

March 2000

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today



The Message of Seattle

Billboard of the Soul

How I Survived My Halo

Sharing Forced Simplicity

**An
independent
magazine
serving the
Religious
Society of
Friends**



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FRIENDS JOURNAL (ISSN 0016-1322) was
established in 1955 as the successor to *The Friend*
(1827-1955) and *Friends Intelligencer*
(1844-1955).

• FRIENDS JOURNAL is published monthly by Friends
Publishing Corporation, 1216 Arch Street, 2A,
Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835. Telephone (215)
563-8629. E-mail FriendsJnl@aol.com. Periodicals
postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and additional
mailing offices.

• Subscriptions: one year \$29, two years \$54.
Add \$6 per year for postage to countries outside the
U.S., Canada, and Mexico. Individual copies
\$3 each.

• Advertising information and assistance is available
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• Postmaster: send address changes to FRIENDS
JOURNAL, 1216 Arch Street, 2A, Philadelphia, PA
19107-2835.

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reprinting excerpts longer than 200 words.
Available on microfilm from Bell and Howell
Information and Learning.

PRINTED ON RECYCLED PAPER
Min. 20% post-consumer

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FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1216 Arch St., 2A
Philadelphia, PA 19107-2835
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Among Friends

Refocusing the Lens

The media glare over the World Trade Organization's meetings in Seattle, Washington, is long forgotten by most people. The packagers and presenters of today's current events have moved on to national political races and corporate mega-mergers. The issues raised in Seattle, however, are far from over—they may end up haunting us for many decades.

It is not our intention to publish long articles. What prompts us to lay aside our usual guidelines and to offer you David Morse's "The Message of Seattle" (p. 12) is a deep concern that, in the frenzy of reporting on events in Seattle last November and early December, a skewed recounting of what was occurring there was widely broadcast. Alarming, there was little discussion of the causes for the protest and even less focus on the chilling civil issues raised by the brutal interaction of the police with protestors. What gained the attention of the police, the media, and ultimately the world were the actions of a tiny group of self-proclaimed anarchists, and the vandalism of a small group that followed in their wake. Ignored was a gathering of experts from all over the world for an exceptional week of meetings that were "a full-fledged unofficial conference on the WTO." These, David Morse tells us, included a public debate between experts on the WTO, pro and con, and a series of daylong forums on trade issues affecting human rights, the environment, agriculture, genetic engineering, and development policies in the Third World. The determined nonviolent behavior of most of the 40,000 people gathered from around the world from a remarkable diversity of backgrounds and economies—Native Americans, union laborers, environmentalists, human rights groups, citizen's coalitions, farmers, religious activists—was also essentially ignored by the media. What did capture attention was the violence of the few and the resulting police crackdown on virtually everyone, bystanders included, which was shockingly violent as well. Katya Komisaruk, the coordinating attorney for a team of 20 lawyers working with Direct Action Network, a group committed to nonviolent direct action, noted that the police abuse was the worst she had ever seen—a comment echoed by other seasoned activists.

In these times when numerous corporations are wealthier than many of the world's nations, and when the power that attends this wealth is concentrated in fewer and fewer hands as corporations take over smaller enterprises or merge with competitors, the very existence of democracy may well be called into question. Certainly the issue of "transparency" in the deliberations of the World Trade Organization is not a minor one. Nor is it a small matter that the needs of corporations for less "restraint of trade" can undo legislation and policies intended to protect the environment and the best interests of humanity. There is also cause for concern that the news media, the traditional watchdog for democracy, has paid so little attention to these issues. It is sobering to realize how extraordinarily important democratic process is and how much damage can be done by unchecked power. The issue of trade may well be the frontier on which the struggle for democracy will take place in coming decades.

Apart from the sobering global issues raised by the WTO and its methods of operation, the confrontations in Seattle brought home through raw exposure the extent to which our civil culture has frayed. National leaders were frustrated and enraged, local governing agencies were pushed too hard for a quick fix (evocative of U.S. bombing missions in Kosovo and Iraq), and police in the streets became the frontline in expressing that rage and frustration. It is heartening to learn that a small group of Friends, a Baptist, and a Buddhist succeeded during the confrontation in talking with Seattle's mayor about the police violence. In the months and years ahead, it will be important for each of us to find opportunities to "go and do likewise" by finding ways to pursue truth in the face of power.

Susan Corson-Finnerty

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Cover: Two of Seattle's "Raging Grannies" demonstrate at the World Trade Organization in Seattle, Washington. According to their website, <www.raginggrannies.com>, "We are enraged about the poor conditions that people are forced to endure in their lives, and about the condition of the earth that will be left to our precious grandchildren." Photo by David Morse.



David Morse

Purpose of the Peace Tax Fund was misconstrued

Spencer Coxe's critique of the Peace Tax Fund (*FJ* Dec. 1999) proposal as dangerous, undemocratic, and meaningless must be taken seriously because it comes from one whose life demonstrates a deep commitment to peace and human rights. Nevertheless, I believe he seriously misconstrues the basic purpose of the bill. The aim is not to reduce the military budget—that might or might not be a consequence of its passage and implementation. The main purpose of the bill is to honor and respect the conscientious objections of those citizens who are opposed to war in any form, including the financing through their tax dollars of the preparation for and killing of other human beings. That percentage of a CO's federal income, estate, and gift taxes that would have gone for military purposes would be allocated instead to such programs as Head Start, WIC, the Peace Corps, and the U.S. Institute of Peace, for example. Their total tax paid would not be reduced.

The closest analogy is the provision for alternative service in the military draft law for young men. Upon proper showing of sincere objection to war in any form, they are excused from the military if they perform nonmilitary work of national importance. That provision was inserted in the draft law at the beginning of World War II largely based on respect for the pacifist position that had been asserted at considerable cost by young conscientious objectors in World War I. The language of the Peace Tax Fund bill is based on provisions in the draft law.

Today the U.S. military needs money at least as much as it needs people. The draft law conscripts young men. The tax laws conscript the money of men and women of all ages. There is no logical reason not to grant taxpayers the same exemption available to young men drafted for military service.

If I thought the primary purpose of the Peace Tax Fund were to reduce the military budget as Spencer Coxe does, I'd be hard pressed to give the proposal the time of day, and for many of the reasons he cites. There are many more direct and effective ways to challenge military spending and the policies on which it rests. It is my impression that the concerned citizens and organizations that support this bill already work in many political, electoral, and legislative ways for peace—and will continue to do so regardless of the fate of the Peace Tax Fund proposal. But if the political will existed to pass this bill, the climate would probably also enable some reduction of military spending.

It seems to me extremely unlikely that if this limited exemption were granted in the tax laws, the floodgates would open and exemptions would be permitted for those opposed to various environmental and social programs, as he surmises. These people and their well-financed lobbies have available and already use much more effective ways to achieve their aims. Furthermore, this exemption rests on a fundamental but narrow basis—the sacredness of human life and the refusal to support government spending that results in the deliberate killing of human beings. I would be ready to support the conscientious objection of taxpayers who oppose the use of their tax dollars for other government programs that take human life, such as financing of capital punishment and abortion. But the amount that each federal taxpayer pays for these programs, if identifiable at all, is minuscule. We are talking pennies on one's tax bill, not the hundreds or even thousands of dollars for current military purposes—nearly one quarter of the federal income taxes one pays.

The absolute pacifist position that Spencer Coxe suggests is certainly well respected and honored among Friends. But many Friends who have gone the route of tax refusal have found that the Internal Revenue Service has nearly infinite authority and ability to take their bank accounts, wages, even cars and houses. Many have found they ended up paying far more than the taxes due because of levies for interest, fines, and "frivolous tax penalties." In deep frustration they have seen the Peace Tax Fund proposal as a relevant way to respond to the excruciating dilemma they face each year at tax time.

H.R. 1454, the bipartisan Religious Freedom Peace Tax Fund bill, introduced April 15, 1999, with 27 House sponsors, deserves the support of Friends.

Edward F. Snyder
Bar Harbor, Maine

Continued on page 41

The Peace Tax Fund

Many thanks to Spencer Coxe for his Viewpoint letter on the Peace Tax Fund (*FJ* Dec. 1999). His thoughtful book on the criminal justice system, *Struggle for Justice*, which I read when first joining the American Friends Service Committee staff in 1972, has influenced me ever since. His experience over many years with the American Civil Liberties Union in Philadelphia honed his thinking about this kind of policy issue. Once again he is raising important and incisive questions about public policy in his letter about the Peace Tax Fund. His points are well taken, and I hope I have fairly stated them in my response below. Earlier I shared his letter with the Friends Committee on

National Legislation Policy Committee and staff for discussion and a decision on what to do. After thoughtful consideration, the Policy Committee decided not to recommend a change of course. The reason, as I understood it, was that each of his well-reasoned arguments have been considered and reconsidered over the years and each has been answered to the committee's satisfaction.

I'll summarize my understanding of the committee and staff responses to his concerns, although more of my own thinking is reflected here:

- *FCNL is supporting a well-meaning but misguided proposal for a Peace Tax Fund.*

While we don't think the proposal is simply well meaning, we understand that we could be mistaken, and if we are, we'll trust the deliberative process of Congress to correct our being misguided. Obviously, Friends and other war tax objectors will not bulldoze this through an unwilling Congress, and members of Congress will not easily accept this proposal.

- *The Peace Tax Fund proposal, if enacted, might create bad law; others could use that precedent to legally refuse paying taxes for other purposes.*

The right of conscientious objection to participation in war has become well established only recently, after centuries of protest and suffering. The Peace Tax Fund would extend to the taxpayer this right to refuse participation in war. This is a ver-

Practicing Our Faith Without Being Punished For It

narrow construction. Conscientious objection to killing is a much higher order of "moral magnitude" than most other concerns commonly raised to protest taxes. If others over centuries of protest and suffering establish conscientious objection to other activities of government, then by all means, their objection should be recognized in law too. Also, people have more scruples than one may give credit for. Although the right of conscientious objection was available to anyone with a "sincerely held belief," actually very few young men used it to avoid the Vietnam War.

• *The Peace Tax Fund would not reduce military spending.*

Yes, this is true, and although 25 years ago some may have thought it would reduce military spending, the campaign does not claim this would happen. On the contrary, another argument for the Peace Tax Fund is that it would not alter Congress's control of the purse strings.

• *It could seduce conscientious objectors to war into a too easy harmony with the government, leading to disengagement from citizen participation in the electoral and other governing processes.*

Although Spencer Coxe has not said it, and did not intend to say so, this argument is very like the unbecoming "Marxist" revolutionary argument that the people must suffer more to achieve the revolution. Yes, some may ease into harmony with a violent government, but I rather doubt the protest of military spending could be any weaker with a Peace Tax Fund than it is today without it. On the other hand, it might free more peace activists from tax court to carry on the struggle in other, more effective political venues.

• *The foundation of democracy—representative government—would be undermined because a few citizens would refuse to accept the governance of those representatives; the social contract would be broken; if pacifists can break the contract, others will follow suit; anarchy is the logical outcome of the Peace Tax Fund Proposal; this will serve the most reactionary elements of society, not the pacifist conscience.*

An important element of the foundation of our democracy is that the majority respects the dissent of the minority. When the dissent is a matter of conscience and this matter has been tested over time, democracy is diminished if the majority disregards the scruples of the minority. Conscientious objection to participation in war—whether in body or in money—is such a scruple. Recognizing the

conscientious objection to war taxes will be the mark of a strong and vibrant democracy, not that of a dissipated and crumbling one.

As stated above, the Peace Tax Fund leaves in place the congressional purse strings (along with the weapons lobbyists); they decide for what to authorize and appropriate funds. As phrased now, the Peace Tax Fund would not fund programs selected by the war tax refuser. Rather, the fund's monies would not go to the "050" accounts, which are military accounts. Of course, federal funds are fungible. Thus, whatever the Peace Tax Fund pays for simply frees other funds for the military.

Also, Congress routinely and historically uses the tax code to grant special privileges to particular groups and interests—ostensibly to advance the public good. Shouldn't religious freedom and rights of conscience—foundation stones of our democracy—be accorded similar treatment in the tax code?

• *The "Nugatory" Effect: all the drama, tension, and self-suffering would be bled out of the non-violent refusal to pay the war tax; the epiphanies that come from conscientious action in the public arena will be lost to society.*

As a Methodist growing up in rural Ohio, I never came in contact with pacifists or Quakers. Through my reading and worship I became a pacifist, although I didn't use the word and didn't know anyone who was one. In college I met a fellow who told me with a red face that he was a conscientious objector to war. A light went on in my head: what an idea, and there's a name for it too! We can never calculate what lights might go on if the Peace Tax Fund were enacted. Again, as I said above, the absence of the Peace Tax Fund does not seem to be generating the waves of protest and tension that Spencer Coxe fears we would lose were it enacted.

• *The Peace Tax Fund proposal is a "feel good" measure that misplaces our sentiments away from the real job of changing bad policy and into an illusion of the peaceable kingdom; we settle for peace with the powers that be rather than for the peace of God.*

If one discounts the life of conscience and if one thinks that only what happens in the physical world matters, then the Peace Tax Fund option isn't real and doesn't matter. If one thinks that decisions about one's actions are important and that a decision to identify oneself as a conscientious objector to war taxes makes a difference, then the Peace Tax Fund is worthwhile. All of us get wrapped up in "feel-good" measures, and the Peace Tax

Fund will be no exception; some will do it for substantive reasons, some for shallow reasons. That's not a critique of the Peace Tax Fund proposal, but of human nature.

My wife, Beth, and I have refused to pay our war taxes voluntarily since 1970. We want to pay our entire tax bill, but we won't pay for weapons and the salaries of the people who use them. Having seen so much war and its effects, we could not voluntarily pay that portion of our tax that goes for war. So, we pay only that portion of our tax bill that does not pay for war. Every few years the IRS levies our bank account, wages, or savings. They take the principle, interest, and penalties on what we have refused to pay. We end up paying more to the government than had we paid the war tax. Once they took and auctioned our car. We no longer park it at our residence. We have never been able to own real estate; it would be confiscated. In the U.S. owning real estate has been a principal way for poor and middle-class people to accumulate wealth. Many of our friends could borrow on their land and property to put their children through school. We have not had that option. We are not complaining. We are happy following our conscience on this matter. We consider that these consequences of our war tax refusal are aspects of the voluntary self-suffering that nonviolent action uses to reveal truth to ourselves and to others. But we think the government should recognize our conscientious objection to paying war taxes so that we voluntarily can pay our entire tax bill. Today, we feel that we are being punished for our religious beliefs, a violation of the U.S. Constitution and of our human rights. Recognition of our claim to conscientious objection will not cut the military budget, will not end war, will not bring the Kingdom of Heaven. It will allow us to practice our faith without being punished for it. That's a fairly radical idea still. It's a dangerous thing too, but it can work without leading to anarchy.

Joe Volk
Washington, D.C.

Joe Volk is the executive secretary of Friends Committee on National Legislation and a conscientious objector to war taxes.

BILLBOARD OF THE SOUL

by Pardee Lowe Jr.

In the spiritual life there are often signposts. And among those, from time to time, occur seminal instants, events that color life from then on. Did I say color? Perhaps I should say alter, because life thereafter is not the same.

For some I gather these events are like the experience of Paul on the road to Damascus: sudden, instantaneous, soul-rending. For others the event is more gradual and subtle, more heart-warming, like the experience of those on the road to Emmaus; and the consciousness of that event and of its import may take long to percolate to the surface.

The point is that the event took place. It took place for you. Your life has been different as a result. And at some point you may even look back and say, "My spiritual life began. . ." or "My spiritual life took a significant turn here."

Pardee Lowe Jr. is a member of Langley Hill (Va.) Meeting.

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One such turning point for me involves seeing a poster for the summer gathering of Friends General Conference. I had been attending Quaker meeting for ten years or so, listening in the silence and to the spoken messages as well. Some spoke to my condition: their phrasing appealed to me; I profited from their content; and above all I resonated to their insight. Other messages, however, left me cold. "Why," I queried myself, "is she sharing *that*?" "Of what earthly import is this?"

Then I caught myself in my judgmentalness. If the speaker was moved to share, then surely someone might "hear" the message. I began to watch who approached the speakers when meeting rose. And if I were close by, I would stop to hear the comments that flowed from the message. I rapidly grew aware that a message that had left me cold, often warmed another's heart. That a message that had no meaning for me at all was fraught with conse-

quence for another. This message was a signpost, but on another's path.

Then the poster sprang to mind.

I've always been sorry that I didn't buy one. It probably would have been too large for any wall in my condo anyway. But I've always regretted not having it displayed prominently. Then again, perhaps its retinal retention (however inaccurate) overrides any physical one; in my mind's eye I behold three panels: a path by a lake, a road through a field, and in between, a railroad track traversing a river on a bridge. I don't remember its title's position: at the top or the bottom? Yet its words coupled with the images in my mind's eye capture the true meaning of both the silent and spoken messages in meeting, of the messages that immediately seized me with their import and of those that simply passed me by:

Many Roads, One Journey!



Many Roads One Journey

*From the poster for the 1986 Friends General Conference Gathering!
photos by George N. Webb and Barbara Sabli*

How I Survived My Halo

by Yvonne Boeger

Last March I received a halo, though not the kind the angels wear. I awakened from a delicate spinal cord operation to find a halo brace screwed firmly into my skull. This heavy, awkward contraption would not allow my head to move a millimeter to the left or right. Like old Dobbin with his blinders, I could look only straight ahead. On that devastating evening I didn't dream that I would wear this halo for three months, nor did I suspect what lessons of the spirit I would learn from my stay in the hospital.

Recovering consciousness after the surgery was the most terrifying experience of my life. I felt as though I were rushing out of a tunnel and about to crash into a television set. My

left hand was paralyzed, I couldn't speak, and tubes and wires were attached everywhere. Worst of all was the hateful halo.

Before the operation, my doctor predicted that I would be in the hospital for three to five days. It turned out to be seven weeks. So many things went wrong! A breathing tube inserted into my mouth damaged one of my vocal cords so that I couldn't speak or swallow. My usually sound, reliable heart developed a crazy beat that took a week or two to regulate. The incision across the back of my neck failed to heal properly, which eventually sent me back to the operating room. Then I got pneumonia.

Underlying these physical problems was another wound that was even harder to bear. My husband, Mel, died less than a year before the operation. Now, for the first time in 41 years, he was not here to help me through a crisis. It was a devastating loss.

GROUND RULES

When I realized that I would be in the hospital for a great deal longer than five days, I set up two ground rules for survival. First, I would not regard each day as something terrible to be endured and checked off with relief when it was over. "How many days do you have left?" I asked myself. "Can you afford to write off a chunk of them as not worth living because they're not as pleasant and comfortable as you've come to expect as your due?" I could not.

Yvonne Boeger, a Friend for nearly 40 years, has been active in meetings in California, New Jersey, and Texas. She lives an active life at Crosslands Retirement Center and is a member of Kennett (Pa.) Meeting.

© 2000 Yvonne Boeger

I promised myself that I would find something in each day for which I could sincerely thank God. Sometimes it wasn't much, no more than a tidbit, but as one of my psychiatrist friends used to say, "We must all learn to celebrate the tidbits." I called this the "Giving Thanks" rule.

On some days giving thanks was easy, as flowers, books, cards, and letters streamed in from all over the country. "You're in my thoughts . . . I'm praying for you . . . Hang in there" read the messages. Friends drove miles to visit me, even though I couldn't speak a word to them.



Barbara Benton

On the days when I had no visitors, I depended on the daily routine of hospital life to provide some small moments of amusement or pleasure.

The second rule I called the "Lighting a Candle in the Dark" rule. If there was the smallest thing I could do to help myself, I was obliged to do it. Sometimes all I could do was to pump my ankles up and down or give someone a smile.

FILLING THE HOURS

One of the biggest challenges during recovery was keeping my mind occupied. What do you do when you can't read, can't talk, can't work a crossword puzzle, can't push the buttons on a tape recorder, can't even turn your head?

Fortunately, with all these losses, some things remained, memories for instance. I decided to mine my memory lode for all the treasure it might hold. During those seven weeks I sorted through every decade of my life, reliving the

Waiting

(Lagos, Nigeria)

My driver was to arrive by eight and my wristwatch is tired of these silent, frustrated eyes. It has dragged itself scornfully to eleven.

Patience sits in the duck house under the blooming banana plant. She has a white head and webbed feet. Yesterday the second duckling followed as she stretched her cramped legs and flexed her wings. The same two follow this morning.

What waits in the nine, brown soiled eggs in the duck house no one can tell: everyone wonders.

Patience waddles back into the cement blocks beneath the corrugated shelter and welcomes fluffy offspring under her warm faithfulness. She has time for the answer. She has time to teach others.

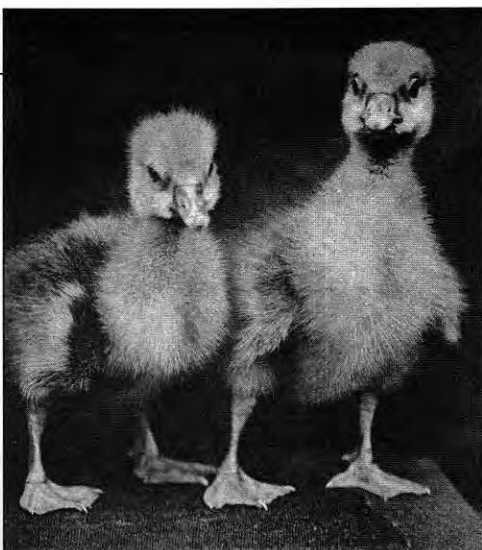
Charles A. Waugaman

Charles A. Waugaman lives in Jamaica, Vermont.

happy experiences. I remembered events and people I hadn't thought about for years.

Another thing I did was to develop little fantasy games, which I played over and over like favorite videos. In one, our country was in a depression. I had inherited a big, shabby but comfortable home with a fireplace and a spacious dining room. I decided that my contribution to the general welfare would be to serve a low-cost but delicious supper to 12 down-on-their-luck people every evening.

First, I arranged the dining room, debating whether to have round or oblong tables, plastic tablecloths or placemats, self-service or family-style. Then I imagined



the people who might be my guests: a refugee from Bosnia, a couple of migrant farm workers, a single mom from Minnesota. They would all become good friends, and after dinner, we would sit around the fireplace for a while and talk. Magda might play the piano while Jose and Carlos played dominoes at a table in the corner.

