speaking in the holiness of the ordinary, if we listen. Did I want to

analyze what had happened? Yes, but there are times just to experience transcendence without all the correct language. Was I a little shaken? Yes, but we all need to be shaken out of our tidy theologies.

I left the meeting a different person. Something had changed in me, if only for a brief hour. Everything around me was the same, but charged with meaning, like a poem illuminating common events. I had made no specific request, nor prayed for someone else. But the act of prayerfulness had itself been enough. I looked with a new sense of awe at the trees outside, the laughter of children, friends greeting each other, the colors of the last flowers of the season. I was mindful of life, present and past, those in my midst and those gone.

I believe now I understand what Jesus meant when he said: "Ask, and it will be given to you; seek, and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you." (Matthew 7:7) Prayerfulness is its own response, quickening our senses to mysteries overlooked, and reawakening us to new life. □

A Druid in Meeting?

by Scott Crom

I rather enjoy this season (I'm writing on December 20), not simply for the usual holiday cheer, not for the ending of an academic term, but because of the way the sunlight behaves in meeting. At our latitude, around the winter solstice the sun is low enough in the sky so that it shines through the south French windows of our meeting room (which does double duty as our own living room), and casts its light on the floor nearly all the way to the opposite wall. Both light and shadow reach their longest noon-time extent about now.

On sunny Sundays, too often my attention is distracted, and I find myself watching the slow movement of light and shadow across the floor. In particular, this morning I found myself wondering just when the shadows cast by the two end legs of the coffee-table (which are in a north-south line) would coincide. Had I given the problem any thought, of

course, I would have realized that those shadows were an informal sundial, and that they would coincide at high noon, but I wasn't really in a calculating frame of mind.

This morning in meeting I felt for a while rather as I imagine an ancient Druid might have felt—but I'm only imagining. I was waiting for a coinciding, a coming-together which is well worth a celebration and a ceremony, when all things are in their "right" place, and the light shines on just the right spot at just the right time.

One can only wait, of course. No prayers, whether by Druids or by me, can hasten or delay the movement of the sun so that it will be high noon in just a moment or two, rather than in half an hour, any more than (at this season) the wishing of children can make Christmas come earlier.

Quakers therefore have an edge on the Druids and on sun-worshippers: that Light on which we wait is available not only on special occasions, but is always pres-

ent. It is we who turn our backs or pull the drapes. (Sunlight will make furniture and wallpaper fade, and turns colors dim and washed out; the Light, however, renders all colors much more vivid and sparkling.) Therefore, our prayers can make a difference. They don't affect the Light, or the movement of the sun, but they do affect *us*. Since the blockage between us and the Light is at our end of the relationship, we can do something about it.

We cannot somehow force that Light to shine through closed drapes—or hearts—although the Light has been known to do so of its own accord. Nor can we usually remove a blockage by a mere act of will, even though it may have been our own willfulness which set up obstacles in the first place.

Our prayer for access to that Light, which gives both illumination and strength, is very simply stated but very difficult to do. We merely have to get out of the way. □

Scott Crom is professor of philosophy at Beloit College and is a member of Beloit (Wis.) Meeting.

Woodshed

by Moses Bailey

In Athens the most attractive structure is the Parthenon, Temple of the Virgin. It's worth the travel to enjoy it.

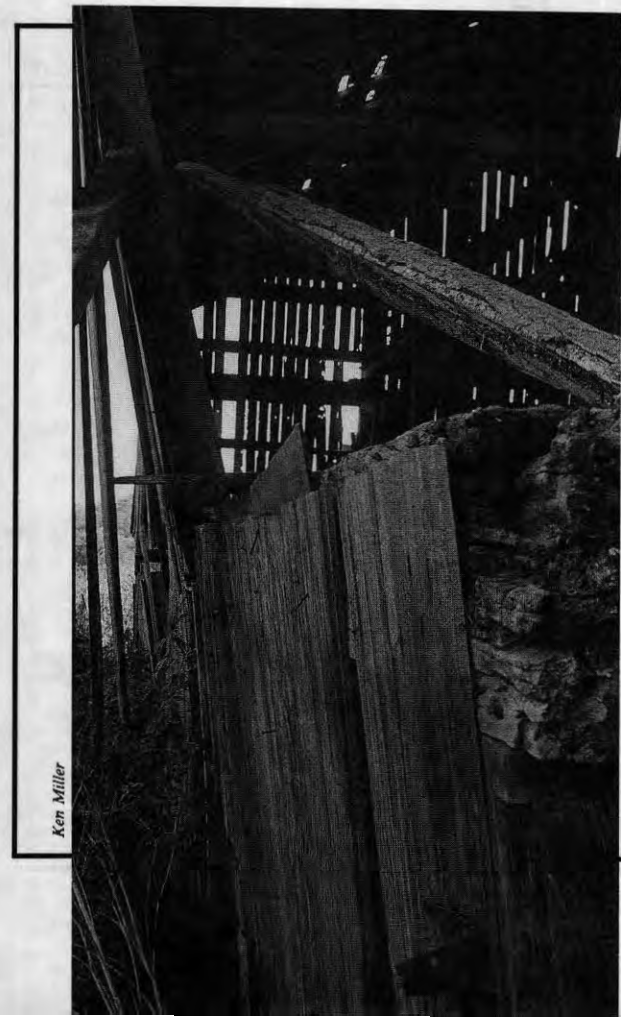
Is anything that good in the United States? Yes. Grandma Moses specialized in painting them. Rectangular woodsheds, miniature Parthenons that anybody can build who uses saw, hammer, and paintbrush. In winter, icicles on the south report the weather. (No adornment sparkles like icicles.) In summer it's the place for tall flowers like hollyhocks, hiding all plainness.

Words spoken in meeting are ordinary, as mundane as woodshed, simple weekday words that may get hidden by long icicles or tall flowers.

A dictionary is as useful as a shed for protecting tools. But I register a complaint about dictionaries: they do not list the beauty or ugliness that the listener heaps against the south side in the sun.

Not knowing where listeners plant flowers or dump nonsense makes speaking in meeting serious business. □

A member of Hartford (Conn.) Meeting, Moses Bailey is professor emeritus of New Testament Studies at Harvard Seminary.



Ken Miller

MY FAITH

by Peter Fingesten

As many Friends have heard me say, "I believe nothing, but have enormous faith." This means that I am not committed to defend cultural, subcultural, and/or traditional dogmas or formulas. To me the spirit of God is expressed and defined by the totality that surrounds us throughout all infinities.

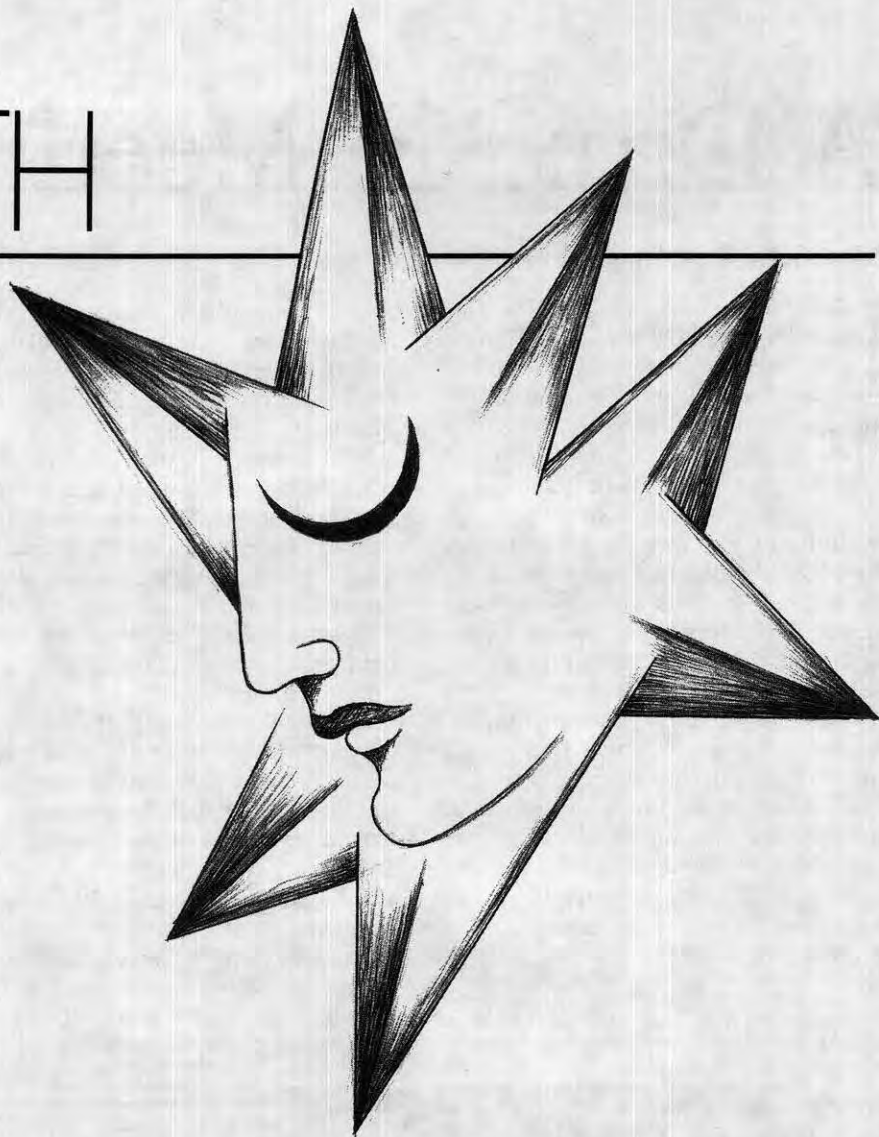
My faith is in certain absolutes that cannot be questioned. The basis of my faith is, first, in the existence of the cosmos, and second, in existence itself, which is all-comprehensive, including the smallest to the biggest phenomenon. These two propositions confirm and prove each other. (There are other fundamental principles I could include, such as evolution on all levels, the energy and speed of light, gravity, and so forth, but they do not exactly fit into the tenor of this statement.)

I leave open the mystery of the existence of existence. I find it as exhilarating as it is inspiring, not only because it is unfathomable but also because it is pervaded by an infinite creativity. This all-comprehensive mystery to me spells the existence of God, which I affirm and have faith in.

The cosmos, furthermore, does not need my belief in it, doubt, or denial. It exists in spite of all interpretations; it precedes me and shall endure beyond me. It is this which gives me my peace and tranquility. And inasmuch as I am creative and love all of life, I shall exist in harmony with it. Also, my faith does not collide with either science or philosophy.

Quakerism allows me to remain open in my religious quest. It is permissive of several points of view, encourages individual insights, reminds me of a metaphysical dimension in life, and offers me in the Queries and Advices a noble direction to follow. Quakerism gives my life meaning because it has helped me to clarify and focus my faith. □

At the time of his death in 1987, Peter Fingesten was head of the art and music departments at Pace University in New York City. A long-time member of 15th Street (N.Y.) Meeting, his art and writing appeared frequently in FRIENDS JOURNAL.



EXPLORER I

Pierce the equinox
in dazzling burst of fire.
Anxious night receives the bud
streaming colors glide.

Call its quivering point
blatantly insistent
but navigate, navigate —
orange, bright green, and magenta.

Overhead passes the guardian
issuing requests for more worlds
while peacocks compute
Pythagorean theorems of immortality.

—Peter Fingesten

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

by Jack Powelson

The law belongs to the governed, not to the government, argues Pima (Ariz.) Friend Jim Corbett. It is the framework for just conduct on which a society has reached consensus. It comes to us more by custom or common law than by legislation.

Indeed, a government may *violate* this law, administratively, legislatively, and judicially. Individuals may then legitimately exercise civil initiative to preserve the law. This, Jim says, is what the sanctuary movement is doing.

