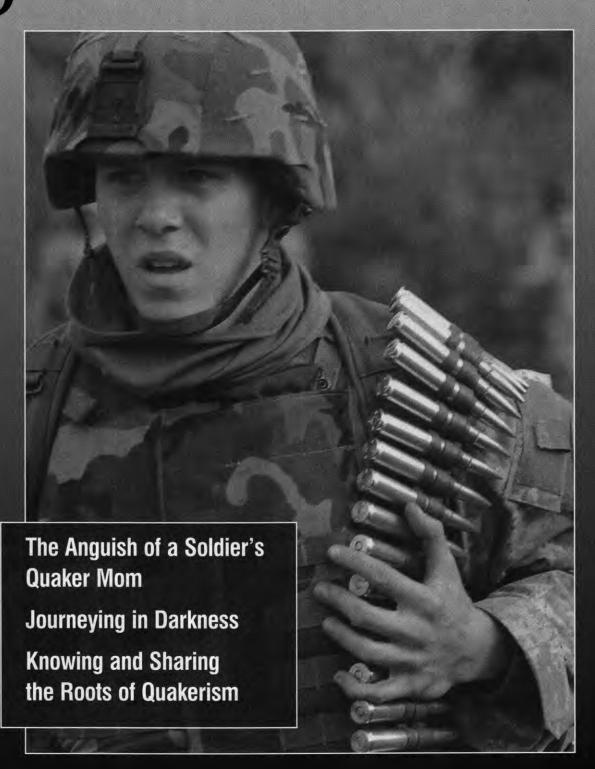
FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker Thought and Life Today



An independent magazine serving the Religious Society of Friends



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AMONG FRIENDS

Everyday Witness

Years ago, when my husband and I moved to upstate New York to be co-directors of Powell House, New York Yearly Meeting's retreat and conference center, I cast about for possible schools for our children. One school that caught my interest had an organic farm that was part of its curriculum, which I considered an exciting prospect. As I investigated further, however, I was told that the children were never permitted to use the color black in creating their artwork. My children were prolific in their creativity and I could not imagine cooperating with such a limitation. Personally, I have always been very fond of the color black, and wear and use it often. But what troubled me rhe most were the symbolic and potentially racist implications of such a restriction. Growing up as a brunette with a blond sister, I'd already become uncomfortable with the good = fair, dark = evil themes of fairy tales, and had begun to wonder what seeds such tales sow. We chose to send our children to the local public school.

In this issue Melody Brazo echoes similar concerns in "Journeying in Darkness" (p.6), but she goes much further in her investigation of the metaphor of darkness. "I was so embedded," she writes, "in the imagery of my culture that I failed to notice the ways in which my imagination was limited." She goes on to explore her fear of the dark from childhood so successfully that she now actively incorporates darkness into her spiritual seeking. "Life begins and ends in darkness," she observes. "Seeds germinate and take root in darkness. The womb is a place of darkness. Our dreams come to us during the darkness of our sleep. The heavens are visible only in darkness." She explains that darkness has, for her, become a physical and emotional metaphor for faith. Her exploration is a gift to me, who took a different route in looking at the same issue, and did not plunge right into it as she has.

So, too, is Allyson Platt's "Could Any Friend Really Understand What It Feels Like for a Quaker Mom to Have a Child Who Is a Soldier?" (p. 8) an eye-opening story for those whose children grow up so accustomed to nonviolence as a way of life that participation in war is not thinkable. It has, in fact, been the case in every generation of Friends that there have been some who felt led to serve in the military. Legend has it that George Fox admonished William Penn to "wear thy sword as long as thou canst" in response to Penn's inquiry about whether pacifism was a prerequisite to being a Quaker—a response that did not preclude Penn's carrying his sword.

Yet, for the most part, pacifism is normative for Friends. The hardships we mostly imagine for our children in regard to warfare are those presented by active resistance to it and the many dangers and penalties incurred, including potential prison time, for such resistance. The pain of knowing one's child will return a changed person, potentially very damaged in body and spirit, if she is able to survive the experience of war, is a horrendous burden to bear, and not just for Quaker parents. I am encouraged that a number of Friends and other antiwar activists in my acquaintance became convinced of the imperative of nonviolence during their service in the military during earlier wars.

Experience is the crucible in which we discover our deepest convictions, and from that the witness of a lifetime can arise. I pray there will be many such witnesses rising up amongst us in the months and years to come.

Sulan Orson Somety

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Cover photo from the U.S. Army website, <www.army.mil>

The gates of Arch Street Meetinghouse in Philadelphia are open to tourists.

AIDS VICTIMS

Thank you for presenting Nozuko Ngcaweni's story (FJ Nov. 2006). Her spirit, strength, and compassion in the face of poverty, ill health, and an uncertain future

are truly inspiring.

As Nozuko's story illustrates, there are reasons for hope in regard to the African AIDS epidemic. Antiretroviral (ARV) drugs (with the "Lazarus effect" they can produce) are heginning to become available. As treatment transforms a certain death sentence into a manageable chronic illness, the AIDS stigma is lessened and more people are willing to be tested. Those who test positive may initiate the preventive measures that are critical to reducing new infections. And the governments of the most affected African nations are now focusing as much energy and as many resources as possible on the problem.

However, of the 24.5 million people living with HIV/AIDS in sub-Saharan Africa only about 20 percent have access to ARVs. Those who can get medicine often can't afford the nutritious food that will allow them to maintain and tolerate treatment. Few pregnant HIV-positive women receive the appropriate medicine to prevent motherto-child transmission of the virus and new infections are occurring at the rate of 8,000-

plus per day.

The disease has decimated the productive young adult segment of society. Millions of parents, teachers, nurses, farmers, tradespeople, and workers have died, leaving the elderly to care for the huge and growing number of orphans. When there are no adult relatives to care for them, teens and children are taking parental responsibility for younger siblings. Estimated to reach 18-20 million by 2010, currently only 3 to 5 percent of orphans receive any intervention of any kind from the state.

One of the primary mechanisms for combating the epidemic, The Global Fund to Fight AIDS, Tuberculosis, and Malaria, is woefully underfunded, despite recent pledges

made by donor nations.

In the face of such devastating tragedy one can feel powerless. But Friends historically haven't shied away from taking on daunting projects. I urge Friends to stay informed about developments in the fight against AIDS in Africa, to encourage our government to contribute our fair financial share to the effort, and to do everything possible to ease the suffering that AIDS has caused.

HomeAID for Africa, an organization developed by a group of f/Friends in West Chester, Pa., is one small attempt. The

especially women and children (infected, non-infected, or orphaned)." HomeAID members work together to make and sell items to achieve this mission, donating to African programs that care for the ill and orphaned and developing relationships with the caregivers. Friends are invited to visit the website, <www.homeaidforafrica.org>, to join HomeAID's efforts, or, if so led, to start a similar group in their own community.

The spirit and resilience of the African people, as evidenced by Nozuko Ngcaweni, are major reasons for hope that this scourge might be thwarted. And the Spirit, working through them and through us, is an ever-

present Help.

Susan Brodesser West Chester, Pa.

War is not the answer to terrorism

It is fortunate that Walter Wink's substantive reflection in your December issue on the book Answering Terror: Responses to War and Peace after 9/11/01 (edited by Sharon Hoover, Friends Publishing Corporation, Philadelphia, 2006) followed the publication in the November issue of Scott Simon's article, "Challenging Certainty." Indeed, Walter Wink suggests that a better title for the anthology might have been "Scott Simon vs. Quakerdom."

I am impressed with Scott Simon's feeling that animals should be seen as fellow passengers on the planet and are entitled to fundamentally decent treatment. I like the lightness of touch with which he deals with the issue of same-sex marriages, believing that those Friends that oppose this practice are not bigots but are people "who will eventually become reconciled, then tolerant, and, finally, guests at the wedding of a gay friend." And I am glad Scott Simon believes that Friends are called to welcome immigrants. I trust he is aware of the programs of American Friends Service Committee that are in complete accord with his view.

These three points are ones with which many Friends will concur. However, the bulk of his article repeats, in some cases word for word, arguments about pacifism and nonviolence that he shared with readers in FRIENDS JOURNAL articles in December 2001 and May 2002. But, as we arrive at the fourth anniversary of the invasion of Iraq, what is Scott Simon's view of this misbegotten war? In "Challenging Certainty" he refers to the behavior of vicious brutes like Taliban officials and Saddam Hussein. Other than that he has nothing to say about

recently wrote: "There is something agonizingly tragic about soldiers dying in a war that has already been lost." The total is now over 3,000. And, based on a sophisticated national cross-sectional cluster survey of mortality in Iraq, the Johns Hopkins Bloomberg School of Public Health has concluded that as of July 2006 just over 600,000 post-invasion Iraqi tragic deaths "were due to violence, the most common cause being gunfire."

As I write this letter the Iraq Study Group report is in the news. The scale of the debacle in Iraq is breathtaking. According to the study group, "in some parts of Iraq, notably Baghdad, sectarian cleansing is taking place. The United Nations estimates that 1.6 million Iraqis are displaced within Iraq, and up to 1.8 million Iraqis have fled the country."

War is not the answer.

Larry Miller New Britain, Pa.

Unable to remember

I noticed when I received the December issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL with the article "Christmas 1944" that I had written, that you had changed a word in the first paragraph. The sentence "Years later, I cannot remember how it feels to be hungry" was changed to "Years later, I will not remember how it feels to be hungry." But really, I cannot remember. I realize that it is difficult to understand for someone who hasn't lived through a famine, hut after a while, the body gives up sending the message of the "growling stomach," the feeling you have if dinner is a couple of hours late or you had to skip lunch. These kinds of hunger pangs disappear, and something else takes its place. As with pain, it is difficult to relive that feeling, certainly after so many years. I do remember that my sense of smell was altered. I knew that I was no longer a starving child when that sense of smell returned. I also remember an enormous weariness, as if I couldn't walk half a block to my friends' house; and being so cold, even on mild days; and constantly wanting to talk about food. Perhaps there are other readers who lived through these terrible years and who can remember to some degree what it was like.

It is of course understandable that those who have not lived through a war cannot really know what it was like. My sister-inlaw, after reading the article, asked if my father didn't have a good job. Yes he had, and the situation didn't have anything to do with that. When money cannot be spenr, it

Recognizing that of God in each other

was distressed by Marty Grundy's review of Godless for God's Sake (FJ Nov. 2006). I hear echoes of 1827 and all the Quaker divisions since. She implies that people like the authors are not real Quakers, although they "assume they are Quakers." She asks if Friends have become so "sloppy" in membetship procedures that we have accepted people who

don't belong. It's true that our ideas about membership have been changing. For decades, many liberal meetings have accepted into membership people who don't understand their spiritual lives in Christian or theistic terms. More than 30 years ago, I was accepted, although I told my clearness committee that I was not a Christian. I am very grateful. Since then, I and others like me have found our way to Christ through Quakerism. Perhaps members of my clearness committee hoped that would happen, but it was not a requirement and it certainly hasn't happened for all such Friends. There are also Friends

who were Christian when they joined,

who later discovered that Christianity no

longer spoke to their condition.

I love Robert Barclay's words, "Not by strength of arguments . . . came I to receive and bear witness of the Truth, but by being secretly reached by the Life. For when I came into the silent assemblies of God's people, I felt a secret power among them, which touched my heart; and as I gave way unto it I found the evil weakening in me and the good raised up." That is my experience; when I started attending meeting, I was an atheist, but I felt that secret power, without which I probably would never have come again.

Marty Grundy explains Meister Eckhart's words as a warning "against making idols of our perceptions of the nature of God" and a call "to step into the void and in the unknowing find the Presence." That is an excellent description of what liberal Friends have been doing. We are struggling with a growing realization that religion, spiritual life, means something beyond any theological system, any definition of terms. In 1952, the Friends World Conference said, "The test for membership should not be doctrinal agreement, nor adherence to certain testimonies, but evidence of sincere seeking and striving for the Truth, together with an understanding of the lines along which Friends are seeking that Truth."

Unfortunately, we all tend to assume that affirmation of one way of describing our experience negates other ways, and too often we hurt each other. There are many Friends who speak of their experience in non-Christian terms-universalist, Jewish, nontheist, Buddhist, and many others-and who fear that some Christian Friends are demanding that they convert or leave. There are Christian Friends who feel bruised because someone objected when they spoke in Christian language, and who fear that some people are trying to take Christ out of Quakerism. Now we hear the incredible assumption that people who don't describe their experience in theist terms are coming to meeting only for the "silence, peace activities, and community." But all of us are touched by the power that weakens the evil in us, and raises up the good, no matter what we call it or don't call it. We don't yet know how to say it in words that all can feel comfortable with, but we feel that secret power uniting us in the gathered silence, and we know experimentally that it is real.

It is far too late for liberal meetings to lock the barn door. The horses are running free in the fields, and many don't want to live in a locked stable where all the horses are the same breed. Could so many seasoned Friends in so many meetings have been wrong in accepting people like me, or the 27 nontheist Friends who wrote Godless for God's Sake, or the many, many others who can't use the Christ language of early Friends? God has led us in a new direction, and we need to seek new ways to affirm our incredibly rich diversity as a bless-

ing: to welcome all Friends to speak in the language of their heart, to bear joyfully and without fear where words come from, though the language may be foreign to us.

There's the old parable of the many paths up the mountain. I have been led to a branch of the Christian path; others are following other paths, and some hardy souls follow no path at all, but seek their own way. The important thing is that we are all climbing, we all feel the call of the summit. Let's affirm and rejoice in each other's ways of speaking about our spiritual lives, let's remember that the Spirit can move profoundly in those who don't speak at all. Let's draw strength and courage from the inspiring example of other climbers, whether on our own path

or on other paths.

As for us Chrisrian Friends, let's remember: "Not everyone who says to me, 'Lord, Lord' will enter the kingdom of heaven, but only the one who does the will of my Father who is in heaven." Let's not make an idol of our perception of the nature of God and use it to hurt or exclude sincere seekers. Rather, let's give thanks for the gift God has given us: the story of Jesus, the experience of the risen Christ, the Holy Spirit in our lives. It gives us a special bond with the way early Friends spoke of their experience, but let's not delude ourselves that we "own" that experience any more than others who speak of it in very different ways. Let's remember what William Penn said: "The humble, meek, merciful, just, pious, and devout souls are everywhere of one religion; and when death has taken off the mask they will know one another, though the divers liveries they wear here makes them strangers." Let's not let different ideas about God make us strangers. Let's be Friends.

> Susan Furry Watertown, Mass.

becomes worthless. During that winter, women in fur coats were walking the country roads trying to find or barter for food. If there has been a shortage of food for four and a half years, even the black markets have little to offer.

Another thing I remember clearly is how much people wanted to laugh and joke, and how they did, at least the ones I was around. I must confess though that I was spared the worst. In February of 1945 I was taken in by a farm family, and I was not around when my friend's little sister died, when my younger brother almost died, and when my parents were barely aware of what was going on because they were so weak.

So, indeed, I cannot remember that feeling of hunger.

Tina Coffin Little Rock, Ark. To the Editor

Miriam Yagud and Indigo Redfern's article, "Going Beyond the Comfort Zone" (FJ Dec. 2006, Witness) certainly went beyond mine. As an active participant in Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting and Association activities, including a number of

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Journeying in Darkness

by Melody Brazo

In darkness I must let go of where I think I am

hen I was in the second grade I received a Bible, a gift from my Sunday school. In the New Testament, Jesus was depicted as a blond, blue-eyed man, surrounded by a supernatural light. This is my earliest memory of spiritual imagery. Ms. Sherman, my Sunday school teacher, told us that Jesus was surrounded by light because he was so good and pure. I was a child who was terrified of the dark and who slept with the bedroom door open, the hallway light on, and a flashlight under my pillow until I was a teenager. I yearned for the light, and the imagery of my religious education in the

1960s confirmed and fueled all my fears of darkness. Like most of my contemporaries, I learned to view not only the spiritual realm but also the secular one through the dichotomy of light and darkness. I took up the imagery of our culture, accepting as a matter of course the triumph of light over darkness and Jesus, the Light of the world.

For many years I did not question this use of imagery. I took comfort in the notion of a beacon that would guide me in times of uncertainty. Even when I parted ways with the religious training of my childhood, I hung on to the imagery and the values that imagery implied. I never wondered why the good guys always wore white and the bad guys always wore black. I wasn't bothered by references to evil depicted as the "forces of darkness." Even-

tually I found my way to Friends and discovered the spiritual home I had longed for since my days with Ms. Sherman. My connection to the source of all divine love was deepened, but I was so embedded in the imagery of my culture that I failed to notice the ways in which my imagination was limited.

My concern for spiritual imagery took a sudden turn when my youngest child was born. As I sat in meeting for worship holding my dark-skinned, newborn son, I began to hear the ministry of others in a new way. As people spoke about seeking the light, struggling through the darkness, equating the darkness with evil, I began to hear their messages through the ears of my son. What would it be like to grow up as a dark-skinned person, hearing messages like these over and over? How could I raise

Melody Brazo, a member of Fresh Pond Meeting in Cambridge, Mass., is a social justice and diversity consultant, working in schools and in community and religious organizations.

dark-skinned man if over and over again he heard his darkness equated with evil? Why was darkness so frightening?

These questions transformed my own ability to hear. I was no longer listening through my child's ears but through my own, filtering all messages through my newly raised consciousness of the privilege that came with having light skin. I knew that the ministry of these Friends came from a place of deep spiritual connection, and that made the messages even more painful. How could I teach my child to respect the source of ministry if the product of that ministry was so painful, or even poisonous, to the listener?