I spent hours planning the menus, which had to be economical, nutritious, and taste fantastic. When my mind was occupied in deciding between serving chocolate pudding or jello for dessert, I wasn't entertaining anxious thoughts about my future.

After exhausting all the possibilities of this fantasy, I'd invent a new one.

RELIGION AND PSYCHOLOGY

In the interest of surviving with the fewest scars, I drew on the resources of both psychology and religion.

Before my operation, a therapist friend loaned me some tapes developed for people facing surgery. One of the tapes advised listeners to repeat frequently the words, "I can't afford a negative thought." This was to become one of two mantras that helped me through. The other was "Whatever it takes," an abbreviation for "I'll do whatever it takes to get well." If a nurse offered me a really nasty pill, I'd mutter under my breath, "Whatever it takes."

Early on, I decided to divide my psyche into three parts, with a special job assigned to each. First there was Little Sister. She was to be the Healer. Little Sister had plenty of work ahead of her. The second part was a strong, super-ego fellow whose

job was to stand at the gate and keep the barbarians of fear, anxiety, self-pity, and loneliness from slipping in. I named him Big Paul. The third part was the Comforter. The Comforter was a combination of God, Jesus, happy memories, and loving friends.

The seedbed of my religious life was the Southern Baptist Church. Though I'm grateful to the Baptists for a grounding in the Bible, by the time I was in high school I realized that I no longer fit in. I began a long search, knocking on many doors. Some doors never opened while others opened too quickly, but when I entered a Quaker meeting and sat down with the Friends, I knew that I had come home.

I learned to sit in silence, Sunday after Sunday, for almost 40 years. At first it was hard to harness my galloping thoughts, but gradually it became easier to sink to a deeper level of quiet. An appreciation of silence is a good thing to take to a hospital for the lonely, wakeful hours of the night.

Each night after the nurse had administered the last pills and arranged the pillows, she switched off the light, and darkness settled over the great Philadelphia hospital. Getting as comfortable as my halo would allow, I would issue orders for the night.

"Little Sister, it's time to begin your healing work. There'll be no interruptions for a while. Big Paul is on duty at the gate and won't let anything distress us."

Then I summoned the Comforter, which signalled the beginning of prayer.

THE COMFORTERS

A part of me is skeptical of people who claim to have been spoken to directly by God. I know that it happens. It has happened to me. Nevertheless, like Scrooge, I believe that the appearance of a ghost or spirit is often only the result of a bit too much mustard on the roast beef.

So, I never expected to see Jesus curled up at the foot of my bed or to hear God delivering messages from the ceiling. And indeed, these were not a part of my spiritual experience in the hospital. What I did experience, from time to time, was a sense of Presence, a feeling that despite the miseries of the moment, everything would eventually be okay. In the hospital I found it easier to turn things over to God, maybe because there wasn't much I could do for myself.

One lonely night during my first week in the hospital, I suddenly felt something squeezing my arm, though no one else was in the room. "Is that you, God?" I asked, "giving my arm a comforting squeeze?" There was no reply.

The next morning a nurse explained that the hug came from a device for measuring blood pressure that had been attached to my arm. For several weeks it continued to deliver squeezes at unexpected intervals, a little like grace. I was sorry when they removed it.

A sojourn in a modern hospital is an experience of living in the middle of plastic disposables and machines that whirr, buzz, rattle, and bang all day and night. The natural world is still there, of course, but days went by when I had no contact with it, not so much as a glimpse of tree or sky.

Nevertheless, one night after lights were

out, I heard a bird singing somewhere in the vastness of the hospital. My heart leaped up, just like Wordsworth's.

"What a brave little bird you are," I thought, "finding your way through the bars of this fortress and singing your little heart out." I drifted off to sleep, smiling through my halo.

The next morning I asked a nurse, "Did you hear that little bird singing last night?"

"I didn't hear anything," she answered.

I asked another nurse, "Did you hear that little bird singing last night?"

"No," she answered.

"It was about ten o'clock," I persisted, "and it seemed to come from somewhere in the vicinity of the third floor."

The nurse thought a moment and then replied, "Oh, I think I know what you heard. There's a little machine on the third floor—I forget what it's for—but you can't hear it until the louder machines shut off. It does sound a little like a bird."

While in the hospital, I meditated about the place of Jesus in the Christian view of things. I believe in God as bedrock, the always-there Something that holds the world together. But this God may be equally the God of the Muslims, the Hindus, and many others. Jesus, however, is the unique treasure of Christianity.

I came to think of Jesus as the part of God most accessible to humans. I can relate to Jesus with all his divinity because he was once human and subject to all forms of human suffering.

He seems uniquely suited to be a kind of ultimate friend to us, compassionate, understanding, and nonjudgmental. I don't pray to Jesus as some people pray to saints or icons, but I do believe that a Christian's prayers may be routed through Jesus. Who knows? In my helplessness, I claimed Jesus as my friend.

On Good Friday I thought especially of Jesus and of his wrenching cry "I thirst," for it happened that every single day I was in the hospital I thought I would die of thirst. Despite hundreds of ice chips, my mouth and throat remained as dry as the Sahara. It helped to think that Jesus really could understand that particular bit of suffering.

I pictured Jesus, triumphant over his earthly tribulations and now in heaven, preparing a place for us. I hoped he was arranging for big pitchers of iced lemonade.

PRAYER

My nightly prayers began with thank-yous: thanks for the years I'd been allowed to live, thanks for family and friends, thanks for the arrival of spring (though my only glimpse of it this year was a jar of daffodils brought by a friend from her garden). Then I moved on to blessings. Since I couldn't reply to the friends who wrote so faithfully, I sent blessings to every one of them. I also blessed the doctors, the nurses, and especially the nurse's aide who dived into the depths of a freezer to find me a cup of Italian ice. Sometimes I even blessed the machinery.

THE BIG THREE

There were occasional hot, uncomfortable nights when Extra Strength Tylenol wasn't working and I couldn't seem to get into my prayers. Then it was time to call

Small Things

"Despise not the day of small things."
—Zechariah 4:10

Sharp edge of cutting knife

The stain left on the blade by a beet

Smooth ooze of oil

The crackle of green celery

Rising pungence of parsley, chopped

Fuzz on a ripe peach

or the upper lip of a woman in middle years

The smell of fresh-washed underwear

hanging on the clothes line,
sheets and towels farther back

Glint of sun on the bare trunk of the ash tree,
branches black against the morning light

The lift of watered leaves in potted plants

Garlic smashed with the broad side of the knife,
its essence on the fingers for hours—

These are mine, Zechariah.

Tell me yours.

Virginia Redfield

Virginia Redfield, a member of Palm Beach (Fla.) Meeting, lives in Asheville, North Carolina, and attends Asheville Meeting.



Barbara Benton

out and repeat over and over the Big Three, the three prayers that have sustained me through the years.

The first is the Lord's Prayer. Many of us cut our teeth on this prayer. Simple and basic, it tells us what to ask for, what is important, and what is not. When we say the first two words, "Our Father," not *my* father, but *our* father, we claim God for all of us. In this inequitable and divided world, here is one place we can all stand together.

The second prayer is a universal favorite, the Twenty-third Psalm. I would guess that this is the prayer

Danna Cornick



family. I like it that way. When the going gets rough, it's our family and friends who finally pull us through. I knew that before, but in the hospital, I really knew it. The amount of love and support I received was overwhelming. At different times, my son and my brother and his wife flew from distant parts of the country to be with me. Friends from all over telephoned, sent letters, cards,

The Rosary

for Basil Pennington, OCSO

She told her beads. They touched her with such grace she couldn't keep her fingers off of them. Time and again they'd tumble into place.

Her grandson is a monk now. He can trace his calling to that window in her home. She told her beads, and touched him with all grace.

Oh, let him tell his story, and his prayers will lift you by your eyelids, and then some, time and again. They may be out of place

or silent, but they're there. Talk about stress—Your monotone will never be the same as when she'd touch her beads, and thankfulness

turned every ill around. Why, she'd just bless one last rascal on her rosary one last time. (One halo all but took the place

of prayer itself.) She'd tell her enemies, her grandchildren, herself, her saints, the sun time and again, and thank God for such grace as touched whoever hung around the place.

Peter Meister

Peter Meister lives in New Hope, Alabama.

recited most often by people on their way to the operating room or the gallows. The imagery is lovely, the green pasture and the still waters. When I come to the line "He restoreth my soul," peace settles over me. If my enemies are racing towards me like an army, I picture God stretching to his full height, extending his arms, and shouting, "Don't come a step closer!" Then he prepares lunch.

The prayer of St. Francis comes next. When I recite it, I think about what it would really mean to allow myself to be a wholehearted instrument of God's peace. In this prayer St. Francis looks unflinchingly at the darkness of the world, the hatred, the ignorance, the despair, the cold unwillingness to forgive, and offers a solution to all the problems: Sow love.

FAMILY AND FRIENDS

I'm at the age when my family have become friends and my friends

flowers, books, and sweet-smelling lotions. They held my lifeless hand and massaged my feet.

They also prayed. Episcopalians, Catholics, Lutherans, Presbyterians, and Friends of several meetings in their various ways placed my situation before God. I imagined their prayers woven into a beautiful mat that was floating up to heaven. When I was too tired or sick to pray for myself, I just climbed up onto the mat and let it carry me.

There is a story about an old prospector sitting glumly in a bar in Alaska. "What's the matter?" asked the bartender, "You look like you've lost your last friend."

"I've lost my faith," the prospector scowled. "Wandered off the trail last week and got lost. I prayed and prayed for God to come and rescue me, but he never showed up."

"Well, you did get rescued," observed the bartender.

"Yeah, finally an old Eskimo came by and showed me the way out."

I am profoundly grateful for all the Eskimos God sent me.

I'm now almost fully recovered from the surgery and back into most of my former activities. Only a tiny scar or two remain to remind me of my halo.

Someone recently asked me, "In view of the crucial role of family and friends when we are in desperate situations, could we survive without them?"

After much thought, I answered "Yes, though with great difficulty, for there would still be the little bird singing at night in the vicinity of the third floor." □

Sharing Forced Simplicity

by LaDeana Mullinix

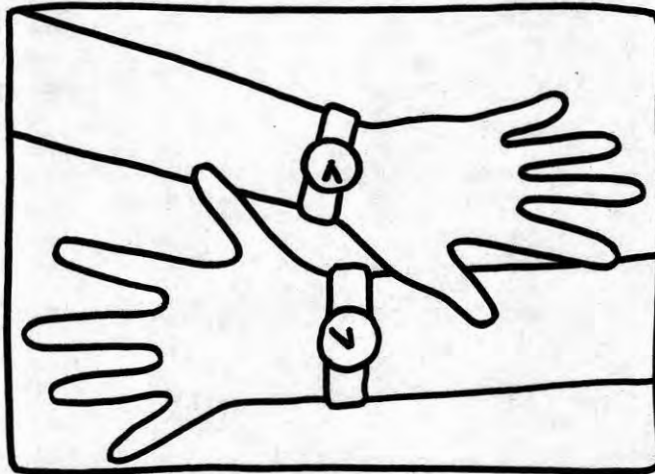
Most of us struggle to obtain simplicity, but Lyn's was forced upon him as dementia changed life's familiar tasks into a jungle of fears. He coped by dealing only with the increasingly basic aspects. We had known him for ten years and had become more involved with him after his wife suffered several strokes. They were both British and very proper, fastidious in grooming, grammar, and etiquette.

After the death of Lyn's wife, the plainness of his speech and actions became more apparent. As he became increasingly deaf, speech choices were reduced. Once an engineer, Lyn struggled to retain meanings and pronunciations by filling and studying small notebooks with lists of words. We ordered a children's magazine for him to read with some success. But fluency continued to fade, and his most-used phrases were: "Lovely," "Shall we go?," "Like this. . .," and (for displeasure) "Oh God, Oh God!"

Lyn relied increasingly on the predictability of a comfortable routine to reduce the stress of unfamiliarity. Any break from routine could result in panic and required of Lyn a true and profound trust that no harm would come to him. I was continually touched by his ability to put faith in us and even in strangers, when he often had no idea what was happening. As his life simplification progressed, he cut out basics like cooking and changing clothes. We helped him move to a retirement community where help was available for these daily tasks.

On the day of an overdue haircut, his routine had been altered as time limits forced us to a different restaurant for coffee and dessert. The fall time change also made it necessary to adjust his watch. He

handed me his watch eagerly, as if to show it off, but bolted when I changed its hands. "Oh God. Oh God," he yelled, grabbing my wrists and spilling most of our drinks. He settled enough to finish his dessert and to allow other diners to forget about us. Before we left, he attempted to express



**"You can't reason
with them; just gotta
love 'em."**

himself several times, without finding the words. Frustration rising, he took my hand in both of his and kissed it.

Since it was Sunday, we went to the Wal-Mart Supercenter stylist. We had a 30-minute wait, so we walked around the store. Heading for toiletries, Lyn initially came willingly, but soon began balking and hanging back to the point that I was afraid I would lose him. Impatience dented my calm as his increasing agitation began to irritate me. We stopped, with my intent of soothing him enough to continue. "Oh God, Oh God," he said as we were pressed by people passing us in a wide aisle made narrow by unstable stacks of shampoo and cartoon-character bubblebath. Standing still, I perceived the blaring noise

of clutter and movement, apparent to Lyn even without hearing.

We retreated to a quieter section, finding the jewelry department by chance. Lyn showed his watch to the middle-aged clerk and tried to look at hers. She compared them as I explained his fear of the time change. She nodded and patted his arm as she returned his watch; "It's OK—that's right." Without moving her gaze from Lyn's face, she said, "My mother had Alzheimer's. You can't reason with them; just gotta love 'em."

We returned to the small salon waiting area with six vinyl seats. One teen, waiting with one friend for another, stood out of courtesy or discomfort to give Lyn and me adjoining seats. He nodded as I thanked him, then continued to speak in Spanish to his friend. In another seat was a man of about 40, fair and sunburned with shoulder-length hair. His sleeveless denim jacket made visible his tattoos of a coiled serpent and a buxom woman. He hastily put down the *Redbook* magazine he was reading and looked at us with wariness as Lyn tried to ask me something. "He has some trouble talking," I told him.

As Lyn's turn came, I stood to discuss the cut, as Lyn had shaved a swatch over one ear with his electric razor. When the stylist and I turned around, all four men were leaning forward, elbows on knees. Lyn was showing them something about his watch and pointed to the main store. "It's a good one," Lyn said. "Yes, that's right," said the blonde man, and one teen nodded and held out his watch to compare.

Suddenly, we were outsiders to a male club. The stylist broke the mood, touching Lyn on the shoulder. "C'mon, darlin'—it's your turn," she said, indicating the shampoo bowl. As he started in that direction, Lyn took my forearm for emphasis and pointed back to the three men. "Lovely." □

LaDeana Mullinix is a member of Fayetteville (Ark.) Meeting.

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The Message of Seattle

by David Morse

You will get wet," my friend Sharon warned me last November, before I left Connecticut. "It rains all the time in Seattle." I would be staying with her son Josh and his family.

So I brought rain gear—pants, boots, and poncho—knowing that most of my time would be spent out on the streets. I would be marching with the 50,000 or so folks expected to converge on the city to protest the World Trade Organization.

I had not decided whether to engage in acts of civil disobedience, plans for which had been posted on the Internet by a group called Direct Action Network, with a clearly stated commitment to nonviolence and the announced aim of shutting down or delaying the WTO ministerial meeting.

Like most U.S. citizens, I had taken little interest in trade issues in the past. They seemed abstract, compared to the human rights and environmental issues that normally concern me. But the more I learned about the WTO, the graver were my misgivings, and the closer they came to my spiritual home. My objections, in a nutshell, are these:

Unlike trade pacts in the past, the WTO has rather formidable teeth. Prior to this, multilateral trade decisions have been arrived at by consensus; every member nation had to agree. However, the WTO is empowered to make such decisions on a win-lose basis.

Its impact is already being felt all over the globe. Decisions made behind closed doors in the WTO's Geneva headquarters have begun to overturn hard-won legislation and policies covering a variety of issues—from pesticides and asbestos to the survival of small farmers and indigenous cultures. The WTO ruled, for instance, that efforts to protect endangered sea turtles from fishing nets constituted an unfair "restraint of trade." On the same grounds, the WTO overruled European attempts to ban the importation of U.S. beef treated with bovine growth hormones. According to guidelines written largely for the benefit of multinational corporations, these efforts as well as attempts to address issues of human rights are viewed as "restraint of trade." Even the right of pharmaceutical companies to patent human

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genes could conceivably be decided by the WTO on purely trade grounds.

In short, my concerns with the WTO were deep enough, its structure so anti-democratic, and the whole subject so thoroughly ignored by this country's media, that I felt the planned acts of civil disobedience were appropriate and timely. So I was there to witness. I also wanted to gather information and to report back to Friends—in my own meeting, under whose care I was traveling, and in the pages of *FRIENDS JOURNAL*. While I cannot pretend to be a disinterested observer, I want this account to be faithful to the facts.

Much of the drama had unfolded in the two days prior to my arrival in Seattle. Before dawn on Monday morning, November 29, five members of Rainforest Action Network scaled a 170-foot-high construction crane and unfurled a huge banner protesting the WTO. By Tuesday, the number of protestors had swelled to about 40,000, of whom some 20,000 assembled for an AFL-CIO labor rally at Memorial Stadium.

The protestors remained overwhelm-

ingly nonviolent. Many had attended non-violent action workshops organized by Direct Action Network and had formed affinity groups. Giant puppets and dancing helped keep the mood light and non-threatening during the labor march and rally Tuesday morning. Eighty Quakers marched together, with a banner representing Seattle's University Friends Meeting. Police stayed low-key and concentrated on surrounding the Paramount Theatre, where opening ceremonies were scheduled for noon. But as the march poured into the downtown and as thousands of demonstrators began to occupy key intersections, sidewalks, and hotel entrances, Seattle authorities realized they had been outmaneuvered. Securing the Paramount was not going to do them any good.

One intersection was blocked by an enormous inflatable whale. Elsewhere, demonstrators sat down with arms linked—some chained together with their arms encased in PVC pipe wrapped with duct tape, tar, and chicken wire to make it more difficult for the police to use their chain-cutters. Some wore bandannas and

safety goggles; a few wore gas masks. With the rainy streets clogged with protestors and hotels in "lock-down," the WTO ministers, along with UN Secretary-General Kofi Annan and U.S. Secretary of State Madeleine Albright, were unable to get from their hotels to the Paramount. The opening ceremonies were canceled. According to a later report in the *Seattle Times*, an ultimatum was delivered from the Clinton administration: clear out the protestors, or the WTO conference would have to be called off.

Police tactics changed. Mayor Paul Schell declared a state of civil emergency. On Wednesday morning the police began firing tear gas and rubber bullets. Subsequently a small number of self-proclaimed "anarchists," dressed in black and wearing ski masks, began breaking windows and overturning dumpsters. It was clear from everyone I talked to that the police attacks came first, often unprovoked and unannounced, by policemen not wearing name tags. They jabbed protestors with their four-foot-long wooden truncheons, tore off gas masks, and sprayed pepper spray in faces. In at least two cases, women motor-



ists who rolled down windows in an attempt to ask directions from police were pepper sprayed or maced.

Protestors tried to reason with the black-clad anarchists. A demonstrator dressed up as a sea turtle was punched for his efforts. The anarchists, yelling things like "Chaos rules!", went about their work in frenzied but organized fashion, using hammers followed by kicks and body-slams to break plate glass windows at Starbucks, Bank of America, and elsewhere in quick succession, and then ran away. Protestors tried to protect stores from looting. There were scuffles, objects thrown at the police. But the violence came overwhelmingly from the police.

The number of individuals involved in vandalism remains an open question. Initial reports placed it as high as 500. On the basis of videotapes and my own interviews with a variety of people, including police and officials with the public defender's office, I have concluded that it was no more than 100 people total, with perhaps 15 individuals at its core. So it amounted to a fraction of one percent of the protesters.

By the time I arrived on Wednesday, a huge area of downtown Seattle was blocked off by helmeted riot police and National Guard troops. An evening curfew had been announced. Protest signs were banned in the restricted zones, as were gas masks. Despite these prohibitions—which the ACLU sought to have removed on constitutional grounds—some nonviolent direct action was still going on in the restricted zones. More than 500 nonviolent protesters were arrested that day, for "failure to disperse" or "pedestrian interference." Most were loaded onto buses and taken to Sand Point, a former naval air station.

Strangely, scarcely a one of the anarchists had been apprehended and charged—a curiosity that led me to wonder about their identity. Certainly their destruction of property and the refusal of police to arrest them—even when one was being held down by protestors—seemed calculated to taint the nonviolent character of the protest.

Later, around six o'clock Wednesday evening, I stood in an intersection with fewer than 100 young people. The police—wearing black body armor and plexiglass visors, looking like something out of *Star Wars*—blocked two sides of the intersection. For 20 minutes squad

cars had been racing around wildly with their blue strobes flashing and sirens blaring—which had a maddening effect and seemed designed to attract any troublemakers to this spot. The tactic seemed to work. One gangly youth flaunted a FOR SALE sign with the word POLICE inserted at the top. A couple more signs appeared. One said STOP THE VIOLENCE. But the majority of these youths, many in their teens, seemed simply drawn to the excitement. The issue seemed reduced to police violence and who owned the streets.

A few wore black, but many wore grungy street clothes and seemed to be mostly local kids—some lacking rain protection, despite the drizzle. Most wore bandannas or ski masks; I saw a young woman wearing a gas mask. Friends greeted each other across the intersection with a hand waggled aloft, with thumb and pinky extended, in what I learned was the anarchist salute, but this did not strike me as being of a piece with the organized vandalism captured on videotape. I watched a couple of teenage boys take turns photographing each other, standing insouciantly in front of the phalanx of police.

The atmosphere grew more tense. Blue strobes of police cars flashed at other intersections. Ours could be sealed off in a

matter of seconds. Helicopters buzzed overhead. A young Asian American woman screamed over the turmoil at the police, "We are nonviolent!" The sign she held up to her chin said STOP THE VIOLENCE. "These are our streets!" she cried. She sat down with a dozen or so others in the middle of the intersection.

A concussion grenade went off in the next intersection. Then the police lowered their visors. The click of the visors coming down, their sudden facelessness, was unnerving. They tapped on their shin-guards with their truncheons.