I agree with Jim. Sanctuary is a form of civil initiative. The law of our country provides that refugees whose lives are endangered must be protected. Denying them sanctuary, as the government is doing, is therefore a violation of our law.

Unlike the denial of sanctuary, however, "just war" is consistent with our laws. One who refuses to participate in a "just war" when drafted is therefore civilly *disobedient*. Likewise, we are disobedient if conscience requires us not to pay taxes that are otherwise due.

Both civil disobedience and civil initiative have a long history in Western legal tradition. For example, Sophocles's heroine Antigone engaged in civil initiative by defying her uncle, Creone, ruler of Thebes, who had ordered her not to bury her brother. She was *required* to bury him, she said, by "the gods' unwritten and unfailing laws."

Roman law required obedience to one's *father*, regardless of the age of the child, so long as the father was alive. But Musonius Rufus, founder of Stoic philosophy, reasoned that one's first obedience was to *nature*. Therefore, Antigone was correct. If one's father orders one to take harmful medicine or to act immorally, he wrote, it was the obligation of the child to disobey.

The Christian Church was also grounded on disobedience to Roman authorities. In his letter to the Galatians, Paul wrote: "Tell me, ye that desire to be under the law, do ye not hear the law?"

Jack Powelson, a member of Boulder (Colo.) Meeting, is professor of economics at the University of Colorado. He is the author of *Facing Social Revolution and Dialogue with Friends* (Horizon Society Publications, Boulder, Colo.).



Eric Roth/American Friends Service Committee

When do I break the law?

(Gal. 4:21) "For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this; Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." (Gal. 5:14). "If ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law." (Gal. 5:18)

In its article on Thomas Aquinas, the *Encyclopedia Britannica* relates Thomas's view that "the life of the spirit lies in friendship with God, not in conformity with the law properly so called. Thomas's moral code does not delay on legalism but takes it in its stride; code justice is subordinate to a higher equity."

Civil disobedience or initiative was not only acceptable but required, according to Western jurists of the Middle Ages. Gratian, legal philosopher of the 12th century, wrote that popes, monarchs, and emperors were limited by divine and natural law. Divine law came directly from God, while natural law was obvious by reason; for example, that every person has the right to subsistence or to be free. Other medieval jurists, such as Glanville, John of Salisbury, Azo, Eike von Repgau, Beaumanoir, and Bracton, agreed with Gratian. Salamonio and Althusias argued that law was a contract between king and people, which both parties must respect.

If the Pope disobeys natural or divine law, these scholars asserted, he should be deposed. If the monarch disobeys, either he must be overthrown or the state is dissolved. Harvard Law School historian Harold Berman in his book *Law and Revolution* sums up the medieval thinking: "If a tyrant commands a subject to act contrary to his faith, the subject must disobey."

But medieval jurists also pondered the dilemma that there was no court to overrule the Pope. Therefore, the decision on disobedience resides with individual conscience. This point was also taken by John Hampden, John Lilburne, Walter Udall, George Fox, William Penn, and others involved in the legal confrontations of the 17th century.

In his history of Sicily, an island abused for centuries by a landed mafia in connivance with Spanish authoritarians, M.I. Finley, et al (*A History of Sicily*) write that "bandits" were protected by people who deemed that breaking an unjust law was respectable.

The Jesuit theologian, Juan de Mariana (1599), "claimed for the commonwealth, represented in the *cortes* (parliament), the right to decide the fate of a tyrant king" (John Lynch, *Spain Under the Habsburgs*). But the liberty to disobey either judge or law would create anarchy, if every individual may do so and remain unpunished. Therefore, modern thinkers such as Thoreau and Gandhi believed that the disobeyer was morally required to act openly and to present oneself for punishment. Jim Corbett follows this tradition when he

Page 19:
*Demonstrators approach
 the site of a nuclear power
 plant, Seabrook, N.H., 1976.*
 Right:
*Demonstrators stop a
 munitions truck at Concord
 Naval Weapons Station in
 California, 1987.*

says that as civil initiants, sanctuary workers are accountable to the rule of law.

Medieval philosophers, on the other hand, supposed that disobedience would lead to "just war," a precept acceptable to their church. Indeed, more than one declared that it was morally defensible to kill the king, just as a Chilean Catholic bishop asserted (*New York Times*, 3/14/87) that an attempted assassin of General Pinochet had done no moral wrong.

As a pacifist, I reject "just war." Here I come close to Gandhi and Thoreau, not only because their positions seem morally right but also because I profoundly respect Western law. Not only do I respect its philosophy of civil disobedience and civil initiative; I consider Western law to be among the most just legal systems in the world. But I must disobey it or its judges when either *they* are disobeying the law or the law contravenes my interpretation of divine law. At all other times I must preserve the law and make it grow.

Why do I respect Western law? First, because of its plural origins. Harold Berman writes of a revolution in European law about 1050 to 1150, when Western jurists drew upon Roman law, customary law, Germanic folk law, divine law (which stemmed from the Bible), and natural law, to form a cohesive system based not on the expediency of earlier (Frankish, Burgundian, etc.) law but on impartial justice.

Second, I respect Western law because of its structural diversity. Out of the jumble of different and contradictory types, medieval jurists fashioned several kinds of law: canon law, royal law, feudal law, manorial law, mercantile law, and urban law, to name the most important few. Although different laws applied to different persons or to different actions—clerics would be tried in church courts, as would anyone accused of moral crime or heresy; civil offenses would be tried in feudal, manorial, or royal courts according to the statutes of the contenders; suits between traders would be tried in mercantile or urban



David Harrisough

courts—nevertheless, the laws overlapped each other. Many individuals, failing to achieve justice in one court, would defect to another. Courts might even have competed to be the most fair, to attract the most cases.

The principle of fairness gave rise to the 15th century British concept of equity courts, which would set aside a law designed for a class of cases when it presented an injustice in a particular one. Over the years, equity and law have been merged and diverse legal systems unified, more so in the West than elsewhere.

Third, I respect Western law because of its avowed respect for persons of different classes, even slaves. For the most part, medieval courts were run by the people concerned. Although manorial courts were presided over by the lord's bailiff, the jury and other officials including serfs and landless laborers. There are records of cases in which the lord of the manor was defendant and lost, a condition unheard of in Latin American haciendas eight centuries later.

This happy European achievement should not be exaggerated. The king was the most important actor in royal

courts, town patricians in urban courts, and the duke or prince in feudal and manorial courts. "Justice" was often unfair, arbitrary, and biased against the powerless.

But the *concepts* of equality and fairness of Western jurisprudence were the most advanced in the world as early as 1200, and, I believe, they have remained so ever since.

Legal scholars debate whether the law led the way or whether it reflected advancing social practice. Probably it did some of each. Laws respecting human rights and welcoming refugees from violence are among the heritage. If people disobey them, or if conscience has not caught up with law on civil rights, the fault lies in the hearts and minds of people more than in the concept of law.

Fourth, I respect Western law because it was the first in the world, that I know of, to declare that the king was subject to his own laws. "The king could make the law," medieval jurists declared, "but once he did so, he had to obey it."

Over the centuries, this point became a principal lever for the economic and social advancement of the poor. Laws made originally for the protection of the

rich were time and again seized by the poor. When President Nixon came close to impeachment, many a citizen of the authoritarian world marveled that such a thing could happen in the West.

We now approach our dilemma: when to obey our law and our jurists, and when to disobey or take civil initiative. Though conscience is the ultimate decider, nevertheless certain principles might guide us. Let me start with two negatives.

First, we should not disobey the law solely to make a political statement, for to do so weakens the concept of law. This includes invading property, such as dealers' offices, highway intersections, or congressional offices, when that property is not directly involved in the commitment of illegal or immoral acts.

Second, courts should not become media agents. A thin line operates here. It is necessary for civil initiators to explain in the courts that our government is violating the sanctuary law, for this fact bears on the verdicts. But civil rights activists have wrongly objected when judges, concerned only with *whether* the defendants had violated the law, have refused them time to explain *why* they did so. The judges were right. An over-taxed court system should not be abused as a vehicle to replace legitimate media.



On the positive side, certain acts of civil disobedience or initiative we *must* do, because our covenant with God requires them. Conscientious objectors *must* violate the draft laws. Sanctuary providers *must* help refugees in physical danger. But if we are to respect Western law, we must declare our reasons and present ourselves for adjudication. For sanctuary, we must argue that the government, not sanctuary, violates the law. For pacifism, we must argue that war violates not human law, but our understanding of divine law.

I make no judgment on those who have escaped to Canada to avoid military service, for to do so is their moral choice. But taking that option compromises the legitimacy of Western law itself, by demonstrating that a person may violate it without punishment. This principle could then apply to anyone who contravenes the law, for whatever purpose.

The violation of other person's property when that property *is* involved in immoral acts—such as nuclear testing—is an in-between case to be left to individual consciences. Even here, however, we must be guided by principles. If we believe such invasion is moral, we must accord the same right to anti-abortionists and militarists who, following *their* consciences, would invade abortion clinics or the meeting places of pacifists. If we do not allow these rights to others, we should not claim them for ourselves.

Thus civil initiative in sanctuary, which Jim Corbett so carefully outlined in his pamphlet, *Sanctuary on the Fault Line*, and conscientious objection to war do not operate in a vacuum but are part of a rich historical tradition of legal, moral, and universalist principles. These principles may guide us, but they do not decide for us. Indeed, they tell us that the concerned individual will—according to one's own conscience—decide whether or not to be constrained or emboldened by opportunities for civil disobedience and civil initiative, and on what terms. □

Left:
Vermont Walk for
Justice and Peace



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"...AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

Sally and the Cookies

First in a series by
Althea Postlethwaite

FRIENDS JOURNAL is pleased to print the first in an occasional series of stories about nursery school children by Althea Postlethwaite. The stories are based on her teaching and learning experiences at Miami (Fla.) Meeting in the 1970s. At the age of 75, Althea agreed to spend a year at Miami Friends School, where she implemented a program called Children's Creative Response to Conflict, originally established in 1972 by the New York Quaker Project on Community. The program teaches children skills in cooperation, communication, affirmation, and conflict resolution with the hope that when these children became adults they would be more capable of peacefully co-existing in a complicated and interrelated world.

Since the program's curriculum was developed for third and fourth graders, Althea needed to adapt some of the guidelines for her nursery school children. They were:

- No rules for the children—unless the children ask for them.
- Never talk to parents about their child's behavior without the child present.
- Mostly outdoor physical activity: swimming, fishing, visiting parks and playgrounds.

- No schedule, although quiet time, snack, and lunch generally followed a regular pattern.

Althea remembers the first weeks in school were difficult because the three- and four-year-olds were not accustomed to the size of the group (12) and the length of the school day. Two rules evolved from the initial weeks: 1) No one hurts another; and, 2) If a child says "stop" during a scuffle or friendly wrestling, then everyone must stop!

The meetinghouse yard was an ideal spot for outdoor play: twisted sea-grape for climbing, an orchid tree with a swing, and a playhouse with benches and a table. Inside the building there was the usual assortment of tricycles, balls, craft supplies, musical instruments, and illustrated children's books.

Althea's primary stumbling blocks were in filling the seven- or eight-hour days with enough varied activities for the children and explaining the aims of the programs in the parents' meetings. Nevertheless, as a result of her year-long experience, she firmly believes Children's Creative Response to Conflict is the most wonderful way for nursery school age children to learn, since it fosters such a creative environment in which positive interaction may take place. —Ed.

There were many explanations—reasons, perhaps—for Sally's habit of secretly taking cookies, granola bars, and cupcakes from her classmates' lunch boxes. She was the middle child in her family. Her baby brother had always received much more attention than either of his two older sisters. Some neighbors even suggested that Sally had been punished overly much for her flaring temper, and taking other children's treats was her way of fighting back.