I struggled with these questions for several years, seeking to reconcile the sincerity and kindness I knew existed in the hearts of many Friends with the pain their messages caused me. As an antidote, I began to experiment with imagery on my own, seeking out positive references to darkness and inviting darkness into my own meditations. My quest spilled over into my daily life in unexpected ways. Always a spontaneous list-maker, I bought a notebook with black pages to keep in my handbag. When choosing art materials for my work with children I looked for black and other dark colors. I challenged myself to think of all the posof light, we have cut ourselves off from a deeper understanding and experience of the full spectrum of spiritual experience

available to us.

The darkness is a place of mystery and rest: rich and warm and fertile. Life begins and ends in darkness. Seeds germinate and take root in darkness. The womb is a place of darkness. Our dreams come to us during the darkness of our sleep. The heavens are visible only in darkness.

Our experience of the Divine takes place in darkness, as well. We feel the presence of the sacred in darkness, and then must filter that experience through the words and images available to us. Without the contrast of darkness we would not

be able to know the light.

My journey in darkness has led me to change the way in which I seek the Divine. Now when I meditate, I try to enter the place in my mind that is completely empty so that I can wait to see what will be called forth by a greater spirit. The best way I can describe this place is to say that it is like being in a room that is completely dark-no moon, no stars, no artificial light, no visual images. If I sit in this room quietly and expectantly, sometimes I can feel myself being opened, as though I am able to be in other places as well as where my body is. In these

going and allow myself to be guided.

itive ways darkness could be described and to expand the list over time. I sought

positive references to darkness in popular songs and in poetry.

What started as a concern for semantics, undertaken on behalf of someone else, led me to a new frontier in my own spiritual life where I have found a depth and richness unavailable to me before. I now see that it is not just other, darker people who suffer from our lack of spiritual imagination: we all suffer. The dialogue with the Divine in which each one of us is engaged occurs in a place beyond words and images. In order to communicate this dialogue with each other we must choose words and images that convey what we hear in our hearts. Both light and darkness are necessary to

moments I am filled with a love so powerful, so all encompassing, that I know

it comes from a place beyond my own heart. It is not just that I feel the love, but that I become the love. I breathe in the deep rest of darkness and breathe out tenderness and compassion. The phenomenon is difficult to explain, but the route to my experience is simple: I seek the darkness.

This is a startling turn of events for someone who was once afraid of the dark. When I first began to use darkness in my meditations I often felt the same fear I had as a child. I was uneasy at best, and downright ter-

reelings were silly, but they persisted. I had to discipline myself to be still and to wait in the darkness to see what might be growing. It took a long time to remember that the respite I seek in meditation is deeper and more restful in the dark. The seeds of my spiritual life are germinating.

I have begun to see that for me, darkness serves as a physical and emotional

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PLANTING

Sometimes being buried is not a death but a planting. a chance for the green in you to work by instincts not available in the sunlight, a chance for you to become something much grander, wholer than the small you who was already so comfortable being surrounded by fruit-

sometimes being buried means that you get to emerge, and the kindness of darkness can only be known sometimes after the hard work it engenders has been endured.

—Alisha Paige Berry

Alisha Paige Berry lives in Philadelphia, Pa.



Really Understand

What It Feels Like for a Quaker Mom to Have a Child Who Is a Soldier?

by Allyson Platt

hough I grew up and then served as pastor in a different denomination, I've been a lifelong pacifist, culminating in joining the Religious Society of Friends a few years ago. As my children grew up, I sought to share my values and spirituality with them, yet the words from Kahlil Gibran often went through my head: "Your children are not your children; they are the sons and daughters of life's longing for itself."

On December 11, 2003, Army Pfc. Jeffrey Braun of Stafford, Connecticut, age 19, died in Baghdad. He was a friend of my daughter, Ari. They were teammates on the school's wrestling team, a small, tight-knit group of teenagers in a school of 650, in a town of 12,000. Jeff was in the same graduating class as Ari's close friend Matt and, like Matt, had left for the army shortly after graduation. Jeff was a friendly, good-natured music lover who planned to complete his service in the army, go to college, then fulfill his dream of building an orphanage in his native country of Honduras, from which

he was adopted by his Stafford parents.

When news of Jeff's death circulated, sorrow enveloped this small town as one would expect in the event of an untimely and tragic death, and students cried in the high school hallways. Another of Jeff's friends, still a student, displayed his anguish by pinning a sign to his shirt that read, "Is the price of oil worth the life of a friend?"—soliciting solidarity from students but hostility from faculty and staff. When the funeral was held, it was the first time many of my daughter's classmates had ever set foot in a church, and beforehand I overheard her on the phone with a friend who asked, "What do you do at a funeral?"

December 23, 2003, was Ari's 18th birthday. The day after Christmas she headed to Fort Bragg with Matt's parents and brother to see him before he was deployed to Kuwait. On January 1, 2004, she arrived home from North Carolina late in the evening and handed me a piece of paper—her wedding certificate. I stared at it in shock. For months she and Matt had secretly been planning to marry before his deployment. A few days later, she resumed her senior year of high school, and Matt left for Kuwait.

Ari's marriage sent me into a deep depression. What about college? What about studying environmental science and becoming a park ranger? What about hiking in Nepal? What about being 1,000 miles away from your mother?

Matt returned to Fort Bragg from Kuwait four months later. After Ari's high school graduation, she joined Matt in an off-base apartment near Fort Bragg. She took the two cats and her hamster. My constant companion for 18 years was gone.

Late in 2004, Matt was deployed

again, this time for a year in Iraq. Ari was alone in North Carolina without a job, not in school, and eventually without transportation when both Matt's car and the one she bought to replace it died. It was a tough year. She said she really didn't fit in with the other military spouses, but resisted my suggestions about counseling. She finally signed up for some classes at a local college that was within walking distance of the apartment; then toward the end of 2005, Matt returned from Iraq.

Within two months, Ari called to tell me she'd posted an online journal entry. It said:

My Mom's going to kill me . . . and I care what she thinks. . . . But I did it anyway. . . .

I joined the Army last week. I'm off to basic in 2 weeks.

I'm an 88H (Cargo Specialist Load Master) for three years. In other words . . . I'm in charge of how Army stuff (tuff bins to helicopters) gets shipped and if someone else does it and screws it up I tell them to do it all over again.

I was going to go to school for this semester and *then* go to basic ... but I figured out that if I go this month I have the following

(1) I don't have to suffer through the southern summer heat from May to September in basic if I leave now.

(2) When I get done with my training I can take condensed night classes and graduate two years early with my bachelor's next April.

Allyson Platt, a member of Storrs (Conn.) Meeting, is the director of Relational Spirituality at Youth Opportunities Upheld, Inc., and executive director of the Worcester County Ecumenical Council, both based in Worcester, Mass. Prior to becoming a Friend, she served for nearly 20 years in parish ministry in the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) and United Church of Christ, while also occasionally working as a newspaper reporter and community radio DJ and producer. In addition to her work, she is a first-year student in the Clinical Mental Health Counseling program at Antioch University, New England, in Keene, N.H., anticipating a vocational focus with at-risk adolescents.

I'm in now gets me my master's.

(4) After the Army I can go to a civilian contract overseas for 175k a year.

(5) I get a paycheck all the time. That means no struggling to find a dead-end job and I'm still getting to do something I want to do a lot. Oh yeah . . . and it pays for my truck and rent too. And animals. . . . And food. . . .

(6) I don't know what I'm doing haha. Yeah I do. I can't wait for basic. I'm so excited to get my ass kicked.

ri had called me after posting this message, to be sure I heard it from her prior to finding out about it from friends or reading it myself. We went back and forth on the phone for hours—I sobbing and shouting, she shouting back. At that point, it wasn't too late for her to change her mind, I argued. I persuaded a family friend to call Ari and try to talk her out of it, but to no avail. More sobbing and shouting ensued, continuing for weeks, until the day she left for basic training.

On January 19, 2006, I sent an e-mail to Ari:

decision. You need a physical challenge, you need a job, you need money, you need to pay for school. There's no easy answer to all those needs you have, so the military, which offers to meet those needs, is an attractive option. You're not the first person to make that choice for those same reasons.

You know my concerns, of course. The war is illegitimate, and it's a *war*, which by definition is dangerous. . . . No one in Iraq had anything to do with 9/11. . . . The claim that we're "fighting for freedom" is probably the biggest lie, because while we're waging this war, the administration is doing everything it can to take away our constitutional freedoms. . . .

For three years' employment and all that is promised to you, you offer your life, your person. It's a gamble. It's a gamble that you're willing to take with your life—it's a gamble that you're willing to take with the life of my daughter, the daughter I raised to respect people, to respect life, to believe that killing another human being is wrong. By definition, the job description of the armed forces is kill or be killed. Can you really see yourself killing another person? You may not ever

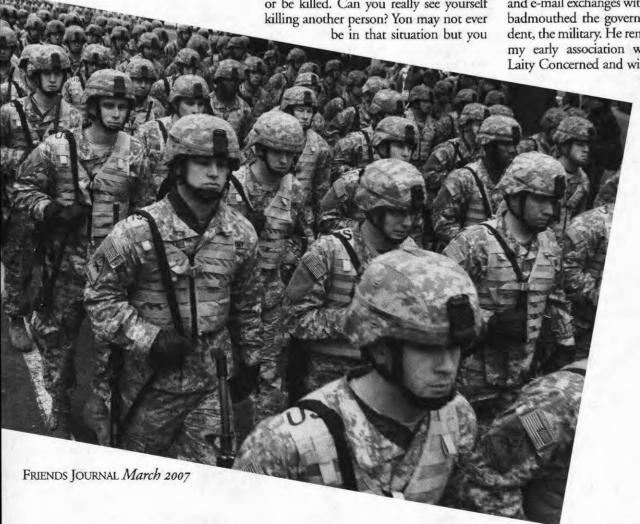
you insane, I wish I could pay for school.

. . . All I can say is that there are student loans and financial aid available. . . . It's not too late to change your mind. . . .

I love you. I want you to be happy. I don't want you to sell your soul, and I don't want you to end up dead.

Within days of sending that e-mail, I walked out into the driveway to my car in the morning to go to work. I'd left my briefcase on the back seat the night before, but when I opened the car door, the briefcase was gone. The contents of the briefcase were few—but it contained my file of counter-recruitment materials, accumulated over the past 26 years and newly amended in anticipation of my monthly meering's plans for a peace center and counter-recruitment work.

The investigating police officer and I speculated that, since drug dealers lived a few blocks away and there'd been a rash of break-ins, this was part of an unsolved crime spree. My partner offered a conspiracy theory. After all, he'd noted, I'd been having all these phone conversations and e-mail exchanges with Ari wherein I'd badmouthed the government, the President, the military. He reminded me about my early association with Clergy and Laity Concerned and with the Sanctuary



movement, and about my more recent work in radio, announcing peace vigils and marches, and often interviewing people working for peace in various capacities. Perhaps there was more to it than someone looking for valuables to sell for a fix.

Whether petty theft or grand conspiracy, the crime remains unsolved, and it only serves as a bitter reminder of my daughter's choice. After all—I fumed what good did that file do when I couldn't even keep my own daughter out of the army? Suddenly I felt that having anything to do with the meeting's counterrecruitment efforts was like pouring salt

on an open wound.

In April, I attended Ari's graduation from boot camp. I wondered if that was a first in this war-a Quaker attending a boot camp graduation. I traveled with Ari's aunt Amy, and when we arrived we were ushered into a gymnasium and "prepared for meeting our soldiers" with the viewing of a video. It was designed to provoke emotion. I was immediately sure that what Amy and I were feeling was not what the Army intended. The soundtrack for images of fighting soldiers was the song "Bring Me to Life" by Evanescence:

[Wake me up] Wake me up inside [I can't wake up] Wake me up inside [Save me] Call my name and save me from the dark

[Wake me up] Bid my blood to run [I can't wake up] Before I

come undone

[Save me] Save me from the nothing I've become

It was as blasphemous as the army's "Be All You Can Be" motto of the 1980s. I walked out.

I was stunned when my daughter, trying to break the tension she knew I felt at being there,

The shirt depicts the army seal with a pair of boots and the words, "My daughter wears combat boots in the U.S. Army." I'm not sure I've yet recovered from the shock that she would think the shirt was a way to add humor to the irony of the situation.

here were 800 young people graduating that day in April. Ari told me that in the early days of basic training, they were asked why they'd enlisted. About 90 percent, she told me, were there for economic reasons. She added that more than half were actually opposed to the current administration and thought the reasons

given for the war were lies.

Eight hundred young adults. They were the same age as the Olympians I'd warched on TV while Ari was in basic training. They were the same age as friends' children who were graduating from high school or college. This graduation was one of about a half dozen happening that month. I thought we were in the midst of a recruiting shortage! During the ceremony the commanding officer thanked us for "the sacrifices (we) make as family members supporting (our) soldiers ... to help battle the global war on terror, to join in the fight to help protect democracy and freedom." I felt physically ill and wanted to scream at all of the families and soldiers, "Do you people actually believe this?" But my son-in-law was in his dress uniform sitting next to me, and I couldn't do it. I felt beaten down, tears of grief and shame trickling down my face (and Amy's) while the other families watched, seemingly with pride.

I didn't lose it again until I saw the boots. In August, New England Yearly

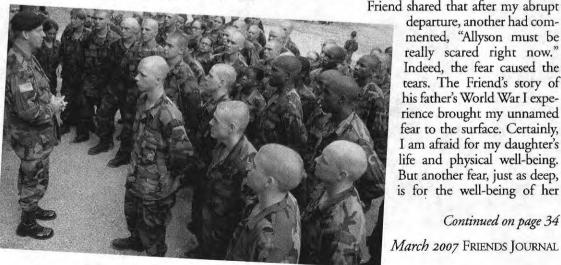
resenting each U.S. soldier killed in the war. I didn't want to see the boots. Friends were encouraged to sign out a pair of boots and carry them around Sessions for the day (or week)—maybe the boots of a soldier from their home state. Inwardly, I grumbled. Could any Friend really understand what it feels like for a Quaker mom to have a child who is a soldier?

Midweek, my 12-year-old son and I discussed the boots. We decided that we needed the ones with Jeff's name. My son would carry them in the morning, and I in the afternoon. At lunchtime I shared Jeff's story and the continued angst about my daughter the soldier with my friend Susan.

In the afternoon I proceeded to my worship-sharing group, boots slung over my shoulder. Two other Friends came in with boots as well. One Friend asked about the boots I was carrying. After telling Jeff's story, and the story of my daughter-how unreal it seemed to me, how paradoxical that I could have a daughter who is in the military—the other stories came. One Friend from another state, several hundred miles away, revealed that 50 years earlier, he had attended the same high school as Jeff, Ari, and Matt, and was the first conscientious objector ever to go before the town's draft board, where he was not warmly received. Another Friend shared the story of his father's military service in World War I, and how his responsibility for the death of a young German soldier "seemed to take away part of his humanity." Being responsible for the death of another human being changes you forever, he added.

It was then that the floodgate that had kept my tears at bay opened. I ran from the room, not wanting to sob in a room full of people I barely knew. Later one

> departure, another had commented, "Allyson must be really scared right now." Indeed, the fear caused the tears. The Friend's story of his father's World War I experience brought my unnamed fear to the surface. Certainly, I am afraid for my daughter's life and physical well-being. But another fear, just as deep, is for the well-being of her



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A FRIEND ASKS WHAT I THINK ABOUT GOD

Sometimes I feel like a fraud, knowing how far the old certainties have moved out of my life, the old language. Each day I listen, try to stay alert to any way You might come as You used to. *Mystery* is my word, I tell her.

In the rough tumble of my once-only-here-and-now life, there's no going back. Nothing repeats, as I'm told You never do.

When I think You've turned from me and the questions have no answers, there's still nowhere to fall but to my stiff unbending knees.

-Jeanne Lohmann

FIRE

All night the thing scrawling on the brain hovers like a pigeon above a wire. Its inked wings thrash at sky, and I am back in Phnom Penh or is it Fallujah

flailing bare palms or bruised fists or black feathers.

All I know is the sheets are burning, exploding embroiled synapses with a bright sword of juice bolting scarlet from nowhere. Bird-brainless, coo-squawking,

the pigeon keeps tap-dancing on the raw electric wire.

I dream I must remember this. Write it down while fire licks my fingers. But I scald in napalm rather than get out of bed to look at the tarred thing's scrawl.

At dawn in the clean sun a dove immolates its song.

-Janice Miller Potter

Jeanne Lohmann lives in Olympia, Wash.

Janice Miller Potter lives in Rehoboth, Mass.



arch 17, 2003: I awoke to pictures in the San Francisco Chronicle of a young woman in a bright red jacket standing in front of a line of houses in Gaza. She had a bullhorn to her mouth pointed in the direction of a sinister-looking machine—an Israeli armored bull-dozer. The accompanying article told of how the bulldozer operator, for whatever reason, failed to stop and somehow this activist, Rachel Corrie, had failed to get out of its way in time. She was covered by earth pushed up by the bulldozer's massive steel blade and run over twice by the advancing, and then retreating, caterpillar

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tracks. Amazingly, she was dug out of the ground still alive and rushed to a Palestinian hospital, but she died soon after of massive internal injuries.

This story felt close to me—a young woman from the Pacific Northwest, the same part of the country I'd hailed from, and a young activist so similar to the Quaker peacemakers I know, worry about, and pray for.

Later in the day I heard on the radio of a gathering planned for 5 PM at the Israeli Consulate, so I rode the N Judah streetcar headed for downtown San Francisco. The consulate is in a modern high rise in the San Francisco financial district, and Montgomery Street is one of those steeland-concrete urban canyons found in too many of our large cities. Reaching downtown, I got off the streetcar and headed up Montgomery against a stream of homeward-bound commuters. After a few blocks I came upon a crowd in front of the skyscraper housing the Israeli con-

Sidewalk Worship

by John Helding

For Quakers, 2003 was a year of protest and political activism. Understandably, the vast majority of it focused on events in Iraq. But in looking back on the years of war and occupation, I also found myself drawn to the memory of another event—the death of Rachel Corrie, the courageous young activist from the State of Washington who tragically lost her life in a confrontation with an Israeli Army bulldozer in Gaza on March 16, 2003.