I addressed the nearest trooper: "Why are you doing this? You've created this situation. What's the point?"

He motioned me away with his stick. I obeyed. I could have joined the little knot of protestors in the middle of the intersection, but I confess I was afraid. This was not the kind of direct action I had envisioned. I am 59 years old. I did not want to lose my one good eye to a rubber bullet. I walked away while I could, before the third street was sealed.

It was the right choice for me. My only regret was that I did not interview a few of the young people sitting down, because I have only the slenderest basis for assessing their action: how much they were motivated by conscience and how much by bravado; how they might have articulated their objections to the WTO (presumptuous as that may sound on my part): whether, in short, their effort constituted "legitimate" protest in my middle-aged judgment. I do know it took raw courage. And sometimes courage goes further than words.

The next day, I learned that the police had driven this group and others in a broad sweep up Capitol Hill, rampaging through residential blocks with tear gas, rubber bullets, and noxious orange smoke in what amounted to a police riot. A resident told me he was just standing near his doorway when a policeman walking past shot him in the leg with a rubber bullet. It had left a large ugly bruise. The police were said to be angry from being restrained earlier, and fatigued by double shifts.

The media focused wholly on the violence. Televised images of Tuesday's window-breaking were played and replayed across the nation. Headlines screamed "WTO Shut Down By Violent Protests." Commentators insisted on conflating the nonviolent demonstrators





David Morse

From these numbers it is clear that the police and the media overreacted hugely to the perception of violence. In effect, they colluded to showcase the anarchists.

More troubling still is the way the demonstrators were treated by police once they were out of the public eye. At first I supposed the reports of police brutality were exaggerated, but a general pattern of abuse was widely corroborated by the prisoners taken to Sand Point. Many were pepper-sprayed within confined spaces, handcuffed for 12 hours without food or water, beaten, and denied access to attorneys for several days. Other allegations include individual acts of extreme cruelty:

men being picked up, handcuffed, and rammed headfirst into doors by police; individuals strapped into restraining chairs and pepper-sprayed, their breathing restricted by towels or pepper-spray-soaked bags.

Katya Komisaruk, coordinating attorney for Direct Action Network's team of 20 lawyers, told me how she was repeatedly denied access to the prisoners and how she watched helplessly while a busload

and the relative handful of hooligans. George Will, in an unusually disingenuous column, did his snide best to muddy the line between demonstrators and looters.

None of this was supported by my inquiry at the public defender's office, where I learned that of 589 arrests the vast majority—570—were misdemeanors, generally "failure to disperse" or "pedestrian interference." Many were simply bystanders caught in the police net. A few

petty assault charges were made—one against a man who threw a rubber cone at police as he ran away from being tear-gassed; another against the black-clad man who punched the sea turtle, who declined to press charges.

Among the eight persons charged with felonies—mostly "malicious mischief," one case of larceny, one of third degree assault—most were from the Seattle area; one was from Baltimore.

University Friends Meeting

University Friends Meeting of Seattle, Washington, approved the following minute at its meeting for business held November 14, 1999:

University Monthly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) welcomes all who are in Seattle for the World Trade Organization's 1999 ministerial gathering. Our experience of God's guidance shows us that Truth is to be found on all sides. We encourage all involved in this gathering to listen and act in that spirit.

People involved in international trade should meet regularly in open forums to discuss existing practices, to evaluate new technologies, and to ad-

dress many concerns which transcend national borders. We as a congregation recognize that the WTO ministerial gathering and ongoing WTO rulemaking have been designated by world leaders for these purposes.

Quakers have a long tradition supporting integrity and equity in trade relationships. This congregation continues to believe that fair open trade is a healthy way to realize the full promise of economic exchange. We believe WTO decision-making will be most effective if the process fully takes into account matters of religious and cultural tradition, an intact and sustainable environment, labor rights, and public health. We want the WTO to take these issues into account from the outset. We are especially concerned that

the WTO has already caused several countries around the world to overturn important environmental and public health laws.

University Friends Meeting in Seattle calls on the national delegates, representatives of nongovernmental organizations, members of our community, and people visiting Seattle during the WTO ministerial gathering to seek creative and nonviolent dialog about complex and important issues. We urge everyone to open the WTO process to democratic input and to orient WTO rules toward humane labor, public health, and environmental standards.

—Jana Ostrom, Clerk

of prisoners was pepper-sprayed. "I could see people yelling and thrashing against the windows trying to get air."

Komisaruk, a 40-year-old graduate of Harvard Law School and veteran of other demonstrations, said the abuse was the worst she had ever seen. This comparison was made by others I talked to, whose activism went back to the early '60s. To give these allegations the space they deserve is go beyond the scope of this narrative. Amnesty International has called for a full investigation, and suits are being filed against the police.

The other point that should be emphasized is that a great deal else was happening in Seattle that should have been covered by the national media as well as the

local media. What was going on was nothing less than a full-fledged unofficial conference on the WTO, beginning the Friday before the trade ministers assembled and continuing during the four days of ministerial meetings.

A public debate on the WTO, sponsored by *The Nation* magazine, had brought together experts pro and con. A series of day-long forums, organized by such groups as Ralph Nader's Public Citizen and the International Forum on Globalization, examined trade issues affecting human rights, the environment, agriculture, genetic engineering, and development policies in the Third World. Public Citizen published an on-site daily newspaper, including a calendar of events, which

was also available on the Internet.

The Internet played a major role in allowing such a gathering to be put together in so short a time. And in its aftermath, e-mail has created an explosion of information coming out of it.

At the same time, the physical proximity of these people had its own synergy. Among the 500 or so nongovernmental organizations from all over the world that were gathered in Seattle, many brought their special expertise to these forums. Meeting in a patchwork of venues—local churches, Seattle's new opera house, and hotels—this informal conference offered an unprecedented opportunity for exchanging information, even as WTO trade ministers met in secret. It was exactly the

American Friends Service Committee

Reflections at the Time of the World Trade Organization's Third Ministerial Conference in Seattle, Washington

From November 30 to December 3, 1999, trade ministers and other representatives of the 134 member nations of the World Trade Organization (WTO) will meet in Seattle, Washington, for their Third Ministerial Conference. What happens at this conference will affect global trade and development policies over the next several years.

The rapid integration of the global economy and the rising volume of international trade are remarkable features of this era. For many it offers hope for a better life, encouraging new markets for their products and creation of employment opportunities. For some, however, it has undermined basic rights, cultural and community integrity, the environment, and equity. For others, it has caused economic insecurity and a drop in their standard of living. Fair rules to govern the global economy—transparently and democratically developed and administered by WTO member governments—are necessary.

The challenges before the WTO Ministerial Conference revolve around some fundamental underlying issues:

Do those most in need of the benefits of trade gain equitably in the opening of new markets? What combination of technical, political, and social criteria will be reflected in the rules and the settlement of disputes? What steps may local and national governments take to protect the natural environment and the health and well-being of their own people?

It is quickly becoming impossible for the many protagonists in the debate over world trade to be categorized simplistically as "free-traders" vs. "protectionists." There is, in fact, a rich and complex discussion involving some governments, trade union movements, business groups, and civil society, as well as multilateral organizations and forums which raises the core questions of what kind of world we will have in the next century: One built on principles of justice, equity, and respect for the earth we share? Or one with widening gaps between rich and poor within and between nations, growing social exclusion, marginalization of communities, and environmental deterioration?

The trade ministers who meet at the WTO must seriously take into account the strength and quality of this discussion and should not go forward into a new round of negotiations until there is a con-

sensus that reflects a broader cross section of perspectives and interests from developing nations, workers, women, and indigenous people.

AFSC welcomes this discussion and will follow it closely. Founded in 1917 on the Quaker belief that each person embodies that of the divine, AFSC currently works in communities throughout the United States, at the United Nations, and in 30 other countries with people, communities, organizations, and social movements that are working to overcome economic distress and dislocation, violence, and oppression.

At AFSC, we listen carefully to our partners, learn from their experiences, and are guided by their aspirations. We work in communities at the Mexico-U.S. border, where trade has brought economic growth but has also brought toxic pollution and jobs that do not improve the material well-being of workers and their families. We work in Southeast Asia, where openings to an international market economy are only beginning to be understood. We work in Africa, where many communities are still isolated from global markets. We work with migrants who have fled their homes due to war and economic disruption. And we work in U.S. cities, where increased world trade has meant deindustrialization and a declining standard of living for many families. In the midst of global economic

kind of discussion that is missing from our national dialog about the WTO and the globalized economy—and it was completely ignored by the commercial media.

This failure of the media is neither local nor simply ironic; it is tragic, because it is so predictable and so pervasive in our society. Ordinary citizens in Europe and India, farmers in Mexico and the Phillippines, are far better informed about trade issues than are we who enjoy the fruits of the world's most powerful economy. Visitors who come here from Great Britain and elsewhere are appalled by the paucity of our news coverage of these issues.

On Wednesday, when Bill Clinton addressed the trade ministers in Seattle, he

growth and the astonishing accumulation of wealth for the few, we have witnessed the lives of many people becoming ever more desperate, even as they show remarkable resilience and creativity in their efforts to build a better life. We conclude that there needs to be fundamental reform in global economic relations as well as the rules that govern those relations.

We approach the WTO Third Ministerial Conference in Seattle lifting up some particular concerns from those with whom we work:

Democracy and Transparency: The WTO should provide developing country members more equitable access to its deliberations and dispute resolution processes, should formalize civil society participation, and should establish more open and transparent procedures. The WTO should also ensure that its rules promote rather than inhibit nations' democratic practices for sustainable development and protection of the welfare of their people.

Labor Standards: The challenge is to design a trading system that meets the interests of workers in both the developing and developed countries. The human rights of working women and men—regardless of their immigration status—should be at the center of rules governing the global economy. Core Labor Standards, as defined by the International Labor Organization, including freedom from child labor, freedom from forced



Matthew Yarrow/AFSC

labor, freedom from discrimination, and the right to organize unions and bargain collectively, should be guaranteed to all workers.

Food Security: Local sustainability of food sources, plus protection from food laden with pesticides and potentially harmful genetically altered products, should not be compromised in the rules governing world trade. A strong effort must be made to address developing countries' concerns about market access for their agricultural and other goods.

Environmental Protection: The future of all peoples depends upon the sustainability of the environment. Therefore, the rules of world trade should always be compatible with multilateral environmental treaties and agreements, as well as national efforts to protect the environment.

Intellectual Property Rights: The Agreement on Trade-Related Aspects of Intellectual Property Rights (TRIPS) should be amended to address rising concerns about the ethics of patenting life forms and to protect the genetic resources

of indigenous and rural communities.

Embedded in these concerns are the global problems of gender, racial, ethnic, and geographic disparities. While these are not primarily the responsibility of the WTO, its international trade rules and practices should deliberately complement efforts throughout the United Nations and other international institutions to overcome these disparities.

For AFSC, the WTO Third Ministerial Conference provides an opportunity to highlight problems caused by the world trading system and to join with many others from around the world who seek to make that system fundamentally fair. We lift our concerns both outside the meeting halls as well as within, as a contribution toward that goal and as a sign of our commitment to continue this work.

—Kara Newell, Executive Director
American Friends Service Committee

Right: Policemen inside the Westin Hotel lobby

Page 19: Ralph Nader speaks at a rally supporting family farmers. With him are Jim Hightower (left), former Texas Commissioner of Agriculture, and Vananda Shiva (right), a leading advocate in India for farmers, feminism, ecology, and politics.

Photos on this and facing page by David Morse

urged them to "listen" to the protestors outside and declared a need for "transparency" in the WTO. Transparency became the new buzzword. Transparency is only part of the problem. We have to do something about the opaqueness of our mainstream media—owned by a handful of corporations, increasingly monopolistic, driven by profits, and unabashedly obsessed with what makes money: sex, violence, and celebrity, at the expense of knowledge. One wonders how much media attention would have been paid to the protest, had it not been for the broken windows and the police violence.

On Friday, the last day of the WTO ministerial meetings, from inside the closed sessions of the WTO came rumors of discord. Outside in the streets, in a sprinkle of rain, demonstrators gathered near the Temple of Labor under AFL-CIO banners. Among the crowd, a pair of sprightly older ladies who called themselves the Ragging Grannies hobnobbed with California state senator Tom Hayden. All around were signs representing the Farmworkers, indigenous peoples, and environmental concerns. One banner said END THE BLOCKADE OF CUBA. Another said NO PATENTS ON LIFE. Union leaders and local clergymen took turns giving rousing addresses from a flatbed Teamsters Union truck. An Indian chief, heir to Chief Seattle, offered a prayer in his native Suquamish language.

We began marching downtown, three or four thousand strong, all ages and ethnicities and classes. We followed a route approved by the police, the Native Americans in the lead, keeping time with drums. A burly steelworker wore a "Hands Off My Genes" sticker on his yellow slicker. Ironworkers standing on the frame of a

building under construction raised their fists in solidarity.

The police kept a low profile. Since their rampage on Capitol Hill, the mayor's office had come under increasingly heavy criticism. Police Chief Norm Stamper was about to announce his resignation. Seattle was ready for this to end, ready for the plywood to come down from windows. Parks Department personnel had already started power-spraying anarchist symbols and graffiti from the sides of buildings.

I was ready for it to end, too. My feet were tired, my legs sweaty under the rain pants; I was tired of walking with boots on pavement and carrying my heavy Nikon camera and day-pack everywhere, tired of asking endless questions. When I picked up a couple of rolls of film I had left at a one-hour processing lab, I discovered my Nikon's lens was fogged internally; only a few shots were salvageable. At 4:30 I was ready to catch a bus to Josh's and Shenoa's house, where they were celebrating the first night of Hanukkah. The darkening streets were quiet, practically empty. Catching up with a trio of demonstrators, I got word that the Third World trade ministers had held a press conference declaring they were denied access to WTO meetings and were left out of the decision-making process.

I entered the nearby Westin Hotel, to see if I could obtain a copy of the press release. The lobby was spacious, with plush

carpeting, gleaming brass and marble, and a tall mezzanine. This is where Madeleine Albright had stayed. Registration tables were set up for a reception billed as "a salute to small business and Asian Pacific trade." I got some furtive glances from the staff. From my rain gear and day-pack it was obvious I was no trade minister. My questions were answered politely and firmly. No, the hotel had no press room.

I was about to turn to go when I heard a commotion at the door. Suddenly the hotel staff were running around like crazy. "Where's the key?" someone asked frantically. "Who's got the key to the door?"

A struggle was taking place outside the revolving door, where a sizable crowd of demonstrators had materialized. Police appeared in the lobby, seemingly from nowhere. Outside, demonstrators chained themselves to the door. Blue strobe lights danced on bobbing placards and banners and policemen's helmets. All this happened in a matter of two or three minutes. I heard chanting faintly through the plate glass: "Hey, ho! WTO has got to go!"

Inside, the hotel staff had regained its efficiency, going into serious siege mode. Orders were given to vacate the lobby. I clicked a few photographs of the police standing, looking rather flummoxed, at the revolving door. *I was on the inside.* It was a very strange feeling. A Japanese television photographer and I were asked to step back. Then we were all told to clear



the lobby, stay away from the windows, go to the second floor lounge. I complied.

In the lounge, which was really a bar, I sat down at a table where I could glimpse at least a little of what was happening outside in the street, through a narrow angle of window across the mezzanine. An announcement came over the public address system declaring the hotel was in "lock-down." No one could leave. We were trapped, much as Madeleine Albright had been trapped here on Tuesday.

I shed my raincoat and stowed my day-pack under a chair while a man and a woman with cell phones and notepads arranged themselves at the table. I happened to be wearing a white shirt, my preferred attire for being arrested. In the dim light of the bar, my boots didn't show. I could have been anybody.

My companions at the table were journalists representing *Farm Progress* magazine and another agribusiness-oriented publication—exactly the corporate forces that I heard denounced so eloquently at the previous day's Food and Agriculture Day, sponsored by the Institute for Agriculture and Trade Policy and the International Forum on Food and Agriculture.

Food is a keystone issue in trade policy, intersecting all others. In the previous day's forum, Anuradha Mittal, from Food First, had observed that some eight companies now control the world's grain supply and are displacing from one to two million small farmers every year. "They say they want to do us good," he said wryly. "They say they can feed the world. But in my native India, we say 'Don't do us any good. Just leave us alone!'"

In the United States, Mittal observed, farmers have been dropped from the census, as if they no longer exist; African American farmers are rapidly becoming extinct, as most small farmers have increasing difficulty obtaining loans from consolidated banks far removed from the communities they once served. In Mexico, NAFTA has proved disastrous for small farmers flooded with cheap U.S. corn, reversing the sporadic attempts at land reform earlier in this century.

Also speaking at the forum, Ruchi Tripathi, from Action Aid, India, had observed that in Sri Lanka 300,000 potato and onion farmers have gone out of business because of cheap imports. In India, where oil seed farmers are being driven off the land and U.S. soybean conglomerates are taking over, farmers have burned silos

of Monsanto's "Terminator" seeds, which are genetically designed to require farmers to purchase new seed every year. In Jamaica, dairy farmers inundated by cheap British and Dutch milk are reduced to feeding their milk to animals.

From one speaker to the next, the message had been the same: powerful corporations are destroying small farmers all over the globe in the pursuit of profits, under the rubric of "free trade"—plowing under whole communities and depriving ordinary people of fundamental choices of what food to eat and how it is grown. And it is not free trade, they emphasized: it is corporately managed trade.

At both ends of the Westin Hotel bar, television screens crackled with live news footage of the hotel outside—which we could not see, although the grainy images were being taken only 50 or 60 feet away. We were somehow inside the event, and yet we were outside. Disjointed, it was like reading that you have been swallowed by a whale.

One of the agriculture journalists, whom I will call "Marge," a plumpish woman wearing black and carefully made up, boasted of how she had infiltrated the protestors by disguising herself as one of them. By removing her silk scarf and doing something with her hair, she had managed to pass among them. "It was the only way I could get around," she said. "They are so bizarre, those protesters!" she chortled. "I mean, what are they about? All those peripheral issues. I mean, Free Tibet? And those women going topless!"

I chuckled, and weighed my words—I'd been deliberating what to do with this situation; whether to commit some act of



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civil disobedience here inside the hotel, or pretend to be someone I wasn't—but listening to Marge, I decided no; being thrown together like this was an opportunity to be met with candor. "I'm one of the protestors," I shrugged. "I could try to explain some of it."

She blinked.

I borrowed Marge's cell phone to call Josh and Shenoa and tell them I was trapped in the Westin Hotel and might not make it to their Hanukkah dinner.

Neither Marge nor her colleague "Rick" could understand the European objection to genetically modified organisms. "They even object," Marge said, "to eating beef that's been fed genetically modified grain. And that's ridiculous. The DNA or whatever is broken down in the digestive track. It's pure superstition."

"In France," Rick added, "farmers have to keep track of every cow. In each stall they have a framed photograph of the animal—when it was born, where it's lived, and what it was fed. Its résumé!"

"The French take their food very seriously," I said. "But surely, that helps you understand the depth of their concern."

Who came to mind was the French activist-farmer José Bové, one of 120 farm-

ers who destroyed silos filled with Bt corn—corn genetically engineered to produce a toxin discovered in the bacterium *Bacillus thuringiensis*, which is toxic to corn-borers, but also harmful to ladybugs, bees, and monarch butterflies. "When were farmers and consumers asked what they think about this?" Bové demanded at his trial. "Never! Political choices are swept aside by the power of money!" Bové's activism had an impact: France subsequently reversed its decision to allow the Bt corn and is now leading the European Union resistance to genetically modified organisms.

In the United States, the decision to change to genetically modified grains was made recently by a handful of huge companies such as Archer Daniels Midland ("Supermarket to the World") and Monsanto—quietly and without public discussion (not even on National Public Radio). Last year's grain crop was the first planted largely with modified seeds, so U.S. consumers have been eating genetically modified produce without realizing it. Now U.S. farmers, discovering the European objections to their crop, are bringing suit against Monsanto.

At the core of the conflict are two

opposing views of how the WTO is to make its decisions concerning these and other controversial innovations. U.S. corporations insist that the rulings be made on the basis of "sound science," meaning that objections must be based on scientific evidence of harmful effects. Europeans want the rulings based on the "precautionary principle," which puts the burden of proof on the producer to show that the generically modified organism is not harmful. This turned out to be one of the main sticking points that led to the breakdown of the ministerial talks.

Rick was still hooting about the cows with résumés. "I imagine only wealthy French can afford to be that choosy."

Marge nodded. "Exactly. How are you ever going to feed millions of people? The producers can't afford not to use genetically modified feed. The alternatives are too costly."

On its surface, Marge's pragmatism appeals to any of us concerned about the world's hungry. Monsanto's mutant corn, genetically engineered to be resistant to Roundup weed killer, substitutes chemicals for the labor otherwise required to cultivate between rows. But the argument falls apart upon examination.

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Why is it just this past year that growing food without genetic modification has suddenly become "too costly"? Is Monsanto, the producer of Agent Orange, really motivated by altruism? And did Nobel Prize winner Amartya Sen not show convincingly that famines arise not from insufficiency of food production, but from politically determined failures of allocation?

As for the vaunted efficiency of large-scale agriculture, it is exacted at great environmental cost. Apart from the unknown consequences of genetically modified organisms—the possibility that Monsanto's Roundup Ready corn will give rise to herbicide-resistant superweeds, and the likelihood that Bt toxins will further destroy the biodiversity of farmlands already impoverished by vast monoculture plantings—the scale of large corporate farms is often inappropriate to local conditions known intimately by small farmers.

During the Food and Agriculture Day forum, a Canadian wheat farmer, a sturdy silver-haired woman in overalls, had taken the podium. "In the past decade," said Nettie Wiebe, of the National Farmers Union, "we in Canada have doubled our



export of agricultural products. Our government is very enthusiastic about this. But during that time we farmers have worked harder and longer to ship more food farther away and have seen our in-

come decline. We are highly industrialized, highly capital-intensive. We are the model of agriculture the world is supposed to be following, and we are dying." She leaned forward. "It is killing us."