Whatever the cause, the kindergarten teacher had been trying for nearly a month to improve Sally's behavior, and the concerned parents frequently met with her teacher, with members of the school committee, even with me, her brother's teacher. But Sally continued to swipe cookies from lunch boxes and cubbyholes.

The resentment of the children whose treats had been taken led to something other than silent acceptance. The nursery school had a rule, made by the children, that there should be no "put-downs," because this was a Friends school, and "putting someone down" meant that you weren't good friends. Despite this, one occasionally heard comments like, "Sally stole my candy," or "My mother says Sally ought to be punished," and even "Everybody knows Sally's a thief!"

The previous spring, the clerk of the school committee had heard of a new method of teaching, which was proving much more successful than the authoritative teacher classroom, called Children's Creative Response to Conflict. After investigation, the committee decided to find a teacher familiar with this approach for the nursery school class.

Although I was retired, the rare opportunity to introduce CCRC to such young children intrigued me, and so I answered the call. When the 12 new children entered their school in September, there were many difficulties at first, but by mid-October, there was a unity and camaraderie in the school's youngest class. This was continually strengthened by their practice of deciding what their own activities and daily procedures would be.

One Monday morning, Daniel announced that it was his birthday and

Althea Postlethwaite is retired from social work and teaching and is a member of Orchard Park (N.Y.) Meeting and attendee of New Garden (N.C.) Meeting.

that his mother had sent cupcakes for every child. Naturally, this increased the number of times I heard, "How long until lunch time?" There were several proposals for having the cupcakes at 10:30 snacktime, but never consensus. Finally, the kindergarten children came in from their field trip, and lunch time arrived.

In the scurry of getting lunch boxes, milk, and fruit from the refrigerator, no one noticed Daniel had slipped out to the cubbyhole where the precious cupcakes were stored. Then, at blessing time, Jessica called out, "Wait for Dodd and Daniel" and when they didn't return, Jessica went out to help them, while everyone else waited for the grand entrance of their treats.

Instead, three red faces appeared in the doorway, Daniel had been crying and Jessica announced loudly, "Sally took them—every one of them." There was silence as the children absorbed fact; then pandemonium took over. "How could Sally eat 12 cupcakes?" "She should bring some to school tomorrow so Daniel can have his party." Finally pouring oil on the troubled waters, Sara said, "We haven't thought of the right thing to do about Sally yet," to which all heartily agreed.

Throughout the rest of the week, Sally's crime and reformation were frequent topics of discussion, as the children sat in the treetops, drove to the park, or settled into rest hour. But it was ten days before a solution was found, and when it had apparently been agreed

upon, the children came to tell me they now knew what to do about Sally and I didn't need to worry any more.

"Do you want to tell me what you have planned?" I asked hopefully.

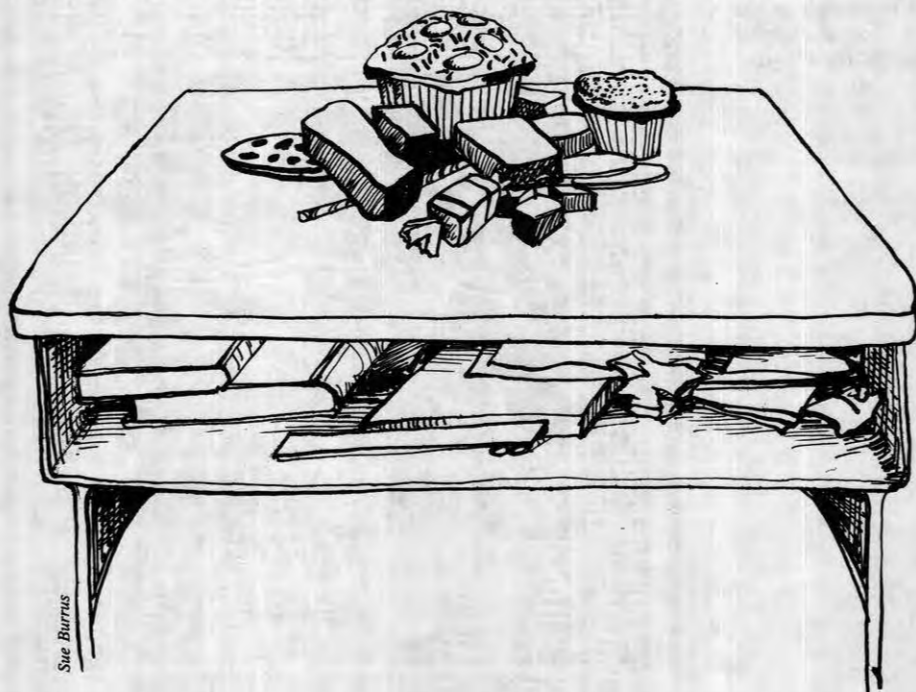
"No, Althea," Jerry answered, "We're sure it will work, but we'll have to try and see first."

The next day at lunch time, as lunch boxes opened, lots of extra treats appeared. The children ceremoniously heaped them up in front of Sally. Surprised, she asked why they were all for her, to which Sara very seriously explained, "You like cookies and granola bars so much we all brought you one." The pile was more than she could consume, and so she stored some in her lunch box. At the end of the meal she thanked her benefactors, who eagerly asked her, "Now, have you had enough?" Sally shook her head, "No. Just enough for today."

All afternoon, I heard comments that the cookie pile would have to be larger to do any good. So, the next day, I added the two pounds I had bought to the mountain in front of Sally hoping that the abundance might finally prove to be the right answer.

Sally ate for nearly an hour. She filled her lunch box and her brother's lunch box with some of the cookies and even had to get a big brown bag from the kitchen for the remainder. When she returned, she made this announcement from the doorway, "I'll never take anything from your lunch boxes again."

And she never did. □



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Witness

From A Friend in China

by Margaret Stanley

This year finds me teaching English in Yanan Medical College in China's remote Northwest Yellow Earth Plateau loessland. Although I'm the only native English speaker my students have seen, I do not feel as though I am a stranger here. Forty-one years ago I was assigned to work in Yanan in the International Peace (Central) Hospital, along with six other members of the Friends Ambulance (Service) Unit. Our medical team included Elizabeth and Eric Hughes and Peter Early from Great Britain, Jack Dodds from Canada, Doug Clifford from New Zealand, and Frank Miles and myself from the United States. We had a reunion in China in 1978. In 1947 we were isolated for more than a year behind the blockade and surrounded by battles and misery of Chinese fighting Chinese.

Yanan is at peace now, and somewhat more accessible, though still hidden among hills of Shanbei, and transportation in and out depends upon the weather.

I realized when I accepted an invitation to teach here that I would be an only foreigner, and far from contact with Friends and family. It may appear that I am alone, but I do not feel that I am alone. Supportive concerns, prayers, and letters sent my way surround me with a palpable sense of being joined by others who are devoted to the task of communicating

the human love we have for one another in an attempt to reflect God's love for us all.

It is difficult to know just how we should go about "walking cheerfully over the earth speaking to that of God" in others. Much of the time it seems nigh impossible. But sometimes wondrous ways open and sometimes, oh sometimes, we may glimpse the ocean of light beyond the ocean of darkness. Perhaps this is why I continue to make an effort to make a difference, as a Quaker volunteer. And perhaps this is why life offers me one challenge after another.

My current challenge is to teach conversational English. Students in my adult evening class were assigned to write letters. When assignments came in, I was surprised to read some that were addressed to me personally:

"A month ago with great delight I learn that you—a 69 year old woman—were crossing the ocean and coming to our college to teach single-handed." (from a teacher of English in middle school)

"What kind of spirit is this that makes you a foreigner selflessly adopt the cause of the Chinese people's educational work?" (from a professor teaching in our medical college).

"I feel very excited at the thought that you have given us a first English lesson. See that you always put on your big coat when you go out so that you don't catch cold or acute rhinitis because Yanan's weather is very bad,

Margaret Stanley is a public health nurse, a mother of five, and a member of Paullina (Iowa) Meeting.



Chinese paper cut

morning is cold, noon is very warm, evening is very cold. You must pay attention. I don't want you ill in Yanan." (from a doctor, an otorhinolaryngologist).

And then came a letter from a Chinese friend in Shanghai:

Dear Margaret,

How wonderful it is to know you are in China again. I didn't think you would like to stay with people still living in a very backward environment once again. What is the motivational force in your heart? I pondered. It seems like something belong to the spirit of God, a kind of special love for man—rich or poor—especially the poor . . . you will be loved by your students, not only because you teach them "real" English, but because your spirit of devotion. The latter is what we call "moral education," which is the thing Chinese people need urgently at the present period. In the '50s and early '60s most of the Chinese people had the spirit of devotion, would gladly sacrifice personal benefit, would work hard in any place assigned to. But after "cultural revolution" most of the spiritual convictions were destroyed. I feel an unprecedented difficulty in cheering people up. This is the real tragedy. It seems that the only stimulation is "money" or "color TV" or "refrigerator" . . . But I feel people now cherish more than before the friendship between persons. Although I like this, this also brings bad effect to the society. Sometimes you have to have a certain kind of relationship before you can do something. . . .

It is a privilege to have the confidence of this friend who has expressed such an authentic feel of China as she lives in it today.

These messages, dear Friends, are directed to you as much as to me. Quaker witness comes as the result of our corporate concerns and out of Quaker worship. And so does my work. My very reasons for being here are to put my energies to some good use in the time left to me, to perhaps continue our "unfinished business" that was disrupted by war in 1947, to try to maintain some of the contacts made in Friends work in China in the past, to share our vital concerns for peace, love, and understanding in the world that so sorely hungers for things of the Spirit.

Because I am not an experienced teacher of English as a second language, I am especially gratified to read between the lines my students write to discover that there is interest in much more than the words in the language lessons. Some English classes take on a life of their own, with moments of excitement and revelation as students strive to use their new tools of communication and I strive for inspiration to help them. Calling upon all of the meager resources I can summon, I have, on occasion, been able to enhance the textbook lesson. A statement from a passage about a manned flight to the moon piqued my imagination last fall at the

time of the Moon Festival. I sought a way to enhance the following sentence: "On July 20, 1969, two Americans landed on the moon." In handing out questions requiring oral answers, I asked, "When the astronauts reached the moon in 1969, claiming to be the first people to land on the moon, how were they received by Chang-e?"

Chang-e is a favorite heroine of the Chinese myth upon which the autumn Moon Festival is based. At that time, moon cakes are eaten and all of China seems under the spell of the full moon. This mythical Moon-Maiden flew to the moon in a fairy story long ages ago, and her story is embedded in Chinese culture and known to old and young everywhere in China.

A ripple of recognition and subdued laughter assured me that my flight of fancy was appreciated.

The student who answered the question, a teacher of physiology in our medical college, gave a charming, creative description of the meeting on the moon and conversation between the 20th century astronauts and the ancient fairy-maiden, Chang-e. He spoke haltingly, but with feeling, and, as he spoke, the dusty classroom became an enchanted moonscape, and the listeners' smiles and the speaker's sparkling eyes told me I had struck a note of harmony. It gave us all a chance for a good, relaxed laugh together, and who knows what possibilities for poetic use of the English language might result?

Many students tell me that though they are confident they can express their feelings well in Chinese, it is very difficult, maybe impossible to express these same feelings in English. However, I find some of their written and spoken English to be sensitively expressive.

My few and inadequate words here cannot begin to illustrate what I see as a God-given, human need to reach out to others. I share it all with you because it belongs to you, dear readers, as well as to me. What I am trying to describe and what my students are expressing is surely a part of our universal longing to claim our common humanity and a recognition of need for each other and for God's guidance.