I recently took out a journal entry I recorded after a vigil held for Rachel Corrie in San Francisco the day after her death. In it I reconnected with the spiritual quickening I experienced at that sidewalk vigil.

So I offer this account as an example of one Quaker's fledgling steps on a journey of spiritual activism. And I offer it as a pledge of remembrance and respect for the sacrifice made by this young woman and in recognition of how, even at a distance, a life courageously and faithfully lived can reverberate in the souls of others.

sulate many floors above.

On the sidewalk and spilling partly into the street were 100 or so people of all walks of life and with many different takes on the whys and the what nows of Rachel Corrie's death: friends of Rachel offering speeches of remembrance ("Thank you for your courage, Rachel"); speeches against the occupation of Palestine, against the impending Iraqi war, against U.S. aid to Israel; signs condemning Caterpillar Tractors and capitalism; activists overheard complaining that a crowd gathers for the death of a blonde U.S. college girl but not for the thousands of Palestinians who died before her; pictures of the last moments of Rachel's life—the most shocking one of her on the ground in the tracks of the retreating bulldozer, her head cradled in the arms of a fellow protestor as blood drips from the corner of her mouth and her vacant eyes stare skyward; a brief verbal confrontation erupting with counterprotesters across the street ("Shame on you . . . traitors . . . nuke 'em all"); TV news cameras, bullhorns, police motorcycles, and buses growling by, all mixing in with shouts, claps, and conversations.

Toward the end of the program one of the organizers asks for a moment of silence. Even with the assistance of a bullhorn he is hard to hear or pay attention to with all that is going on. Little silence ensues, and after only a minute or so, the bullhorn in another speaker's hands

comes back to life.

That was the scene. I was feeling shock, sadness, guilt, and despair in that moment. All this energy and activity wasn't what I needed—or what I felt this young woman's soul needed. Somehow this vigil-turned-political-protest wasn't

CRACHEL

feeling like the place for me to be.

But that feeling disappeared with the realization that what I wanted to do was stay and worship. I felt a sudden need to try to hold a sacred space for Rachel Corrie—for all the courageous peacemakers in the world—right then and there on the sidewalk. I turned to the other Quaker I'd recognized in the crowd and asked if he wanted to worship in front of the impromptu shrine of flowers and blownout candles near the front of the crowd. This Friend said he wished he could, but was quite chilled, late for another event, and had to leave.

I had my wool on so the cold wasn't an issue for me and I was needed nowhere else. There was still a large crowd standing around, connecting, laughing, crying. I hesitated for a moment as I remembered John Punshon's comment at a Friends

It came to me that I could pray, and that somehow I wasn't going to be alone.

General Conference Gathering: "A solitary Quaker is an oxymoron." Should I sit down on the sidewalk and worship alone? Did I have any chance of holding a space for silence in this antithesis of a meeting-house worship room?

But it came to me that I could pray, and that somehow I wasn't going to be alone. I was given a sense that my own inner silence and intent might outweigh the cacophony of the moment. I moved forward.

Maneuvering through the crowd, I sat down on the sidewalk next to the flower bouquets and protest signs ("We thought we had an agreement that they weren't going to kill us"). I took out my small aluminum-encased candle lantern, fresh from use the previous night at the Iraq War protest in front of City Hall. Struggling a bit with the wind, I got the candle lit and placed it in front of my crossed legs.

I closed my eyes and began to pray. More precisely, I started to look for this woman's soul, for her eternal essence somewhere, maybe even here amidst all that was going on. As my concentration deepened, the street noise and the conversations and the crinkling of the cellophane wrapping the flowers faded into white noise—the sound of an urban river rushing through the Montgomery Street Canyon.

For the first ten minutes I went unnoticed except when someone stumbled around me. I had my head down and my eyes remained closed. As I was centering, searching, and listening, I felt a new pres-

ence. I looked up.

On the other side of the lantern another soul had joined me on the sidewalk: a woman was facing me with her head bowed. After a few minutes she started gently crying. She dabbed her eyes with a wadded up tissue. She had a young face and blonde hair. She looked to be about the same age as Rachel. Yes, she looked like the "before" pictures of Rachel.

For some time we shared this sacred spot on the concrete, candle flame at its center and enclosed by a forest of legs. After a half hour she moved to leave. We met one another's gaze, clasped hands, and she said, "Thank you for this." I replied, "Thank you, friend." Nothing else was said. She stood, turned, and disappeared from my sight.

My focus came back to the lantern my hands were cupping around in an attempt to warm my fingers. The crowd by now had started to disperse. Maybe a half dozen or so people were still milling around, discussing the politics of Palestine and trying to figure out which flowers to leave and whether the signs could be reused elsewhere. The vigil was ending, but I wasn't released from my spot on the sidewalk.

As the final few folks moved to go, one of them bent down next to me and asked, "Who are you? Are you with the Solidarity Movement? Did you know Rachel?" I responded that I was a Quaker and though I didn't know Rachel, I was praying for her and for other peacemakers I knew. "A Quaker?" "Yes," I responded. "Really? . . . Hmmm, good, good for you. . . . Thank you."

And then it was just the lantern and me. By now the sun had fallen behind Telegraph Hill and the cold and shadows had deepened. The street and sidewalk traffic had thinned considerably as it was past rush hour and the financial district is

Zarina Bhatia <http://johntyrrell.co.uklarchives/internationall>

Continued on page 36

FRIENDS AND THE

Interfaith Peace Movement

by Anthony Manousos

ur country and the world were shaken to the core by the events of September 11, 2001. In response, we were given a moral as well as political choice: to retaliate and seek revenge, or to seek to understand the root causes of violence and find ways to bring about a more peaceful and just world. Sadly, the U.S. government chose the former course. As a result, the world has seen an unrelenting cycle of violence, deception, and mistrust.

But many here in the United States and abroad, seeking a better way, have created an interfaith movement with the potential for reducing, and ultimately ending, the violence attributed to religion. I believe that we as the Religious Society of Friends are called to play an

active role in this vital movement. We are a small group, but we have a long tradition of compassionate listening and willingness to speak truth to power. As British Friend Marigold Bentley of Quaker Peace and Social Witness writes:

The lack of dogma in our own faith enables us to open up to those who, for many, have unacceptable beliefs. Quakers have careful processes to enable

delicate spiritual discussions. Quakers also have the gift of meetinghouses across the country that are ideally suited to interfaith encounters as they are unencumbered with religious artifacts. This is used to great effect by many Friends.

This is true in the United States as

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well as in the United Kingdom. Since 9/11/01, Friends have been eager to become involved in interfaith conversations. When I gave a workshop called "Islam from a Quaker Perspective" at Friends General Conference's Gathering in Amherst, Massachusetts, Friends responded enthusiastically and we were warmly welcomed into the local mosque. At the FGC Gathering in Tacoma, Washington last summer, the Quaker Universalist Fellowship focused on the Interfaith Movement and invited Muslim, Christian, and Jewish speakers to participate.

Friends have also taken part in the interfaith movement at the local level. For many years, interfaith work was primarily carried on by religious leaders and academics. But since 9/11/01, many people

now see interfaith work as a matter of urgency for everyone. As British Friend Sylvia Stagg has pointed out, "When I joined the Quaker Committee on Christian and Interfaith Relations (QCCIR), interfaith work was of general interest. Now in 2005...interfaith relations have become an overriding necessity in

all our community relations. They are no longer a choice but an absolute necessity."

Most ecumenical organizations, which were mainly founded in the 1950s and 1960s, have changed with the times and became interfaith, enabling Christians, Jews, Muslims, and other religious practitioners to work together as equals in local communities.

Although we, as individuals and as meetings, have reached out warmly and spontaneously to Muslims, Friends are not as involved as we should be in these newly transformed interfaith organizations. Because Friends don't have professional clergy, we have tended to shy away

The humble, meek, merciful, just, pious and devout souls everywhere are of one religion and when death has taken off the mask, they will know one another, though the diverse liveries they wore here make them strangers.

-William Penn

from "organized religion." We have also been excluded from full participation in many ecumenical organizations because we were not considered to be Christian. But times have changed. Today our Quaker voices need to be heard, and we need to listen at these newly emergent interfaith gatherings. Those who feel led to do interfaith work need the support and encouragement of our meetings.

Interfaith work is not without challenges. When we reach out to those who are different, there are apt to be cultural misunderstandings. We need to be tolerant and patient, especially when dealing with Muslims and Jews, who have experienced discrimination and have felt under attack over the centuries. There are many hotbutton issues that need to be handled with great care and sensitivity, and we need to do our homework in order to be effective.

THE HEALING AND THE PROPHETIC

Some interfaith groups focus primarily on healing divisions and building understanding. Others advocate for peace and justice. The work that I do for the South Coast Interfaith Council in the Long Beach area is primarily about the former. The mediation skills that I have learned as a Quaker over the past 20 years

WHAT ARE FRIENDS CALLED TO TODAY?

have proven extremely useful. One of the high points of this past year's program was helping to organize an "interfaith icebreaker" for around 60 teenagers of various faith traditions-no easy task, but deeply rewarding. This summer I am facilitating "interfaith cafes," utilizing the Sacred Listening techniques developed by Kay Lindahl, a local interfaith advocate. Her approach is similar to what we do when we get together as Quakers and have worship sharing. We even use queries to stimulate in-depth conversation in small groups.

The work that I do for Interfaith Communities United for Justice and Peace (ICUJP) often involves "speaking truth to power" and standing up to the "powers and principalities." This group was formed after 9/11/01 by some of L.A.'s major religious leaders in order to promote peace with justice. Besides organizing educational events, vigils, and demonstrations, we have stood in solidarity with the Muslim community when it has come under attack. Since becoming involved with ICUIP, I have visited a Muslim imam named Abdul Jabbar Hamdan who was arrested on trumped-up charges and held in detention for over two years. Ironically,

in front of the detention center where this man was held, there is a statue in memory of the Japanese Americans who were unjustly detained during World War II. By visiting Hamdan, I feel that I am following in the footsteps of Quakers who visited the Japanese internees then. Hamdan was finally released in the summer of 2006 because of lack of evidence, but the U.S. government is still seeking to deport him to Jordan, which he left 25 years ago, and where he could be subject to imprisonment and torture.

I believe that we are called as Friends to support the prophetic work of interfaith organizations such ICUJP, Tikkun, and the Shalom Center of Philadelphia. It is crucially important for Friends to join in the work of these "spiritual progressives."

GROUNDS FOR HOPE

Interfaith work is not only important, it is also an incredibly joyful experience. ■When Muslims, Jews, Christians, and others come rogether to worship and to work on common concerns, there is often a sense of joy and mutual appreciation too deep for words. Many of these gatherings are celebratory, with music, ethnic food, dance, and various worship experiences. Youth and community leaders are honored. Stimulating panel discussions take place and one's spiritual horizons are broadened. For those who haven't experienced such gatherings, I recommend either going to one and/or watching the video God and Allah Need to Talk by Ruth Broyde Sharone. Whatever the format of interfaith gatherings, people come away uplifted; and I sense the Divine Presence at work.

These gatherings also offer grounds for hope. I see parallels between the rise of the interfaith movement and the "citizen diplomacy" movement of the 1980s that helped to end the Cold War. Reaching out to the Russians during the Reagan era was my first Quaker concern. It still warms my heart to think back on this

Spirit-led work, which I described in a Pendle Hill pamphlet, Spiritual Linkage with Russians: the Story of a Leading. Although conservatives believe that the Cold War ended because Ronald Reagan put so much pressure on the Russians that they finally gave up and cried "uncle," there is considerable evidence that "people power" and citizen diplomacy helped to convince both Reagan and Gorbechev that the time was ripe for ending the Cold War. This trust-building movement didn't accomplish miracles overnight, however. It began rather modestly in the 1950s when small delegations went to the Soviet Union to begin a dialogue and create friendship.

A similar process of trust-building in the Middle East began in the 1980s and 1990s with groups like American Friends Service Committee and Fellowship of Reconciliation leading delegations and teaching listening skills. In 2004 I went to Israel/Palestine with another trust-building group, the Compassionate Listening Project. Our delegation of Christians, Jews, Muslims, and Buddhists stayed at a kibbutz, a refugee camp, Christian retreat centers, and a school in Bethlehem. We conversed with those in the Israeli/Palestinian peace movement as well as with set-



tlers. One of the most heart-wrenching experiences was listening as parents shared with us the pain of losing their children in the recent violence. I will never forget the Palestinian family who told us how their 16-year-old son, a peace activist, was shot in the head by Israeli police in front of his mother, nor will I forget the rabbi who has dedicated his life to helping families heal from such trauma after his son was murdered by Palestinians. I will also carry the memory of an elderly Jewish man named Steve who invited a young Palestinian named Asmi into his home in Ierusalem and treated him like a son. Steve became the guest of honor at Asmi's wedding and is now part of his loving Palestinian family.

These encounters help us understand the human depths and complexities of today's conflicts. Despite war and terrorism, trust-building work has expanded since 9/I1/01 and now includes mainstream groups such as the Rotary Club International. This reconciliation work goes largely unreported in the media, which tends to focus on the sensational. However, I am convinced that these efforts on the part of ordinary people will have an enormous impact over the long run, and that we are called to do this work as Friends.

WILLIAM PENN AND TOM FOX

A s Friends respond to the call of the interfaith movement, we do well to keep in mind two Friends whose examples speak powerfully to our times. One speaks primarily to the head, the other to the heart.

William Penn was one of the great intellectual as well as religious figures of colonial America. Growing up in an age of religious war and conflict, and raised in a military family, Penn was utterly transformed by the experience of Quakerism. He renounced violence. He came to believe that the Light of God is present in all human beings, and in all religions. He founded the Quaker colony of Pennsylvania as a place where people of all faiths could practice their religions without government interference—a revolutionary idea at the time. Penn's willingness to allow freedom of religion in Pennsylvania had a significant impact on our country's commitment to religious pluralism. Furthermore, Penn envisioned a world in which nations would settle their disputes by law, not war. In 1693, he wrote a plan, An Essay towards the Present and Future Peace of Europe, which is considered a prototype of the United Nations.

I believe that as Friends, we are called upon to carry forward the legacy of Penn and to work diligently for a society based on tolerance and a world governed by international law. We are called to support the Quaker United Nations Office and other efforts to strengthen the UN, especially since many in the religious right in our country equate the UN with the Anti-Christ. We need to share our view with others in our country that the United Nations, despite all its flaws, still offers the best hope we have for a peaceful and just world.

Another Friend whose example calls to us and to our time is Tom Fox, who was taken hostage and then killed in Iraq last year. No Friend is better known throughout the world today, especially in the Muslim world. Tom Fox speaks to the heart of our Quaker faith. Like Mary Dyer, Mary Fisher, and other early Friends who were called to travel in the ministry, he was willing to risk his life to bear witness to the power of love and the Inward Light. He was also part of the interfaith movement; although he considered himself a Christian, he was open to spiritual insights from other religions, such as Buddhism, Judaism, and Islam. He went to Israel/Palestine and listened to all sides in this tragic conflict. He lived side-by-side with the Iraqi people and took up their cause and their concerns. He showed by his example what it means, in George Fox's words, to "walk cheerfully over the world, answering that of God in every one."

When news of Tom Fox's death was announced, he was deeply mourned by the Muslim community, which will always remember and honor him. A young Muslim man I know, Yasir Shah, wrote a letter to Friends Bulletin: "I'm heart-broken to say that it's only recently that I've come to find out about such a courageous and dedicated man. . . . I believe that Tom Fox's family, the American people, and the Iraqi people were blessed to have someone of his caliber to fight for them.... Tom Fox embodied the characteristics of the leaders of the Civil Rights Movement . . . [and] I pray that we increase our unity in the stand against injustice, and continue to strive for the rights of all humans."

Not all of us, certainly, have the calling or the courage to follow Tom Fox's example. But we are called to honor his memory and to carry forward his spirit as best we can in our Quaker witness to the world.

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Listening with the Heart: A
Guidebook for Compassionate
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Strengthening Interfaith Connections

Locally

by Judith Brown

experiences visiting and living abroad have been a major influence on what I hope, as a Quaker, to emphasize in my life in the United States. Serendipitously, in this current phase of life, I am making between four and six trips abroad each year as a Friend but not for Friends. The world outside the United States still has a huge influence on me, just as it did during the six years I lived with my physician husband in Turkey. In Turkey at that time, in 1957-62 and again 1970-71, it was, as it is today, against the law for any faith, including Islam, to proselytize. We were based in a remote area of eastern Turkey working in a 50-bed hospital with the Congregational Church in a mission of understanding and service to Muslims.

When traveling abroad, I find I am compelled to go beyond talk; I must live my Quaker faith for it to be recognized at all. My membership in the Religious Society of Friends has fueled my desire to act as a bridge of understanding and acceptance between Quakerism and persons of other faiths and persuasions. I aspire to live a faith clearly enough to make others recognize the similarities between their faith and mine. In Turkey, I was called to relate to Muslims. As I come and go in the United States today, I feel called to live and manifest a likeness and affinity for others across faith boundaries.

What does it mean to feel called to be a bridge? One person has only so much energy and time to manifest a faith in action. Thomas Kelly reminded us long ago that we cannot die on every cross; we must consciously choose where to put our efforts. I have never believed that I should withdraw from the world to express my faith. Rather, I believe, like William Penn, that my faith should excite my endeavors to mend the world. Still, I know that I

I aspire to live a faith clearly enough to make others recognize the similarities between their faith and mine.

cannot actively mend the world without the sustenance and discernment of the Inner Light, the voice my Quaker faith implores me to seek and follow. Specifically, this means I choose to use my energy associating with and supporting other persons and movements who try to live out the Quaker Testimonies of Peace, Community, Equality, and Simplicity. It matters not whether these persons are members of the Religious Society of Friends, or Christian, or of any other faith.