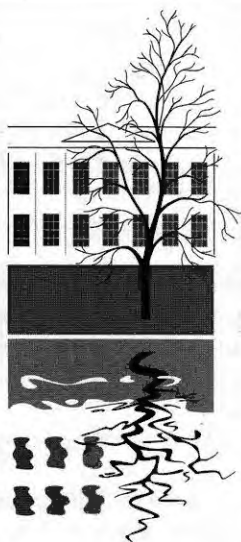
"I farm in a place on the prairie where it's very windy in the spring," she explained gently. "We plant windrows to keep the topsoil from eroding. When the big companies take over they systematically bulldoze down those windrows that we have carefully nurtured. And it's more than the erosion of soil; it's the erosion of people, the erosion of culture."

Sitting in the bar in the besieged Westin Hotel, I couldn't possibly convey all this testimony to Marge and Rick. But I told them I wished they could have attended the Food and Agriculture forum.

"I really wanted to get to some of those forums," Marge said. "But you can't get around because of the demonstrators. Once you get inside the Convention Center, you tend to stay there."

A similar point was made by a man sitting at the next table—James Dawson, a Seattle architect, who called what was going on "a wasted opportunity." Dawson had planned to attend the evening's event at the Westin. "Look at all the experts who

Matthew Yarrow/AFSC



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are gathered here in Seattle. People could have learned from them."

A waitress from downstairs craned her neck for a glimpse of the street on the other side of the glass. "I feel sorry for the police," she said. "They come in for coffee, and they're so tired."

Her sympathy humbled me. I had just been complaining inwardly about my own legs. What must it be like for the police, wearing all that body armor and weaponry—which must weigh at least 50 pounds—and on their feet for 12 or 14 hours at a stretch?

An announcement came suddenly over the PA. We were free to leave now, through a side entrance. Marge and Rick gathered up their stuff. I fished my day-pack from under my chair. I felt the slightest twinge of disappointment.

Downstairs in the lobby, I saw that the front entrance was still blocked, the atmosphere inside still tense. A big police detective warned me away. I was escorted to the side entrance, where the whole block had been walled off by a fleet of buses parked bumper-to-bumper. I was let out through a three-foot gap guarded by a pair of officers.

Walking around to the front of the hotel, I joined the two or three hundred demonstrators milling around outside. The mood was peaceful. I was struck by the contrast, the sense of two worlds divided. I climbed atop a concrete barrier to photograph the crowd, then talked with a couple of men in their 20s who quietly articulated their anger at the WTO and at the police rampage Wednesday. One told of how a friend's hand was broken by a wooden bullet.

Bridging those two worlds is part of the task at hand, I believe, looking back on Seattle two weeks after the event. Most glaring is the divide between demonstrators and police.

"The police were afraid," said Malcom Taran, a member of University Friends Meeting in Seattle. He differentiated between sociopathic members of the police force who brutalized people and decent cops who felt threatened by the disorder. "Several of them said to me, in effect, 'I agree with what you're doing, but I can't handle the way you're doing it.'"

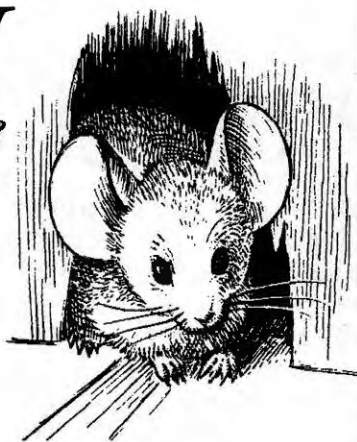
Taran did not set out to be arrested. He was arrested while picking up litter as part of an emergency community cleanup. He was incarcerated for 48 hours and not told the charges against him until his

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Mike and Ruth Yarrow



Matthew Yarrow/AFSC

pretrial hearing, which was attended by many members of his meeting. For Taran, engaged in a civic activity one moment and in the jail the next, the experience was sobering.

"I was shocked at the casualness with which civil liberties were suspended. Particularly for those of us in the Northwest, where Americans of Japanese ancestry were interned 50 years ago with virtually no opposition, it appears that the threshold between the two conditions is very, very low."

Joe Franko, American Friends Service Committee director for the Southwest Region, also had not expected to be arrested, but was among those caught up in Wednesday morning's wholesale arrests. He too viewed the police as frightened and overwhelmed. "They seemed not to be able to differentiate between peaceful protestors and hooligans, although it was clear to those of us on the street who was who."

After marching in the huge peaceful parades on Monday and Tuesday, Mike Yarrow became concerned about the confrontations between police and protesters. On Wednesday he and his wife, Ruth Yarrow, wore small badges saying "religious observer," hoping to have a calming effect. They witnessed the police use of tear gas, pepper spray, and long billy clubs on peaceful protests. So for Thursday Mike recruited a couple of ministers and Ruth made sandwich boards that said QUAKER OBSERVER. Thursday morning Yarrow, then with AFSC and now operating Seattle's Fellowship of Reconciliation office, organized a small religious delegation that went to the office of Mayor Paul Schell to voice concern for police violence. "We were four Quakers, a Baptist, and a Buddhist." Expecting to be met by an aide, they were seen by Schell himself.

"Our message was basically that using tear gas and rubber bullets and clubs was just provoking people . . . that if you can just get the police to be calm, then it's a much better solution. He talked about how he was under pressure from the business community and the Feds—and at that point Clinton was still in town—to do something. He retold the story of Madeleine Albright being in the hotel, how furious she was. A lot of people were outside calling for the mayor's head, and we weren't doing that; we were trying to

sympathize with the position he was in and were trying to tell him about specific things. Like I was concerned that the police weren't wearing identification. We said if those police would just talk to people. Our Buddhist member, Rick Harlan, who is with the Buddhist Peace Fellowship, suggested there should be a liaison officer assigned to each group of men—someone to talk with the protestors.

"After the mayor left for an appointment, one of his assistants closed the door and said, 'I'm not a religious person, but you're an answer to my prayers. He's been getting all this counsel to come down even heavier on the protestors, and I've been trying to tell him the message needs to be to cool it.'"

That afternoon there was a peaceful march accompanied by smiling state police with badges. On Friday, however, only a few of a phalanx of police in riot gear watching a passing march wore badges. When Yarrow asked a police officer where his badge was, he was told "It's in my pocket." Yarrow was irate. He recalls from nonviolence training sessions he attended in Mississippi in 1964 the warning to beware of policemen with name tags taped over; they were up to no good.

Yarrow's account strikes a special chord for me. Very likely his efforts did some good, and yet institutional arrogance has a structure of its own. Certainly the problem doesn't end with the police, who are at the bottom of the chain of command.

The pressure from Washington, the willingness of a presumably laid-back mayor to suspend civil liberties, and the growing arsenal of crowd-control weapons, are all troubling features of the Seattle experience. They

should raise concern for the near future. (The Los Angeles Police Department sent observers to Seattle, in preparation for the Democratic National Convention to be held in Los Angeles next summer.) And if these are trends, then they raise questions about the future of civil society in a world whose resources are controlled increasingly by a privileged corporate few.

But that privileged control is precisely what the WTO embodies, in its secrecy and its arrogance. Seattle was a wakeup call. The concern that brought 40,000 demonstrators to Seattle is a concern that I believe would have moved John Woolman and should animate us all: We need a renewal of civic culture to combat the dominant corporate culture.

Issues affecting the whole species are too elemental to be decided in the boardrooms of corporations or global bureaucracies, in the absence of the sacred. They include basic human rights, what food we eat, how seriously we take our stewardship of the earth, and what constitutes our humanity.

The lesson of Seattle is clear. If we do not speak truth to power, then power has the last word. □

Resources

Books:

Mander, Jerry, and Edward Goldsmith, editors. *The Case against the Global Economy*. Sierra Club Books, 1996. As the title suggests, this anthology argues against the new global economy but includes diverse voices and is the best single volume I've found suitable for study groups.

Websites:

www.wto.org

The official World Trade Organization site.

www.wtowatch.org

Regularly updated, with links to other sites.

www.citizen.org/press/pr-wto3.htm

www.citizen.org/pctrade/tradeframe.html

Includes useful print resources, also regularly updated.

www.ictsd.org/html/seattlecalendar.htm

The International Centre for Trade and Sustainable Development. A bit dated, but this schedule of WTO events includes e-mail addresses of organizations involved in the Seattle demonstrations.

—David Morse



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Young Friends

We Built a Fence at the Lyndale Girls Home

There were 18 of us: 9 men and 9 women, ranging in age from 14 to 57, but 12 of us below the age of 18. We came from monthly meetings in New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania. Many of us had been to Jamaica before on work projects. Most of us had not. We came there for 10 days in the middle of the summer to work.

The Lyndale Girls Home, in mountainous St. Mary's Parish, is a home for girls who are wards of the state. It was started by Quakers in 1922. There are 23 girls in residence, living in blue-painted cinderblock buildings in a compound studded with almond trees, Jamaican apple trees, rubber trees, and more. The highest priority of the girls home was a fence along the street to provide security, landscaping, and a way to keep stray animals out and domestic ones in.

We dug a ditch through the dry, crumbly topsoil and hard, heavy clay beneath, 300 feet long, 2 feet wide, and 18 inches deep; created frames of reinforcing rod from three different sizes of metal wired together; mixed cement for the foundation (mostly by hand); laid block; and erected metal pipes as uprights.

We stayed in the available space, a four-room cottage two miles from the girls home with a kitchen and bathroom. There may have been water in the pipes at some time every day, but we were there only at night and didn't see any water until the morning we left Jamaica. Our meals were magnificent, prepared by the cook at the girls home. We ate fruit and porridge, akee and codfish (a national dish of Jamaica made with a bright red tropical fruit), eggs and Jamaican dumplings, calaloo (a soup made with taro greens), sliced meats, fish, and canned cheese, with peanut butter and jelly available for those in need.

The girls from the home were always there, the young ones teasing and playful, the older ones wanting to talk and laugh. They worked with us in every job we did and took breaks with us, braiding our hair, climbing the almond tree, and playing frisbee. We took them to the beach on Sunday afternoon, a half-hour drive with 23 people in a 15-person van. It took two trips to get us all there. We each had one of the girls as a partner. Most of them could not swim. But we rolled in the surf, rode the waves, and looked for special stones on the beach.

Sweat was omnipresent. I have a picture in my head of a girl asleep with her head in my

lap during meeting for worship in Highgate Friends Meeting, her upturned palm filled with a pool of sweat. Our main method of washing was a half-hour trip to the beach most evenings. One night, later than most, we were rewarded by a sky so full of stars it was hard to make out the known constellations. We also learned about jellyfish stings that night.

We watched one sunrise on the beach, a contemplative time with the sun rising obscurely through the sea mist and the lobstermen in the distance checking their traps. We took one afternoon off to go to the Blue Lagoon outside of Port Antonio, a seemingly bottomless lagoon with freshwater springs mixing with the salt water of the ocean to form alternately cool and warm water pockets.

Many of us now know the blessings that we have in our lives here. We turn a faucet, and water invariably comes out. Our roads are smooth and easily navigable. Many of us will not forget the burdens that our culture has laid upon our shoulders: the burden of the belief that it is objects and things that bring happiness. In our houses full of stuff, we will remember how much of that stuff is superfluous to the true meaning of our lives.

We built a fence at the Lyndale Girls Home. We gave them a measure of security, temporary playmates, and some first aid. They gave us a glimpse of the inequalities in this world, a different life, and a different culture. The muscle and energy and time we took to Jamaica is nothing compared to the new ideas and knowledge that we brought back with us to the United States. It was an experience that changed our lives.

—Liseli Haines,
Jessica Haines-Stephan

Life in the Meeting

On Receiving Visitors

Myron A. Bietz

Northern Yearly Meeting had an unexpected guest at its spring gathering last year: a bear. Friends knowledgeable in the ways of bears observed that it was a yearling—nearly full grown but likely abandoned, perhaps even driven away, by a mother more concerned with caring for and protecting a new cub. The visitor was uncertain, hesitant, curious, searching—not unusual traits for a first-time attender.

When the visitor first appeared in the camping area late Saturday, campus security and gathering overseers decided it would be best to evacuate. Empty dorm rooms were made available for displaced Friends. As campers left the songfest to secure sites and move sleeping bags, our Nightingales serenaded them with "Waltzing with Bears" and "The Bear Came Over the Kinnickinnic."

The next day Friends leaving the dorm to exercise or attend early morning worship were greeted with barricaded streets, flashing lights on police cruisers, and shouted instructions to stay inside. Our visitor had taken a place in front of the dorm. Hemmed in by police on one side and onlookers in dorm windows on the other, the bear climbed a tree, where it remained for the next several hours. Friends took a back route to breakfast and gathering sessions.

Morning worshipers voiced messages of concern about our visitor. At the meeting for worship for business we finally received word that the bear had been tranquilized and transported to another location—safer both for it and for us.

I've found myself thinking about that morning in the weeks that have followed. Why was our guest led to pay a visit? What was it looking for? How was it received? What did it experience in its encounter with us? What did Friends gain or lose in their encounter with it? How might the situation have been better handled? What could we learn that would be helpful the next time we have unexpected guests?

Our small monthly meeting also receives visitors from time to time. A few call ahead; others arrive unannounced. On occasion guests have outnumbered regular members and attenders. Some are Friends traveling through or in our area for healthcare reasons. Other visitors are more like the bear: wan-

derers, sometimes alienated by past practices, seeking new spiritual homes, curious, searching. Are we any more ready to receive them than our yearly meeting was ready to receive the bear?

In fairness to Friends at the gathering, we were concerned with the bear's welfare, aware that we were encroaching on its territory as much as it was on ours, anxious that it not be harmed. But we were also relieved when the problem was resolved—by someone else—and that we could get on with business as usual.

People new to Friends worship need to be welcomed and acknowledged but not overwhelmed with attention. Our meeting provides a brief printed introduction to Friends worship and asks visitors to sign a guest book. We ask them to introduce themselves, and we introduce ourselves. Usually one or more Friends linger to speak with newcomers following rise of meeting. Sometimes visitors return to worship with us again, more often not. Have they learned enough about Friends in one encounter? Have we learned enough about them? Have we made a positive impression, or have we scared them away with too little or too much attention? Can we find better means of helping them discover whether Friends worship is for them?

It may be that, curiosity satisfied, visitors will be led to continue their spiritual search elsewhere. That's okay; the Spirit works in many ways, not all of them Quaker. What's important is that we find nonthreatening but effective ways to get to know them and to provide them with information and experience that will help them decide whether our ways of worship and corporate discernment should be a part of their spiritual journeys.

At our recent gathering we did little to minister to the bear, but the bear certainly ministered to us. With a little outside help it went its way and we continued with the business before us—but not before being reminded that we are also answerable to that of God in those who visit us. □



Myron Bietz, a member of Rochester (Minn.) Meeting, is sojourning at Gila (N.Mex.) Meeting.

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Reports and Epistles

Declaration of the Historic Peace Churches of the Great Lakes Region of Africa

From August 17 to 21, 1999, a consultation gathered at the Nikamor Hotel in Bujumbura, Burundi, bringing together representatives from the historically pacifist Mennonite and Quaker (Friends) Churches of Burundi, Rwanda, and the Democratic Republic of Congo. The participants gathered to reflect on the current situation in the Great Lakes Region, a situation characterized by an escalation of violence, civil war, rebellion, the destruction of human life and the ecosystem. We, the participants, observed that these realities are always accompanied by unfortunate repercussions such as obligatory military service, the use of child soldiers, a lack of respect for the dignity of life, and underdevelopment, thus compromising the future of the region.

As representatives of churches claiming the teaching of Christ as the foundation for respect of all human life, humankind as created in the image of God (Genesis 1:27), the love of neighbor, and the practice of this love extended towards enemies (Matthew 5:44); recognizing also the necessity and urgency of working for peace and the full development of all of the peoples of the Great Lakes Region;

We declare:

Of conscientious objection to military service (and to war)

—Bearing in mind that the Mennonite and Quaker (Friends) Churches proclaim a faith based on the respect for human life (man and woman) as creatures made in the image of God (Genesis 1:27);

—Recalling that the historical vocation of our churches has always been one of working for peace and the well-being of all;

—Recalling that United Nations resolution No. 1995/83, March 8, 1995, recognizes the right of everyone to claim conscientious objection to military service as a legitimate exercise of the right to freedom of thought, conscience, and religion, as does Article 18 of the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights;

—Recognizing that conscientious objection to military service derives from principles and reasons of conscience including profound convictions arising from religious, moral, ethical, and humanitarian or similar motives:

Article 1: We reiterate our commitment as conscientious objectors as well as our desire, as Peace Churches, to live in harmony with all peoples without distinction of race, religion, political, or cultural considerations.

Article 2: We exercise conscientious objec-

tion to military service as a legitimate exercise of our right to freedom of thought, conscience, and religion.

Of our commitment to peace

—Remembering that one of the missions of the Mennonite and Quaker (Friends) Churches is that of working for the promotion of peace and social transformation;

—Taking account of the aspirations of our members and their commitment to these goals:

Article 3: The community of Mennonite and Quaker (Friends) Churches reaffirms its commitment to the promotion of a culture of peace and nonviolence in the whole of the Great Lakes Region;

Article 4: The community of Mennonite and Quaker (Friends) Churches commits itself to the creation of a corps of conscientious objectors, as a tool for promoting awareness and education;

Article 5: The community of Mennonite and Quaker (Friends) Churches recommends the integration of courses on peace and nonviolence into the curricula of the schools of the Great Lakes Region; it also recommends the inclusion of women in education for a culture of peace;

Article 6: The community of Mennonite and Quaker (Friends) Churches admonishes the governments and peoples of the Great Lakes Region to consider our respective ethnic, religious, cultural, and other differences as treasures emanating from God, and invites everyone to live always in the spirit of tolerance and forgiveness.

Of our structure

—Recognizing that the work that the Mennonite and Quaker (Friends) Churches have purposed to undertake in the region will require structure and organization;

—Recognizing the urgency of the needs and the execution of activities to meet these needs:

Article 7: The Mennonite and Quaker (Friends) Church communities put in place a structure to be called: the Consultative Council for Peace in the Great Lakes . . .

Of our conclusion

—A consultation of churches, historically pacifist, took place in Bujumbura from August 17 to 21, 1999, to study the theme of conscientious objection to military service. The meetings took place in a spirit of love and friendship in Christ.

—The next consultations will take place in Bujumbura in March 2000.

—*David Niyonzima, Athanase Bagorikunda, Moses Bigirimana (Burundi Yearly Meeting), David Bucura, Marie-Rose Kayitesi, Marcellin Sizeli (Rwanda Yearly Meeting), Mouana David Bakamana (Democratic Republic of Congo), and six others*



Become a part of a growing Quaker Community — **Woolman Commons** and Mount Holly, NJ

We, the Quaker residents of **Woolman Commons** and **Quaker House**, are an active, diverse group, and have come to Mount Holly, New Jersey from Baltimore Yearly Meeting, New York Yearly Meeting, and Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. We invite you to join us and become a part of our wonderful community.

If you are like us, your Quaker faith has been a central part of your life, and it is important to you to be able to continue to lead a Friendly and meaningful life as you approach or enter your retirement years. Happily, we have found that Woolman Commons offers us comfortable and secure residential living among other active people who share our interests in civic, cultural, and spiritual activities, and the charming historic town of Mount Holly, with its economic and social diversity, offers us almost unlimited opportunities to be of service to others and involved in a special community.

Our adopted hometown is located on the fringe of the Philadelphia metropolitan area, and combines the convenience of easy access to the amenities of the city with the familiarity and closeness of life in a small town. It is also the historic home of John Woolman and the county seat of Burlington County. Our growing and vital Quaker community has at its center our recently renovated and historically preserved meetinghouse, and the diversity of our membership, along with the historic setting, leads to meaningful worship and interesting discussion groups.

Woolman Commons is a satellite community of Medford Leas Retirement Community, and is quietly situated on lovely, landscaped grounds at the end of Mount Holly's oldest street. It offers a variety of housing options, from apartments to single family homes, along with a life-long contract for the superior health services and facilities offered by Medford Leas. Right next to Woolman Commons is **Quaker House**, pre-Revolutionary War twin homes that have been restored and renovated to include four spacious rental apartments for Friends aged 55 or older.

Part of the Mission of Medford Leas is to be of service to Friends. Recognizing that many Friends have led simple lives, often concentrating on being of service to others at financial sacrifice to themselves, Medford Leas makes confidential financial assistance available to qualified Friends. This may be as rental subsidy at **Quaker House**, where rent and utilities will not be more than 30% of a household's income, or as assistance with the entrance fee, monthly fee, or both at **Woolman Commons**.

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News

On January 19, 2000, the U.S. Supreme Court declined to hear appeals by Gordon and Edith Browne and Priscilla Lippincott Adams to lower-court rulings that allowed the Internal Revenue Service to impose late fees and interest for their conscientious refusal to pay the military portion of their federal tax. The issue in this case was not paying the tax when forced to do so by the IRS, but whether a "religious hardship" existed that should enable them to pay without any penalties and interest. The lower-court rulings reaffirmed a statement of the Supreme Court in 1982 that "The tax system could not function if denominations were allowed to challenge [it] because tax payments were spent in a manner that violates their religious belief." The Justice Department lawyers said that "Voluntary compliance with the tax laws is the least restrictive means of furthering the government's compelling interest in collecting taxes." Gordon and Edith Browne are members of Plainfield (Vt.) Meeting, and Priscilla Adams is a member of Haddonfield (N.J.) Meeting. "We're very disappointed that the Supreme Court will not be taking the opportunity to reinforce religious freedom and freedom of conscience," said Marian Franz, executive director of the National Campaign for a Peace Tax Fund. "Congress seems like the most appropriate place where this human right can be protected."

The World Council of Churches is contemplating structural reform and consensus decision-making. On December 6-8, 1999, Eden Grace of New England Yearly Meeting attended the first meeting of the Special Commission on Orthodox Participation in the World Council of Churches, which is charged with proposing a "radical restructuring" of the WCC. The special commission was created in response to increasingly vocal concerns about the WCC from the Orthodox churches. The commission has identified areas on which it will focus its work in the coming year; one of these is the organization of the WCC, where it has already determined that it will develop a model of consensus-based decision-making for the WCC. Eden Grace will present a paper on Quaker decision-making at an upcoming subcommittee meeting in Damascus, Syria, in March 2000.