Let me hear from you (with the understanding that it is very difficult for me to answer because letter-writing is so time-consuming and postage so costly). I would welcome receiving stamps, short stories, poems, puzzles, maps, or other lightweight materials you can include in an airmail envelope, that might be suitable for my students.

Margaret Stanley can be reached at Yanan Medical College, Yanan, Shaanxi, People's Republic of China, until June. —Ed.



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Reports

Peace Brigade Encounters Reality

More than 150 people from 17 countries, including the United States, Australia, New Zealand, and Japan, took part in a one-month regional peace brigade in the Philippines in January. Called the People's Conference on Peace and Development, the program was set up by 15 progressive organizations in the Philippines to develop international support to end the U.S.-Philippines military base agreement, which comes up for renewal in 1991. The six main U.S. military bases in the Philippines function as lynchpins of U.S. strategy in the Asia-West Pacific region and provide a position for military deployment to the Persian Gulf.

Most Filipinos are opposed to the storage of nuclear weapons in their country, but are in favor of the bases that provide U.S. aid, as well as employment for thousands of people. However, since the overthrow of the Marcos regime, many people are reconsidering their attitudes toward the bases in a rising tide of nationalism. The bases are increasingly seen as incompatible with the new sense of national sovereignty after more than 400 years of colonialism by Spain, the United States, Japan, and then the United States again. Filipinos also note that, although other countries in the region want the Philippines to continue hosting U.S. bases, none of those countries is willing to take on that role.

Although Filipinos had high hopes for the government of Corazón Aquino, the human rights situation has deteriorated, and many people now consider themselves worse off than when they were governed by Ferdinand Marcos. The military, operating with right-wing vigilantes and death squads, have killed and tortured hundreds of Filipinos working for social justice and human rights organizations.

An interim agreement on the future of U.S. bases was reached in 1988 and must be renegotiated in 1991. For the government of the Philippines, a new agreement means the chance to demand more aid, particularly military aid. However, the U.S. government says it is not willing to provide unlimited assistance, even in return for a new agreement. The U.S. hints that Micronesia might be an alternative location for the bases. Also, with the changing relationship between the Soviet Union and the United States, it is possible that within a few years the bases will not be regarded as playing such a vital role.

The effects of those tensions became obvious to participants in the month-long conference. The program began with a two-week

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study tour, followed by a festival and international peace concert. It ended with picketing of the embassy and a march from Manila to Clark Air Base and Subic Bay Naval Base. The march met with a great deal of harassment from military and government authorities who sought to link the sponsors with communist front groups. And finally, the march never reached Subic Bay because organizers wanted to avoid violence when faced by counter-demonstrations. Foreign visitors were threatened with deportation and were frequently harassed by the military. For those in the Philippines for the first time, the experience was an eye-opener, leaving them with the impression that whatever is said about restoration of democracy, the Philippines is nonetheless controlled by the military.

Conference participants who have returned to their own countries are maintaining contact with their new friends in the Philippines. Participants from outside the Philippines are also urging their governments to cut off foreign aid and military assistance until the human rights situation improves.

Peter D. Jones

SEYM Gathers For Work, Worship, Fun

The annual Half-Yearly Meeting of Southeastern Yearly Meeting gathered November 24-27 at Oleno State Park near Gainesville, Florida. More than 70 persons took part. Three generations met and shared in the work as well as worship, learning and fun.

The living beauty and variety of the setting that so moved young William Bartram 200 years before infused our activity and our rest. We walked the trails and canoed the river, or sat about a few at a time indoors and out.

Danny Geiger, fresh from Earlham's exchange with Tokyo University, shared his ears and eyes with us. Susan Cary brought death row closer to our conscience. Lynne Young revealed a woman's insight on seasons and calendar-making. Steven Hawson demonstrated the classic guitar and how to create out of the self. Young Friends wrote and produced a skit. All of us put a piece in the Peace Trek puzzle—it took four days to complete.

And meeting for worship was held each morning.

SEYM looks forward to next year's Half-Yearly Meeting, and we invite other Friends to join us.

Phil Buskirk

Gay and Lesbian Friends 'Tend the Inner Fire'

The 16th annual Mid-Winter Gathering of Friends for Lesbian and Gay Concerns (FLGC) convened in Minneapolis in February for three days of worship, business, and fun. From all over North America came 134 people to attend. The site of the gathering was the Wesley United Methodist Church, a *reconciling congregation*, one of those Methodist congregations which have declared themselves to be welcoming and inclusive of gay men and lesbians.

In worship each day we heard messages of community, integrity, love, remembrance, healing, and thanksgiving. Sometimes individuals were moved to deliver their message in song. On Sunday, conference attendees visited one of two Quaker meetings in Minneapolis and St. Paul; a few chose to remain at the conference site to join Methodists for their worship service.

Our two keynote speakers spoke to the theme of the gathering, "Tending the Inner Fire." Bill Kreidler of Beacon Hill Meeting in Boston made us laugh—even as he told us of his personal travails passing through an emotional valley of shadows. At first he sought refuge in addictions of different kinds. Then slowly, in small steps, Quakerism, certain Friends, and two great women mystics of the Christian church taught him how to begin to tend to his measure of the Light within.

Ellen Hodge of North Meadow Circle of Friends in Indianapolis urged us to make the stories in the Bible meaningful to our own generation. Going back to the oral tradition of storytelling, in her own words she retold the story of the Exodus and of Moses and the Burning Bush—the Jewish flight to freedom with stumbling blocks along the way. She asked, "Where has the fire led you?"

Workshops centered around healing, couple enrichment, marriage, and the theme, "Tending the Inner Fire."

Meeting for worship with a concern for business is central to the gatherings of gay and lesbian Friends. We had three business sessions where among other things we considered the recent minute of the Friends United Meeting Board regarding hiring practices and the Quaker Volunteer Witness program.

The annual Midwinter Gathering of FLGC is a special place to make new friends and renew old friendships in an atmosphere of worship, business, and fun.

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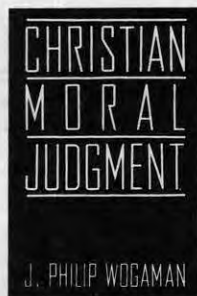
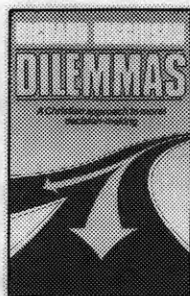
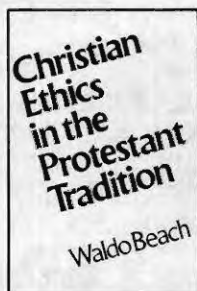


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News of Friends

Humpty Dumpty, listen up! A group of fifth graders at Friends Seminary in New York City rounded up five eggs from the local cafeteria and coaxed them to stand by themselves. What was the trick? The date, perhaps. It just happened to be March 20, the first day of spring. The vernal equinox, as legend has it, is the occasion on which eggs will balance upright, if given a chance. According to the fifth graders, "We didn't cheat at all, but at 10:24 a.m. [the precise moment of spring's arrival], all five balanced almost simultaneously. We left them balancing; three got pushed over, but four hours later one fell by itself and knocked the other one over as it fell." If Humpty Dumpty can't relate to this, he's not alone. The students report that the experiment was greeted with skepticism by their science teacher, too. The students were Louise Brooks, McKendree Key, Daniel Poler, and Sara Falkenstein.

The United Nations Commission on Human Rights

on March 8 passed its strongest ever resolution recognizing the right to conscientious objection to military service. The resolution was sponsored by Austria, Canada, Costa Rica, France, Federal Republic of Germany, Hungary, the Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, and the United Kingdom. In the concluding paragraphs, the resolution:

- *Recognizes* the right of everyone to have conscientious objections to military service as a legitimate exercise of the right of freedom of thought, conscience and religion;
- *Recommends* to states with a system of compulsory military service . . . that they introduce for conscientious objectors various forms of alternative service . . . and that they refrain from subjecting such persons to imprisonment;
- *Emphasizes* that such forms of alternative service be in principle of noncombatant or civilian character, in the public interest and not of a punitive nature.

A new worship group is forming in the Carlsbad area of New Mexico, under the care of El Paso (Tex.) Meeting. Those wishing to travel in this area or visit the new group may contact Madeleine Brown, (505) 887-0534.

The Move is complete! Friends General Conference moved its offices on April 11 from Friends Center to a roomier place of its own three blocks away. The new space has 5,500 square feet and contains eight offices, a mail order distribution area, and a large conference room. FGC purchased the space after a five-year study of options to augment the amount of office space. The increased space will increase efficiency by providing independent work space for staff members and space for administrative committees to meet in the

office. Financial considerations showed that purchasing the space would be the most cost-effective alternative and would give the organization increased flexibility for its envisioned growth. The new address is 1216 Arch St., No. 2B, Philadelphia, PA 19107, telephone (215) 561-1700.

The new head of Westtown School will be Thomas B. Farquhar, 37, who succeeds C. Thomas Kaesemeyer on July 1. Thomas Kaesemeyer leaves the position after 12 years to become headmaster at the Kent Denver School in Englewood, Colorado. A 1961 graduate of Westtown, he served as Director of Development from 1970 to 1975 and as taught history and coached the soccer team. Thomas Farquhar, a member of Sandy Spring (Md.) Meeting, graduated in 1977 from Earlham College with a major in music and a concentration in physics. Since 1978 he has been at Sidwell Friends School in Washington, D.C., where he is currently upper school assistant principal and dean of students and has taught math, physics and science.

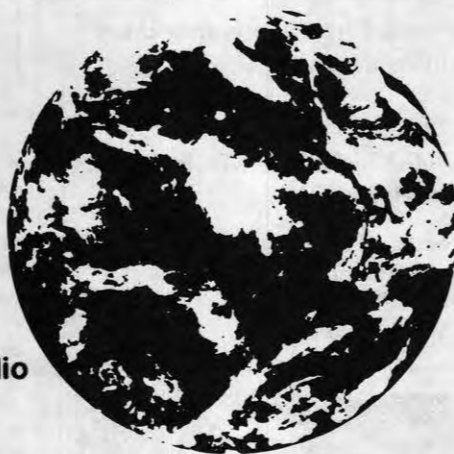
"The Phyllis Sanders Show," a new half-hour public affairs television program dealing with subjects of interest to seniors, premiered April 16 in the greater Philadelphia region. Phyllis Sanders, a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting, is well-known to the seniors community as an advocate, lecturer and reporter. Each program in the series will be devoted to a single topic ranging from health and housing to financial planning and aging. A panel of guests will discuss and interact with a live inter-generational studio audience. The show will air at 8 A.M. on Sundays on Channel 10, WCAU.

In life, Irene Vickers Baker influenced many people as teacher, director of plays, and innovator in children's theaters. At her request, upon her death, she gave University Friends (Wichita, Kas.) her home on University Avenue. There were also funds included for needed improvements. Last spring, the meeting established Friends Place at the Baker home to provide transitional housing for homeless families. It is hoped this facility will shelter families until they are able to obtain housing for themselves. As of early December, a resident manager had moved into the home, and upon completion of a few minor repairs, Friends Place was soon to receive its first family. Nebraska Yearly Meeting and many volunteers with a variety of skills have generously offered their services to help make Friends Place an important addition to the community.

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Bulletin Board

• A gift of \$50,000 in honor of Murray Kenworthy will provide a restricted student scholarship for graduate study at the Earlham School of Religion. The gift was given by Murray Kenworthy's eldest son, Carroll. The gift is intended to contribute to a family tradition of concern for nurturing leadership in the Society of Friends and the greater body of people of faith. Murray Kenworthy (1874-1951) graduated from Earlham College in 1900, was a pastor in the eastern and midwestern United States, a teacher at Earlham, and a worker for the American Friends Service Committee.