I have felt called to be active with the Interfaith Council in my community rather than the wider circle of Friends within my yearly meeting with whom I might enjoyably spend time. This means I do not feel called to represent my meeting on steering committees and other Quaker activities that further us as an institution, though I recognize they are important. I feel Quakers organized primarily for service (the American Friends

Service Committee) and lobbying and legislation (Friends Committee on National Legislation) are more important for me to work with at present because they focus out into the world on Quaker testimonies rather than among ourselves. When I work in and with the non-Quaker world I see that Quakers are not the only persons living out these testimonies. For me, when it comes to a choice between activities that further the institutional aspects of Quakerism or the more ecumenical connecting links of all the world's religions, I will always choose the ecumenical connections.

I'm not suggesting that all Quakers should give up working to further the institutional and organizational needs of the Religious Society of Friends. However, as a Religious Society, I hope that we can lighten our loyalties to ourselves and be more willing to accept and respect each other's efforts in seeking partnerships with the rest of the world. One of the new movements that excites my endeavors to mend the world is Rabbi Michael Lerner's Network of Spiritual Progressives. He says that our world is replete with new and not-so-new movements meant to express the universalism of thought and compassion we believe the world so desperately needs. As Quakers, I believe we are called to consciously choose a way to communicate that universalism.

My own meeting, Agate Passage Meeting on Bainbridge Island, Washington, is an example. Three years ago, we became a full-fledged meeting after more than 20 years as a worship group. At the same

Judith Brown, a member and currently the clerk of Agate Passage Meeting in Bainbridge Island, Wash., is FRIENDS JOURNAL's poetry editor.

Continued on page 37

KNOWING AND SHARING OUR FAITH AND ITS HISTORICAL INFLUENCE



PRACTICE WITH THE PUBLIC WAS EXTREMELY REWARDING. SOMETIMES I CAUGHT MYSELF IN THE MIDDLE OF AN INTENSE **EXCHANGE WITH A** SEEKER (IN THE GUISE OF A TOURIST!), ASTOUNDED AT HOW MUCH I'VE LEARNED.

Paulette Meier, a member of Community Meeting in Cincinnati, Ohio, is a singer/songwriter and peace educator. She is engaged in putting Quaker quotes and history to song.

by Paulette Meier

hy isn't there a cross?" asks a young boy, visiting with his 5th grade class from North Carolina. "Where does the preacher stand?" asks another girl, "and how come there are benches on the sides and front facing in?" Later, an elderly couple from Iowa strolls in. "Are there any Quakers left today?" asks the woman, and "Do they travel by horse and buggy still?" Minutes later, a bus load of adults and young people from Indiana pour in, a church group on tour. "Do Quakers read the Bible?" asks one young woman earnestly. "Do you believe in Jesus?" someone else inquires, and "How come most Quakers didn't fight in the Revolutionary Wat?"

These are just some of the questions we tour guides try our best to answer at Arch Street Meetinghouse in the historic district of Philadelphia. The beautiful double-sided brick building, built in 1804 and still in active use by Philadelphia Quakers today, is positioned in a perfect location to draw in tourists as they pass by: just up the street from the Betsy Ross House and within blocks of the new Constitution Center, Independence Hall, and the Liberty Bell. Both the patriotic and the curious who have made a pilgrimage to the "Birthplace of the Nation," find themselves suddenly in an immense meeting room with natural lighting and plain wooden floors and benches. The environment speaks of simplicity and stillnessqualities hard to find in the midst of a stimulating and thriving tourist district. The story of this meetinghouse-from how its construction was initiated by the women who needed more space for their annual business meetings to its position on a Quaker burial ground shared with the public when plots were desperately needed during a yellow fever epidemic in 1793—opens the door to many conversations about Quaker practice and values. The story, too, of William Penn's efforts ro

create a peace-loving place in pre-Revolutionary War times paints a picture not to be had anywhere else in this historic city. Arch Street Meetinghouse offers not only the best-known place in this country, but in the world as well, where a ready-made audience gathers to learn about Quakerism, past and present.

Spending my time as a volunteer sharing Quaket history, faith and practice with the public was extremely rewarding. Sometimes I caught myself in the middle with the public was extremely rewarding. of an intense exchange with a seeker (in the guise of a tourist!), astounded at how much I've learned since joining Community Friends Meeting in Cincinnati abour three years ago, and amazed to be here in Philadelphia tending to a concern with Ouaker outreach work. The immense interest that is sparked in people who have never heard of Quakerism, how long they stay to ask questions and hear more, how a description of meeting for worship and the testimonies results in heads nodding in approval, not to mention how frequently they ask how they might find a meeting in their hometown, confirms my belief (and, I know, the belief of many others) that there are many, many people "out there" longing for what the Religious Society of Friends has to offer. The response of tourists reinforces for me the power of the Quaker story and the need for us to know it and communicate it in more deliberate and strategic ways.

This concern arose out of time I spent at Pendle Hill from September 2004 to June 2005. On an artist scholarship, I had come in part to write more songs and to share with Quakers those I'd already written for children as a peace educator. But the principal reason was to answer a need to deepen my understanding of Quakerism. With this aim in mind, I took courses in Quaker history, faith, and practice and learned a great deal from conversations with teachers and fellow students.

Quaker historian Emma Lapsansky kindled an interest in William Penn and the colonial Quakers. Her broad analysis of both the idealism and the mercantile interests that led to Quaker success helped me see a fuller picture of Friends in Philadelphia and in New England in general. Daily meeting for worship provided spiritual deepening as well, and I found myself becoming an informed and serious Friend with strong desires to live in the fullness of this faith tradition, offering what I could to help it deepen and grow.

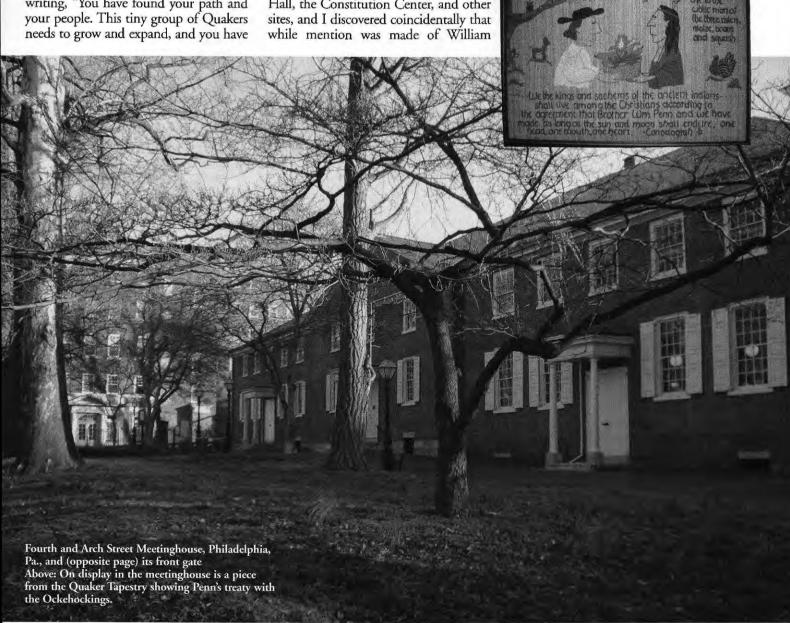
In Chris Ravndal's class at Pendle Hill on prayer, we practiced writing a letter to God from a deeply centered place, waiting and then writing the tesponse. The question that came to me had to do with "mission." Surprisingly, I found myself writing, "You have found your path and your people. This tiny group of Quakers needs to grow and expand, and you have

a role to play." I recalled a memory of my first Friends General Conference Gathering in Normal, Illinois, in 2002 where I heard British Friend John Punshon speak to the theme "A Great People to be Gathered," a reference to George Fox's famous talk at Pendle Hill in 1652. I was deeply moved as John spoke convincingly about Quakerism's gifts as answering many of the world's desperate needs and that, as a necessary underpinning, the Religious Society was continually required to practice deep connection with Spirit.

An opportunity to "play a role" occurred when I was invited to help gather data for a vision project regarding Arch Street Meetinghouse, one goal of which was to increase the capacity to attract and educate tourists. I visited Independence Hall, the Constitution Center, and other sites, and I discovered coincidentally that while mention was made of William

Penn's role in the founding of the colony, there was little or no information about how his Quaker faith motivated him or about how early Quaker views helped to shape our country. In contrast, the displays at Arch Street and talks by volunteer coordinator Nancy Gibbs and the other Quaker docents revealed a much fuller picture. Here tourists learn what they do not from the other National Park Service attractions: the story of William Penn in the full conrext of his Quaker faith, the profound influence he and early Quakers had on future U.S. ideals, and the Peace Testimony as it was legislated and carried

QUAKERS and the OKE FLOCKINGS TO



A set of dioramas on display at the meetinghouse depict contributions of William Penn. Right: "Penn the City Planner Views Philadelphia, 1684" Below: "Penn the Statesman Writes a Constitution, 1682"





out by Friends in the early decades of Pennsylvania and as we try to live it today.

My research increased my interest in the history of Quaker roots, especially in Pennsylvania. I offered to volunteer at Arch Street, hoping to give presentations. Then, with only a few volunteer hours under my belt and the term at Pendle Hill over, I had to head back to Cincinnati, feeling some reluctance to leave. A request from a Friends school in New Jersey to do an artist residency in the fall of 2005 opened the way for my return, and the support of an "anchoring committee" at Community Friends and a traveling minute helped send me on the journey. During the 2005-06 school year, in addition to visiting Quaker schools and meetings with my songs, I continued to study Penn and the early Friends and to volunteer at Arch Street Meetinghouse. My interest led me to write a song about Penn and the Quaker beliefs that led to the founding of Pennsylvania. When I've shared it, both Quakers and non-Quakers alike have said that the history presented was unknown to them, even in Philadelphia!

I am called to share this history in the hope that it might spark Friends' interest about how this information can be shared more broadly.

For instance, how many of us know that the charter for West Jersey, written by

Penn and a few other Quakers, was apparently one of the models (and likely the original one) for the Declaration of Independence? At Arch Street, a copy of Thomas Jefferson's draft of the Declaration next to a copy of the West Jersey charter reveals strikingly similar wording. The Jersey charter was signed in 1676, a hundred years before the American Revolution, and was hailed as one of the most innovative political documents of its time. Jefferson's esteem for Penn was so great that he

referred to him as "the first, either in ancient or modern times, who has laid the foundation of government in the pure and unadulterated principles of peace, of

reason and right."

Or how many of us learned the likely connection of the Liberty Bell to Penn? The Assembly of Pennsylvania commissioned the bell in 1751, exactly 50 years after Penn signed the famous Charter of Privileges that governed the rights of Pennsylvania citizens. Isaac Norris, Speaker of the Assembly, chose the bell's inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land," which quotes from a biblical passage (Lev. 25:10) mandating a "hallowing" of the Jubilee (50th) year. Unlike what many of us may have thought, the Liberty Bell was not initially commissioned to celebrate independence from England, but long before. Penn's 1701 Charter, with its guarantees of freedom of conscience in religious matters and of legal rights for accused individuals, was an early symbol for liberty and served as Pennsylvania's working constitution from 1701 to 1776. The rights in it were so treasured that many in Pennsylvania opposed adopting the U.S. constitution for fear of losing privileges Penn's charter had long guaranteed!

Penn's experience of deep inward transformation as a convinced Quaker, his own resulting suffering in England's courts and jails, and his privileged education in liberal political philosophy gave him a unique perspective with which to design a government. "The Holy Experiment," his attempt to create a model government, was built on his Quaker understanding of "that of God in everyone." Penn's vehement stand for the right of trial by jury, his insistence on no taxes or armaments for war, his welcoming of settlers from diverse religious backgrounds, his efforts to manage conflict with innovative arbitration procedures, his push for public schools educating both boys and girls, and his respect for Native Americans and acknowledgment of their ownership of the land all led to a thriving colony. Penn was a complex individual from a wealthy background who had many shortcomings, some of which even resulted in his being sentenced to debtors prison in England in his later years. And, like many visionaries, his life exposed serious contradictions-for example, he owned 12 slaves at his estate on the Delaware River. Yet his faithfulness and trust led to remarkable contributions that Friends would truly benefit from knowing.

I must admit, I sometimes question my passion for sharing this history. It's not like me to be excited about history related to the founding of this country, particularly in light of what it ultimately meant for Native peoples and the natural world. Halting the destructive course of this growth- and greed-based economic system, and the urgency for re-connecting with nature and creating sustainable ways to live-these are of utmost concern to me. But these needs come at a time when our civil liberties, the very ones that Penn initiated here, are threatened, perhaps as they've never been before. As the "birthplace of the Nation," Philadelphia is routinely selected as the site of press conferences and rallies in support of patriotic initiatives. Ironically, its Quaker beginnings were invoked in January 2006 when Jerry Falwell and other clergy rallied here in support of Samuel Alito's nomination for the Supreme Court. They referenced their choice of location by pointing to the history of religious freedom established by the early Quakers here. This misuse of Penn's legacy gave me added impetus to know and tell the story of our true roots here, the story that is behind the principle

Continued on page 38

THE FRIENDS OF TRUTH

hough most Friends have forgotten it (or never heard it in the first place), the Friends of Truth was our name before it got to be the Religious Society of Friends. In fact, the latter name was not used by Quakers until 1793. I

would like to make an argument for going back to the earlier name. My experience of Friends worship has led me to believe that Truth is a concept we need to keep at

the center of Friends practice.

This name sounds pompous or prideful to many Quakers but I believe it is needed to remind us of what Friends are after in the practice of our faith. With our unprogrammed forms and non-authoritarian structures, Friends are always at risk of losing a strong focus for our religious practice. Being the Friends of Truth can provide that focus. I believe we can be clear and certain in what we are about without becoming arrogant or filled with a sense of our superiority. Being convinced of the Truth doesn't mean we have to fall into the sin of pride.

If we know anything about early Friends, we know that pride had little place when it came to assessing their condition. The Light isn't a clever tool of insight and didn't start off by making people have fuzzy, warm feelings. Let me quote Francis Howgill in 1652, "I became a perfect fool, and knew nothing, as a man distracted; all was overturned, and I suffered loss of all. . . . My mouth was stopped, I dared not make mention of his name, I knew not God." These are not words uttered by a man in the pride of his ego. If we read Fox's epistles, we see over and over again his counsel to stay humble: "All Friends be low, and in the Life of God dwell, to keep you low." Whatever it was that animated early Friends, it was certainly not presumption or pride. If that had been the case we would have had a

Robert Griswold is a member and clerk of Mountain View Meeting in Denver, Colo. Now retired, he was director of Scattergood Friends School in West Branch, Iowa. His most recent publication is the Pendle Hill Pamphlet Creeds and Quakers: What's Belief Got to Do with It?

A Case for Reclaiming Our Earlier Name

by Robert Griswold

different name for ourselves. We would have smugly called ourselves The Religious Society of the Possessors of Truth.

A smug attitude is something that is always a danger for those who take spiritual matters seriously. We get a little insight and right away we want to go out and flaunt it before somebody who we assume hasn't gotten our little bit of wisdom yet. This self-confident certainty of "having" the truth has come to be the identifying marker of a "religious" attitude. Usually in the form of a rigid creed, these "truths" have alienated many from spiritual seeking altogether. Some of these seekers have sought relief among the creedless form of Friends. They are not out of danget, however, for in joining Friends, they may sometimes be exchanging one kind of smugness for anothertaking pride that they are not what they have escaped from. This often takes the form of pity for those poor deluded souls that aren't smart enough to give up those dumb creeds. I know this form of pride because I have been there and done that. But the Truth is never a

balm for the ego's pride and just avoiding the religious creeds of others won't satisfy Truth.

So what were founding Friends about in using this name: Friends of Truth? It helps to begin by clarifying the presuppositions we commonly use when talking about truth because these are handed to us by our culture and we don't often bring them into conscious consideration. Once we have done that we can contrast it with the approach of early

with the approach of early Friends. In our culture and times we rend to think of truth as a product and thus something we can have as a result of our efforts. We obtain this product through a process we organize and see through to something we call truth. We use a variety of these processes. Examples of these processes may be the gathering of data to test

a scientific theory, it may be the assembling of the testimony of witnesses to prove a point in court, or it may be a conclusion that is deduced from premises in a logic class. We do one of these processes and at the end have a product we are

prepared to call "the truth."

It is vital that we understand that the Truth Friends were talking about was not what is arrived at by any of the above processes. Early Friends wanted a Truth that could serve as an authority for their lives and give their lives meaning. They wanted a direct experience of Divine Reality, not second-hand notions. There were a lot of ideas at the time about how Truth might be found and what it would look like, but early Friends had tested many of these and found them unconvincing. Fox called those notions of truth that men had constructed "carnal knowledge" to show that



wasn't a part of those notions. Never at a loss for a potent phrase, Fox cautioned Friends to "mind that which keeps you all meek and low . . . that none of you may be puddling in your own carnal wisdom." What Friends insisted upon was the assurance that comes only from a personal experience of Truth.

The Truth that was important to Friends was what came to be theirs when they stopped all processes they controlled and waited humbly and contritely and submissively for what might come. There is a reason that Friends worship is not doing something. We seek to have something done to us. We know that the only genuine spiritual experience available to humans is when something is done to us. What Friends knew by experience was that the Truth that blessed them was something to which they belonged rather than something that belonged to them. Truth had them rather than the other way about. And when it had them, it shook them and they became "Quakers." Early Friends obviously continued to seek truth with a small "t" to get through the work of the day. They did not surrender their intellects. But they did not place their hope for finding the meaning of their lives in the exercise of the intellect. Nor should we. If we are going to call ourselves Friends we also need to actively avoid the notion that we can get to Truth by seeking it through processes we control and are used to following.