Philadelphia Yearly Meeting has joined Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting in offering a program of spiritual nurture for those suffering from addiction or codependency and seeking a spiritual path in recovery or stress relief. Sponsored by the Drug Concerns Working Group, the program follows guidelines set by Nurturing the Spirit in Recovery, a spiritual discipline that uses discussions, Friendly

prayer techniques, and other meditation forms to help individuals move away from addictive patterns and toward recovery in their lives. Those involved in the program meet each Thursday night at Friends Center in Philadelphia. Sam Chamberlain, a sojourning member of Central Philadelphia Meeting, is the facilitator. He is working under the guidance, initially, of Richard Squailia, creator of NSIR and a member of Willistown (Pa.) Meeting. —*Newsletter of Central Philadelphia Monthly Meeting*

Members of the Centre for Peacemaking and Community Development who recently visited the Russian republic of Ingushetia, an area that borders war-torn Chechnya, report that the area now has 215,000 refugees who are in desperate need of assistance. "The international community has been slow to condemn the destruction of thousands of human lives in Chechnya and the resulting exodus into Ingushetia, the only republic ready to accept refugees," writes Chris Hunter, a member of Leeds Monthly Meeting (U.K.). "We should not observe coldly as this inhumane treatment continues, but encourage our governments to insist on an end to the bombing and a political solution through negotiations with the elected Chechen leadership. At the same time, we should work to support the victims of this conflict and ensure that the help gets to those who need it." —*The Friend*, Dec. 3, 1999

One in three suspects taken to a Kenyan prison complains of torture, according to Kenya's Chief Justice Zaccheus Chesoni. International human rights groups say that Kenya rivals countries such as Nigeria, Rwanda, Mozambique, and Zambia in violating prisoners' rights. Amnesty International reports that conditions in Kenya's prisons "remain extremely harsh and life-threatening with scores of prisoners reportedly dying of infectious diseases." Unofficial sources estimate that Kenya's prisons, which have the capacity to handle 37,000 inmates, currently may house at least 50,000. Overcrowding has become such a problem that a 10 x 14-foot cell meant for eight inmates often holds at least thirty. Sources at prison headquarters report that at least four inmates die from disease or torture each day. —*Charles Wachira, Toward Freedom*

The Canadian government is clearing the way for U.S. nuclear submarines armed with nuclear weapons to enter British Columbia waters. According to the Canadian group SPEC (Society Promoting Environmental Conservation), their federal government is seizing 225 square kilometers of Georgia Strait in order for the U.S. Navy to be free to bring

nuclear weapons on nuclear-powered subs into Nanoose Bay. The seizure is drawing protests since the Supreme Court of Canada has said that British Columbia owns the Nanoose seabed, and the province declared itself in 1982 to be nuclear-free. SPEC, which is challenging the expropriation in court, also reports that U.S. nuclear ships are exempt from Canadian environmental law and aren't required to report oil spills or to have a permit to dump toxic leftovers from torpedo tests into the area's prime salmon habitat. —*Conscience Canada*

"Goldbusters" is a new anti-mining campaign launched by environmental and human rights groups. About 80 percent of the gold mined worldwide goes into jewelry, and activists believe the environmental and social destruction caused by the mining industry is a high price to pay for gold trinkets. "For every ton of gold the U.S. industry produces today, it also generates three million tons of waste rock," reports Project Underground, a Berkeley-based group that supports communities threatened by mining. "On a personal scale, an average pair of wedding bands could make a six-foot-wide, six-foot-deep, ten-foot-long pile of tailings in the happy couple's backyard." —*Utne Reader*

The World Bank has put a price on the lives of the majority of the world's population—and it's cheap. According to Professor Michel Chossudovsky of the University of Ottawa, the World Bank's oft-quoted figures on global poverty for those living in the developing world are based on an arbitrarily set "poverty threshold" at one dollar per day per person. All others, whether they scrape by on \$2 or \$3 per day, are "non-poor" even if they can't afford basic necessities such as food, clothing, shelter, health care, and education. —*Melia Franklin, Color Lines*

The African World Reparations and Repatriation Truth Commission is demanding \$777 trillion from Western Europe and the Americas "in reparation for enslaving Africans while colonizing the continent." According to a declaration released in Ghana, the commission will use an international team of lawyers to attempt to collect the money. Africa's external debts would be wiped out as part of the package. The Accra Declaration argues that Europe, the Americas, and the Caribbean grew rich off the slave trade while Africa shriveled economically. Development was further hampered by colonization. The commission was set up by the Organization of African Unity. —*Toward Freedom*

The Templeton Foundation has recognized Earlham College and William Penn University for their leadership in the field of student character development. Earlham has been recognized in every Templeton Guide since it was first published in 1991, and William Penn is being recognized for the third year. Penn was selected for its "Leadership Core" program and Earlham for its "Service Learning Program." More than 300 four-year public and private colleges across the country are included in *The Templeton Guide: Colleges that Encourage Character Development*.

Columbia (S.C.) Meeting has issued a minute supporting the removal of the Confederate flag from the top of the state capitol and from legislative chambers. The minute was sent to James H. Hodges, governor of South Carolina, the South Carolina media, the NAACP, and FRIENDS JOURNAL. Columbia Meeting is also requesting that other monthly meetings send a minute to the governor. —*Rebecca Burgess Rogers*

Elizabeth Ferris, a member of Ridgewood (N.J.) Meeting, has been appointed executive secretary for International Relations at the World Council of Churches in Geneva. Ferris, the author of the 1998 Friendship

Beyond Diversity 101

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Led by Niyonu D. Spann

Diversity trainings throughout the country have tended to have one thing in common: their driving force is *guilt and blame*. Early on in my training to become a facilitator of change in the areas of difference, I gained great insight and had life-changing experiences in workshops and conferences which sought to raise my awareness of injustices, power differentials and oppression. Somewhere along the way I began to question if there was anything beyond simply becoming more and more aware of how oppressed one has been and how much one has oppressed and benefitted from that oppression. I asked the question and began to commit my active life to finding answers. I discovered that we can indeed move beyond this cycle, by taking responsibility, shifting mindsets and building skills.

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Participants will leave with greater awareness of the difference between designing workshops which train individuals in terminology skills, cultural etiquette and other areas of *diversity finishing school processes* (these skills are quite important to have sometimes), and workshops which are designed to create a space for transformation ~ *having new eyes, ears, ways of being with others and self*.

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Press book *Uprooted! Refugees and Forced Migrants*, was formerly the director of the Immigration and Refugee Program of Church World Service.—*Quaker Life*, Dec. 1999

The Lancaster Mennonite Conference has approved women in the pulpit and all other ministries except lead pastor and bishop, retaining male headship and ordination. Lancaster Conference previously licensed women only as chaplains and deacons. The recommendation, which encourages "the expression of all gifts," passed by a 69-percent majority, but Joanne Dietzel, conference administrative coordinator, said opposition came from both ends of the theological spectrum. Some people voted against it because it did not allow women equal ministerial status with men, while others could not approve the recommendation because they believe Scripture forbids women being involved in leadership.—*Canadian Mennonite*

The National Academy of Sciences has presented its Public Welfare Medal for the year 2000 to Gilbert White for his work for a sustainable future within the natural world. Gilbert White, a distinguished professor emeritus of geography at the University of Colorado, is a former president of Haverford College, a former chair of AFSC, and a member of Boulder (Colo.) Meeting. Among his many accomplishments are founding the Natural Hazards Center and bringing Israeli, Palestinian, and Jordanian water experts together to study regional water management. He holds honorary doctorates from Swarthmore, Earlham, and Haverford Colleges.

Thomas Moore, director of Material Aids for AFSC, wrote on January 7, 2000: "I am very pleased to say that the last container of gloves, hats, mittens, and scarves has been loaded and shipped to Bosnia. This was part of a very generous in-kind contribution from Totes/Isotoner consisting of 868,410 units with a manufacturer's value of \$3,395,159. As you can imagine, the retail value is considerably higher. The donation of first-quality materials was loaded into 20 40-foot containers and shipped directly to the Balkans and Turkey from the Totes/Isotoner warehouse in Cincinnati. The final breakdown was three containers to Belgrade, seven containers to Kosovo, four containers to Bosnia, and six containers to Turkey. . . . It is always a pleasure to provide new materials in large enough quantities to make a real impact. As you know, this part of the world has suffered greatly during the past year from both man-made and natural disasters. As winter sets in and with many folks living in temporary shelters, a new pair of gloves or a hat will be very much appreciated."

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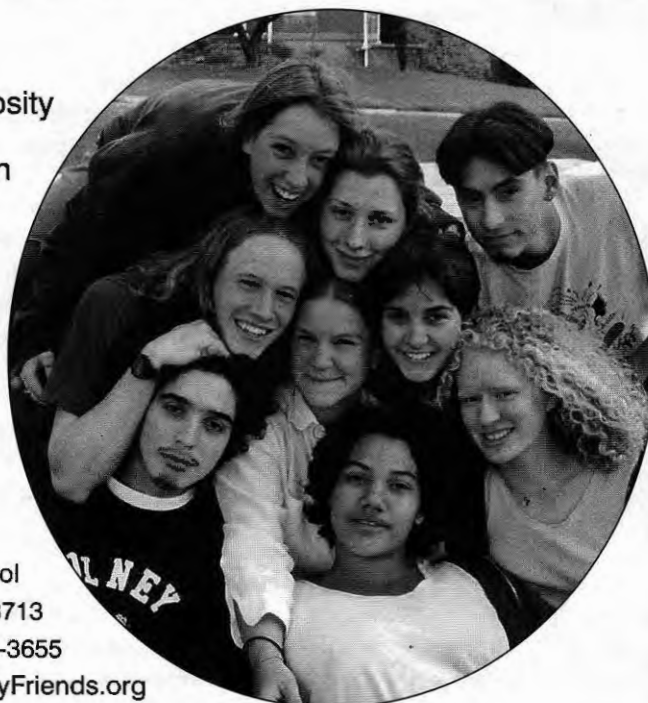
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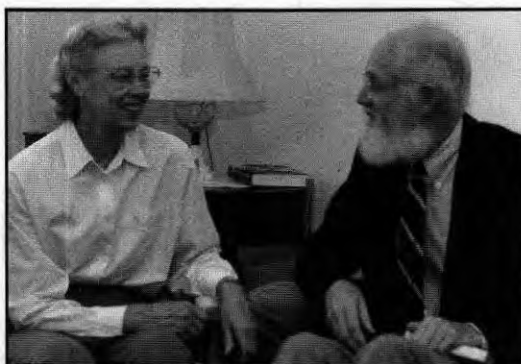
- April 14-16—Pendle Hill 70th anniversary celebration
- April 19-23—Southeastern Yearly Meeting
- April 20-23—South Central Yearly Meeting, Texas; Inela Yearly Meeting, Peru
- April 21-24—Philippines Yearly Meeting; Annual Gathering of Nigerian Friends
- April 21-25—Aotearoa/New Zealand Yearly Meeting
- April 27-30—Ireland Yearly Meeting
- April 27-30—Quakers Uniting in Publications, Twin Rocks Conference Center, Oregon. Information from Liz Yeats, Clerk, 1801 Wells Branch Pkwy #1014, Austin, TX 78728, (512) 252-2092, <lizyeats@bigfoot.com>.
- Easter week—Central Yearly Meeting, Bolivia
- June 23-25—Second International Luddite Congress, Stillwater Meetinghouse, Barnesville, Ohio. Essayist and poet Wendell Berry will be the featured speaker. Registration is \$105. For more information, contact the campus ministry at Guilford College, (336) 316-2445. —from *Quaker Life*
- June 25-July 1—Quaker Volunteer Service and Witness Network will sponsor meetings and training sessions at Earlham College, to encourage the development of Quaker service projects and the improvement of existing projects. For more information, call (562) 699-5670 or e-mail <Friendsbul@aol.com>. —from *Quaker Life*

Opportunities

- Fellowship of Reconciliation's Interfaith Reconciliation Work Camp Bosnia is seeking participants for this year's workcamp in northwest Bosnia. For more information contact FOR, Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960, (914) 358-4601, fax (914) 358-4924, e-mail <dhostetter@forusa.org>.
- Pendle Hill's new Religion and Social Issues Forum is examining science and technology. The Forum plans to offer study opportunities on the expanding frontiers of scientific knowledge and the changing interaction between science and religion, and to address pressing ethical issues raised by technology. The goal is to identify how the Religious Society of Friends can better nurture its scientists and inform Quakers on the discoveries and perspectives of science today. Pendle Hill is building a database of Quaker scientists to support future conferences, publications, and a moderated listserv. Friends working in the sciences are invited to register at <www.pendlehill.org> by clicking on "Questionnaire," or by sending a current CV to Doug Gwyn, Pendle Hill, 338 Plush Mill Rd., Wallingford, PA 19086-6099.

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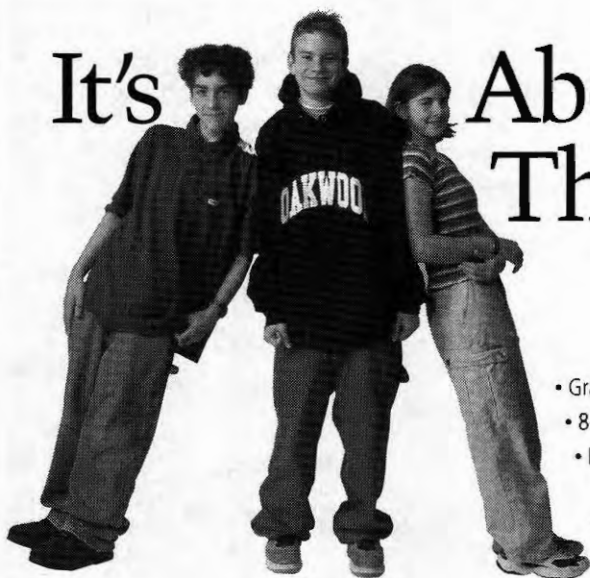


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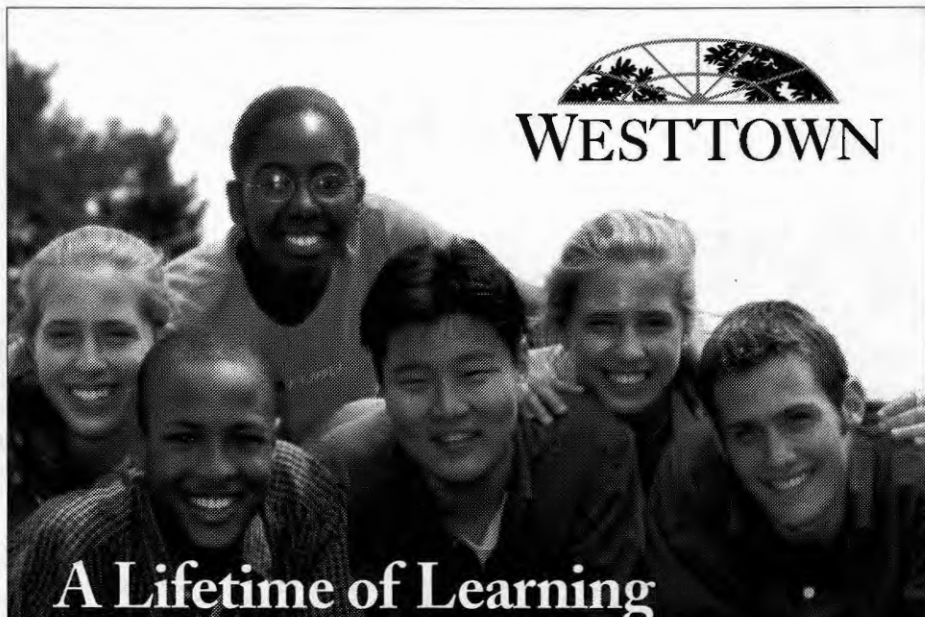
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Books

A Faith to Call Our Own: Quaker Tradition in Light of Contemporary Movements of the Spirit

*By Alex Wildwood. Swarthmore Lecture 1999.
Quaker Home Service, 1999. 106 pages.
£7.50/paperback.*

Reading about the spiritual journey of another Friend is always an enriching experience. In this slim volume, Alex Wildwood chronicles his journey with openness and honesty. Like many convinced Friends, he found traditional Christianity a barren and unhelpful spirituality in light of struggles and challenges in his youth and early adulthood. Drawn to the practices of feminism, therapy, and creation spirituality, Wildwood came to a home among British Friends. His journey and practices now are different than mine, yet I share many of his observations and questions and find his visionary answers intriguing.

Wildwood proposes that the "power" of the shared experience of meeting for worship among early Friends was based on the collective experience of the inner Christ. Today most meetings do not have that shared experience. He asks if sometimes we don't "make an idolatry of silence, a formalism of the absence of forms." He wonders whether the absence of outward forms and symbols is essential to Quaker worship. Sharing his positive experience with a variety of spiritual ceremonies and rituals, including feminist nature festivals and Native American sweat lodges and quests, Wildwood commends these practices to Friends and proposes making ritual a part of Quaker worship to give contemporary Quaker worship unity and power.

Still searching, Wildwood discovers that early Friends can be seen to have practiced a "step-by-step process" of "turning to the Light" in their worship. He also experiences a reconnection with his Christian roots and begins to learn how to practice prayer. He concludes by expressing a vision of "Quaker meetings coming alive as base communities of a new postmodern, post-denominational spirituality . . . free to experiment with our worship . . . to put Penn's 'experiment in the human soul' to the rest."

A Friend recently asked me what his meeting could offer to those members and attenders who find meaning in New Age or Eastern religious practices. I wonder if in our attempt to "be all things to all people" we are failing to share the personal and corporate practices, many of them traditional to Christianity, that many Friends have used and use today to deepen their spiritual lives. (See Patricia Loring's *Listening Spirituality* to learn about

many of these.) Do we make clear that practicing Quakerism isn't just attending worship for an hour on First Day, that "turning to the Light" is an everyday, every-interaction activity, and that the "outward forms" for Friends are those actions that grow out of the corporate "turning to the Light"?

The core of Quaker practice must remain the same corporate, silent waiting upon God that early Friends discovered, modeled, and taught. Yet Friends need more than one hour on Sunday. For some, like Alex Wildwood, sweat lodges or Buddhist meditation may be meaningful, regular practices. Others may want to explore some of the same practices that our ancestors used. I find reading about others' spiritual journeys one of the most valuable of these. Why not start by reading this honest and intriguing book?

—Liz Yeats

Liz Yeats serves as a field secretary for FCNL and is co-clerk of Quakers Uniting in Publication. She lives with her husband in Austin, Tex., where she is a member of Friends Meeting of Austin.

The Old Discipline: Nineteenth-Century Friends' Disciplines in America

Quaker Heritage Press, 1999. 476 pages. \$20/ hardcover.

The Old Discipline is a welcome addition to understanding our faith roots. It reveals the priorities of our Quaker predecessors nearly 200 years ago—most of whom seemed more concerned with right behavior than right doctrine.

Essentially, the book is an indexed collection of early 19th-century rulebooks from the eight oldest yearly meetings in the United States: New England, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, North Carolina, Virginia, Ohio, and Indiana. The disciplines—which are concerned with preserving an exterior hedge against the world, dealing with internal conflict, disowning, births and burials, control over publication, membership records, marriage, declining office in civil government, lying, swearing and scandalous practice, covetousness, gaming, plainness of speech and dress, not using pagan names for days and times, religious education, hiring ministry, and slavery—are mainly drawn from minutes of the past. They are not collections of inspirational writings as some modern *Faith and Practice* books can seem. Instead, they are rulebooks on church discipline, with explanations of the reasoning behind the rules and guidance.

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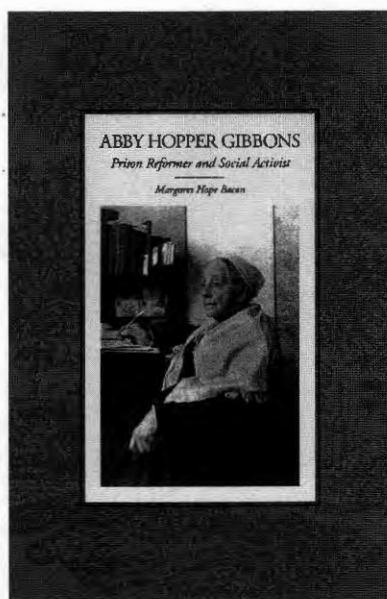
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Prison Reformer and Social Activist

Margaret Hope Bacon

This first contemporary biography of nineteenth-century American social activist and prison reformer Abigail Hopper Gibbons (1801–1893) illuminates women's changing role in the various reform movements of the period.

Though born a pacifist Quaker, Gibbons became a Civil War nurse who protected escaping slaves. During the 1863 Draft Riots, her house in New York City was sacked. Following the war, she was involved in establishing several New York charities. In the 1870s she became a leader and lobbyist for the Moral Reform Movement, both locally and nationally. Her story is intrinsically interesting, and illustrates the political action employed by women of her period.



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—Emma Jones Lapsansky, Professor of History and Curator of Quaker Collection, Haverford College

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1827–8. After the schism, the successor yearly meetings continued to use these books of discipline, since all regarded themselves as the true heirs of the Quaker tradition. By the 1850s, some of the Orthodox yearly meetings revised their disciplines by adding prefaces of theological doctrine in somewhat evangelical Christian language. Philadelphia, which remained somewhat conservative, did not—nor did the yearly meetings that split off to follow the influence of the conservative John Wilbur.

This book is most helpful for the reader who wants to know what concerned early 19th-century Friends in the first six yearly meetings listed. Finding out about Friends in Ohio and Indiana is more difficult, since they are listed as footnotes to Baltimore's discipline. If you want to find out what Friends were thinking 30 or 50 years later, it is even more of a challenge since revisions have been listed as dated footnotes, rather than including later editions of the disciplines in this volume.

I suspect that only researchers and students of Quakerism will want to own the book. However, it is an important addition for all meetinghouse libraries. As the editors point out, the material it contains has been scattered in academic libraries, and they have done a painstaking job and provided a helpful service in assembling the writings in a reasonably priced and solidly bound format.

The book is somewhat Philadelphia-centric in that, although Philadelphia is not the oldest yearly meeting, it is listed first, and its entry is in a slightly larger font size than the rest. A minor wish—that the editors would tell us who they are. There are no names in the introduction, so we know those responsible for the book only as Quaker Heritage Press.

—Margaret Fraser

Margaret Fraser is dean of Pendle Hill, the Quaker study center in Wallingford, Pa.

Do You Feel Loved by Me? Practical Suggestions for More Caring Relationships

By Philip Rogers. *Living Well Publications*, 1998. 135 pages. £5.99.