• Two opportunities to visit Central America with groups studying the political situation are offered this summer by Fellowship of Reconciliation in conjunction with other organizations. The first group will be composed of 20 delegates who will visit Honduras and Nicaragua on July 9-29. They will study the political, military, and human impact of U.S. policy in both countries through interviews and contact with the people. Witness for Peace is helping sponsor this. Applications and a \$150 deposit are due by May 12. Some scholarship assistance is available for low income and minority applicants. The second opportunity will be to visit groups supporting nonviolent struggle for liberation in Central America, to be held July 29-Aug. 20. It is co-sponsored by the Resource Center for Nonviolence. Participants will visit Latin American sites at the invitation of Servicio Paz y Justicia, a network of groups in Latin America supporting nonviolent action, education, and organizational development. Applications and \$100 deposit are due by June 1. For information or an application for either opportunity, contact Monica Larenas, FOR Task Force on Latin America and the Caribbean (TFLAC), 515 Broadway, Santa Cruz, CA 95060, or call (408) 423-1626.

• On June 21-23, 1989, the Peace Studies Committee of the Friends Association for Higher Education (FAHE) is sponsoring a workshop for persons interested in preparing themselves to teach courses on peace and conflict at the college and university level. The theme of the workshop will be: "A Distinctive Quaker Vision for Peace Studies." The featured presenter will be Elise Boulding, a Friend from Boulder, Colo., and one of the most distinguished scholars and educators in the field. Faculty members from several Quaker peace studies programs also will be leading seminars on various aspects of teaching peace and justice issues. For more information contact Lon Fendall, Center for Peace Learning, George Fox College, Newberg, OR 97132.



• A study group will visit Mexico and Guatemala from July 28 to August 12 under the auspices of Witness for Peace. Mary Day Kent, who is on the staff of the Friends Peace Committee in Philadelphia, will be one of the leaders. The trip costs \$990, and participants are responsible for furnishing their own transportation to Mexico City, from which the trip departs. The trip includes six days of orientation, travel, and interviews in Mexico, and six days in Guatemala. It will focus on government policies and social issues. Witness for Peace is a faith-based organization which seeks to inform U.S. citizens about government policies in Central America and to change U.S. policy to one of justice, peace, and respect for self-determination. It has kept a permanent presence in Nicaraguan war zones since October 1983 and has helped more than 3,500 people from the United States visit Nicaragua and other Central American countries. Deadline for application for this trip is May 31. Applications are available from Witness for Peace, 1414 Woodland Drive, Durham, NC 27701, or may be requested by telephone by calling (919) 688-5049.

• Do you know any Quaker women in Bolivia, Honduras, or Kenya? Linda Hutchins, Box 748, Earlham College, Richmond, IN 47374, will be visiting those countries on a fellowship from August 1989 to July 1990 and would like to have names of people to contact.

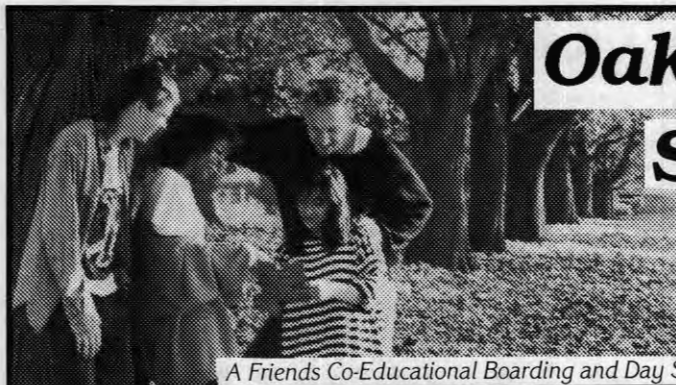
• A conference on "Quaker Theology and Sexual Morality" will take place June 23-26 at Quaker Hill Conference Center in Richmond, Ind. Papers will be given by Ben Richmond, with a response by Bob Fraser; Maureen Graham, with a response by Lois Mammel; Ruth Pitman, with a response by Kenneth Story; and Hugh Pyper, with a response by Herbert Lape. For more information, write to Ted Perkins, 128 Tate St., Greensboro, NC 27403.

• Addictions can take many forms besides dependency on alcohol or drugs, including addictions to such things as food, romance, money, risk-taking, shopping, comfort, idealism, use of power, and busy-ness. The 1989 Friends Conference on Religion and Psychology will take a look at the interplay

of religion and patterns that can drain people of energy and deaden appreciation for life. The theme is "Witnessing the Fire: Addiction and Transformation." The conference will include speakers, worship, interest groups, and fellowship. It will be held May 26-29 at Lebanon Valley College, 18 miles east of Harrisburg, Pa. Cost depends on the type of living accommodations and ranges from \$150 for a double occupancy room to \$85 for "simple living," in which participants help prepare and clean up meals and provide their own linens. Deadline for registration is May 19. For a registration form, or to be placed on the mailing list for future conferences, contact Clare Keller, 2 Deerfoot Trail, Harvard, MA 01451.

- Building bridges between branches of Quakerism and focusing on Christian roots will be goals of the annual gathering of Young Adult Friends of North America (YFNA) on June 17-25 at Camp Carefree in Stokesdale, North Carolina. The camp is 30 miles north of Greensboro. This is the 35th year of the gathering, and alumni will be particularly welcomed. The first gathering was held at Guilford College in Greensboro, North Carolina in 1953. This year's theme will be "Affirming Our Christian Roots as Young Friends." The gathering will include worship-sharing groups, support groups, interest groups, workshop projects, and cooperative meals. At the end, a caravan will leave from Camp Carefree to go to Canton, New York, where Friends General Conference begins on July 1. The caravan plans to stop at Friends meetings in Washington, D.C., Philadelphia, and New York. Cost of the gathering is \$100 for the week, covering room and board. Scholarships are offered. For more information, contact Hannah Branson, 501 Linville Rd., Kernersville, NC 27284, or call her at (919) 784-4526.

- Training for nonviolent social change will be offered Aug. 11-20 in western Massachusetts. Sponsored by the War Resisters League, the program teaches practical skills and offers discussions on non-violence, feminism, and strategy development. Many of those who have taken this training have gone on to positions with community and national organizations. Most participants return to their communities with increased groundedness in the politics of nonviolent action and greater confidence in their organizing ability. Applications are due by June 1. The fee is \$200 for food, housing, and materials. The fee is \$250 for those who are financially sponsored by an organization. The additional cost goes toward helping keep the program accessible to more people.



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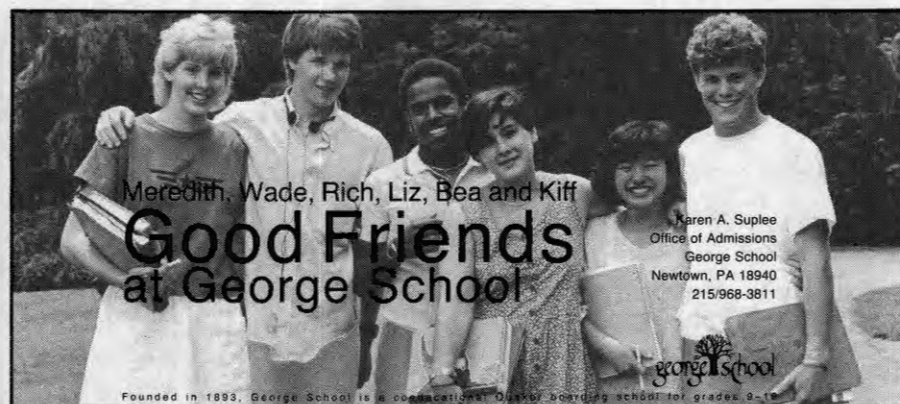
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By Judith C. Lechman, Harper and Row, New York, 1987. 184 pages. \$14.95.

This book, written by a former managing editor of FRIENDS JOURNAL, is true to Quaker tradition because it emerges directly from the author's spiritual experience. It reflects a search for understanding what gentleness truly is, how it enriches and sustains a life-long process of seeking and growing toward wholeness, and why we are challenged to make gentleness more central in our own lives.

This book is also true to Quaker tradition in its clear and compelling interpretation and insight of the radical nature of the Christian life and witness, rooted as it must be in faithfulness to God as seen and understood through the life, ministry, death, and resurrection of Jesus. It is rich in material drawn from the best of earlier and contemporary religious writers. It is beautiful in its logical unfolding from the biblical metaphor of fruit and vine into four branches: Sinking Deep Roots, Grafting Onto the Vine, Pruning the Branches, and Bearing Fruit. Above all, it is powerfully authentic and creatively relevant in today's world, and certainly deserves to be widely read, carefully studied, prayerfully pondered, and gently heeded.

Jim Lenhart

Jim Lenhart is a former editor of FRIENDS JOURNAL and a member of Celo (N.C.) Meeting. He works in a group home for mentally retarded adults.

The Politics of Conscience

By Albert N. Keim and Grant M. Stoltzfus. Herald Press, Scottdale, Pa., 1988. 176 pages. \$14.95/paperback.

As one of the generation subjected to conscription in the 1940s, I found this book interesting to read and informative. The account presented a parade of groups and individuals: Brethren, Mennonites, Friends, whose names were familiar, and yet I was not previously aware of the depth of their contributions to public policy and practice regarding conscientious objection. The reader is drawn into the ebb and flow of thought, action, hope, frustration, and negotiation as efforts were made to gain acceptance for a conscientious objector role in our society during periods of military conscription and war.

More than half the pages are devoted to an overview of two interwoven aspects of this search, including intriguing details of encounters of Friends, Brethren, and Mennonites with political and governmental persons, which add to the understanding of the process. One of the major facets was the attempts of the three historic peace groups, from the close of World War I to 1940, to develop collaborative relationships and to find common goals on military conscription to share with other U.S. citizens and with government officials and members of Congress. The other principal focus was the long sequences of negotiations with members of the executive and legislative branches of the national government. Here well-documented encounters are reported, with the pressures upon both the governmental officials and the representatives of the peace groups being evident. These interchanges provide a vivid picture of the religious perspectives on one hand and the political views and realities on the other, with resultant interactions. The names of the protagonists were known to me, but their activity in the relatively closed-door political arena revealed here gave me an opening to the deliberations which result in political policy.

In six chapters this book provides an historical view of conscientious objection and war, including background for the pacifist positions of Friends, Mennonites and Brethren. Then, in five chapters, it provides more detailed presentations of the politics of alternative service in World War I, the quest by the historic peace church for alternative service models, the struggle for alternatives in 1940, a description of Civilian Public Service as an experiment in alternative service, and finally alternative service and the cold war.

The book is well documented with ample quotations for sources of statements and negotiations. Also, there is included a lengthy bibliography indicating the location of manuscript collections and a listing of books, articles, and periodicals. These provide a rich resource for those interested in deeper exploration.

The authors, who are Mennonites, write from their personal experiences, since both have participated in alternative service: Grant Holtzhus during the 1940s in mental hospitals, Albert Keim as a Mennonite PAX worker in a rebuilding project in Europe in the 1950s.

This book provides an insightful introduction to the relating of conscience to the political procedures of a society which continues to attempt conscription of body and mind. In this nation conscientious objection is a legislative and political privilege rather

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Books *continued*

than a constitutional right. The conscientious objector to war is always at risk.

Henry Van Dyke

Henry Van Dyke, clerk of Corvallis (Oreg.) Meeting and a retired professor of biology at Oregon State University, was a conscientious objector during World War II.