When Friends spoke about Truth, they were referring to the Truth of their condition and the Truth of their relationship to Divine Reality. This is another way of saying they wanted their lives to mean something by being a part of that Reality. They were not satisfied with any of the answers provided by the churches of their day and they could see for themselves that the practice of those churches fell short of what was preached as truth. It was for this reason that George Fox used the derogatory term "professor" to describe those who were Christian by their professed belief but whose lives manifested none of the lowliness of one with spiritual experience. It was revealed to Friends that their relationship to Truth had to be a real part of their experience and not some understanding they learned by listening to others and then adopting it as their own belief.

Meaning depends on context, context depends on relationships, and relationships depend on experience. If a spiritual experience is to have authority, it must have the right author and that author cannot be the self. A person cannot simultaneously be himself and a context for himself. This was known to early Friends and, hence, they knew that Truth was not something that was grasped by the exercise of their own powers. (I know that too. The experiences I obtain from my doing are always infected with the flavor of me. There is no place where I can stand and control my observations and not have that view shaped by my personal perspective.) So Friends had to stop doing. Fox counseled Friends to "famish the busie Minds and high Conceits." Thus Friends sat and waited in silence just as we do today. And when they stopped and waited they came to an experience not made by them. This experience showed them their rela-

tionship to their Author and this connection gave new meaning to their lives. They came to see themselves as "in the Life" and no longer in the lives they had before.

My experience is that the Truth that seeks us is one thing and not many. By being one thing it brings us to Unity. If our spirituality does not bind us together in Love then it does not come from Truth. Truth is not made up of parts though our understanding may be less than perfect. Our understanding may improve if we stand under Truth, but it is we that change, not Truth.

The experience Friends have in the silence changes everything and most of all it changes our relationship to others. Jesus commanded that we love one another, but to follow that command we must experience the Truth we find in silence. Early Friends came out of their meetings in wonder and described themselves as being made "tender." This term may sound a bit odd to us but it was a sign to them that the barriers built by their egos had fallen away. They saw each other with great compassion and tenderness. They saw that the enthrallment of selfcenteredness was what had trapped them all. Once out of the trap (Fox called the trap "deceit" to show that we are deceived), they no longer had to live the life of fear their egos handed them. They were free to become real Friends; to love each other in new and profound depths of love. The context that Truth brought to their lives also brought them a new relationship with others. Their fellowship was that of friends and so they became Friends of Truth.

Quakers are not some sort of voluntary religious association as our current name suggests. Having Truth as a part of our name can remind us that we have a very special and demanding discipline that we require of ourselves. Truth is what Quakers are about in the world and nothing less. Let's start using our proper name again. It could serve to remind us to wait and be still and love and be the Friends of Truth.

WAITING FOR APRIL

I take the first pew in this rough church, seat myself on flat stones and look up at fractured bedrock bulging skyward, vertical black stripe painted by groundwater curved into a bow, picture the arrow flying across the valley and try not to think about Darfur, or the woman at the embassy of Sudan whose job is to delay requests for visas, or flies dabbling in a dead baby's wound, women's eyes dulled by rape and loss of everything; helicopter gunships, devils on horseback. This is Connecticut, green land waiting for spring to untie the black knot of winter. Soon will come choirs of spring peepers, skunk cabbage. Last night on a hill above Greg's sugar shack I inhaled the soft sweet fragrance of maple sap funneling steam into moonlight, looked up and saw the diaphanous shape of Africa curling from Cape Town to the Horn.

-David Morse

David Morse lives in Storrs, Conn.

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A Spiritual Journey

by Louis Cox and Ruah Swennerfelt

he term "Earthcare" gained general acceptance beginning in the late 1980s to distinguish Spirit-led concern for living in right relationship with all of Creation from "environmentalism," which focuses on outward reforms in such secular areas as laws, education, and technology. We also needed a unique descriptor that we could define for ourselves, to decrease the chance of misunderstanding or malicious distortion.

Earthcare can be defined as "healthcare" on a planetary scale, which includes the cona different sense of who we are in relation to the Earth. Just as we are more likely to eat right, exercise, and avoid harmful substances when we are aware that our bodies are a dwelling place of Spirit, we are also more likely to respect the Earth's ecological limits and to come to its defense to the degree that we see the Earth as part of the miracle of God's Creation and to the extent that we see all living creatures as our neighbors.

So how do we go ahout cultivating a different sense of who we are in relation to the

Earth? For hundreds of thousands of years humans were weak and defenseless compared to many other creatures. It was natural under those conditions to acquire a fearful, adversarial attitude toward the natural world. But with the

dramatic increase in human population and the growing power of modern technology, the tables have turned, and we are now seriously disrupting the entire planet's life-support system. Someone once compared the Earth to a giant spaceship, implying that if we just had a good operating manual all would be well. But erations. Such caring can be expressed daily in big and small ways, from picking up litter to serving meals at a soup kitchen, from replacing incandescent lights with compact fluorescent hulbs to working on a community's energy task force.

Humility, simplicity, and good works are the same virtues that John Woolman promoted among Friends some 250 years ago. He rejoiced when Truth opened the hearts and minds of those to whom he ministered, but it also distressed him greatly when many people with whom he talked were still unwilling or unable to change. Mindful that we experience the same resistance to change today, Jack Phillips drafted a pamphlet several years ago titled Earthcare and Soul Care, in which he suggested that the principles of twelve-step programs might help us overcome our addictions to consumerism and other ecologically destructive habits. At the heart of the twelvestep process, he explained, is the admission that we can't beat addiction without outside assistance. The necessary strength and resolve come from belonging to a supportive com-

munity of people who share the same concerns and confess to the same weaknesses, plus regular communion with our Higher Power.

Through his creative insights, Jack Phillips has shaped the current vision and practice of Quaker Earthcare Witness. Although personal health problems have prevented him from participating actively in recent years, we continue to appreciate his unique and wise contributions to the evolving

Earthcare movement.

His analysis reminds us that Earthcare is essentially a corporate witness, integral to virtually all of the issues, including peace and justice, that Friends embrace as a faith community. At the same time, we need to see the process of learning to walk more gently on the Earth as part of a deep spiritual journey, drawing on the same Higher Power that has made the Religious Society of Friends an effective force for healing and change for 350 years.

What might help us overcome our addiction to consumerism?

cept of that proverbial ounce of prevention that's supposed to be as good as a pound of cure. Thus we would follow that precautionary principle in protecting the health of the living planet for the same reason that we make healthy lifestyle choices as individuals, in order to avoid or delay the onset of diseases and disabilities later in life. We would recognize and properly value the ecological services, such as waste and nutrient recycling, that the Earth has been providing freely and efficiently for millions of years, for the same reason that we appreciate how well our bodies take care of us when not abused or neglected.

On the other hand, Earthcare isn't just another name for holistic resource management. Despite all that has been learned about climate change, deforestation, and species extinction, these and a host of other planetary maladies continue unabated. Rational problem-solving is important but not sufficient if we are to survive the challenges ahead. We need to connect with the Earth on a spiritual, intuitive level as well. Earthcare offers a pathway for learning how to do that.

Jack Phillips, a leading figure in the founding of Quaker Earthcare Witness, seems to have coined the term "Earthcare." In his booklet Walking Gently on the Earth: An Earthcare Checklist, published in 1989, he wrote that significant changes in how we treat the Earth will not take place until we cultivate

So it is we humans who need to change. Outwardly we need to curb drastically our consumption and reproduction. Inwardly, we need to think and act more humbly and rediscover the lost joys of simpler living. We need to care more deeply about the size of our ecological footprints and the concepts of quality of life we are passing on to future gen-

the truth is that the Earth is a miraculous liv-

ing organism, self-regulating and self-healing

when we allow it to function that way. Our

present crisis stems largely from the misguid-

ed notion that we can manipulate and subvert

the planet's infinitely complex processes for

narrow and selfish ends.

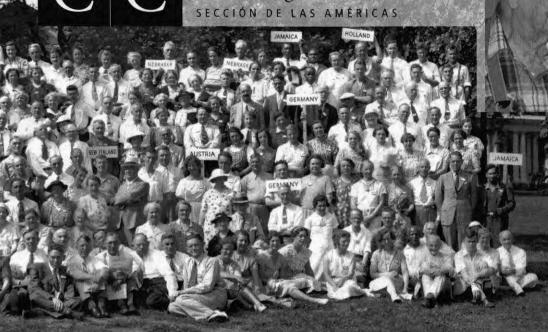
Louis Cox is publications coordinator and Ruah Swennerfelt is general secretary of Quaker Earthcare Witness. Both are members of Burlington (Vt.) Meeting. This is the second in an ongoing series of "Earthcare" columns.



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Opening the Scriptures: Bible Lessons from the 2005 Annual Gathering of Friends

By Tom Gates. Quaker Press of FGC, 2005. 64 pages. \$9.95/softcover.

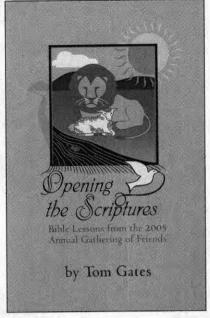
This is a great little book. When I agreed to do the review, I was afraid I would be biased solely because it came from the heart and hands of Tom Gates. It was my good fortune to be with Friends United Meeting World Ministries when the author and his family carried out their service at Lugulu Friends Hospital in Kenya. I remember the quiet, humble, and thorough way Tom performed his medical ministry. I, along with those who came under his care at Lugulu, was touched by the quality of his Quaker work and witness.

This hook demonstrates that Tom has other gifts in Quaker ministry as well.

The five essays comprising this book were originally presented as the "Bible Half Hour" series at the Friends General Conference Gathering in July 2005. In the Preface, Tom Gates points out that the theme of approaching the Bible through the eyes of early Friends was something he had been working on for many years.

These essays speak to Friends all across our theological spectrum. Tom Gates sees among liberal Friends an unfortunate absence of religious language. In one passage, he describes contemporary liberal Quakerism, including the group before him at the FGC Gathering, as "by and large educated, quite verbal, even glib." And yet he saw a contrast between the "rich spiritual language of early Friends and our modern spiritual reticence, a poverty of language, a reluctance to put into words that which is most important to our lives." He does not hesitate to call liberal Friends back to the biblical language of early Friends, and thus back to the Bible itself as an inspiring source for faith and life.

He also sees among evangelical Friends the tendency to see the Bible as the object of faith instead of representing the Living Word of God. Evangelicals are apt to be excited over the book, starting out with the title, Opening the Scriptures, a warm catch-phrase for the place the Bible holds in one's faith. But the author does not carry this as far as some evangelicals might wish. As he points out, "For Fox, the Bible is not the Word of God. . . Nothing could be clearer: for Fox, the Word of God is not the Bible but Christ, the logos." In the chapters on "light" and "seed," it is as if Gates is calling evangelical Friends back not only to historic Quaker words, but also to revealed truth rediscovered and experienced



by early Friends.

Since early Friends were prodigious in their writing and speaking, there is no lack of material for a study of their language, biblical or otherwise. Again, there could be quite a few additional suggestions for this book from all across the theological spectrum. Some might wonder why there isn't more on the Christ language of Fox, as well as the cross and resurrection of Christ. Others might say that the well-known, if not well-worn phrase, "That of God in everyone" needs to he more fully unpacked. Tom Gates has done us a good service in taking on a study of light, seed, and yoke in easy to read separate sections. He has given additional resources at the end of each section that include qnotes from Quakers, non-Quakers, and the Bible.

I was most moved by the description of the call to vocal ministry that Tom Gates began to experience about ten years ago, and how this "vocal ministry was to be grounded in a living way in the language and metaphors and words of scripture." He related how he couldn't always understand this, and that it sometimes felt like a burden. But in a deeper understanding of the "yoke of tradition," he found the use of scripture liberating. That should be a challenge to us all, whether right, left, or center. Somehow the Bible gives power to the spoken word. It quickens the mind and inspires the tongue. Tom Gates has simply but eloquently related how this was true among early Friends, and why and how this needs to be so among all Friends today.

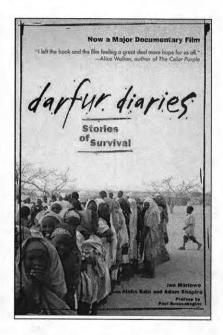
—Bill Wagoner

Bill Wagoner is pastor at Friends Memorial Church in Muncie, Ind.

Darfur Diaries: Stories of Survival

By Jen Marlowe, Aisha Bain, and Adam Shapiro. Nation Books, 2006. 260 pages. \$15.95/softcover.

Darfur Diaries offers a sensitive encounter with Darfuris struggling at the edge of survival. The story is told through the eyes of three independent filmmakers who traveled into Chad and Darfur in November 2004. At one level it is a book about the making of their film by the same name. At another level it is a deeply human book in its own right, not only for its interviews with refugees, internally displaced persons (IDPs), and rebel fighters, but because Jen Marlowe, its primary author, and the other two videographers, Aisha Bain and Adam Shapiro, show their own vulnerabilities in their quest to understand what is happening in Darfur.



Other books portray the history of the Darfur conflict with more conventional authority. (See reviews of Alex de Waal and Julie Flint's Darfur: a Short History of a Long War, and Gerard Prunier's Darfur: Ambiguous Genocide, FJ Sept. 2006). However, Darfur Diaries is no less authentic and no less ambitious. It is also timely, written after the failure of the Darfur Peace Agreement signed in May 2006, and conveys the urgency today as Sudanese government planes bomb their own people and as the violence spreads into neighboring Chad and Central African Republic.

The writers are keen observers who care passionately about their subjects, and are also willing to raise critical questions. They press young rebels to discern their motives



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and whether they joined the guerrilla movement freely; and they ask difficult questions of themselves as well. They encounter attitudes ranging from the wish for revenge to the wish for healing, from despair to hope, from shame to pride. The filmmakers also occasionally laugh at themselves. This is clearly a work of great love, and despite the tragic nature of their subject, it is also about survival and healing.

Darfur Diaries, the film (DVD), runs 57 minutes. It makes a good tool for discussion. Screenings can be organized at which the film-makers discuss their experience. Jen Marlowe is also engaged in Alternatives to Violence Project (AVP) in Palestine and elsewhere, and can discuss Darfur in this broader context. She can be contacted at http://www.darfur-diaries.org/thefilm.html>.

-David Morse

David Morse, a member of Storrs (Conn.) Meeting, is an independent journalist and Darfur activist. He is writing a book about Darfur.

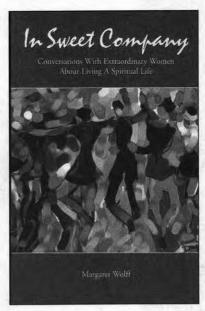
In Sweet Company: Conversations with Extraordinary Women about Living a Spiritual Life

By Margaret Wolff. Jossey-Bass, 2004. 245 pages. \$17.95/softcover.

In Sweet Company is about connections: between the spiritual journeys of the 14 women featured in the book; between our own memories, questions, and possibilities that arise as we read; and between the Divine Other, by any name.

We learn a lot about Margaret Wolff by the company she keeps. And her spirirual journey is the delicate thread that binds these conversations. She first heard about Zainab Salbi, founder of Women For Women, on the Oprah Winfrey Show; a friend recommended educator Alma Flor Ada, and Margaret was drawn to interview Olympia Dukakis by the way she delivered the character Rose's pivotal line in Moonstruck: "I know who I am."

The party grew to include Sister Helen Prejean, who works with death row inmates and wrote *Dead Man Walking*; Grandmother Twylah Hurd Nitsch, Lineage Holder of Senaca wisdom; Gestalt psychotherapist Miriam Polster; Reverend Lauren Artress, who has shared the power of the Labyrinth around the world; Riane Eisler, president of the Center for Partnership Studies; Le Ly Hayslip, whose life became the Oliver Stone film *Heaven and Earth*; dancer Katherine Dunham, management consultant Margaret J. Wheatley, Rabbi



Laura Geller; Gail Williamson, 1999 Mother of the Year; and Sri Daya Mata, student of Yogananda and now president of Self-Realization Fellowship, which Yogananda founded.

Margaret Wolff blends the predictable (a brief biography and a few standard questions) with unexpected turns as each conversation deepens. As she weaves her own insights and those of her subjects into the text, readers are privy to the seeking, reflection, courage, and action that are hallmarks of the spiritual journey.

I was drawn to read Katherine Dunham's story first because of my love of dance, especially, and the creative arts in general. Katherine was 96 at the time of this interview, yet her vibrancy and grace permeates

the interchange.

Wolff quotes Katherine: "The more you become aware of God, the more you ask of yourself, not of others. . . . You want to participate more fully in life, You . . . realize you have a choice: to admire the beautiful waterfall from a distance or to stand in its midst and let it pour over you."

We experience this immersion when we're in the presence of a dancer, musician, or teacher who is standing in the waterfall and giving from that abundance. Or, as I read this collection, when words on a page spark a memory or give expression to a deep longing.

Grandmother Twylah Hurd Nitsch spoke of entering silence as "communion with your true nature in spirit, mind, and body. When you enter the silence," she said, "you go through an inner portal into the unity of all life."

This collection provides images that Friends can carry with them as we enter our own waiting and worship.

Margaret Wheatley knows the dark night

of the soul: "I still experience these dark periods about every three or four months . . . but instead of lasting for a month, they last for a few days. When one occurs, I just let it happen. I don't try to figure my way out, or drink my way out, or talk my way out. I just sit with it; I let it move through me. I understand it's preparing me for what will come next—and that 'next' is always more healthy and peaceful and grounded."

We find greater and lesser connections with the people at any party, yet we're glad to be invited. In this "feast," as Margaret calls it, I found one question, bit of wisdom, or challenge in each dialogue that fed my own seek-

ing and finding.

Keep *In Sweet Company* by your bedside. Recommend it to your book club or First Day study group. Though each conversation can stand alone, together they are a testament to the tenacity of the human spirit and the Divine tug on us all.