This is a primer on how to create and maintain satisfying and honest relationships that are grounded in the spiritual experience of self and other.

Twelve short chapters offer insightful discussion and practical exercises on topics such as listening, emotional honesty, positive forms of anger, meditation, core beliefs, the uses of

imagination, freedom and commitment, and sex. Some of the exercises require a partner; others do not.

The author, Philip Rogers, is a British psychotherapist with extensive experience in meditation. He regards relationships as a type of spiritual practice, writing, "I see life as a journey towards understanding ourselves."

Do You Feel Loved by Me? is about listening closely to your deepest self and the deepest self of your loved one until you understand who you are. In one chapter, Rogers introduces the practice of "clean listening." Unlike the reflective listening skills commonly taught as a way of communicating back what you've heard, clean listening involves a very simple, completely focused attitude of listening in the style of Quaker worship-sharing. One person speaks and the other listens for five minutes. They exchange roles for another five minutes, then they continue to exchange until ready to quit after both have had equal opportunities to speak. The listener is present only as a listener. He or she listens without showing any signs of agreement or disagreement, approval or disapproval, without any reaction other than intense interest in what the speaker is saying.

While such listening can be difficult at first, it helps to correct power imbalances that can come into play even in the best of relationships. And in our experience, the same sense of Presence that can cover a meeting for worship can cover such a dialog, even when the issues being addressed are difficult ones to sort through.

Do You Feel Loved by Me? is as much about personal growth and examining our core beliefs and inner messages as it is about improving relationships. It suggests, for example, that if I am angry, perhaps I need to explore some safe ways of expressing my anger that are not directed at my beloved before I try to talk with him or her about it—but perhaps I *also* need to explore the inner landscape of my soul, to develop a relationship with my self and that which is Divine.

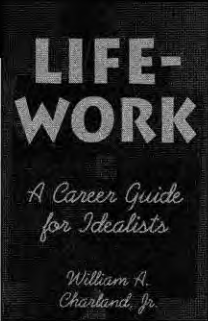
Philip Rogers covers an amazing amount of ground in this short and very readable book. He is able to do this because in each brief chapter he offers just a bit of discussion, a few questions, and a well-structured exercise that allows the reader to explore the truth of his or her own experience.

We recommend the book to those interested in furthering their individual and relational life in the Spirit.

—Merry Stanford and Peter Wood

Merry Stanford and Peter Wood are members of Red Cedar Meeting in Lansing, Michigan, and are traveling ministers for the FGC Couple Enrichment Program.

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In Brief

Dancing with God through the Storm: Mysticism and Mental Illness

By Jennifer Elam. Pendle Hill Pamphlet #344. Pendle Hill, 1999. 47 pages. \$4/paperback. How do we distinguish between mystical experience and mental illness? According to Jennifer Elam, a psychologist and student of Quaker mysticism, "The Presence is made manifest in many different ways. It is not for us to call God's ways 'crazy.'" This pamphlet includes excerpts from interviews with ten men and women, mostly Quakers, regarding their definitions of mysticism and their own mystical experiences. These range from "simple moments of knowing God's presence to complex transformations of lives." Elam reflects upon some of the common elements in these stories and explores the alternative paths of connection or alienation that can determine whether such spiritual journeys are seen—by society in general or by the individual experiencing them—as profoundly mystical or disturbingly pathological. Elam's discursive musings are heartfelt and thoughtful, if occasionally a bit difficult to follow. As a bonus, her words are illustrated by lovely color plates of her own artwork.

—Kirsten Backstrom

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More Than Equals: Spiritual Friendships

By Trish Roberts. Pendle Hill Pamphlet #345. Pendle Hill, 1999. 31 pages. \$4/paperback. Trish Roberts defines spiritual friendships as "... meetings with another person to talk about one's faith life, insights, and spiritual discoveries ... knowing one another in the things that are Eternal." Unlike everyday friendships that may touch on spiritual issues, Roberts describes a formal relationship with agreed-upon guidelines and safeguards, yet with a structure flexible enough to accommodate the changing spiritual needs of both parties. *More Than Equals* offers straightforward practical advice on how to begin, develop, and nourish spiritual friendships. Difficult questions are addressed with careful attention: What if one friend or the other wishes to end the friendship? What should be done if a sexual attraction develops? How do we build enough trust to share our deepest selves? How do we learn to listen? Perhaps all such questions come down to one central concern: How may we experience and reverence God's presence in and through one another?

—Kirsten Backstrom

Kirsten Backstrom is a writer and a member of Multnomah Meeting in Portland, Oregon.

Coalbrookdale and the Darbys

By Emyr Thomas. Sessions Book Trust, The Ebor Press, 1999. 228 pages. £12.95/paperback. A meticulously researched summary of five generations of Darbys in Coalbrookdale, England, this book offers a glimpse of a powerful family of Quaker industrialists who rose to dominance in the 18th century. Beginning with Abraham Darby I's innovation of coke-firing in 1708, the family's fortunes ascended to the building of the first iron bridge in 1779 and the first experimental steam locomotive in 1801, then declined as the family fell away from Quakerism. The book will be of interest mainly to scholars. Readers interested in the lives of Quaker ministers Abiah Darby and her daughter-in-law Deborah Darby (including their contacts with Elizabeth Fry) will find greater riches in the diaries of those two women edited by Rachel Labouchere, to whom this volume is intended as a memorial.

—David Morse

David Morse is a member of Storrs (Conn.) Friends Meeting and author of The Iron Bridge, a novel centered on the Darbys of Coalbrookdale. He is currently writing a novel about Vietnam.

Young Friends Bookshelf

Ages 8 and up:

When the Beginning Began

By Julius Lester. Harcourt Brace, 1999. \$17/hardcover. Now, "Why would God do that?" is a question children frequently raise when reading Scripture. Most of us just shrug our shoulders and throw the question back at our kids. But Jewish tradition offers an alternative response—midrashim, stories that interpret Scripture in ways that suggest some answers. In this particular book, Julius Lester uses midrashim to probe the story of Creation. While respecting the sacredness of the original text, he dares to question the innocuous and the wicked. What results is an imaginative picture of God's vision of creation. Viewing God beyond traditional images becomes easier with Lester's humorous and provocative book. By tapping into children's wide capacity for imagination, families can follow Lester's cue and embark on a spiritual journey together.

—Alessa Giampaolo Keener

Alessa Giampaolo Keener attends Baltimore (Md.) Meeting-Stony Run.

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Milestones

Deaths

Balderston—*Helen Briggs Balderston*, 86, a long-time member of Middletown Monthly Meeting, Concord Quarter, on September 29, 1999, in West Chester, Pennsylvania. Born on May 19, 1913, in Bucks County, Pa., she was the daughter of Joseph S. and Mabel Rowe Briggs, members of Makefield (Pa.) Meeting. Helen graduated from George School and attended Pennsylvania School of Horticulture (now a part of Temple University). Before her marriage, she worked in a nursery in New Jersey. In 1938 she married Robert P. Balderston, and they moved to their present home in Glen Mills. Helen was active in the Chester and Delaware County Fruit Growers Association. She and Bob enjoyed traveling, and under the sponsorship of the Pennsylvania Horticulture Society, they traveled to South America and Australia. Helen loved gardening and is remembered for her well-planned gardens and flower arrangements. A diligent Friend participating in Middletown activities, Helen served a time as a board member of the Hickman Home in West Chester. She was active in the meeting's First-day school when her children were young. She loved her family. She was well informed on issues and had a gift of speaking directly to Friends out of a deep faith in God. Her understanding and biblical focus were a constant source of strength during her long illness. She is remembered for her ministry and for sharing hospitality with her extended family, friends, and meeting members. She is survived by her husband, Robert Balderston, and their two children, Barbara Blum of Great Falls, Virginia, and Anne Thayer of Doylestown, Pennsylvania.

Garretson—*James L. Garretson*, 89, on August 5, 1999, in Annapolis, Maryland. Jim was born in Keokuk, Iowa, and grew up in Hamilton, Illinois. In 1935 he married Elaine Sigrid Nelson. After graduating from Monmouth College and Drake University Law School, he practiced law for 52 years in Carthage, Illinois, and in Chicago, where he hosted one of the earliest chapters of Amnesty International in his office. In 1949 Jim and Elaine moved their growing family to Park Forest, Illinois, where Jim served as village clerk, police magistrate, village trustee, and long-term member of the library board. Raised a Presbyterian, Jim was a Unitarian for many years. In 1969, he visited his daughter's Quaker meeting, and his sense of having found what he was seeking was so strong that he sought out unattached Friends in his own community and started Thorn Creek Meeting. To the end of his life, Jim loved Quaker worship. He served as clerk of Thorn Creek and Dallas Meetings. He also served briefly on the Central Committee of Friends General Conference. In 1984 he delivered the Plummer lecture to Illinois Yearly Meeting. In all his professional and volunteer positions he showed respect for all people without regard to station in life. He came to be known for his gentleness and moral integrity. In 1990, Jim and Elaine moved to Dallas, Texas, to live with their daughter. Jim was predeceased by his wife and is survived by his children, Patience Schenck, Peter Garretson, Nancy Benzon, Deborah Garretson, and Elisabeth Lehr; eight grandchildren; and twelve great-grandchildren.

Guthrie—*Stephen Tabor Guthrie*, 86, on November 1, 1999, in Sandy Spring, Maryland. Stephen was born in Middle River, Iowa, on November 25,

1912, the third of nine children to Taylor and Irma Guthrie, both Quaker preachers. As a child he was bright and precocious, small of stature, and quick of wit and mind. In his early days of school, the "bus" was a horse-drawn wagon, and his mother sang her children to sleep with lullabies that he later passed on to his children. Gifted with a beautiful tenor voice and at ease in front of people, he sang in the church choir and at weddings and funerals. He went on to sing in college choirs, the Tanguy Singers, and Singing City. In his college years he made a walnut desk completely with hand tools. He also made a scale ship in a bottle, wooden clocks, walking sticks, and a house and home for his family. Stephen graduated from Penn College and earned a Masters Degree from Haverford College. He and Jane Lightfoot were married at Arch Street Meetinghouse in Philadelphia on July 27, 1940. They had 59 wonderful years together. They started out their married life in Slate Creek, Colorado, where they taught in a two-room schoolhouse and had to break the ice on the stream every morning to get drinking water. Then they tried the big city of Denver, where they made some close friends and where their first two children were born. In 1946 they moved to Pennsylvania, where Stephen played a key role in physically and spiritually building Tanguy Homesteads, an intentional, cooperative community. As an early president and a strong, active member for 30 years, he helped set a tone of cooperation and sharing that is still present today. Stephen's influence on his children's lives was powerful. The stories he told, the songs he sang, the hours he worked to provide for them, his philosophy (all people are good), and his underlying gentleness all supported their growth and individuality. At retirement, Stephen and Jane moved to Roanoke, Virginia, where they helped start a Friends meeting and were very active in the Plow Shares Peace Group. Stephen's final home was Friends House, the retirement community in Sandy Spring, Maryland. There he enjoyed the men's breakfast group, the worship-sharing groups, walking among the tall trees in the woods, and being in the constant presence of the love of his life, Jane. He had a strong spiritual base that gave him a sense of peace and an ability to be peaceful at times when others often weren't. This enabled him to be wise and provide insights, as well as to be confident in his role in the midst of someone else's struggle. He stood firm when he knew he was right, and he could figure out unique and appropriate solutions for sometimes tangled situations. A major part of his spirituality was his total love for his family. He is survived by his wife, Jane; sons John and Kenneth; daughters Irma and Beth; eight grandchildren; three great-grandchildren; three brothers; one sister; and many friends.

Jones—*Dorothy Dutton Jones*, 95, on December 24, 1999, at Harrison House in Christiana, Pennsylvania. Born in Montclair, New Jersey, she was the daughter of Lauretta Smedley and John F. Dutton. A graduate of George School and Antioch College, she worked as a secretary with Simplex Valve and Meter Company. She was a member of Willistown (Pa.) Meeting. Her husband, Everett M. Jones, died in 1983. She is survived by a brother, John W. Dutton.

Stratton—*John A. Stratton Jr.*, 86, on October 8, 1999, in West Chester, Pennsylvania. Born on

March 12, 1913, in Moylan, Pennsylvania, John was the son of John A. and Isadora Brown Stratton, who were members of Media (Pa.) Meeting. A graduate of Media Friends and Westtown School, he graduated from Penn State University in 1937 with a degree in mechanical engineering and worked first for a power company near Pittsburgh, then for Sun Ship Dry Dock in Chester, and, when penicillin was first being manufactured, at Wyeth Laboratories in West Chester. Under the care of Middletown Meeting (Concord Quarter) in 1948, John married Katherine Macy Stanton. They had five children, Hannah Lamb, William Stratton, Joseph Stratton, Jane Mack, and Elizabeth Stratton. Their four grandchildren now attend Middletown and Birmingham Meetings. John and Kady worked on their 100-acre farm in Westtown Township where they built their house, and most of his family have their own homes on the farm today. As a farmer, John had a professional interest in the weather, rainfall, temperature, and growing-degree days. He was well known for growing sweet corn, which he marketed at the family stand, Wynnorr Farms, in the summer. A quiet Friend who was well read in agricultural matters, John loved his family and enjoyed the daily contact with his grandchildren. He was a grounded man who was at ease visiting with a variety of people. His gentle teaching had an enormous impact on the many young people who worked on the farm as corn pickers. He was an active member of Middletown Meeting and upheld many of its concerns with financial support or physical work. John "loved the land and lived the land." He is survived by his wife, Katherine Stratton, their five children, and four grandchildren.

Timberlake—*Dorothy Winnifred Noon Timberlake*, 82, on December 26, 1998, at the same home in which she was born, in Eaton Center, New Hampshire. Dorothy grew up in Cambridge, Mass., the daughter of Winnifred E. and Theodore W. Noon Sr. She graduated from Peabody School, Cambridge High, and Latin and Lesley College. Gifted with a sweet singing voice, she chose to study teaching because she loved children. She attended the Congregational church, where she met her future husband, William H. Timberlake, a sophomore at Harvard. He was drawn by Rufus Jones into the circle of Friends that was to become Cambridge Meeting. They were married in 1943. For ten years Dorothy taught first and second grade at Lesley Ellis School while William attended medical school and completed his internship and residency. In her classes, she noticed girls who could benefit from summer camp. Through Cambridge Social Services, she gathered girls of every color, including refugees, to take to her family homestead in New Hampshire where, with her parents, she founded Crystal Lake Camp for Girls. As its director for 20 years, she led them in arts and crafts, nature study, swimming, and mountain climbing, building lifelong relationships and life-enriching happy memories. Dorothy was a First-day school teacher of first and second graders for many years at Cambridge Meeting, joining the meeting when her beloved Congregational minister, Raymond Calkins, died. Returning to teaching school when her children were older, she was one of the earliest teachers at Cambridge Friends School. Her youngest daughter Ruth recalls that Dorothy's 1-2 grade was her happiest year in school. During the Biafran War, through

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John McNeill, Virginia Mollenkott, Mel White, Irene Monroe
June 8 - 11

An Interfaith Dialogue
The Challenge of Teaching Our Children
Swami Tatatananda, Guy Newland, Rabbi Shrager, Imam Talib Abdur Rashid, Muni Amrendra Kumarji
Sr. Maureen Wild
June 19 - 21

The Labyrinth
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AFSC, she and William cared for two refugee children, Ona and Emeke Okeke, until their family could be safely reunited. Dorothy was a gifted artist, and she used her talent to delight her students and campers, to make exquisite Christmas cards for friends, warm sweaters and mittens, heirloom afghans and intricate white thread bedspreads treasured by her family, and to create old-fashioned barley lollipops: a hobby that became a business with customers around the world. She leaves with her enduring love her husband, William; her brothers, Robert and Theodore Noon; her children, Edith, Mary, William, Faith, and Ruth and their spouses; seventeen grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

Van Leer—Clark Van Leer, 63, on October 23, 1999, of a massive heart attack after being given a new medicine for stroke, at Suburban Hospital, Bethesda, Md. Born in Washington, D.C., on February 12, 1936, Clark was the older of two children of Carlos Clark Van Leer and Mildred Van Leer. From the beginning, Clark was more challenged than most of us. He had to work hard to make his way through school, and he had some trouble distinguishing reality from fantasy. He was often an easy target for teasing peers, particularly since he had no interest in fighting. An old friend said, "Clark was one of the gentle people. I never saw him angry or violent. If there was violence, he would walk away." He spent almost all his life in Bethesda, attending Westbrook Elementary School, Western Junior High School, and Bethesda Chevy Chase High School, from which he graduated in 1955. Singled out by his teacher to serve as a crossing guard in elementary school, Clark learned pride in helping others at a young age. All through these years he endured jokes at his expense, supported by a loving family and some friends. His father taught and mentored him a great deal, helping him and his friend build crystal sets and working with the Scouts to make Clark's experience there a positive one. Clark worked most of his adult life. In his first job as a delivery driver, his father rode with him, teaching him all the streets. Soon Clark had an encyclopedic knowledge of the geography of Washington and its environs, including useful shortcuts and which streets were one-way. He drove commercially for 40 years, once going as far as Richmond to make deliveries. His final job was for an auto parts shop, where he was a valued member of the staff. In 1958 Clark married Brenda Rancour, a young woman from New Hampshire. Together they had three children. Although his marriage ended in divorce, Clark saw his children every weekend when they were growing up. They would have a meal together and frequently go to museums and other Washington attractions. One of his sons particularly enjoys recalling a camping trip when he was a child, where he and his father lay out under the stars. Clark adored his grandchildren and, as was clear from his memorial service, was beloved by his children and grandchildren alike. Prior to his death, Clark had had high blood pressure for some time and apparently suffered a series of small strokes. Required to give up driving, he began to take long walks with an old friend, showing an encyclopedic knowledge of the names and histories of people who had lived in the community. Clark was initially attracted to Friends by singing the Messiah in a Friends chorus. He began to attend meeting in Washington and then at Bethesda (Md.) Meeting, where he became a member in 1981. At both meetings he was a tireless contributor to the work

of hospitality and a great helper at Spring Flings. "At every opportunity Clark was there to help," recalls one member. "He helped us, and then helped us again by telling us how he had helped us. Now, more than ever, we realize that he was instructing us rightly about our needs and responsibilities to our own community." According to his brother, Clark found Quakerism as a spiritual home, warming to the love and consideration that Friends had for him. Clark was a man of courage and grace under challenging circumstances. Spiritually, he walked in the Light, having an amazing ability to absorb and transmit the spiritual essence of life when others were wallowing in complexities. His belief in the mystical Christ within was deeply felt, and he had a divine spark not only in what he said in meeting for worship, but in providing a constant reminder to others that God speaks through many mouths in many ways. For a number of years Clark came faithfully to meeting but never spoke. Then, one summer Sunday when meeting was outdoors under a tree, he spoke. No one was quite sure what he would say or how he would say it. But it was a gift. Since that day, for many years, Clark has seemed humbly to offer up the bright light of truth. He had an enormously strong sense of social injustice. It was sometimes difficult to follow his meaning, but it was everlastingly clear that his sense of well-being rested on the well-being of his fellow human beings. He is survived by his mother, Mildred Van Leer of Bethesda, Md.; three children, Clark David, Scott Douglas, and Beth McCormack; six grandchildren, Jesse, Timothy, and Sean McCormack and Melissa, Daniel, and Matthew Van Leer; a brother, John Van Leer; and his former wife, Brenda Rancour.

Vining—Elizabeth Gray Vining, 97, on November 27, 1999, at Kendal at Longwood, Kennett Square, Pennsylvania. Elizabeth Janet Gordon Gray was born on October 6, 1902, in the Germantown section of Philadelphia to John Gordon Gray and Anne Moore Iszard Gray. She attended Germantown Friends School and graduated in 1919, and then Bryn Mawr College, from which she graduated in 1923. When her chosen career of writing proved elusive initially, she worked as a teacher and then earned a degree from the Library School of Drexel Institute. In 1926 she joined the library staff of University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, and in 1929 she married Morgan Fisher Vining, associate director of the Extension Division of the University. It was a happy marriage, and Elizabeth was devastated when it ended in 1933 with Morgan's death in New York City in an automobile accident, in which Elizabeth was severely injured. She returned to Germantown for her convalescence, and it was during this difficult period that she, an Episcopalian, was drawn to Quakerism, with which she was already familiar. While spending time with friends in Washington, D.C., she began attending Florida Avenue Meeting. In her autobiography, *Quiet Pilgrimage* (1970), she later wrote: "My search for meaning had taken me that winter into many lanes and some blind alleys; in the end I returned to the Quaker meeting of my childhood and of my New Jersey ancestors. It was the silence that drew me, that deep healing silence of the meeting at its best, when the search of each is intensified by the search of all. . . ." She joined Germantown Meeting in 1934. Under the names Elizabeth Janet Gray and Elizabeth Gray Vining, she had written eleven books, including the popular children's book *Adam of the Road*

(1942), and was working for American Friends Service Committee in 1946 when she was chosen to tutor the then-crown prince (and later emperor) of Japan, Akihito, and his brothers and sisters. She quickly developed a strong bond with her young charge and with the entire royal family. In her best-seller *Windows for the Crown Prince* (1952), she described the transformation of 12-year-old Akihito from an isolated, stiff boy into a poised, responsible young man with a knowledge of western ways and leaders like Abraham Lincoln and William Penn—and games like Hide and Seek and Monopoly. The crown prince later visited her in the United States and regularly sent flowers on her birthday, delivered to her apartment in a limousine by the Japanese embassy. She also developed a strong appreciation for Japanese culture and wrote about it, including *Return to Japan* (1960). Other noteworthy books written after her return to the United States include the novel *The Virginia Exiles* (1955); *Friend of Life: A Biography of Rufus M. Jones* (1958); and *Being Seventy: The Measure of a Year* (1978). In 1973 she moved to Kendal at Longwood. In 1975 she transferred her membership from Germantown to Kendal Meeting. She leaves no immediate survivors.