In Brief

My Sister Tatiana, My Brother Ivan

Edited by Helen Bailey. Brethren Press, Elgin, Ill., 1988. 147 pages. \$7.95/paperback. This affectionately titled collection of stories by U.S. citizens returned from the Soviet Union ranges from a newspaper account of two people who scaled a mountain with a team of Soviet mountain climbers to descriptions of wedding guests at a restaurant, buyers at a book fair, church goers and peace activists. There is a long poem by Winifred Rawlins, a Philadelphia Quaker, and a tale told by another Quaker, Kent Larrabee, about how he made friends with the Leningrad police when they arrested him for passing out peace literature. The essays are short, and each writer's style, observations, and point of view are very different. The book presents a warm picture of the hospitality of the Russian people even before glasnost, with small pencil sketches of the characters scattered throughout.

Studying the World and the United Nations System

By Leonard Kenworthy. World Affairs Materials, 1988. 181 pages. \$6, plus \$.95 postage. Paperback. Commissioned in the early 1960s but never published by the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) as a book for educators on teaching about the United Nations, this updated version includes international dimensions of teaching in elementary and secondary schools.

The Gospel in Dostoyevsky

By Fyodor M. Dostoyevsky. Illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg. Plough Publishing House, Ulster, N.Y., 1988. 228 pages \$9.50/paperback. Dostoyevsky struggled mightily with the Gospels, and in doing so produced stories that can light the way for the rest of us. There are four sections in this collection of excerpts from his novels: "Faith in God—Man's Venture," "Man's Rebellion Against God," "On the Way to God," and "Life in God." The collection is compiled by the Hutterian Brethren.

Milestones

Births

Puth—Aydan Elizabeth Puth, on December 30, 1988, to David and Leslie Puth. Aydan's great-grandparents, Colin and Elizabeth Tait, are members of Rancocas (N.J.) Meeting. Elizabeth is also a member of Clearwater (Fla.) Meeting.

Marriages

Frazier-Rahmin—Frank B. Frazier and Debby R. Rahmin on September 17, 1988, under the care of Woodstown (N.J.) Meeting. Frank and his parents, Marion and Irving Frazier, are members of Woodstown (N.J.) Meeting.

Pollock-Tinkham—Jeffrey M. Pollock and Holly Ann Tinkham, on January 21 under the care of Twin Cities (Minn.) Meeting. Jeffrey and his mother, Penelope M. Pollock, are members of Somerset Hills (N.J.) Meeting.

Deaths

Furnas—Esther Merrill Tannehill Furnas, 86, on November 28, 1988, at Friends Boarding Home in Waynesville, Ohio. She was a member of Whitewater Monthly Meeting of Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting in Richmond, Ind., not of First Friends Church, Whitewater Monthly Meeting, as reported in the February FRIENDS JOURNAL.

Haines—Elma White Haines, 92, on September 21, 1988, at Friends Home in Woodstown, N.J. A lifelong resident of the Woodstown area, Elma and her husband, Floyd, operated Mapledill Farm, a vegetable farm and trucking business. Elma was a member of Woodstown (N.J.) Meeting. She is survived by a son, H. Charles; a daughter, Lois Haines Livingston; a sister, Mildred Madara; six grandchildren; and six great-grandchildren.

Hearn—Winifred J. Hearn, 89, on February 7, in North Plainfield, N.J. Born in Bloomville, N.Y., she earned degrees from Savage, New York University, and Columbia University. She worked as a physical therapist. A member of Somerset Hills (N.J.) Meeting, she was a long-time worker in the Somerset Hills Peace group. For years Winifred met with prisoners through the Friendly Visitors Program at the Clinton Reformatory for Women. She served on the Friends Education Committee and the Indian Affairs Committee. An original suffragette who championed voting rights for women, she was an active member of the local League of Women Voters and held an honorary

life membership in the League of Women Voters of the United States. Winifred is survived by her husband, Richard; daughter, Katherine Donithorne; two grandsons; and a granddaughter.

Paullin—Theodore Paullin, 78, on March 12 at home in Newington, Conn. He received his bachelor's, master's, and doctoral degrees from the University of Wisconsin and began his teaching career at Park College, in Missouri. He joined the history department of the University of Kansas in 1936. During World War II he was a writer for the Pacifist Research Bureau, authoring "An Introduction to Non-violence," "Comparative Peace Plans," and co-authoring "Coercion of States." During these years he taught part-time at Swarthmore and Haverford colleges and was a visiting professor at Amherst College. In 1947 Ted and his family moved to Connecticut, where he joined the faculty of Central Connecticut State University, where he taught American history until his retirement in 1978. He was chairman of the history department from 1965 to 1971 and received the distinguished professor award in 1971. While on a leave of absence from 1957 to 1959, he directed international student seminars for the American Friends Service Committee in Paris, France. Ted served three terms as clerk of Hartford (Conn.) Meeting, was clerk of Connecticut Valley Quarterly meeting, and served as chairman of the New England regional office of AFSC. He was an avid reader in a wide range of fields and was also a dedicated follower of the Boston Red Sox, New England Patriots, and Green Bay Packers. His experiences as a stroke survivor were described in a book by his wife, Ellen Paullin, called *Ted's Stroke: The Caregiver's Story*. He is survived by his wife; daughters, Karen Will and Marcia Paullin; and three granddaughters.

Reed—John R. Reed, 86, on March 31, 1988. Born and educated in Munich, Germany, he started his business career in Berlin and later went into manufacturing advertising items. Escaping from Nazism in Germany and France, John brought his family to the United States in 1941. He first worked as a salesman with the Johns Mansville Corporation and later started his own construction business. John and his wife, Kay, joined Montclair (N.J.) Meeting in 1944, where he held various positions and spent a number of years on the Peace and Service Committee. John is remembered for his serious concern for the life of the meeting, his willingness to serve, and the twinkle in his eyes. He is survived by his wife; daughter, Evelyn; and son, Howard.

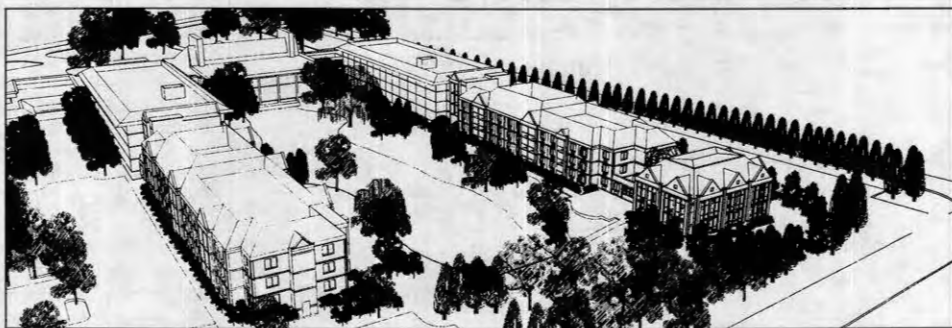
Spencer—Roger Spencer, 78, on February 5, 1988, of a stroke, in Pasadena, Calif. Born in Nebraska, Roger became acquainted with Quakers while attending the University of Washington. He became a conscientious objector and performed alternative service at the Civilian Public Service Camp at Chilao, Calif. For a time, Roger worked as a columnist at a Chicago newspaper, but due to health considerations, he moved to Guaymas, Mexico. Shortly after his arrival, he met and married his wife Zoila. They owned a shrimp boat and wrote a column for the *Hermosillo Weekly*. In 1955, Roger and his family moved to California, where he joined Orange Grove (Calif.) Meeting and served on Overseers, Nominating, and Property committees. The meeting invited Roger and Zoila to be its caretakers, and their bilinguality enabled them to help on the Refugee Committee and to welcome attendees at the intercultural Mother's Club Community Center. Roger is survived by his wife; four children, Catalina, Steve, Jose, and Patricia; and seven grandchildren.



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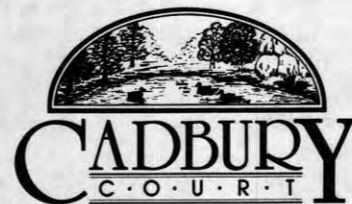
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Webster—John Shotwell Webster, 46, on Feb. 21 in Worthington, Minn., of a heart attack. John was born in Lafayette, Ind., graduated from West Lafayette High School, and William Penn College, Oskaloosa, Iowa. He was a member of Lafayette (Ind.) Meeting. John was district executive with the Boy Scouts of America, his employer for 20 years. He is survived by his wife, Linda; parents, Merritt and Margaret; sisters, Anne Weaver and Edith Shugarts; and four children, Terry, Kimberly, Audrey, and Tammy.

Wilson—Emily T. Wilson, 84, on October 27, 1988, in West Chester, Pa. She was a member of Kendal (Pa.) Meeting. Emily was born in Worcester, Mass., graduated from Smith College and received her medical degree from Johns Hopkins University in 1931. She practiced medicine in Vermont and New Hampshire and became a delegate and sectional leader in medicine from New Hampshire to the White House Conference on Aging in 1972. Emily served on many committees of New England Yearly Meeting and moved to Pendle Hill upon her retirement, later becoming a member of its board. She also served on the board of directors of Kendal-Crossland Retirement Community and in an advisory capacity on matters of aging and interpretation of Quaker philosophy. She approved and encouraged the "no restraints" policy for patients at Kendal Crosslands, and her belief that physical restraints were "an insult and an attack upon the unique spirit of a human being," has had wide impact.

White—Allen J. White, 77, on March 23, in

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Washington, D.C. Accommodations for sojourners/seminar groups. Capitol Hill location, reservations advisable. William Penn House, 515 E. Capitol St., SE, Washington, DC 20003. Telephone: (202) 543-5560.

Philadelphia. Allen was born in Belvidere, N.C., attended Guilford College, and did graduate work in religion at Pendle Hill and in social group work at Temple University. From 1934 to 1939 he was director of work with men and boys at Beth Eden Settlement House in Philadelphia. He next spent 12 years as executive secretary of Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.), followed by a year as executive secretary for Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas. In 1948 he joined the staff of the American Friends Service Committee, working for many years as the director of international Friends centers. Later he became the business manager, heading a long-range planning committee which resulted in development of Friends Center in Philadelphia. A long-time interest in the care of the elderly led him to become the founding executive director of Foulkeways, a Quaker retirement center. In 1978 he retired to organize Third Age, a consulting firm which assists church groups in developing life care communities. In addition, Allen White served as presiding clerk of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting and was active on many committees and in Gwynedd (Pa.) Meeting. A calm, pleasant, modest, unflappable man, he was widely admired as a problem solver and a searcher for new light. He constantly reached out to individuals in acts of simple friendliness. The depth of his religious commitment was profound. He is survived by his wife, Ellen; sons, Ronald, Robert, and Richard; his mother, Leola Rountree White; six grandchildren; and two sisters.

Calendar

MAY

4—National Day of Prayer, the 37th consecutive observance, the tradition dates back to the First Continental Congress. Focus of prayers is to seek guidance for governmental and community leaders, to corporately express gratitude, and to renew dedication to our principles as a people.

4-7—Sweden/Finland Yearly Meeting. Contact Gunnar Sundberg, Kväkargården, Box 9166, 102 72 Stockholm, Sweden, or call 8.6686816.

13-15—Switzerland Yearly Meeting. Contact Mary Bruderer, 10 Dumphaldenweg, 4133 Pratteln, Switzerland, or call 061 821 6321.

14—"300 Years of Quaker Education," a joint spring meeting of the Friends Historical Association and the Friends Social Union, to be held at Green Street Meeting, 45 West School House Lane, Philadelphia, Pa. Worship at 10:30 a.m., followed by brown bag lunch, and speakers at 1 p.m.

25-28—Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting, at Christmount Conference Center, Blackmountain, N.C. Contact Connie LaMonte, 613 10th Ave., South, Birmingham, AL 35205, or call (205) 324-5256.