-Barbara Mays

Barbara Mays, a freelance writer and writing teacher, is a member of Friends Memorial Meeting in Muncie, Ind.

Mind the Light: Learning to See with Spiritual Eyes

By J. Brent Bill. 152 pages. Paraclete Press, 2006. \$14.95/softcover.

Mind the Light is the second book written for Paraclete Press by Hoosier Friends minister and FRIENDS JOURNAL book reviewer J. Brent Bill. His 2005 Holy Silence: The Gift of Quaker Spirituality must have convinced the Benedictine press that the big money lies in Quaker authors. That, or Friends actually do have something relevant to say to the ecumenical world today. Probably the latter.

As with Brent Bill's earlier book, Mind the Light distills from personal experience and copious references to Friends writings a very helpful volume about a distinctive Quaker spiritual understanding. "All God's creatures move toward the light," he writes in the introduction; and in the succeeding chapters Bill

expands on this theme.

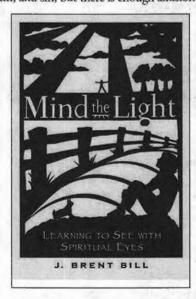
Chapter one draws on science, art, literature, the Indiana landscape, the Gospel of John, and such luminaries as James Turrell, Goethe, Cezanne, and Thomas Merton to encourage "seeing with attention and love." Chapter two makes use of the author's background as a photographer to describe the different qualities of Light—both physically and spiritually. Chapter three establishes the key Quaker concept that minding the Light is different from other forms of enlightenment, as it calls on us to pay attention to something

that is already Present.

Brent Bill adds more of a theological dimension than many Friends give to George Fox's expression of "that of God in everyone"; and his chapter "Incandescence, Fluorescence, and Flashlights: Artificial Light and the Life of the Spirit" was the least helpful of the chapters for me. It was strongest where it connected with ancient religious customs around darkness and light, but the chapter could have done more with the impact artificial lighting has had on modern life. The final chapter discusses the via negativa and the "dark night of the soul" as ways of finding Light in the darkness.

Throughout the book, Brent Bill uses the Quaker practice of asking queries, cites important Quaker authors, and offers helpful illustrations from poetry, music, and art. Perhaps most helpful to those who are seeking a more expansive and generous understanding of God, the book will also be beneficial to Friends who desire a richer texture to such old, familiar expressions as "The Inner Light," "That of God Within," and "Mind the Light."

I would have liked more expression of the power of the Light to overcome darkness, death, and sin, but there is enough allusion to



this quality of the Light to keep the book from being just another "squishy" celebration of the warm, fuzzy way the Light is often portrayed by Friends.

Well-written, concise, and appropriately humorous, *Mind the Light* would be an excellent gift for the person exploring Friends and a good introduction to the deeper aspects of Quaker thought for the culturally Quaker.

-Max L. Carter

Max L. Carter is director of Friends Center at Guilford College.

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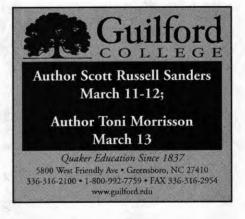
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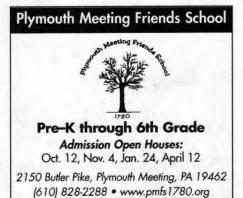
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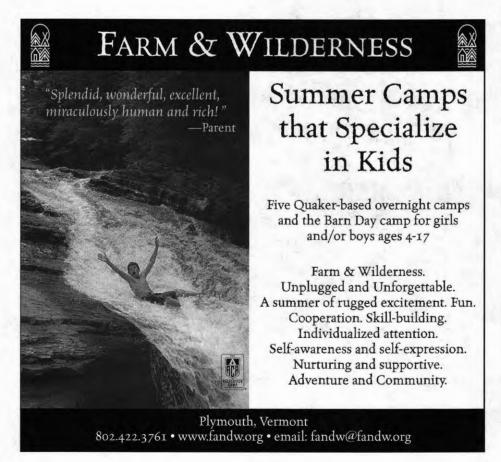
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NEWS

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The Quaker Council for European Affairs (QCEA), along with the Quaker UN Office Geneva (QUNO) and Quaker Peace and Social Witness (QPSW), held its biennial conference on October 20-22, 2006. The theme was "Peacebuilding: What is the Role of Europe?" Carne Ross, a keynote speaker, founded Independent Diplomat (ID), which aids most deprived countries and groups in getting their voices heard when key decisions are made; in 2004 he was one of the Joseph Rowntree Charitable Trust's centenary "Visionaries." He was in the top rank of the UK diplomatic service but chose to resign as a result of the UK government conduct in the days preceding the 2003 Iraq War. He said, "We should actively pursue and enjoy the right of access to ministers and those who make decisions on our behalf. We should make our voices heard. We, as Quakers, are challenged. . . . Do methods such as demonstrations, silent vigils, etc., no longer work? We need to look for new ways to make our voices heard." Alan Pleydell, in his keynote speech, "Giving Meaning to Never Again," said, "We have an international responsibility to think more deeply about our Peace Testimony. . . . Could we, as Quakers, in spite of our Peace Testimony, be persuaded to support intervention where genocide is concerned? What are the costs of not acting? Think of Rwanda and Srebrenica." Alan pointed out the great moral risks on both sides of intervention arguments (doing something or doing nothing). —"Around Europe" of Quaker Council of European Affairs, November 2006

Friends Transition Support Service (FTSS) has moved to a new office in Camden, N.J. FTSS is a project conducted under the care of the Peace and Social Concerns Committee of Haddonfield (N.J.) Meeting. It assists individuals and their loved ones during and after incarceration to help them meet the challenges of these transitions. It also educates the community about the realities of imprisonment and reentry. —"Peace Piece" newsletter, November 2006

Six in ten people in the United States say that religious groups should take a stand on global warming, according to a national poll taken in late 2006. Close to 70 percent of Democrats and half of Republicans agreed. About 45 percent say their own moral or religious beliefs compel them to address global warming by changing their own personal habits, with a larger share of Democrats than of Republicans saying the same. Those who did change their habits, regardless of party, bought energy-efficient products and services, reduced their auto emissions, and two-thirds

said they voted for candidates who actively address global warming. Overall, a majority of people in the United Stares say it is "very" or "extremely" beneficial to national security to shift from fossil fuels to renewable energy. A recent report of experts' consensus estimated the cost of reversing the increase of globalwarming carbon dioxide emissions over the next half century at 1 percent of global economic activity annually. This is a manageable cost, equivalent to \$120 billion in the U.S. economy, roughly \$400 per person, or less than the amount the U.S. is spending on the Iraq and Afghanistan wars this year. -< www .earthday.net> and <www.nytimes.com>

Courts have cited more than a dozen federally funded programs for unconstitutionally using taxpayer dollars to pay for religious activities or evangelism aimed at prisoners, recovering addicts, job seekers, teenagers, and children, all since 2000. These monies, amounting to \$2 billion in 2005, allocated under the President's Faith-Based Initiative (F-BI), went to religious groups to deliver a variety of social services. Rarely have programs been penalized by having to repay misused funds; however, Prison Ministries Fellowship (PMF), run by former Nixon political adviser Chuck Colson, was ordered by a federal judge to pay back over \$1.5 million in government funds. PMF rewarded prisoner converts to evangelical Christianity with private bathrooms, movies, entertainment, computers, and fast foods. Prisoner programs similar to PMF's operate in over 20 institutions managed by the nation's largest commercial prison management company. PMF-type programs are also run by the Federal Bureau of Prisons, which have recently been challenged in court. Most church-state infringement convictions simply deny future funding. Currently a suit against University of Notre Dame is testing whether convictions must require repayment. The Administration opposes repayment, arguing that paybacks could thwart its efforts to draw more religious groups into taxpayerfinanced programs. It is also considering how to change the program grants into voucher programs, which would circumvent discrimination issues. Vouchers, however, pose problems for service agencies: they have no way of planning annual budgets without knowing the number of prospective voucher-clients. Recently, several judges have concluded that children and reenagers, like prisoners, have too few options and too little power to make the voluntary choices the Supreme Court mandated when public money is used for programs involving religious instruction, as in those cases when they allowed voucher programs. In another non-voucher case, a posthigh school educational program using a

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FRIENDS JOURNAL Department of Education grant for teenage Native Alaskans was found to be "almost entirely religious in nature." But it was allowed to continue when the school promised to use government funds only for secular expenses. Several government grants for teen sexual abstinence education have been found to use the monies unconstitutionally, preaching that Christ would keep teens from engaging in sex. The F-BI grants have been found by judges and the Congressional Government Accountability Office to be poorly monitored by the states, missing in one instance a Catholic diocese's report that it used the federal funds to "support prayer at abortion clinics, pro-life marches, and pro-life rallies." More than 100 cities and 33 states have set up units to implement the F-BI. The White House is attempting to get states to take more responsibility for the F-BI in an effort to perpetuate the initiative as it faces a less sympathetic new Democratic Congress. -< www .nytimes.com>

The Military Religious Freedom Foundation, a watchdog group led by retired officers, requested the Defense Department's inspector general to examine a promotional video for an evangelical Christian group, the Christian Embassy. Military officers appeared in uniform in a film shot at the Pentagon praising the Christian Embassy, which evangelizes among defense leaders, politicians, and diplomats in Washington. The video does not include any disclaimers stating that the views expressed are not those of the DOD. The Christian Embassy holds weekly prayer breakfasts in the Pentagon's executive dining room.

—The Washington Post

American Friends Service Committee coordinated one of the nation's most ambitions state referenda in the midterm election of 2006. The issue was a call to the President and Congress to end the war and bring the troops home. The referendum was mounted in all of Massachusetts' 139 municipalities and passed in 133. —<www.afsc.org>

Churches for Middle East Peace urgently called for renewal of diplomacy to "provide a political horizon" for both Israelis and Palestinians, citing a recent poll indicating the desperation of Palestinian life. A November 2006 survey showed that eight in ten Palestinians are worried about their personal safety and the sheer subsistence of their family. Twothirds are pessimistic about any improvement in the economic and political situation; they also hold the United States, Israel, and other donor countries responsible for the decline in the economy. The government's income in the Territories fell by 60 percent since Hamas

took power in March 2006, when the United States, Israel, and other donor countries stopped aid and other payments to the Palestinian Authority. —<www.cmep.org> and <www.pcpo.ps/polls.htm>

Quaker Peace and Social Witness of the UK (QPSW) was judged the "most gay-friendly organization" in Britain by readers of the Pink Paper. It was the only religious group receiving awards among a list that included Amnesty International. The gay community responded to the Quaker belief that "to reject people on the grounds of sexual orientation is a denial of God's creation." —<www.quaker.org.uk>

QPSW's Circles of Support and Accountability project won a Justice Award for 2006. Based on restorative justice principles, the five-year-old project engages over 100 trained volunteers in building relationships with willing post-prison, high-risk sex offenders. Of the 28 offenders supported by "Circles" of Friends, none has re-offended. —<www.quaker.org.uk>

Friends House Moscow (FHM) has changed its structure to meet the stringent, if none-too-clear, oversight regulations of the Russian government leveled on all foreign and other voluntary organizations. FHM now consists of three groups: the Russian social organization Dom Druzer, the British charity Friends House Moscow, and the U.S. non-profit Friends House Moscow Support Association. The new 2007 16-member Board of FHM includes representatives from five countries, including Russia, Germany, and Japan.—<www.quakers.ru/forum>

New expansions of the Friends House Moscow-supported Alternatives to Violence Project program in Russia marked 2006. This 30-year-old concept, developed in Russia over the last decade, provides people with skills to lead nonviolent lives based on mutual respect. A critical element adds workshops to train trainers. Three original projects merged last year into an AVP Russian Group, thereby enabling it to hire a part-time coordinator. In a country with high levels of poverty and alcoholism, as well as a history of public brurality, AVP becomes a tool to spread a new way of relating to others. That tool is now spreading out in a web of expanding workshops reaching orphans, prisoners, army conscripts, refugees, youth, and social workers. New Russia Federation-wide programs began in Ukraine, Georgia, Chechnya, Ingushetia, and grew wider in independent Latvia. A FHM goal for 2007 is to find long-term funding sources for the AVP enterprise. -<www.avpbritain.org.uk>

- •March 4—Western Association of Friends Yearly Meeting Session
- •March 15–18—Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas, Annual Meeting, in Providence, R.I., at the Moses Brown School and Radisson Providence Harbor Hotel. All Friends interested in FWCC's mission to bring Friends together for work, worship, and study are welcome. Keynote speaker is Dr. Bernard LaFayette, Director of Peace and Nonviolence Studies at University of Rhode Island and former civil rights activist. For information and to register visit <www.fwccamericas.org> or call (215) 241-7250.
- March 23–25—Denmark Yearly Meeting
- •March 23–25—Philadelphia Yearly Meeting (Residential session will be July 26–30)
- •April 4-8—Southeastern Yearly Meeting
- •April 5-8-South Central Yearly Meeting
- •April 12–14—Philippines Evangelical Yearly Meeting
- •April 12-15-Ireland Yearly Meeting
- April 13–15—Friends Committee on Scouting annual meeting, at Plainfield (Ind.) Meet-

discussions of Scouts and Friends, etc. A program of Friends World Committee for Consultation. Contact John Norris, (765) 395-7730, or visit http://scouting.quaker.org.

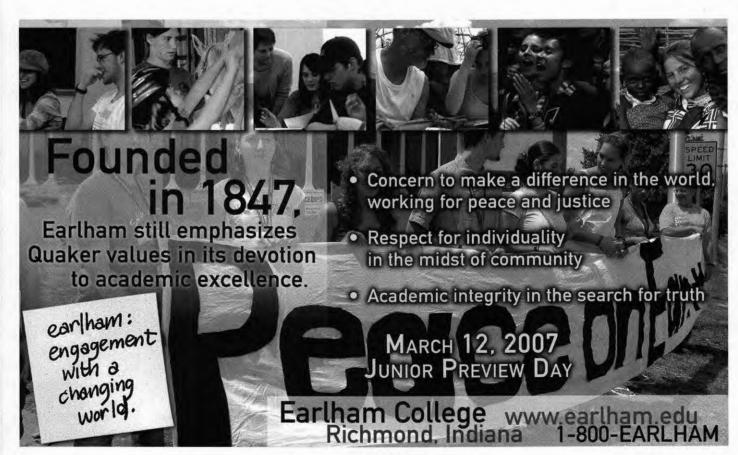
- •April 26–29—Quakers Uniting in Publications annual gathering at Glenthorne in the Lake District of England.
- •May 20–25—Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas, workshop to train bilingual (English/Spanish) Friends in the basics of consecutive and simultaneous interpretation in a Quaker context, at Earlham College in Richmond, Ind. This workshop is offered to Friends who have not only the language skills but also who see interpretation among Friends as a ministry. For more information, see <www.fwccamericas.org> or call (215) 241-7250.

Opportunities

•March 26—Deadline for applications to AFSC's Mexico Summer Project, an opportunity for youths ages 18–26 to address political, social, ecological, and economic challenges in indigenous communities in the rural Sierra Norte region of Puebla, will be held June 30–August 18. Participants must be

<www.afsc.org/mexicosummer.htm>, call the recruitment coordinator at (215) 241-7295, or e-mail <mexicosummer@afsc.org>.

 AFSC's Nobel Peace Prize Nominating Committee invites proposals for nominees for the 2008 Nobel Peace Prize. As a former laureate, AFSC is invited to submit an annual nomination to the Oslo Committee. Among the qualities sought are: commitment to nonviolent methods; quality of character; sustained contributions to peace, justice, human dignity, the integrity of the environment; and global impact. A candidate's relation to crisis areas in the world is also considered, as a Nobel Prize may, by its timeliness and visibility, offer valuable support to a solution to the crisis. Especially welcome are nominees who are not Friends and programs that were not initiated by Friends, in order not to be only Quaker-serving. Nom-inations are needed by May 15. Please send supporting documentation including biographical information, a description of the individual or organizational contribution to peace, and references to published material by or about the candidate, to Nobel Peace Prize Nominating Committee, American Friends Service Committee, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102, or e-mail <SJackson@afsc.org>.





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faithful is always carried out in darkness. By inviting darkness into my meditations, I am seeking uncertainty, rather than avoiding it. By seeking and honoring the darkness I have been able to understand faith in a new way. The darkness is a good place to begin as I seek to have my life and everyday actions guided by my sense of the Divine. I cannot know at the outset what path I will take, but through faith I allow myself to be guided, because I trust that I am on the right path. In darkness I must let go of where I think I am going and allow myself to be guided, because I have no way to see my path or my destination. I have only the belief that I will be safe.

I have also had to change my understanding of the outcome of spiritual seeking since I began this practice. A journey that begins and ends in darkness is qualitatively different from one that seeks the light. For me, this is the most useful gift I have received. I try to let go of my expectation that I will arrive somewhere particular when I pray. It helps me to live this intention when I know that the darkness

is where I mean to stay.

I still have the Bible Ms. Sherman gave me. I look at the pictures now, the godly light surrounding rhe figure of Jesus, and I think that perhaps Ms. Sherman was afraid of the dark, too. I wish someone had been able to tell me that sight is only one way of knowing things; that the other senses sometimes lag behind because they aren't used as frequently, but that when we rest our eyes, our other senses have a chance to grow stronger. I wish that someone had taken my hand and offered to sit with me in the dark until I felt safe on my own. I wish that I had been invited to love the darkness as a child, to know all the beautiful ways the darkness can be described, but I think the adults in my life, including Ms. Sherman, didn't know the gifts of darkness. I hope that our children will not say the same thing about us.

person I love who lives so passionately? Would it change the girl on the wrestling team, the girl who has always championed the disenfranchised, who got beat up in seventh grade for defending gay rights? Would it take away her spark of life? Will the existential loudness declaring her vibrant existence be quieted? Will who she is be irrevocably changed to her detriment and to the detriment of the world she hopes to help through her future work?