Wehmeyer—Robert Wehmeyer, 80, on December 22, 1999, at the Alzheimer's Pavilion at Goodall Hospital in Sanford, Maine. The son of Adele Cannavaro and Frederick Wehmeyer, Robert was born on January 2, 1919, in Staten Island, New York. In 1928 he traveled with his family to Germany, Italy, and Switzerland. He attended school in Steckborn, Switzerland, and became proficient in German and Italian. Upon return to his home in Staten Island, he resumed his studies and graduated from the Lincoln School of Teachers College. He received a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1939 from Dartmouth College and completed two years of postgraduate study in Harvard University's Department of Anthropology. During World War II he registered as a conscientious objector and served from 1942 to 1946 at various posts in Civilian Public Service camps in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont. On October 25, 1942, he married Beatrice (Bee) Smith, a nurse-in-training at New York Hospital. Following discharge from CPS in 1946, he worked as a youth secretary with YMCA, then as an insurance agent in Manchester, New Hampshire, and later as superintendent of agencies in the home office of Lincoln Life in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and general agent for the company's Denver office. In 1969 he and Bee moved to Maine, where Robert was Lincoln Life's general agent for the state. In 1972 he became a real estate broker, moving with Bee to their home in an apple orchard in rural Parsonsfield, Maine. Here he worked on the construction of the Sacopec Valley Health Center, tutored for Literacy Volunteers, drove for the Meals on Wheels program, and performed many other community service projects. A member of the Religious Society of Friends since 1951, Robert had served as clerk of Mountain View Meeting in Denver, Colo. He served on various committees in New England Yearly Meeting and was a representative to the Friends World Conference held in Kenya in 1991. He was a member of the Waterboro (Maine) Meeting. His body was donated to the University of New England Medical School. Surviving are his wife of 57 years, Beatrice; two sons, Robert P. Wehmeyer and David H. Wehmeyer; a daughter, Elise J. Wagar; a sister, Jean Gross; six grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

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Religious freedom and the liberty to follow one's conscience

The letter from Spencer Coxe did not mention the essence of the Peace Tax Fund. The Peace Tax Fund Bill (H.R. 1454) is a matter of religious freedom for taxpayers to be able to follow their conscience.

Friends and others who could not serve in the military did not end the military complex in our nation. Taxpayers who cannot pay their taxes for war will not end our military expenditures. But for over 50 years our laws have given conscientious objectors the opportunity to serve in alternate service. The Peace Tax Fund Bill would extend that religious liberty to taxpayers.

Once the Peace Tax Fund Bill is passed, every taxpayer will know that it is law. IRS instructions will include the option to file as a conscientious objector. Perhaps we will be pleasantly surprised to learn how many Americans do not want to pay for war.

I want publicly to thank Philadelphia Yearly Meeting! It has united in support of religious freedom for taxpayers who cannot pay for war. It has filed a friend of the court brief with the United States Supreme Court in support of Priscilla Adams, who is a member and employee of the yearly meeting. Her beliefs and conscience have led her to withhold her taxes to the military. As Thomas Jeavons, general secretary for the yearly meeting, said, "Now is the time for the Supreme Court to examine the meaning of the liberty to exercise religious leading."


Richard N. Reichley
Harleysville, Pa.

Former board member of NCPTF

Sadly, as this issue was being prepared, we learned that the Supreme Court refused to hear the case of Priscilla Adams and of Gordon and Edith Browne of New England Yearly Meeting (See News, p. 28).—Eds.

Called to a personal statement

Each year my wife and I try to have a deficit to the IRS. We withhold a token amount of money that we put in our meeting's Peace Tax Fund. Eventually, the IRS invades our bank account and recovers that amount, plus interest and penalties. We end up paying more tax than we would otherwise have to, plus our income is reduced by whatever we have put in the local



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"I now know what it means to be a student. Admittedly, I can still use some practice in this area, but I have reached a new understanding of the term. 'Student' used to have an institution attached to it, hovering above in watchful protection. I have a new sense of responsibility toward my education. I discovered that I am in charge, not my teachers or counselors; they are there as learning aids... The term 'World Citizen' is a new one to me. I feel that the world is a bit smaller, but I also know that it is the differences among its people that keep it so interesting. It is up to me to recognize my part on this planet and play it. Now that I am aware of this challenge, I hope I can live up to it."

— Student's journal entry
Friends World Program, European Center

The Friends World Program of Long Island University gratefully acknowledges its Quaker roots. Now in its thirty-fifth year, the Program seeks to uphold the ideals upon which it was founded. Our efforts continue with the present learning community.

Space is still available for fall 2000. For details, please contact:

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fund. Are we stupid? Well, like many things, that depends.

We start with the basic issue that the government may not draft our bodies to kill people, but it may draft our money to the same end. That our action will have zero impact on the military budget is beside the point. We feel called to withhold, as a personal statement. We send a letter to the director of the IRS asking if he is easy with this situation. We hope perhaps some staff person will ask him- or herself the same question. We hope it will remind members of our meeting that as Quakers, we are called to resist all wars. We do not ask that anyone do as we do, nor has it occurred to us that we are in any way worthy of praise.

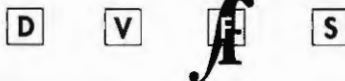
It is extremely unlikely that the U.S. Congress will ever establish a legal peace tax alternative. Our own congressional representatives always reply with the same argument as Cox, that you can't favor one group over another. This argument is specious. Objecting to having your taxes used to subsidize cattle grazing on public lands is not of the same order of magnitude as having them used to kill another human. Additionally, there currently exists a remedy through the courts for the grazing issue.

Coxe's argument that effort on behalf of a Peace Tax Fund wastes time and is a balm to individual conscience is an improper judgment of others. Apparently any effort short of civil disobedience is not worthy. This ill serves the many who write to their government representatives, write letters to the editor, stand on picket lines at military installations and weapons factories, and who, with others sometimes moved by their acts, brought down the government on the issue of the Vietnam War. Though we might all do more, it is perhaps the best we can do at the moment—and more than doing nothing. Small voices in the wilderness should not be deemed unworthy.

Silas Weeks
Eliot, Maine

The Peace Tax Fund is an organizational and educational tool

Spencer Coxe's letter raises a number of issues that also have concerned me as a supporter of the Peace Tax Fund. They would be well taken if the Peace Tax Fund were an ultimate goal. Our ultimate goal, however, is a world in which conflicts are handled peaceably and all individuals are given respect as children of God.



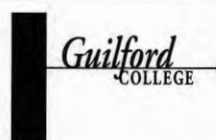
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Viewed in this light, the Peace Tax Fund is an organizational and educational tool, one among several. In the near term, it is an opportunity for solidarity with other religious groups and an opportunity to be heard by members of Congress, many of whom may otherwise regard tax resisters as the lunatic fringe.

Tax resistance, support for the Peace Tax Fund, and straight political agitation against the military all complement each other in ways that we can never completely assess. Discussion with a congressperson about conscientious reasons for support of the Peace Tax Fund may well have an influence on votes on the military budget or the death penalty. Many of us engage in all of these strategies at once.

Don't think for a moment that any of us will heave a sigh of relief and cease all political activity if the Peace Tax Fund passes! We would continue in the same political activity that we are in now, including support of sensible candidates for office. And we would encourage everyone we know to consider using the fund. One of our next goals would be to get enough people to use it so that it *would* make a difference. It will only be "low-key" if we let it be low-key. Unrealistic? So is the goal of ending war. So was ending slavery. So was women's suffrage. With God, all things are possible.

Nor will we cease civil disobedience directed at our government's sometimes immoral actions. If we are not paying for Raytheon's weapons, we should not be deterred from civil protest against them. The Northampton weekly vigil to end the sanctions against Iraq would continue. I would still picket a military base the next time war breaks out, even if I am not paying for it. Not paying for war only partially relieves my conscience; I am still a voting member of this body politic. I am still responsible in some measure for the conduct of this country that I love, despite its faults. The existence of the fund would provide a measure of cheer to all these actions and provide something more that we could recommend to people of newly raised consciousness. We are not dealing with the faults of one particular country. The arrogance to which we object is common to all governments in various degrees. Our struggle is to find modes of governing that restrain such arrogance. Recognizing the individual's right of conscience not to kill is one such restraint.

This is not simply a matter of policy that we "dislike." Part of the social contract is that we do not without grave reason constrain each other's consciences. There is a clear line between killing and all other government

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policy. I would be quite happy to extend the principle to those who object to other means of killing, such as the death penalty, abortion, or killing of animals in research, only some of which I agree with. This is no Pandora's box.

The Peace Tax Fund is a means of asking my fellow citizens and my government to recognize my conscience and a continuing tool for consciousness-raising, not an invitation to relax.

Bruce Hawkins
Northampton, Mass.

Prophetic imagination should not be ignored

Spencer Coxe's letter reflects a fatalism that ignores the prophetic imagination. He writes, "The Peace Tax movement boils down to a feel-good means of salving the conscience of those of us distressed by militarism." He claims that giving people the option of earmarking their tax dollars for nonmilitaristic purposes will have no practical effect because "Congress determines . . . the military budget."

Much the same could be said about people who vigil and witness to the truth outside the gates of weapons manufacturers or the School of the Americas, or those who march through March snow and rain for 15 days to protest prison conditions (*FJ* Dec. 1999, p.8). The vision of Buddhist chanters ("Out of the muck of a pond comes a beautiful lotus blossom") might be similarly dismissed as impractical.

Giving people the opportunity to choose peace instead of war could have a transforming effect on both individuals and the larger society. It would give people a conscious place to stand regarding military spending, and it could become an effective witness to the nondemocratic misuse of tax dollars. I was a war tax resister for ten years, and I know what it means to pay the price for civil disobedience. I was also a conscientious objector during the Vietnam War and was grateful to have a choice about serving in the military or doing alternative service in a hospital.

A.J. Muste was once asked why he was standing with a small group in Central Park holding placards protesting the making of nuclear weapons in the '50s. "You don't think you're going to change the world, do you?" a skeptic asked him. Muste replied perhaps not, but he was determined not to let the world change him.

Ben Tousley
Woburn, Mass.

Revelation is continuous

Without my glasses, I began reading Spencer Coxe's letter and read: "Peace Tax Dangerous." Why, of course! The Peace Tax plan hangs on personal awareness of a choice; that choice acts on a magnet, on a drawing toward something called True North. One person's conscientious obligation may give a reading like none other around. That person may be in danger; that person may be the danger! Or that person may be a turnabout force, like the evolutionary earthworm whose forward cell became aware of the light on top of the soil.

Once a year, on December 10, my neighbor enacts the weight of civil disobedience. She chooses to pursue a conscientious obligation. On a bit of grass outside of the military electronics plant, she trespasses; she steps one foot. It's not a success story. The corporation does not close down. But she continues. Now suppose for a whole year in our country not one person experienced the weight of conscience? Suppose no one felt an awareness of choice? What danger then to the body politic?

So I put on my glasses and read what Dan Seeger offers us elsewhere in the same issue in his article, "Gathered for Greatness?" It reminded me of FGC Gathering, maybe in the 1970s, at St. Lawrence. A few of us were puzzled. We asked, "Was a valid Truth found in the personal conscience? Could you trust the conjunction of wisdom beyond your own knowledge? Or practically, did the single citizen have a grounded right to disobey the massive structure of his or her own government?" In an extended discussion, partly in writing, Dan Seeger answered us. Yes, you shoulder conscientious obligation as a hazardous weight. Yes, you may be dangerously wrong. Yes, and as way opens, you may find the strength to persevere. I do not have the accurate wording for this concept. I do hold the memory. I am glad for the many years I have participated, if ever so lightly, in the effort of the Peace Tax movement.

What do we do next? George Fox said revelation is continuous. And the psalmist, after all those verses to his credit, hummed, "I shall sing a new song unto the Lord."

Thoreau Raymond
Concord, N.H.

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Quaker House, Managua, Nicaragua: Simple hospitality, shared kitchen. Reservations: 011-505-266-3216 (Spanish) or 011-505-266-0984 (English). For general information, call Pro-Nica: (727) 821-2428 or e-mail: <QuakerHouse@ProNica.org>.

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Chicago: Affordable guest accommodations in historic Friends meetinghouse. Short- or long-term. Contact: Assistant Director, Quaker House, 5615 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago, IL 60637. (773) 288-3066, e-mail: <q-house@www.com>.

Coming to London? Friendly B&B just a block from the British Museum and very close to London University. A central location for all tourist activities. Ideal for persons traveling alone. Direct subway and bus links with Heathrow Airport. The Penn Club, 21 Bedford Place, London WC1B 5JJ. Telephone: (0171) 636-4718. Fax: (0171) 636-5516.

An oasis of calm in the heart of London? Yes, at the Quaker International Centre, where short-, medium-, and longer-term accommodation is available as well as conference facilities. Excellent homemade food. For further information contact telephone: (0171) 387-5648, fax: (0171) 383-3722, or write to: 1 Byng Place, London WC1E 7JH.

Coming to DC? Stay with Friends on Capitol Hill. **William Penn House**, a Quaker Seminar and Hospitality Center in beautiful, historic townhouse, is located five blocks east of the U.S. Capitol. Convenient to Union Station for train and METRO connections. Shared accommodations including continental breakfast for groups, individuals. 515 East Capitol Street, SE, Washington, DC 20003. E-mail: <dirpennhouse@pennsnet.org>. Telephone: (202) 543-5560. Fax: (202) 543-3814.

Looking for a creative living alternative in New York City? Penington Friends House may be the place for you! We are looking for people of all ages who want to make a serious commitment to a community lifestyle based on Quaker principles. For information call (212) 673-1730. We also have overnight accommodations.

Assistance Sought

Newton Institute needs contributions and volunteers for the ratification of the **UN Child Rights Convention** by the U.S. <www.NewtonInstitute.com> or P.O. Box 1749, Elyria, OH 44036.

Books and Publications

Become a Published Author. 75-year tradition of quality book publishing, promotion, distribution. "Author's Guide to Subsidy Book Publishing"—(800) 695-9599.

To receive the **British Quaker Socialist Newsletter**, please send \$1 for three issues to: Tom Todd, 3713 West Main, Kalamazoo, MI 49006-2842.

Free Booklet. Military Service and the Christian Teaching: Are They Compatible? With a history of Christian conscientious objection from apostolic era to the present. Fax request to (562) 691-5972.

A Half-Moon Shining: Haiku from an African American/Quaker Perspective. A book of poetry by Dwight Wilson, ex-General Secretary of FGC. On sale from the author. \$8 each copy. 49 Barnwell Drive, Willingboro, NJ 08046.

Disarm government? Free the people? Help make it happen! Support government without guns. Free information: **Quaker Libertarian Caucus**, 2020 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW, PMB 297, Washington, DC 20006. <www.BeFreeNow.org/QuakerLibertarian>.

Quaker Books. Rare and out-of-print, journals, memorials, histories, inspirational. Send for free catalog or specific wants. Vintage Books, 181 Hayden Rowe St., Hopkinton, MA 01748. Visit our Web page at: <http://www.abebooks.com/home/HAINES>.

You're in good company with Friends United Press authors—including Douglas Steere, Howard Thurman, Daisy Newman, John Punshon, Tom Mullen, Doug Gwyn, Louise Wilson, Wil Cooper, T. Canby Jones, D. Elton Trueblood—and, of course, George Fox, John Woolman, and William Penn. Inspiration, humor, fiction, and history that takes you to the roots of Quaker beginnings, belief, and beyond. Write 101-A Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374 for a free catalog or call (800) 537-8839. <www.fum.org>.



Bookstore. Serving Friends and seekers worldwide with Quaker-related books, tracts, and curricula for all ages. Materials to meet needs and interests of individuals, religious educators, and meeting communities. Free catalog of over 500 titles. Religious education consultation. Shop from us on the web at <www.quakerbooks.org>. Call, write, or visit: Friends General Conference Bookstore, 1216 Arch Street, 2B, Philadelphia, PA 19107, M-F 9 a.m.-4:30 p.m. EST, (800) 966-4556, e-mail: <bookstore@fgc.quaker.org>.

Opportunities

Selected Pendle Hill Conferences

March 19-24: **Quaker Work at the United Nations**, with Quaker UN staff
March 24-26: **Buddhist-Quaker Intersections: Sharing Our Religious Experience**, with Sallie King
April 23-28: **Exploring Our Faith: Looking at Books of Faith and Practice**, with Jan Hoffman
May 5-7: **Replenishing Our Soul Sense**, with Helen Horn
May 12-14: **Spiritual Autobiography**, with Mary Rose O'Reilly
May 14-19: **Renewing the Quaker Journal Tradition**, with Mike Heller and Rebecca Kratz Mays
For more information: Pendle Hill, 338 Plush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086-6099. (800) 742-3150, extension 142. <www.pendlehill.org>.

The Mary Jeanes Loan Fund and the **Anne Townsend Grant Fund** for members of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting are now taking applications for financial aid for post-secondary school education for the 2000-2001 school year. With interest income and repayments of earlier loans being our only funding sources, and increasing need being expressed by applicants, we have been able to help with loans and/or grants averaging about \$1,000. **May 1, 2000 is the deadline for the submission of applications.** For more information, please contact: Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends, Education Programs, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. Telephone: (215) 241-7223. E-mail: <TomH@pym.org>.

Youth Camp, Ages 15-18: Explore Quaker spirituality and values through discussions, worship, and service projects including a workcamp in Philadelphia. Have fun with craft projects in our studio, recreation trips off-campus, community-building games, and evening bonfire. July 9-16. For details contact Julian O'Reilly, Pendle Hill, 338 Plush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086; (610) 566-4507 or (800) 742-3150, x 129; or e-mail: <youthprogram@pendlehill.org>.

Quaker House intentional community seeks residents. Share living and meal arrangements in historic Friends meetinghouse. Common interests in spirituality, peace, and social concerns. One- or two-year terms. Directors, Quaker House, 5615 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago, IL 60637. (773) 288-3066, e-mail: <q-house@www.com>.

Burundi Trauma Healing and Reconciliation Center

Positions available: two people interested in working for Peace Team in Burundi for 25 months beginning July 1, 2000. These international team members will work with two Burundians in developing the Burundi Trauma Healing and Reconciliation Center, a new endeavor to deal with the consequences of years of violence in Burundi, sponsored by Burundi Yearly Meeting of Friends and the African Great Lakes Initiative of the Friends Peace Teams Project. Six months of training in Africa including trauma healing and reconciliation work, Kirundi (the language of Burundi), social, political, religious, economic, and historical background of Burundi. Application deadline, April 1, 2000. For more information see <www.quaker.org/fpt/agli>, e-mail: <davidzarembka@juno.com>, call (301) 208-1862, or write African Great Lakes Initiative c/o David Zarembka, 17734 Larchmont Terrace, Gaithersburg, MD 20877.

Friends Center with unprogrammed Christian orientation beside Olney campus offers personal retreats with spiritual consultation available; also January 28-30 retreat on **You Are My Friends** with Barbara Jane Williams, March 3-5 **Marriage Enrichment Weekend** with Joan and Rich Liversidge, April 28-30 retreat on **"The Quakers' Christ"** with Henry Jason, and June 2-4 retreat on **Words and the Word** with Howard Macy and John Punshon. For information write Bill Taber, 61357 Sandy Ridge, Barnesville, OH 43713, or phone (740) 425-1248.

Quaker Writers and Artists!

Join the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts. FQA's goal: "To nurture and showcase the literary, visual, musical, and performing arts within the Religious Society of Friends, for purposes of Quaker expression, ministry, witness, and outreach. To these ends, we will offer spiritual, practical, and financial support as way opens." Help build an international network of creative support and celebration. Membership, \$20/year. FQA, P.O. Box 58565, Philadelphia, PA 19102. E-mail: <lqa@quaker.org>. Web: <http://www.quaker.org/fqa>.

Monteverde Studios of the Arts, Monteverde, Costa Rica: "Where Craft and Culture Meet." Participate in week-long classes in a community founded by Quakers in 1951. Attend Quaker meeting. Take classes in ceramics, painting and drawing, textiles, stained glass, jewelry, basketry, woodworking, dance, photography, leatherwork, storytelling, cooking; also personality studies. Work in studios of your teachers and share in the same inspirational luxuriant surroundings of the rainforest. All artists are residents of this multicultural community where North Americans and Costa Ricans live in seamless contiguity. Brochure: (800) 370-3331, <www.mvstudios.com>, P.O. Box 766-F, Narberth, PA 19072.

Travel to Tuscany and Provence

Taste of Tuscany and Friends in France trip programs offered each fall and spring. Learn about art, culture, and cuisine in small groups of 8-12 people with excellent accommodations, food, and expert guidance. Guests stay at historic villas in the country near Lucca and Avignon. Information contact: Mark Haskell, **Friends and Food International**, 1707 Taylor Street, NW, Washington, DC 20011, USA. Tel/Fax (202) 726-4616, e-mail: <MkHaskell@aol.com>.

Friendly Science: Pendle Hill's Forum Program on Science, Technology, and Religion is networking with Quakers in the sciences for future conferences, publications, and a moderated listserv. Register at our website <www.pendlehill.org> and click on "questionnaire." Or send current CV to Doug Gwyn, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, PA 19086.

To consider affordable retirement property near an established Friends meeting in the beautiful southeastern Arizona high desert, visit the website <arizonafriends.com>, or write to Roy Joe Stuckey, The Arizona Friends Community, 6567 North San Luis Obispo Drive, Douglas, AZ 85607.

Quaker House Ann Arbor has periodic openings for six-person intentional community based on Friends principles. (734) 761-7435, <quakerhouse@umich.edu>, <www.ic.org/ghaa>.

Personals

Concerned Singles

Concerned Singles Newsletter links compatible, socially conscious singles who care about peace, social justice, racism, gender equity, environment. Nationwide. All ages. Since 1984. Free sample: Box 444-FJ, Lenox Dale, MA 01242; or (413) 445-6309; or <http://www.concernedsingles.com>.

Single Booklovers, a national group, has been getting unattached booklovers together since 1970. Please write Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039, or call (610) 358-5049.

Positions Vacant

Cook Needed—for small Quaker-led farm camp near Pennsylvania's Pocono Mts. Cooking for 50-55, 2 meals/day, natural foods emphasized. Quantity cooking experience preferred but not required, should be skilled in both vegetarian and meat-based cooking. Garden literacy and ability to plan balanced and varied meals helpful. Mid June-late August. Carl and Kristin Curtis, Journey's End Farm Camp, RR 1 Box 136, Newfoundland, PA 18445. (570) 689-3911.