26-30—Conference on Religion and Psychology, at Lebanon Valley College, about 18 miles east of Harrisburg, Pa. Theme is "Witness the Fire: Addiction and Transformation." Conference includes interest groups, speakers, plenary sessions, worship, and fellowship. Cost is \$85-\$150, depending on lodging arrangements. Cost includes membership in the organization. For a brochure, contact Clare Keller, 2 Deerfoot Trail, Harvard, MA 01451. Registration deadline is May 19.

JUNE

2-5—Northern Yearly Meeting, at Camp Lucerne, Wautoma, Wisc. Contact Marian Van Dellen, 5312 11th Ave., S.W., Rochester, MN 55901, or call (507) 282-4565.

10-15—Rocky Mountain Yearly Meeting, at Quaker Ridge Camp, Woodland Park, Colo. Contact Jack C. Rea, P.O. Box 9629, Colorado Springs, CO 80932-9629, or call (719) 570-1267.

8-10—Nebraska Yearly Meeting, at Central City, Neb. Contact Don Reeves, Rt. 1, Box 66, Central City, NE, or call (308) 946-2698.

14-18—Intermountain Yearly Meeting, at Fort Lewis College, Durango, Colo. Contact Mary Dudley, 2628 Granada, S.W., Albuquerque, NM 87105, or call (505) 873-0376.

15-18—Lake Erie Yearly Meeting, at Olney Friends School, Barnesville, Ohio. Contact Richard W. Taylor, 492 Miller Ave., Kent, OH 44240, or call (216) 673-6477.

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Old bookscout locates out of print books. Write: Greenmantle, Box 1178FJ, Culpepper, VA 22701-6324.

Days of Decision: an oral history of conscientious objectors in the military during the Vietnam war. By Gerald Gloglio. 338 pages. Broken Rifle Press, Box 749-Q, Trenton, NJ 08607. \$14.95, plus \$1.50 shipping (N.J. add \$.90 tax).

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Sex, Gender, & God with Virginia Ramey-Mollenkott, July 28-29; Parenting for peace & justice leadership training with Jim & Kathy McGinnis, Sept. 22-24; Women, Addiction, and Spirituality with Carter Heyward & Janet Surrey, Nov. 10-12; Walter & June Keener Wink on Oct. 27-29; Retreats at Beaver Conference Farm, Underhill Ave., Yorktown Hts., NY 10598. (914) 962-6033.

For Sale

Quaker bonnets \$15, Pinafore aprons \$35, state color preference and give measurements. Dolls, 6" tall, porcelain heads, poseable bodies, Quakers, pioneers and story book people, \$12.50 postpaid. Sharon Gerrish, P.O. Box 436, Paulino, HI 96776.

Folk music with a message. Singer/songwriter Don Rollins offers cassette copies of *City Bus*, his first recording. Activist, modern music. \$9.00 includes shipping to: Don Rollins, 132 W. Weisheimer, Columbus, OH 43214.

Oriental rug—antique sarouk (circa 1900-1915) 8'11" x 11'8". Dark blue with multi-color all-over pattern and border. Excellent condition. Current retail price \$18,000-\$20,000. Will sell for \$14,000. (215) 543-7395. Evenings and weekends.

Opportunities

Learn Spanish, Quiche in Guatemala. One-on-one instruction, five hours daily, family living, seminars, excursions. CASA, Box 11264, Milwaukee, WI 53211. (414) 372-5570.

Guatemala—Mexico delegation with Witness for Peace. July 28-August 12. Apply by May 15 to Betsy Crites, Box 567, Durham, NC 27702. Or call (919) 688-5049.

A different year in your life? Viitakivi International Center, a folk high school in Finland. Winter course: October 16, 1989, to May 11, 1990. Studying and living in an international community. Working languages Finnish and English. The general theme of the winter course is living in an international world. Languages: Finnish for foreigners, English, Spanish, German, others according to need and possibility. Expression, skill, and interest subjects. Action and discussion groups. Practical work, experiential learning. Program planned together. Viitakivi is an international adult study center with Quaker roots. It works on the basis of a Scandinavian folk high school. It is located in the country, in southern Finland. Further information and application forms: Viitakiven Opisto, SF-14700 Hauho, Finland. Application deadline November 15, 1989. Also short courses. Ask for brochure.

Quaker family needed 1989-90 and/or summer 1989; co-hosting, bookkeeping, renovating family bed/breakfast, peace library, videos. Very low rent, peaceful, unpolluted town (900) on beautiful Allegheny river. Good K-12 wants chemistry, business, substitute teachers. B/B applicant visits welcome. Fall discount: *Friends Journal* guests at Tidouite Friendly Eagle, (814) 484-7130. Box 222, Tidouite, PA 16351-0222.

Summer School on the study of religion in the Soviet Union, June 26 to July 1, by the John T. Conner center for U.S./USSR Reconciliation, Inc., on the campus of Purdue University, West Lafayette, Ind. Tuition—\$125. For more information: The Conner Center, 320 North St., West Lafayette, IN 47906.

Personals

Mild-mannered octogenarian seeks live-in assistant. Spacious country home in Bucks County, Pa., two bedrooms open, offered rent-free to responsible friend or small family who agrees to accomplish regular light maintenance chores, run errands, and maintain verbal communication appropriate to solve problems of deaf gentleman. (215) 357-6215.

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

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

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

Positions Vacant

Apartment in exchange for part-time maintenance of home and marina. Carpentry skills necessary. Individual or couple. Beautiful rural setting in southern Maryland. Call Karen: (301) 872-5094.

Are you interested in teaching at an international center in Finland? Is your mother tongue English? Would you be ready to teach music and/or other creative, expressive subjects? Are you interested in international exchange and intercultural questions? Are you interested in boarding school life? Viitakivi International Center is looking for a teacher for the period from October 1 to July 31, 1990, and possibly longer. Viitakivi is an international adult study center with Quaker roots. It works on the basis of a Scandinavian folk high school. The school runs a winter course from October to May and a number of short courses during the summer. The owner of the center is the Finnish Settlement Federation. The school can take up to 60 students, and the staff contains 15 persons. Languages used are Finnish and English. The teachers and other staff are from various countries. Viitakivi is located in southern Finland, in the country. The staff usually live in flats on the campus. Additional information: Viitakiven Opisto, SF-14700 Hauho, Finland.

Directors and Assistants. Quaker center for travelers and volunteer workers. Service opportunity. Housing, maintenance provided. Spanish essential. Casa de los Amigos, Ignacio Mariscal 132, 06030 Mexico, D.F.

The Meeting School, a Friends boarding high school in rural New Hampshire, offers an opportunity for service in an environment where living and learning are integrated. We are seeking three faculty members to fill all or some of the following positions: houseparents, dean, administrator/office manager, biology teacher, admissions director. Experience is sought in administrative work, secondary school teaching, Quakerism, and community living. Explore with us. Contact: Ed Kerman, Thomas Road, Rindge, N.H. 03461. (603) 899-5497.

Philadelphia Yearly Meeting seeks associate secretary for administration and finance. This key administrative position has responsibility for the budgeting, investment, property, accounting, record-keeping, publishing, and personnel functions carried out by the general services section of the yearly meeting. Strong management and personnel skills with a business or finance background are sought. Salary range \$26,900-\$40,400. Apply by June 1 to Associate Secretary Search Committee, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102, or call (215) 241-7210.

Philadelphia Yearly Meeting is reopening its search for a full-time development secretary to plan, organize, and implement programs for annual support, planned giving, and special fundraising projects. Salary range \$21,900-\$32,804. Apply by June 1 to Development Secretary Search Committee, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102, or call (215) 241-7210.

Wilmington College is seeking a campus ministry coordinator/coordinator of commuter student services. This administrative position has a nine-month contract beginning August 15, 1989. Applicants need to be Quaker with ministry experience; possess at least a master's degree; and have counseling and programming skills. Deadline for application is April 30, 1989. Send letter of application and resume to: Barbara Kaplan, Dean of Students, Pyle Center, Box 1186, Wilmington College, Wilmington, OH 45177.

Need mature, trustworthy caretakers for charming Victorian Inn near Maine and Bar Harbor. Rent free. Utilities supplemented with part of lodging revenue. Please send resumes and references to: Mrs. Don Wagner, 6204 Redwood Lane, Alexandria, VA 22310.

Pendle Hill seeks summer grounds assistant. June 12 to August 31, 1989. For information contact Eve Beehler, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, PA 19086. (215) 566-4507.

Legislative Secretary (lobbyist) for Friends Committee on National Legislation, Washington, D.C. To do legislative, educational, and research work on the priority issues as determined by the FCNL General Committee. Requires a commitment to the religious beliefs and testimonies of the Religious Society of Friends. Needed: January 1, 1990. Application deadline: August 15, 1989. For further information and application material, contact: David Boynton, FCNL, 245 Second St., NE, Washington, DC 20002. Phone: (202) 547-6000.

Opening for Head Resident at Pendle Hill Position Available July 1, 1989

The head resident has administrative responsibility for hospitality at Pendle Hill, including visitors, sojourners, conferees, resident students, and staff. The job entails coordination and administration of housekeeping and dietary budgeting, hiring, planning, and supervision. Since Pendle Hill is a residential community, the head resident also should enjoy living in community and have a broad experience with and interest in a wide variety of people. Preference will be given to active, knowledgeable members of the Society of Friends. A cash salary with perquisites including housing, meals, utilities, and benefits is offered. Applications accepted until April 30, or until filled. For more information and application, write to Eve Beehler, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, PA 19086, or call (215) 566-4507.

Racial justice & reconciliation program associate. The Denver office of the American Friends Service Committee seeks a program associate to coordinate a new project that aims to provide educational programs on racism in U.S. society and the need for racial justice, while also working closely with community groups that primarily address issues of racism and racial justice. Requires experience in justice and peace movements, developing grassroots campaigns or local social changes programs. Experience in conducting workshops and ability to communicate effectively in writing and speaking preferred. 4/5 time—\$13,600, plus benefits. Send resume/letter to AFSC, 1860 Lafayette, Denver, CO 80218. Persons are encouraged to apply regardless of religious affiliation, race, sex, age, sexual orientation, or disability. Deadline May 15, 1989.

American Friends Service Committee seeks regional executive secretary for Great Lakes region, based in Chicago, starting early 1990. Responsible for overall administration, program operation, personnel, budget administration, public interpretation of AFSC activity. Requires compatibility with principles, philosophy of Friends and AFSC; strong administrative experience, including financial management and budgeting; demonstrated experience providing staff support and supervision; strong communication skills; organizational experience. Contact: Lorna Stone, AFSC, 59 E. Van Buren, Suite 1400, Chicago, IL 60605. AFSC is an affirmative action employer.

The Psychology department at Earlham College will have a full-time, tenure-track position available beginning Fall, 1989. Rank and salary will be open. Candidates should hold a Ph.D. in psychology, although ABD candidates will be considered. Previous undergraduate teaching experience is important. Area of specialization is open, but breadth of interest is preferred. Earlham is a Quaker liberal arts college committed to excellent teaching, so devotion to teaching is essential. Ability to engage undergraduates in research is also an advantage. Consideration of applications will begin on May 1st. Send vita, detailed statement of teaching interests, and three letters of recommendation to: Nelson E. Bingham, Chair, Department of Psychology, Earlham College, Richmond, IN 47374. Earlham is an affirmative action recruiter and especially encourages applications from women and minorities.

Beacon Hill Friends House in Boston seeks assistant director to be responsible for maintenance and housekeeping, also administrative duties and program development. Should be grounded in Quaker values and enjoy living in a diverse challenging community of 20. Salary, housing, benefits. Could start June 1. Send application to: Beacon Hill Friends House, 6 Chestnut Street, Boston, MA 02108. (7) 227-9118.