A few years ago Ari and I took a trip back to the Bay Area where she was born to re-introduce her to her roots. She was excited by the multicultural community (our town was pretty homogenous), and troubled by the number of homeless people she saw. She handed out dollars constantly until the day we were in the San Francisco BART station and she saw a weathered man holding a sign, "Homeless Veteran, please help." Ari reached into her bag and discovered she was out of money. Digging a bit deeper, she pulled out a bag of peanuts from our flight. "I don't have any money, but I have some peanuts," she said to the man, apologetically.

"Oh, rhank you dear," replied the man. "But I don't have any teeth."

Ari was shocked. "Support the Troops," we're told, while the administration cuts veterans' benefits.

Long before Ari was born, Phil Ochs sang the fear for my daughter I carry with me today—the fear that the essence of who she is as a human being, a child of God, will be lost, gone from our lives. Adapting his words, I am thinking:

There's no place in this world where she'll belong if she's gone

And she won't know the right from the wrong if she's gone . . .

All her days won't be dances of delight if she's

And she won't be laughing at the lies if she's

And she can't question who or why if she's gone

In Friends' counter-recruitment work, in Friends' concerns for military families, I offer that what we need is pastoral care, not political rhetoric or ideological convincement. We're grieving the loss of the innocence of our children, and we're afraid.













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Sidewalk Worship

continued from page 13

not a place people hang around any longer than their jobs demand. The wind was picking up, but the flame was well protected so I sat and kept praying.

Now and then individuals or small groups of people would walk by headed elsewhere. Their conversations seemed to die down as they passed in front of me and the small candle-lit shrine. A few paused to read the sigus and look at the pictures ("Oh, yes, this is for the girl who tried to stop the bulldozer"). A couple of times the building guard looked around the corner to check, I imagine, if anyone was still there, and upon seeing me he'd go back inside the lobby.

I'd sat "alone" for 20 minutes, I think, before a young man rode up on a bicycle. He stopped in front of me. No words were exchanged as he looked around. He got off his bike and locked it to the railing behind the small marble planter box that was serving as the platform for the makeshift shrine. He sat down a ways behind me. I could not see him but I felt accompanied by him in the silence.

I returned my attention to the lantern. Its flame was still strong, but I began to consider how much longer the candle would last-how much longer I would last. I'd been sitting cross-legged on the cement for more than an hour. Surprisingly, my 40-something body wasn't complaining or even very cold. Maybe I should stay until the candle burnt out? Maybe I should stay all night and be there when the consulate staff returned? Maybe I should just wait for my current cyclist friend to leave and then I could as well? Somewhat uncharacteristically, I re-centered and went back into prayer and asked Spirit to instruct me.

Another half hour passed and it came to me that this wasn't about setting an endurance record. It was about holding sacred space for Spirit—and for Rachel—and that the amount of time it was held wasn't really the issue. That came, as well as a sense of my responsibility to the class I was teaching tomorrow, and the lecture I'd still not written. I felt my body and mind ease. I sat for another few minutes and then prepared to leave. I said a final prayer for Rachel Corrie, bent forward, and blew out the candle.

Rising to my feet and turning to walk away, I saw the cyclist still there with his head bowed. I took a few steps away, but then stopped and turned back towards him and the shrine. I was confused about whether I was really supposed to go.

As I stood pondering what to do, lantern dangling from my hand, two women approached from across the street. They came up and stood where moments before I'd been seated in prayer. Scarves covered their heads and they spoke softly to one another in what sounded like Arabic. They read the signs and looked at the pictures.

And then they started to straighten things up—rearranging the flowers and working to secure the signs and pictures from the wind. I felt as if I was warching women coming to prepare a body for burial, or family members coming to tend to a gravesite. And with that act of care and respect, I knew that I had been released.

I went over to my fellow friend in prayer. He looked up and we shook hands. He, too, seemed to be Rachel's age. I asked him if he knew her. He said no, but that he was a graduate of the same college (Evergreen College in Olympia, Washington) and was a friend of friends. I shared my sorrow about her death and my respect for her courage. He shared his surprise that it hadn't happened before ("The settlers had already shot at their feet"). I nodded my agreement and said, "Spirit will hold her." He nodded his agreement and closed his eyes as he again lowered his head. I turned and headed down Montgomery towards the N Judah streetcar and home.

I was moved to sit in prayer that chilly March evening for Rachel Corrie and because of the aching in my own soul. I wasn't thinking about how holding that public, sacred space might affect others. Nor was I thinking about how that experience would stay with and change me. Public worship was something the early Quakers were oft and eager to do. It is a gift I feel today's Quakers should offer the world, offer ourselves—now more than ever.

Interfaith Connections

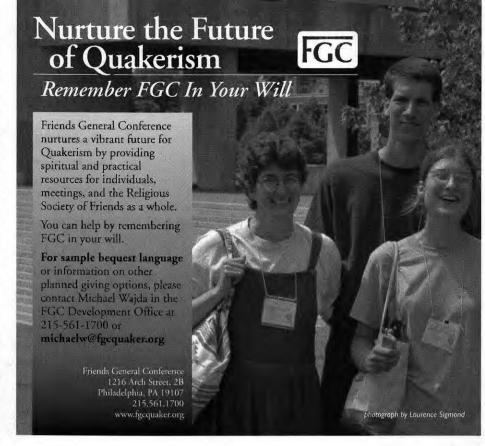
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time, we lost six of our most active members from death, moves, and personal changes; our average attendance currently hovers around 17 persons. When it came to appointing yearly meeting representatives for steering committees and other planning committees, we had a difficult time finding anyone in our small group ready to take on those responsibilities to the wider circle of Friends. Our worship, however, continued to be deep and rich.

In the autumn of 2005, our clerk received a challenge from Rabbi Lerner. He was organizing an event to celebrare the fact that both the Jewish High Holy Days and Ramadan for Muslims were going to happen simultaneously along with Mohandas Gandhi's and St. Francis' birthdays. Individuals in the meeting became excited as we joined with a Jewish group and the local Interfaith Council to plan an event in which we would share our Sacred Seasons. The most difficult aspect of the plan was to locate a Muslim group in our area who wanted to join with us at the event. After much arranging and planning, we mounted a gathering in which we learned a great deal about all of our faiths and rituals. The Jewish Holy Days were particularly enthusiastically shared, and other faiths were eager to listen. The Muslim group appeared at the very last minute before the rime came to break their fast and explained their Ramadan rituals. We all left the event energized by the commonality we had found and hoped to continue practicing.

When our small meeting was urged to recruit for diversity, we recognized that the people of color closest to us and most likely to be open to a relationship with us were a tribe of Native Americans. We asked several of our attenders who lived closest to them to join a neighbor's support organization for the tribe. Since then, our contacts with them have grown and been satisfying. We have also mounted a six-week "Quakerism 101" course and invited informed Friends from nearby meetings to help us learn about ourselves. We surely want to honor our Quaker roots.

Our calling as a meeting has thus been strongly influenced by the needs of the entire local interfaith community. And at the heart of our meeting, our worship continues rich and deep to support these activities.



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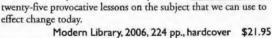
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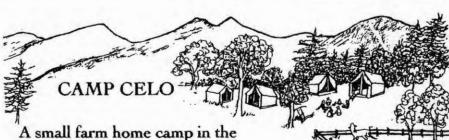
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Knowing and Sharing Our Faith continued from page 20

of separation of church and state, the story that underlies these rights we cherish. The story is one built primarily on motivations of love, peace, and integrity, not fear and war.

I believe our sense of purpose as Friends could be strengthened if we all knew the history of Quaker contributions and the courage it took to bring them about. Surely our focus would be clearer, our distractions fewer, if we sought after the same spiritual sustenance that fed these early Friends. And perhaps reaching



out more boldly to share the history and gifts of our faith with others will serve to increase our faith as well.

It is important to know our roots. My experience in Philadelphia makes me think it would be good for Friends from every meeting to go there for a Quaker roots experience, and also to invite others to understand the influence of Quakerism in U.S. history as well. Discussions are taking place about finding ways to maximize visibility and accessibility of Arch Street Meetinghouse as a resource for Friends and the public. The Quaker Information Center's website, <www .quakerinfo.org>, can help in planning a trip or locating many useful resources. But Friends could also be thinking of ways to explore the roots in the areas of their own meetings, as well. Understanding where we've come from helps to build a solid base from which to move ahead.

Births

Richardson-Gus Nethery Richardson, on December 20, 2006, in Chicago, Ill., to Kelsey and Breeze Richardson. Breeze is a member of 57th Street Meeting where she currently serves the meeting as clerk.

Ryan-Edison Thomas Ryan, on December 27, 2006, in Bryn Mawr, Pa., to Monika and Jeremy Ryan. Monika is a member and Jeremy is an attender of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting.

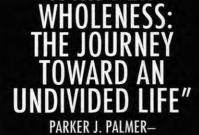
Deaths

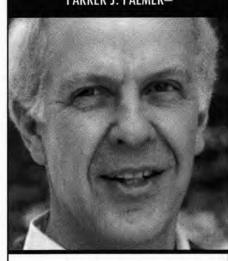
Anderson-David C. Anderson, 62, on September 15, 2005, in Cabrini Hospital Hospice in New York City, peacefully, of cancer, surrounded by his family. David was born on October 30, 1942, in Washington, D.C., and grew up in Scarsdale, N.Y. A 1964 graduate of Oberlin College with a degree in English, he served for three years in the Peace Corps in Costa Rica, then began his career as a newspaper reporter and writer at the Wall Street Journal. In 1973, he became an editor at the New York Times Magazine. From 1977 to 1981 he wrote for Criminal Justice Publications, publisher of Police Magazine and Corrections Magazine, after which he returned to the Times as a member of the editorial board for 12 years. From 1999 to 2003 David was Director of Communications at the Ford Foundation. In addition to his extensive work in journalism, David was a social activist; a member of Brooklyn (N.Y.) Meeting, where he served on the Ministry and Counsel committee; and a trustee of New York Quarterly Meeting and of the Mary McDowell Center for Learning in Brooklyn. David was an ardent supporter of several projects: the Harlem Valley Rail Trail, where he and his wife frequently biked and cross-country skied; gun control, prison and court reform; and civil rights. He argued vigorously against the death penalty. In the mid-'90s, he spoke out against calls for automatic life sentences, and urged instead more funding for community policing, having officers work more closely with neighborhood groups. He wrote his first book, Children of Special Value: Internacial Adoption in America, after he and his first wife, Martha Bennett Walker, adopted children across racial lines. His second book, Crimes of Justice: Improving the Police, the Courts, the Prisons advocated strong and just punishment for criminals. He tried to separate truth from fiction when he wrote Crime and the Politics of Hysteria: How the Willie Horton Story Changed American Justice, and urged prisoner rehabilitation in Sensible Justice: Alternatives to Prison. In 2001, David and his son Thomas wrote The No-Salt Cookbook: Reduce or Eliminate Salt without Sacrificing Flavor. David's marriage to Martha Bennett Walker ended in divorce. He is survived by his wife of 15 years, Elizabeth Burke Gilmore; his mother, Virginia Ebert Anderson; his children, Mary Walker Anderson, Sarah Bennett Anderson, Michel Ebert Anderson, Thomas David Anderson, Elspeth Michaela Burke Gilmore, and William Wallace Burke Gilmore; and three grandchildren.

Browning-Melbourne C. (Mel) Browning, Jr., 91, on February 10, 2006, in Foulkeways Health Center, Gwynedd, Pa. A lifelong Friend, Mel was born October 26, 1914, in Haddonfield, N.J., the son

of M. Corbit and Florence I. Masters Browning. He graduated from Germantown Friends School in 1933, and from Amherst College, where he played football, in 1937. During World War II Mel helped maintain his father's Chevrolet dealership in Roxborough, and remained as part of the family business until the mid-1950s, when he began working in the real estate husiness. After moving to the Pocono area, he became a developer associated with a real estate firm in Honesdale, Pa., where he worked until retirement. He particularly enjoyed fishing. Mel was active with Plymouth (Pa.) Meeting and with Abington Quarterly Meeting, which helped to found Foulkeways. During his residence in Wayne County, he was secretary of Manchester Township Planning Commission. He moved to Foulkeways in 1981. Mel was predeceased by his first wife, Helen Palmer Browning (1986); and a brother, William C. Browning. He is survived by his wife, Irene Taber Miller Nance Browning; a son, Jonathan P. Browning; two daughters, Allison B. Richards and Catherine B. Johnson; six grandchildren; three great-grandchildren; and a brother, Robert M. Browning.

Brune-Bonnie J. Brune, 62, on November 19, 2005, of cancer. Bonnie was born on October 26, 1943. She had advanced degrees in Library Science from University of Maryland and Indiana University, and was a school librarian and media specialist for many years in the District of Columbia Public Schools in Washington, D.C., where she received an "Outstanding Teacher" award for a program she developed that integrates the media into an elementary classroom learning unit, and which was replicated in the curriculum of many D.C. schools. She moved to Oregon, continuing her teaching career while further developing her interest in expanding library computer systems as tools for learning, and gave presentations and published arti-cles on the topic. In her personal life, Bonnie enjoyed traveling, camping, and hiking with her son, Mike. In 1991, after her son was grown, she moved to Flagstaff to pursue studies at Northern Arizona University. During a semester break she became the first volunteer in the new Volunteer Ranger Program at the Grand Canyon, and for the next decade she worked and lived there during vacations, conducting rim walks and supplying tourist information. Following her studies at N.A.U. she taught as a school librarian and media specialist in Sanders, Yuma, and finally at the San Ĉarlos Indian Reservation, near Globe, Arizona. While volunteering at the Grand Canyon she became interested in the history of Emma Lee, a northern Arizona pioneer. Bonnie developed a "living history" talk on the life of Emma Lee, which she gave during evening entertainments at the Canyon. In more recent years she presented the Emma Lee living history talk in other venues—at Flagstaff (Ariz.) Meeting, the library at Holbrook, and finally at the Show Low, Ariz., Storytelling Festival in 2005. She continued her Volunteer Ranger work at the Tonto National Monument until illness overtook her. Bonnie had many interests that she never finished exploring. In Oregon she raised champion basset hounds; after her retirement to Pinetop, Ariz., she hred fancy canaries. She visited Europe and most of the United States; explored New Mexico, California, and Hawaii with friends; and attended family reunions back East. In 2004 and 2005, between chemotherapy treatments and





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surgery, she took courses in photography, writing, Internet technique, crochet, and fitness swimming, and completed the last of many river trips on the Colorado. Her love of the outdoors prompted trips to Havasupai Canyon, hiking down the Paria River, and into the slot canyons near Lake Powell as well as frequent hikes into the Grand Canyon. A fine photographer, Bonnie had some spectacular pictures in her collection. She had a longstanding interest in Quakerism, although she seldom lived close to a meeting. When she lived in Klamath Falls, Oregon, she attended meeting in southern Oregon—a drive of a few hours. She began attending Flagstaff Meeting when she moved to Flagstaff, but found it difficult to attend regularly when she moved to remote areas. However, she continued her interest and meeting contacts, and officially became a member of Flagstaff Meeting in August 2005. When a friend in Flagstaff needed daily cancer treatments, Bonnie hrought her camper into town for six weeks to make the daily journey. After retiring to Pinetop, she visited a mentally ill friend each day and took great pleasure serving as a Big Sister to a teenager. Friends were struck by the remarkable courage she had in dealing with her illness, which mirrored her great zest for life, and her quiet but meaningful ways to reach out to people. Bonnie is survived by her mother, Harriet East; her son, Michael Smith-Stoe; and two grandchildren.

Catchpool-John Francis (Frank) Catchpool, 80, on February 21, 2006, peacefully, at his home in San Rafael, California. Frank was born on July 16, 1925, in London, England, the second child and only son of Jack Egerton St. John Catchpool and Ruth Allason Wilson Catchpool, When Frank was very young, his parents moved the family to Welwyn Garden City, where his father founded the Youth Hostel Association of Great Britain, and both parents worked in adult education. As a teenager, Frank attended a Quaker secondary school, Bootham, in York. As bombings continued in England during World War II Frank was sent to the United States, where he attended Westtown, a Quaker school in Pennsylvania. After graduation, Frank returned to England, where he signed on with a Friends Ambulance Unit after registering as a conscientious objector. He trained as an ambulance mechanic and when the war ended was deployed to France by American Aid to France to serve at a vehicular repair station in Dunkirk. In 1947 he returned to England to start medical studies at Kings College of London University. After successful completion and the required hospital residence, Frank went in 1956 to what was then French Equatorial Africa to work with Dr. Albert Schweitzer at Lambarene in Gabon, Africa. Schweitzer valued Frank for his medical skills, his mechanical ability with the unusable or brokendown equipment, his ingenuity in improving and constructing life-saving devices where none were available, and his quiet tact in his dealings with others. In three years he became Schweitzer's Chief of Staff. Here he also met future wife Adriana Eller as well as Linus Pauling, who invited him to work at the California Institute of Technology. Frank and Adriana were married in Pasadena, Calif., in 1960, and had one son, Christopher. Several years later they moved to San Rafael and Frank continued to work on nutritional matters for Linus Pauling and then for Ralph Audy at Stanford. The civil war in

Biafra drew Frank back to Africa to try to alleviate the suffering and starvation there, and there he met 10-year-old Henry Onwubiko, who served as his interpreter, and whom he later brought back to be educated in the United States. Frank was able to organize a child airlift to Fernando Po, making sure that each child carried family and tribal identification to facilitate postwar reunification. This long separation took a toll on his marriage, as did a subsequent stint doing nutritional research in the remote village of Chiquioaxtla, Mexico, and he and Adriana were eventually divorced; but it served to convince Frank that he would rather be involved in medical practice than in research. He took the California Board medical exams and did his residency in San Francisco, describing himself as "the oldest intern in California." He then opened a family practice in Sausalito, fulfilling a dream of becoming a "Town Doctor." He was also a State of California consultant on tropical medicine. Asked to help sort out the children airlifted from Saigon, he was appalled at the lack of consideration given to identifying family and locality of birth. Frank's interests and abilities brought him into contact with much of the life of Sausalito and he was involved in emergency preparedness planning and public health issues. He was also a popular town Santa Claus for a number of years. In his later years, Frank transferred his meeting membership from Welwyn Garden City Meeting in England to Marin Meeting in San Rafael, California. Frank was able to travel to New Hampshire in the summer of 2005 for a shared 80th birthday celebration with his brother-in-law John Moir, an occasion for a large and joyous family reunion. During his final illness, Frank was lovingly cared for by his daughter-in-law, Ifeoma Udoh. Frank is survived by his son, Christopher Catchpool; his sisters, Mary Roberts, Carol Holding, and Heather Moir; and many nieces and nephews.