Nurse Needed—for small Quaker-led farm camp near Pennsylvania's Pocono Mts. Approx. 34 campers, ages 7-12, and 15-20 staff. Involvement in daily program encouraged. 2- or 3-week sessions. Call or write for job description: Carl and Kristin Curtis, Journey's End Farm Camp, RR 1 Box 136, Newfoundland, PA 18445. (570) 689-3911.

Earlham School of Religion seeks applications and nominations for a Director of Field Education and Student Services, beginning July 1, 2000. Qualifications for this position include significant ministry and leadership experience, demonstrated ability for critical theological reflection, a basic theological education, and thorough familiarity with the Religious Society of Friends. Substantive additional theological (Ph.D. or the equivalent) or clinical (C.P.E. Supervisor or the equivalent) preparation are preferred.

In the context of ESR as a Quaker Seminary, the Director will work with students from a wide variety of Quaker traditions, as well as students from other denominations, as these students learn in supervised ministry settings. In the area of Student Services, the Director will assist students' integration into the ESR community and develop resources useful in ministry placement for graduating seniors. Send nominations or a curriculum vitae and names of three references to Lonnie Valentine, Clerk of the Search Committee, Earlham School of Religion, 228 College Avenue, Richmond, IN 47374. Review of applications will begin immediately and will continue until an appointment is made. Earlham School of Religion is an affirmative action, equal opportunity employer.

The Earlham School of Religion (ESR) seeks candidates for a full-time teaching faculty appointment in Christian Spirituality. Candidates must be able to apply knowledge of the tradition of Christian Spirituality in a seminary setting. Specifically, candidates must know and appreciate the Quaker tradition of spirituality. The applicant will teach six courses per year, such as Spiritual Preparation for Ministry, History of Christian Spirituality, Prayer, Feminist Spirituality, Quaker Spirituality, Spiritual Direction, Commitment and Discipleship, and will develop courses relevant to their own interests. We seek candidates with both academic and practical experience in the area of Spirituality. Academic preparation should include the M.Div., and a Ph.D. in spirituality or related fields is preferred. Teaching experience or practice in spiritual direction is necessary. Send nominations or a curriculum vitae and names of three references to Lonnie Valentine, Clerk of the Search Committee, Earlham School of Religion, 228 College Avenue, Richmond, IN 47374. Applications will begin to be reviewed in January and the search will continue until the position is filled, though it is desirable that the position be filled in Fall or Spring of 2000-01. Earlham School of Religion is an affirmative action, equal opportunity employer.

Executive Director for Woolman Hill, a Quaker conference center on 100+ acres of farmland and woods located in Deerfield, Massachusetts. Our mission is to foster Quaker testimonies, including simplicity, peace, integrity, and stewardship. The Executive Director is responsible for the overall planning and administration of the conference center. The Director will coordinate all conferences and events, assist in the preparation of budgets and financial statements, work with the Board of Directors to create and implement long-range plans and visions, as well as oversee the care and use of buildings and land. The position requires leadership ability, grant writing and fundraising skills, ability to communicate effectively orally and in writing, flexibility, creativity, and a sense of humor. This is a resident position and includes salary, benefits, and housing. Please send a letter of interest and résumé by March 31 to: Woolman Hill Personnel Committee, c/o David Rakya, P.O. Box 5454, Hanover, NH 03755.

House Manager. Pittsburgh Friends Meeting is seeking applicants for resident House Manager and Assistant House Manager positions, beginning in July and August 2000. Compensation includes health insurance and housing on Meetinghouse property. Contact Darryl Phillips, Assistant Clerk, 5678 Phillips Avenue, Pittsburgh, PA 15217. (412) 422-4682. <dp19@att.net>.

Interns. 9-12 month commitment beginning January, June, or September. Assist with seminars and hospitality at William Penn House, five blocks from U.S. Capitol. Room, board, and small stipend. WPH, 515 East Capitol Street, SE, Washington, DC 20003.

Westport (Mass.) Monthly Meeting seeks **Friend(s) in Residence**. Duties include: Provide a friendly point of contact; answer meeting phone, coordinate calendar for two buildings; respond to inquiries; clean and maintain buildings and grounds. Becoming part of our faith community is expected. A separate, accessible family house is provided on property. Position available July 1, 2000. Interviews to begin immediately. A detailed job description is available upon request. Please direct inquiries to: Kevin Lee, Clerk of Search Committee, 48 Carlton Street, Dartmouth, MA 02748. (508) 994-1638. E-mail (recommended) to: <welees@gateway.net>.

Friends Camp needs talented counselors who can teach crafts, pottery, drama, sports, canoeing, and sailing. Also need an E.M.T. or Nurse, W.S.I., certified lifeguards, assistant cooks, and maintenance staff. Help us build a Quaker community, where you can put your faith into practice. Call or write: Susan F. Morris, Director, P.O. Box 84, E. Vassalboro, ME 04935; (207) 923-3975; e-mail: <smorris@pivot.net>.

Friend in Residence

Individual or couple sought to be Friend in Residence at Friends Meeting at Cambridge, to begin Summer of 2000. Applicant should be an experienced Friend. Stipend, benefits, apartment suitable for a couple. Applications accepted until position filled; processing begins March 1. Please send résumé and letter of interest or requests for information to: Friend in Residence Search Committee, Friends Meeting at Cambridge, 5 Longfellow Park, Cambridge, MA 02138-4816 or <FMCsearch@aol.com>.

Arthur Morgan School. A small junior high boarding school seeks houseparents and teachers for 2000-2001 school year. Positions also include a mix of other responsibilities: teaching (academics and/or electives, music, art, etc.), leading work projects and outdoor trips, maintenance, gardening, and cooking. Intimate community of staff and students; staff-run by consensus. Simple living; beautiful mountain setting. Contact or send résumé with cover letter to: John Logue or Sherrill Senseney, AMS, 1901 Hannah Branch Road, Burnsville, NC 28714. (828) 675-4262.

Legislative Interns. The Friends Committee on National Legislation (FCNL), a Washington-based lobbying organization that works to bring Quaker values to bear on national policy, seeks applicants for its legislative internship program. Legislative program internships are 11-month, full-time positions that run from September 1 through July 31. Interns participate in advocacy, research, writing, and other work to support FCNL's efforts on a wide range of peace and social justice issues. Interns attend seminars related to FCNL work, Congressional committee hearings, and meetings of relevant interest groups. Interns receive a subsistence-level stipend plus benefits (health coverage, vacation, and sick leave). Internships are open to individuals with a college degree or equivalent experience. For application materials, please visit our web site at <www.fcnl.org> or contact Portia Wenz-Danley at FCNL, 245 Second Street, NE, Washington, DC 20002; telephone (202) 547-6000; fax (202) 547-6019; e-mail <portia@fcnl.org>. Application deadline is March 1. For additional information about FCNL, contact Portia Wenz-Danley or visit our web site at <www.fcnl.org>. FCNL is an equal-opportunity employer.

Volunteer Internship at Ben Lomond Quaker Center, a retreat and conference center near Santa Cruz, Calif. Residential, one year beginning August. Great opportunity to grow spiritually and work in all areas of this Quaker nonprofit. Mountains, redwoods, housing, stipend, and benefits provided. Application deadline April 1. Call (831) 336-8333, e-mail: <mail@quakercenter.org> for info.

Intern Position-AFSC Washington Office: Starting September 1, 2000, this full-time, paid, nine-month position is usually filled by a recent college graduate. The intern will assist in varied program and interpretation tasks arising from AFSC work on peace and social justice issues and also with Davis House, an international guest house. Applications close March 20. Full job description and application from: AFSC, 1822 R Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20009.



Sidwell Friends School, a coed pre-K-12 Quaker day school located in Washington, D.C., invites qualified applicants for staff and faculty positions that may be applied for at any time. Members of the Society of Friends are particularly encouraged to apply. Sidwell Friends, students, and alumni represent many cultural, racial, religious, and economic backgrounds. The school's vigorous academic curriculum is supplemented by numerous offerings in the arts and athletics. A Chinese language and history program is shared with other area schools on a consortium basis. The curriculum includes community service requirements and opportunities for internships in Washington, D.C., and a student year abroad. Educational and extracurricular activities are enriched by the school's presence in the nation's capital. Send cover letter and résumés to Office of Personnel Services, Sidwell Friends School, 3825 Wisconsin Avenue, NW, Washington, DC 20016.

Friends to work with youth: Powell House, a Quaker conference center in rural upstate New York, seeks individuals or couple to lead the youth program. The program serves young people from grades 4-12. Duties include planning, facilitating, and directing conferences for three different age groups. The applicants must be members of the Religious Society of Friends and possess a desire to share Friends' values with young people. Compensation includes salary, housing, some meals, and a complete benefit package. Send inquiries and résumés to Ann Davidson, Executive Director, Powell House, 524 Pitt Hall Road, Old Chatham, NY 12136-3410 or <Powellhse@aol.com>.

Real Estate

Bristol, Maine—on the beautiful Pemaquid Peninsula—approximately 1,290-square-foot condo in a converted barn—one of six condos. Rock walls, beautiful vistas. \$81,000. Call Berdelle Jacobson (207) 563-6612.

Rentals & Retreats

Cape May, N.J., Beach House—weekly rentals; weekend rentals in off-season. Sleeps 12+. Great for family reunions! Block from beach. Close to mall. Ocean views from wrap-around porch. Call: (718) 398-3561.

Mid Maine Clapboard Cottage. Distinctive family retreat in three acres of woodland, near Washington Pond. Sleeps 4/6. Sunroom, woodburning stove, washer, canoe. Half-hour drive to coast. \$400/wk. (207) 845-2208.

Prince Edward Island (Canada): Seaside cottage. Three bedrooms, two baths, large deck. 3 acres. \$600 per week. Call: (610) 520-9596.

Nantucket, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, near beach and Hummock Pond. Washer, dryer, dishwasher, deck. Available June, July, and August, 2 weeks minimum. Nonsmokers. (978) 462-9449 evenings.

Bald Head Island, N.C. Panoramic view of ocean, dunes, lagoon, and golf course from four-bedroom, two-bathroom, beautifully furnished house with wrap-around deck, two electric golf carts. 14 miles of beach, championship golf, tennis, croquet, swimming, and fishing. 13,000 acres of maritime wilderness. Many birds and wildflowers. No cars on island. Peaceful, friendly. Rental by day or week. (215) 699-9186.

Quiet Wisconsin Country Home. Private room. Share house, 35 acres hills/trees with owner. \$250/month or work in lieu of cash. Utilities included. (608) 525-8948.

Pocono Manor. Beautiful, rustic mountain house suitable for gatherings, retreats, and reunions. Seven bedrooms. Three full baths. Beds for 15. Fully equipped. Deck with mountain view. Hiking trails from back door. Weekends or by the week, May through October. Contact Jonathan Snipes: (215) 736-1856.

A Friendly Maui vacation on a Quaker family organic farm. 20 minutes to local beaches. New stone and cedar building with large octagonal room, skylight, ocean view, walk-in closet, and private bath. Full kitchen, organic vegetable garden, and hot tub. Bed and breakfast or bed and supper: \$70 per day. Weekly and monthly rates available. Write or call Henrietta & Wm. Vitarelli, 375 Kawelo Road, Haiku, HI 96708. Telephone: (808) 572-9205. Fax: 572-6048.

Retirement Living

Foxdale Village, for Quaker-directed life care. A vibrant and caring community that encourages and supports men and women as they seek to live life fully and gracefully in harmony with the principles of simplicity, diversity, equality, mutual respect, compassion, and personal involvement. Spacious ground-floor apartments and community amenities such as library, auditorium, wood shop, computer lab. Entry fees \$49,650-\$167,050; monthly fees \$1,363-\$2,754. Fees include medical care. 500 East Marilyn Avenue, Department F, State College, PA 16801-6269. Telephone: (800) 253-4951. <www.foxdalevillage.org>.



Friends Homes, Inc., founded by the North Carolina Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, has been providing retirement options since 1968. Both Friends Homes at Guilford and Friends Homes West are fee-for-service, continuing care retirement communities offering independent living, assisted living, and skilled nursing care. Located in Greensboro, North Carolina, both communities are close to Guilford College and several Friends meetings. Enjoy the beauty of four seasons, as well as outstanding cultural, intellectual, and spiritual opportunities in an area where Quaker roots run deep. For information please call: (336) 292-9952 or write: Friends Homes West, 6100 W. Friendly Avenue, Greensboro, NC 27410. Friends Homes, Inc. owns and operates communities dedicated to the letter and spirit of Equal Housing Opportunity.

KENDAL

COMMUNITIES and
SERVICES FOR OLDER PEOPLE

Kendal communities and services reflect sound management, adherence to Quaker values, and respect for each individual.

Continuing care retirement communities:

Kendal at Longwood • Crosslands • Kennett Square, Pa.
Kendal at Hanover • Hanover, N.H.
Kendal at Oberlin • Oberlin, Ohio.
Kendal at Ithaca • Ithaca, N.Y.

Communities under development:

Kendal at Lexington • Lexington, Va.
Kendal on Hudson • Sleepy Hollow, N.Y.
Kendal at Granville • Granville, Ohio.

Independent living with residential services:

Coniston and Cartmel • Kennett Square, Pa.

Skilled nursing care; assisted living:

Barclay Friends • West Chester, Pa.

Advocacy/education programs:

Untie the Elderly • Pa. Restraint Reduction Initiative
Kendal Corporation Internships

For information, call or write: Doris Lambert, The Kendal Corporation, P.O. Box 100, Kennett Square, PA 19348. (610) 388-5581. E-mail: <info@kcorp.kendal.org>.

Schools



Orchard Friends School. A school for children, ages 4-12, with language-based learning differences. 16 East Main Street, Moorestown, NJ 08057. Phone: (856) 802-2777. Fax: (856) 802-0122. E-mail: <OrchardLD@aol.com>.

John Woolman School. Rural California, grades 9-12. Preparation for college and adulthood, small classes, caring staff, work program, service projects; board, day. 13075 Woolman Lane, Nevada City, CA 95959. (530) 273-8183.

Frankford Friends School: coed, K-6, serving center city, northeast, and most areas of Philadelphia. We provide children with an affordable yet challenging academic program in a small, nurturing environment. Frankford Friends School, 1500 Orthodox Street, Philadelphia, PA 19124. (215) 533-5368.

United World College schools, located in nine countries around the world, are committed to the ideals of peace, justice, international understanding and cooperation. U.S. students apply while they are in either 10th or 11th grade for this two-year pre-university program of International Baccalaureate studies, community service, outdoor programs, and global issues. The Davis Scholars program will award full scholarships to all 50 U.S. students selected annually for the United World College schools. Application deadline February 1. UWC Admissions; The United World College, Rm. 115; P.O. Box 248; Montezuma, NM 87731. Telephone: (505) 454-4201. Web: <www.uwc.org>.

Junior high boarding school for grades 7, 8, 9. Small academic classes, challenging outdoor experiences, community service, consensus decision-making, daily work projects in a small, caring, community environment. **Arthur Morgan School,** 1901 Hannah Branch Road, Burnsville, NC 28714. (828) 675-4262.

Westbury Friends School—Nurturing Quaker environment for 150 children, nursery-grade 6, on beautiful 17-acre grounds. Small classes and highly qualified teachers. Music, art, computers, Spanish, French, gym. Extended-day, vacation/holiday, summer programs. Half- and full-day nursery, pre-K. Brochure: Westbury Friends School, 550 Post Avenue, Westbury, NY 11590. (516) 333-3178.

Sandy Spring Friends School. Five- or seven-day boarding option for grades 9-12. Day school pre-K through 12. College preparatory, upper school AP courses. Strong arts and academics, visual and performing arts, and team athletic programs. Coed. Approximately 480 students. 140-acre campus less than an hour from Washington, D.C., and Baltimore, Md. International programs. Incorporating traditional Quaker values. 16923 Norwood Road, Sandy Spring, MD 20860. (301) 774-7455, ext. 158. <www.sfs.org>.

Westtown School: Under the care of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting since 1799, Westtown seeks Quaker children for day (pre-K-10) and boarding (9-12). Boarding is required in 11th and 12th grades. Significant Quaker presence among 600 students, 80 teachers. Challenging academics, arts, athletics, in a school where students from diverse racial, national, economic, and religious backgrounds come together to form a strong community of shared values. Financial assistance is available. Westtown, PA 19395. (610) 399-7900.

The Quaker School at Horsham, a value-centered elementary and middle school for students with learning differences. Small, remedial classes, qualified staff, serving Philadelphia, Bucks, and Montgomery Counties. 318 Meeting House Road, Horsham, PA 19044. (215) 674-2875.

Come visit **Olney Friends School** on your cross-country travels, six miles south of I-70 in the green hills of eastern Ohio. A residential high school and farm, next to Stillwater Meetinghouse. Olney is college preparation built around truthful thinking, inward listening, loving community, and useful work. 61830 Sandy Ridge Road, Barnesville, Ohio 43713. (740) 425-3655.

Lansdowne Friends School—A small Friends school for boys and girls three years of age through sixth grade, rooted in Quaker values. We provide children with a quality academic and a developmentally appropriate program in a nurturing environment. Whole language, thematic education, conflict resolution, Spanish, after-school care, summer program. 110 N. Lansdowne Avenue, Lansdowne, PA 19050. (610) 623-2548.

United Friends School: coed; preschool-8; emphasizing integrated, developmentally appropriate curriculum, including whole language and manipulative math; serving upper Bucks County. 20 South 10th Street, Quakertown, PA 18951. (215) 538-1733.

Stratford Friends School provides a strong academic program in a warm, supportive, ungraded setting for children ages 5 to 13 who learn differently. Small classes and an enriched curriculum answer the needs of the whole child. An at-risk program for five-year-olds is available. The school also offers an extended day program, tutoring, and summer school. Information: Stratford Friends School, 5 Llandillo Road, Havertown, PA 19083. (610) 446-3144.

Services Offered

Castle Care: House-sitting Service. By week or month. Suburban Philadelphia locations preferred. Solid references. Gwynedd Meeting member. (215) 675-7960.

Acupuncture Associates of West Roxbury, serving the Boston area. Relieve pain—improve energy—restore health. Amy Crikelaar, Licensed Acupuncturist and Herbalist. (617) 325-1746.

Grant writer and other writing. 25 years experience, former grants officer, poet, storyteller. Melissa Miller, 326 E. Dewey Place, San Antonio, TX 78212. (210) 733-0034.

Illustrated, Calligraphed, Marriage Certificates by birth-right Quaker artist, Jennifer Snow Wolf. Visit website for full color images of detailed, realistic artwork, ceremony ideas, and online form for no-obligation estimates: <http://www.CalligraphicArt.com>. No Spam policy. Gay and lesbian couples, non-Friends welcome. E-mail: <snowwolf@att.net>.

Marriage Certificates, fine art (portrait, landscapes, etc.), and illustration. Certificates custom illuminated and calligraphed. Joel Zickler, 1711 Spring Garden Street, 3F, Philadelphia, PA 19130. (215) 523-8640.

Moving to North Carolina? Maybe David Brown, a Quaker real estate broker, can help. Contact him at 1208 Pinewood Dr., Greensboro, NC 27410. (336) 294-2095.

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PENDLE HILL

A Campaign for a New Century

Henry Hodgkin was born in the north of England in 1877 of a Quaker family with strong evangelical interests. He studied medicine, a scientific discipline which helped him outgrow the rigidity of his childhood religion, but which never shook his faith in God. Henry Hodgkin was a missionary to China, Secretary of the Friends Foreign Missionary Association, and one of the founders of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. In response to his invitation to become director in 1928, he outlined his vision of "The New School". Educationally, the standard of teaching should be high, and the "thorough knowledge and fearless facing of all facts should be assumed as the foundation for every line of study. Chief emphasis must be laid on the development of a deep and sane devotional spirit. . ."



Henry Hodgkin

Pendle Hill's First Director

He thought of the "Woodbrooke in America" as serving the Religious Society of Friends in preparing religious educators, preparing adequate Meeting leadership and preparing Friends for wider service in the labor movement and international relations. "No student should pass out from the institution [Pendle Hill] without a really international point of view and the power to think into the points of view of nations other than his own." This 1928 vision of Pendle Hill was brought to fruition in 1931 when the writings of the students in Henry Hodgkin's first class on Problems of International Relations and Industrial Society resulted in a published book, *Seeing Ourselves Through Russia*.

God Needs All Kinds of People

"I suppose it is almost inevitable that during such a youthful period one should be so sure of the genuineness and value of one's own experience as to undervalue other types of experience. It is this which makes people eager missionaries or propagandists and it was as such that I went to China, still very sure of the 'greatness of the revelation' and but dimly aware that God, in His many-sided nature and activity, was not one whit less manifest in ways and persons with which or with whom I could have little sympathy. Of course in theory I believed that God used many methods and that all truth was not with me. But down deep I wanted all to be 'such as I', because I could not help feeling that, broadly speaking, what meant so much to me must be equally good for others.

By processes too numerous and diverse even to summarize, I have reached a position which may be stated in a general way somewhat like this: I believe that God's best for another may be so different from my experience and way of living as to be actually impossible to me. I recognize a change to have taken place in myself, from a certain assumption that mine was really the better way, to a very complete recognition that there is no one better way, and that God needs all kinds of people and ways of living through which to manifest Himself in the world."

Excerpt from a letter written by Henry Hodgkin to his brother in 1933

On Morning Worship

Henry Hodgkin was a God-possessed man. He had the power to convey to those who gathered around him something of what it means to follow the will of God completely in every

area of experience. His belief in the eternal which sustains and nourishes life is well expressed in a poem he wrote and shared with the first Pendle Hill class in 1930:

*Firm when all round me is in flux and seething
Strong when the knees are quivering and fail
Beat of my heart's beat, energy of breathing
Over my frailty wilt thou prevail-
In the secret places of the spirit,
In the silent spaces of the morning,
I come to Thee.*

*Giver of Joy beyond my best conceiving
E'en to the stricken on his lonely trail,
In Thee I find the glory of achieving
Resting on Thee I do not fear to fail-
In the secret places of the spirit,
In the silent spaces of the morning,
I come to Thee.*

*Friend who wast by me on my first arising
Nor wilt forsake me when the light is spent,
Unto the child-like ever more surprising,
Filling the restless with a deep content,
In the secret places of the spirit,
In the silent spaces of the morning,
I come to Thee.*

Invest in the future

If you want to learn how you can make an investment, not only in Pendle Hill, but also in the future of the Religious Society of Friends, please contact:

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Pendle Hill
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