Teachers and houseparents needed. Arthur Morgan School is a small creative boarding school for grades 7-9 located in the mountains of North Carolina. Jobs include combination of houseparenting, teaching academic and creative classes, work projects, cooking, hikes, and field trips. Married couples preferred for houseparenting. Substantial salary plus medical benefits. Arthur Morgan School, 1901 Hannah Branch Rd., Burnsville, NC 28714.

Greenwood Friends School seeks applicants for director starting July 1, 1989. Located in attractive rural setting in north central Pa., GFS is under the care of Millville Monthly Meeting and Upper Susquehanna Quarterly Meeting. Organized in 1978, current enrollment, preliminary through 8th grade, is 104. Requirements include: thorough understanding of and commitment to Friends beliefs and practices; experience in teaching and administration. Applications will be received until May 15. Send to: Jean Smith, Search Committee, Greenwood Friends School, P.O. Box 438, Millville, PA 17846.

San Francisco Friends Meeting is seeking a retired Quaker couple for the position of host and hostess in exchange for rent-free apartment in the meetinghouse. Write San Francisco Religious Society of Friends, Host/Hostess Search Committee, 2160 Lake Street, San Francisco, CA 94121.

Christian R.N.s and L.V.N.s needed. Quaker Gardens is a quality community care retirement community in Stan-
 is, Calif., sponsored by Southwest Yearly Meeting. If you would like to live in southern California and use your professional nursing skills in a quality skilled nursing facility, please call Mrs. Bonnie Lanz, Director of Health Care Service at (714) 971-6835. We offer competitive wages and benefits.

Summer position for someone with experience in large group cooking to work in a summer camp situation. Comfortable living and working conditions. For information contact Russ and Jane Neiger, Friends Camp Association, Box 9, R.D. 2, Ottsville, PA 18942. (215) 847-5858.

Friends Journal needs volunteer. Come meet our staff, here in Philadelphia, and assist in mailing renewal notices. Two days per month. No experience required. Complete reimbursement for lunch and transport. Call Nancy (215) 41-7115.

Nurse, counselors (18+), cook needed for small, Quaker farm camp. Program for 30 children, ages 7-12, emphasizes farm living, nature, nonviolence. Skills in shop, crafts, pottery, lifesaving useful. Contact Carl and Tim Curran, Journey's End Farm Camp, R.D. #1, Box 136, Newundland, PA 18445. (717) 689-2353.

Spend a year in Washington, D.C., living at the William Penn House, dividing work between WPH and issue-oriented organization. Stipend, room and board included. One year commitment beginning September. For information contact Director, William Penn House, 515 East Capitol Street, Washington, DC 20003. Applications due by June 1.

Enjoy the cool breezes of Maine this summer. We seek counselors in pottery, crafts, music, and nature. We also need a cook, nurse or E.M.T., and W.S.I. Applicants must be 18+. For information and application call or write: Susan Morris, Director, Friends Camp, P.O. Box 84, East Passaboro, ME 04935. (207) 923-3975.

Office Assistant needed at William Penn House. Full-time position doing general office work, booking reservations, data-entry. Experience required, knowledge of WordPerfect desirable. Salary and benefits based on qualifications. Start September. Contact Director, William Penn House, 515 East Capitol Street, Washington, DC 20003. Applications due by July 1.

Summer maintenance assistant, May 1-August 31. If you enjoy working outdoors in a beautiful environment, this may be the job for you. Powell House, New York Yearly Meetings' retreat center and conference center in upstate New York needs someone to assist our property manager, primarily with grounds work, and some light maintenance work. Mechanical ability and experience helpful; ability to work independently essential. 40-hour work week. Compensation includes salary, meals, and housing. Equal opportunity employer. Send resume and references to Susan Person-Finnerty, Powell House, Box 160, Old Chatham, NY 12136. Wednesday through Sunday phone (518) 794-8811.

Southeastern Yearly Meeting seeks a part-time secretary. This is a year-round position to commence October 1989. Direct inquiries to Search Committee, 836 Broadway Ave., Orlando, FL 32803. (407) 425-5125.

Positions Wanted

Keen, able-bodied, young Friend seeks to earn keep during year "out," Sept. 1989-Aug. 1990, prior to university. Nonsmoking, vegetarian, driver with experience of conservation work, a veterinary practice, and looking after young children. Please send suggestions to Nan Bailey, 17 Turf Road, Royton, Lancashire, OL2 6EP, England.

Microcomputer support/teaching sought near Quaker community for committed young English-American family. Ph.D. Entomology, Masters Computer Science. Will be in U.S. June 1989. Mark Pearson, 62 Addison Road, Reading RG1 8EN England. Telephone 011 44 734 572255. In U.S. contact (313) 662-2111.

Rentals and Retreats

Prince Edward Island, Canada. Secluded, comfortable, seaside cottage. Private beach, warm swimming, excellent birding and fishing. Completely equipped, reasonable, available July. (215) 399-0432.

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'x25' 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: Chula Rose Nicholson, 516 Oakley Road, Haverford, PA 19041. (215) 642-3595.

Room available, share facilities, London home. £50 per week. Warr, 21 Egremont Road, SE27 0BH. 01-761-5823.

Adirondacks—housekeeping cabins on quiet, unspoiled lake, fireplaces, best selections June and September, (609) 654-3659, or write Dreby, Cranberry Lake, NY 12927.

Month of July. 4 bedroom, 2 1/2 bath, house on shore Tauton Bay, North Sullivan, Maine. Boats available. Call (215) 545-3586.

June 1—Oct. 1. Sublet air-conditioned house with garden in Center City, Philadelphia. No pets, small children. Call (215) 545-3586.

Vermont. Comfortable housekeeping cabins in Mt. Holly near Appalachian Trail. Simple, secluded, swimming, boating. Caroline Bailey (317) 855-2198 or 5289, Shoemaker Road, Centerville, IN 47330.

Retreat to the Haliburton Highlands. Bed and breakfast, overnight or longer; secluded tenting; 100 wooded acres; sand beaches nearby; pottery lessons available. Dorothy Parrhall, Dancing Star Pottery, General Delivery, Bancroft, Ontario K0L 1C0, Canada. (613) 332-4773.

Maine Island Vacation Dream—8 bedrooms, 3 baths, fully equipped, on 14-acre peninsula on Vinalhaven. August and September openings. Phone: (215) 843-4034.

Cape Cod, Dennis, north of 6A. Three bedroom cottage with private yard. Walk to Bayview Beach, wonderful for children. Mid-June to Labor Day \$600/week. Off-season weeks available. Rich and Cathy Papazian. (617) 862-5655.

Summer Cottages on New Hampshire lake with own dock, boat, sand swimming area. Ideal for family; rental includes separate getaway one-room cabin. Basic conveniences but not fancy: for those who prefer seclusion to cheek-by-jowl vacationing. Cost: July, August \$1,200/month or \$700/2 weeks; June, September, October \$600/month. Log cabin with private lake access, 1/2 mile away, also available. July, August \$800/month. Call (914) 478-0722. Write: "Pebbles", 100 Euclid Avenue, Hastings on Hudson, NY 10706.

Quinfolpack contains leaflets and information about the English "1652 Country" where Quakerism began. Quaker places to stay (guest houses, meetinghouses, hostels), places of interest in the north (castles, abbeys, museums), U.S. addresses of agencies for English maps, tourism, and general information. \$22.50 + \$12.00 postage and packaging. Send \$ check to John and Christine Rose, Royd Hill, The Mains, Giggleswick, SETTLE, North Yorkshire, BD24 0AX, England.

Stay where George Fox stayed—at Countersett Hall in the heart of the English Yorkshire Dales, and discover 1650s country. The Hall, a peaceful and welcoming guest house, retaining many of its 17th century features but with 20th century comfort, is the ideal base. Wonderful food. Brochure: Pat West, Countersett, Leyburn, North Yorkshire, DL8 3DD, England.

Schools

Stratford Friends School announces the opening of a kindergarten class in September 1989 for children at risk for learning disabilities; student/teacher ratio 5-1, diagnostic teaching by highly qualified staff. Darby and Llandillo Roads, Havertown, PA 19083. (215) 446-3144.

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.

A value-centered school for learning disabled elementary students. Small, remedial classes; qualified staff serving Philadelphia and northern suburbs. The Quaker School at Horsham, 318 Meeting House Road, Horsham, PA 19044. (215) 674-2875.

Services Offered

In transition? Relocating, retiring, down-sizing, divorcee, estate settlement, or other transitional situation? Courteous and sensitive assistance available. No obligation survey conducted with integrity, credibility, and maturity. Professional auction, brokerage, and appraising services for all types of personal and business valuables, and real property. Exclusive and caring seller representation gets you cash quickly. J.M. Boswell Agency. Auctioneers, brokers, appraisers. Specialty Marketing Agency, 25 years experience/ references. Lic., bonded, certified, accredited. West Chester, PA. (215) 692-2226.

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.

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

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.

Wanted

Rural retreat within 3 hours of Philadelphia for responsible animal lovers with three dogs. Contact: Wendy Hamnerstrom, 604 66th Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19126, (215) 927-6921.

Used Quaker hymnals needed: Butternut's Monthly Meeting. Will pay shipping. Contact: Frances Sokol, Clerk, 3 Page St., Unadilla, NY 13849.

I am compiling information about the life of Norman Morrison. Please send your remembrances or the effect his immigration had on you to: Hugh Ogden, Department of English, Trinity College, Hartford, CT 06447.

WOOLMAN COMMONS

of Medford Leas

. . . where life is uncommonly satisfying

In the wide spectrum of living styles its residents enjoy, Medford Leas is like Joseph's coat of many colors. While most residents live on the main campus in Medford, just seven miles away in the heart of historic Mount Holly, a small community relishes a different lifestyle.



The people of Woolman Commons live in town, apart and still "a part" of Medford Leas. Here, they visit with neighbors young and old. They walk to the town library, the shops and government offices. They make new friends. Residents are involved in the historical society, the library volunteers, environmental and voters' groups, hospital volunteers, tutoring and much more. Woolman Commons has a lively, informal social life of its own, too. And still there, whenever it's needed, is the security of knowing that the best lifetime medical and nursing care are theirs.

Talk for a while with the people who live in the sunny, spacious apartments and you'll hear why they savor this kind of life: "I wasn't ready to move onto a campus, but this appealed to me. It is a 'natural' community. I've been here since it opened and it still appeals to me." . . . "We had been thinking about our future, not sure of what to do. Then we saw the plan for Woolman Commons. As we drove home, we said to each other, 'Well, there you are.'"

It was a chance to preserve our independence a little longer and not be a burden to our children." . . . "I was interested in the medical care, but I liked being in a town. Here at Woolman Commons, we have the best of both worlds." . . . "We can be a part of all of Medford Leas activities — if we choose to. We carpool a lot. We are provided transportation for medical visits, and we have public bus service to Philadelphia and New York just a block away." . . . "My friend and I made the move together from New England. We never see each other but that we don't say, 'I have no regrets. This was absolutely the right decision.' " . . . "Our health needs are fully met and the rest of life — well, it's just delightful." . . . "We sit at breakfast and the little children come by. The lady down the block shows us her new baby. A little boy got a new bike at Christmas and came to show us." . . . "Woolman Commons is not overwhelming. It's a small community — just 23 units. There are no cliques. We're a family."

Medford Leas is a Quaker-related Continuing Care Retirement Community conducted by The Estaugh, a non-profit corporation founded in 1914. If you would like to learn more about Woolman Commons or any of the lifestyle options Medford Leas offers, contact the Director of Admissions at (609) 654-3000, or toll-free (except New Jersey), 1-800-331-4302.



A special note to Friends: Medford Leas has scholarship monies available to assist Friends with limited assets or income who are interested in living as part of our community.



MEDFORD, NEW JERSEY
08055