Hubbard-Rachel Elizabeth Hubbard, 82, on March 8, 2006, at home in Quaker Heights, Ohio. Rachel was born on December 24, 1923, in Lancaster, Pa., the daughter of Mary Elizabeth Gullette and Joseph Stover Kratz. Her father was a cement salesman and her mother taught Sunday School at the Church of the Brethren in Christ. When Rachel was five they moved to Grantham, Pa., a small rural community near Harrisburg. Rachel attended Messiah College in Grantham, then transferred to Houghton College to finish her bachelor's degree. As early as high school Rachel felt a call to serve the underprivileged. Her first work of this type was in social services in Harrisburg in a rough area known as "the bucket of blood." She earned her master's degree in Pediatric Social Work from University of Pittsburgh. Since childhood Rachel loved to sing. In Pittsburgh she sang in a Preshyterian church choir, where she found the music glorious but the liturgy too formal for her taste. Her search for a church home brought her to worship at Pittsburgh Meeting. There she met John Harrison Hubbard; they were married in 1953. Within a year of marriage they moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, where John worked as an engineer at the Ohio River Division Laboratories and Rachel as a pediatric social worker first at Children's Hospital, and later at the Cincinnati Department of Women's and Children's Services. During this time the Huhbards joined Seven Hills (Ohio) Meeting, affiliated with Friends United Meeting, which

merged with East Cincinnati Monthly Meeting of Friends General Conference to form the jointly affiliated Community Friends Meeting. Their children were raised in this meeting. Rachel embraced being a full-time mother and homemaker. The family spent many happy summers at Camp Nee-kau-nis, a Quaker camp located north of Toronto. There they met many international Friends, especially from Canada and the British Isles. Rachel retained a lifelong interest in music, especially liturgical and classical music, and was active in numerous Quaker, ecumenical, and civic organizations. Rachel and John attended conferences of Friends World Committee for Consultation in Honduras, Mexico, Oregon, California, and Arizona. They were active in Friends United Meeting, for many years representing Community Meeting at Wilmington Yearly Meeting, and attending meetings of the Metropolitan Area Religious Coalition of Cincinnati and the Council of Christian Communions. They journeyed with Roy Joe and Ruth Stuckey to the rain forest and Quaker settlement at Monteverde, Costa Rica. As Rachel's health failed, the couple retired from their Mariemont home to the Quaker Heights Care Facility in Waynesville, Ohio. In the winter of 2006 she developed pneumonia and was hospitalized in Dayton. She returned to Quaker Heights under hospice care, so she could be freely supported and visited by her family. Rachel was predeceased hy her son, Allen Jones Hubbard; and by her brother, John Stover Kratz. She is survived by her husband, John Hubbard; daughter, Karolyn Akins; and grandchildren, Matthew Akins, Allen Akins, Maureen Hubbard, Emma Hubbard, and Helen Hubbard.

Lincoln-Ruth Ella Ronnquist Lincoln, 65, on December 30, 2003, peacefully at home in Oviedo, Florida, surrounded by her husband and daughters. Ruth was born on August 17, 1938, in Philadelphia, Pa. She and her husband, Ralph, raised their two daughters in Media. While living there Ruth graduated from Delaware County Community College with a degree in Accounting. In 1983 the family moved to central Florida where Ruth was employed by Columbia Theological Seminary and by Saint Mark's Presbyterian Church, and the couple created a peaceful, welcoming home and garden. Ruth kept well informed about current events. Friends noted her meticulous care of borrowed items. Ruth spoke freely about her cancer and terminal prognosis, and so helped Friends to accept the reality. Her advance planning smoothed the practical challenges at her death. She was very proud of her daughters, who supported and helped with frequent visits during Ruth's illness. Ralph's quiet support of her activities and care of her caused his meeting clerk to observe that he was Ruth's "wind beneath my wings." The couple faithfully attended meeting as long as her strength permitted. Ruth's strong faith in God was manifested in her warmth, friendship, and lively sense of humor. She was a member of Winter Park (Fla.) Meeting. Ruth is survived by her husband, Ralph Lincoln; and two daughters, Robin A. and Randi K. Lincoln.

Looney—John Townsend Looney, 88, on May 17, 2005, in Wadsworth, Ohio. John was born on December 30, 1916, in Cleveland, Ohio, to Olive Townsend Looney and William Looney. John grew up in Cleveland Heights and received a degree in Mechanical Engineering from Case School of

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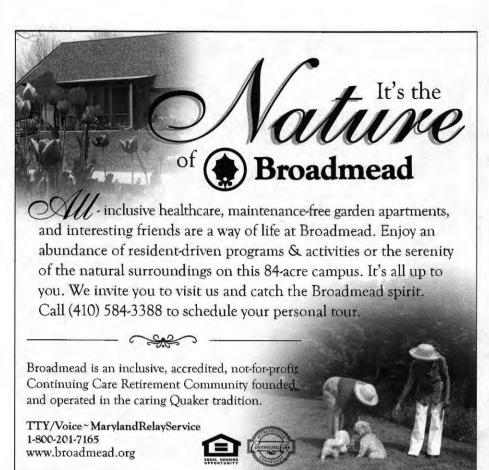
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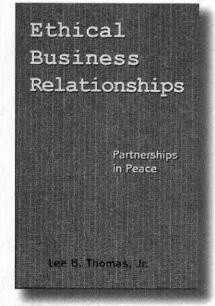
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Applied Science, and a degree in Law from DePaul University. While working in Chicago, he attended his first Friends meeting and met his future wife, Adele. His early career consisted of working in industry, including as an employee of Cleveland Pneumatic Tool; as a Plant Engineer for Ohio Injector Company in Wadsworth, Ohio; and as co-owner of Wadsworth Manufacturing. He treated fellow workers and his own employees with respect. In the early '60s he scheduled and hosted AFSC speakers and peace caravans around Ohio; worked for fair housing, church integration, racial justice training, and full public education funding in Wadsworth; and, with Adele, joined the Summit County Coalition for Peace. In 1970, inspired by son Mark's peace activism and by a massive demonstration against the Vietnam War, John sold his business and began working full-time for AFSC out of his home. In 1973, John started an AFSC office in Akron as part of Humanity House, an incubator for startup and local community groups, including the National Organization for Women, NAACP, battered women's shelters, and others. He helped found Akron Meeting. For 16 years, John directed Northeast Ohio AFSC projects and campaigns. He was president of the Ohio Nuclear Weapons Freeze Campaign and served on its National Board. A modern-day Johnny Appleseed for peace and nonviolence, he trav-eled the state organizing more than 50 peace groups in all parts of the state, including rural Ohio. Possibly his most lasting and prophetic social action was developing a curriculum called Alternatives to Violence (ATV), a course on nonviolent conflict resolution from the personal to international levels that blended his learning and experiences in nonviolent conflict resolution with his knowledge of writing legal case studies and his business acumen. The theoretical, historical, practical, and hands-on course and accompanying book and workbook were held and distributed in schools, churches, and community settings in Ohio, across the United States, and in more than a dozen countries. The course was first sponsored by AFSC and later, upon his retirement from AFSC, under a new organization that he helped form, Peace GROWS. John was the recipient of a number of awards for his work, including the 1986 Albert Einstein Peace Award, the 1986 Bishop William M. Cosgrove Justice Award, and the 1998 Governor's Community Peace Award. John is survived by his wife, Adele; daughter, Marcia Hartman; son, Mark Looney; and grandchildren, Katherine Hartman and Matthew Hartman.

Smith—Sabra Satterthwaite Smith, 77, on October 23, 2005, in Plymouth, Mass. Sabra was born on July 19, 1928, in Pottstown, Pa., the daughter of Charles W. Satterthwaite and Mary E. Geiszel, in a family whose Quaker ancestry traced back to 1650. Sabra graduated from George School in 1946, where one of her teachers encouraged her to make a career in art. In 1950 she graduated from the Philadelphia College of Art. In 1952 she married Richard R. Smith at Horsham Meeting, and they soon tuoved to Madeira Beach, Fla. She taught art in the local public school system for more than a decade, and served as clerk of St. Petersburg (Fla.) Meeting. In 1978, she moved to New England to live with her son Bill and his family. For more than 26 years Sabra taught art to children within the community of the Twelve Tribes, a separatist religious group that grew out of the cultural and social

upheavals and disappointments of the 1960s. Sabra is survived by three sons, Alex, Kharash (Bill), and Chris Smith; eight grandchildren; five great-grandchildren; and a brother, John B. Satterthwaite.

Welch—Mary Agnes Hodges Welch, 91, on February 18, 2006, in her home in Sequim, Wash., attended by her daughter, Nancy Rowan. Mary was born on March 27, 1914, in Los Angeles, Calif. She was raised in the First Christian Church, Highland Park, Los Angeles. Mary earned a bachelor's degree from Chapman College in 1935. In 1936 she married Charles Luis Welch and the couple, committed pacifists, sought out and attended Orange Grove Meeting. Charles declared his conscientious objector status at the outset of World War II and was fired from his teaching job in Blythe, Calif. Mary, with two children and one on the way, lived with families from Orange Grove Meeting while Charles worked with other COs managing groups of teenage boys from the cities sent to harvest beet crops in Hemet. In 1942 Charles and Mary and their three children, along with other COs and their families, found refuge on Ruth and Bob Boyd's farm in Tracy, Calif. They lived in the rural, grassroots, pacifist Quaker community for 14 years. During this time Mary earned her teacher's certification from University of the Pacific. Then in 1953 she began teaching elementary school at French Camp, Calif., while Charles also began teaching again. Together they taught for 18 years in the San Joaquin Valley and the Sierra foothills, living in Stockton for ten years and later in Sutter Creek for 33 years, centering their lives in Delta Meeting. In the summer of 1965 they led an AFSC workcamp of college students in the Linnell migrant farm-workers' carnp, bringing early education to the children of the camp. Mary's commitment to caregiving and nurturing led to her teaching career in special educa-tion. She pioneered the first class of handicapped children at the new Morada Davis Grammar School. In retirement, Mary was active in Hospice of Amador County. At 70 she studied writing and poetry at Sacramento State College, then taught creative writing at the Senior Centers in Jackson, Calif., and Sequim, Wash. She left her family the treasure of her stories and poems written over decades. Mary worked for peace by bringing the world into her home. She hosted international students from the Philippines, Japan, and Kenya, and most recently from Kosovo. Mary will be remembered by many for her wonder and enthusiasm for life, as well as for her open-hearted encouragement of those around her. She grew remarkable gardens and always shared generous bouquets with her communities. Mary was predeceased by her husband of 63 years, Charles Welch; and by her daughter, Jean Campbell. She is survived by two daughters, Laurel Ann Norman and Nancy Rowan; her son, Daniel Welch; two granddaughters; and one great-granddaughter, Isabelle.

Weeks—Silas B. Weeks, 91, on February 27, 2006, in Elliot, Maine, at home on his farm. Silas was born on November 1, 1914, in Mineola, N.Y., the son of Beulah Wolfe Weeks and Edwin Weeks. He grew up in East Williston, N.Y. He began life as a member of Westbury (N.Y.) Meeting. Three major themes stand out in his career: an abiding concern for the land, its harvest, and those who till and cherish it; a dedication and service to his Quaker





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faith; and a belief in community and in the preservation of our common heritage. A 1937 graduate of Cornell University, he worked for several years in a variety of positions with the U.S. Department of Agriculture, interrupted by Army service during World War II. At war's end, the Department detailed him first to University of Connecticut for farm management research, and, later, during the Korean War, to the Connecticut Office of Price Stabilization as a consumer price economist. In 1954, he became a professor of the Cooperative Extension in the Department of Agricultural Economics at University of New Hampshire, where he established and then led the University's undergraduate program in Community Development. Special assignments for the Extension Service during these years included work on tax alternatives for the New Hampshire Ways and Means Committee, an assignment to the Strafford Regional Planning Commission, and program development for the UNH Resource Development Center. He retired in 1979. A past president of the New England Agricultural Économics Council, Silas worked with this organization to develop a definitive study of the economics and design of mobile home parks. The New Hampshire Farm Museum, of which he was one of the principal motivators and founders, remained a lifelong and favorite interest. At various times he served as trustee of the Moses Brown School and the Lincoln School in Providence, R.I., the Beacon Hill Friends House in Boston, Mass., and as a clerk and treasurer of Dover (N.H.) Quarterly Meeting. He was a member of the New England Student Loan Commission and, later, of the Archives Commission, for which he developed a recording of past and present Quaker meetinghouses in the six New England states from the 1600s to the present. Of particular note among his numerous publications are the widely used bulletin, Taxes and the New Hampshire Citizen, co-authored with William Henry; Quaker Meeting Houses of New England; and, most recently, the whimsically titled Chasing Dead Quakers: An Inventory of New England Quaker Burying Grounds, a project that led Silas, with boots and camera, for several years on a search for not only the still-visible sites, but the sites that had long since vanished. Tall, lanky, Lincolnesque, and unforgettable to his final days, he loved good food, a good Yankee yarn, or a good narrative poem, U.S. history, and the old-fashioned values and verities. He was a widely known and respected University of New Hampshire professor who will be especially remembered for having been founder and director of the New Hampshire Farm Museum, the prime mover and first clerk of the reactivated Dover Meeting, and a prominent leader in Maine and New Hampshire seacoast community affairs for over half a century. Silas is survived by his wife, Constance Weeks; his son, Charter Weeks; and his daughter, Charity Weeks.

White—Gilbert F. White, 94, on October 5, 2006, at his home in Boulder, Colo. Gilbert was born on November 26, 1911, in Hyde Park in Chicago, Ill. He was raised a Baptist and attracted to his grand-parents' Quaker beliefs, and nevertheless took his father's suggestion, that he try ROTC for two years in order to understand another point of view. Gilbert grew to understand the value of Quaker process as an important tool in secular as well as Quaker settings. He received a bachelor's degree in

from University of Chicago, where his graduate work involved a careful analysis of the Mississippi floods as a basis for floodplain management. After receiving his master's degree, he joined the administration of Franklin Roosevelt and worked for the National Resources Commission and the Bureau of the Budget while pursuing his PhD, which he received in 1942. He joined Friends Meeting of Washington after he had registered as a conscientious objector during World War II, in which he served as a relief worker with AFSC in France, was taken prisoner in 1943, and was interned in Baden-Baden until a prisoner exchange freed him to return to the United States. Upon his return, he married Anne Elizabeth Underwood, a fellow member of Friends Meeting of Washington, with whom he shared a passionate dedication to peace. In 1946, at age 34, Gilbert became the youngest college president in the nation when he was named president of Haverford College. He then convinced the faculty to use Quaker practice in their meetings. In 1955 he returned to University of Chicago. While chairing the Chicago regional committee of AFSC, he honed his skills as a facilitator in group decisionmaking. In 1970 he and Anne moved to Colorado, where as the Director of the Institute of Behavioral Science and founder of the Natural Hazards Research Center at University of Colorado, he would focus on the environmental problems he felt strongly were being ignored. He was instrumental in the establishment of the National Flood Insurance Program. Reflecting his commitment to national and international cooperation, Gilbert served on numerous professional and scientific committees and advisory groups, for organizations such as the National Research Council, the UN, and UNESCO. He was a member of the National Academy of Sciences, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the American Philosophical Society, and the Russian Academy of Sciences. Concomitant with his prolific scientific activity was Gilbert's Quaker service. He led AFSC's China program and organized American Relief for India to raise funds to support work after the Bengal famine. He was Assistant Executive Secretary of the AFSC with Clarence Pickett and a member of the mission to study relief efforts in occupied Germany. He became the chair of AFSC's Committee on College Programs, then chair of the Chicago Regional Office, and finally in 1963 chair of the National Board. In the late 1970s, with Mostafa Tolba, head of the UN Environment Program, Gilbert issued a declaration suggesting that human activity itself might cause a change in global climate. A world authority on ecological problems, Gilbert helped mediate water-supply issues in the Middle East among Jordan, Israel, and the Palestinians as recently as 1999. He received over 50 major scientific and humanitarian awards for his work. Friends at Boulder Meeting valued him for his leadership, wisdom, and friendship. Gilbert was predeceased by his wife, Anne White. He is survived by his second wife and longtime friend, Claire Sheridan; his son, William White; two daughters, Mary White and Frances White Chapin; stepchildren, Monika and Daniel Profitt; and six grandchildren.

1932, and a master's degree in Geography in 1934

leadership positions over the years, who has only missed one SAYMA annual meeting in the past 25 years, I feel I have a pretty good understanding of who the people are who make up SAYMA. I don't know everyone, but I do know quite a few more than these two young women from England. I was also present at the "No-talent" show that they attended and there were many attempts at humor throughout the evening that were not successful. It is one of the difficulties of humor these days that it often has a cruel side, that "makes fun" of some person, persons, or personality attribute. Is there a style of Quaker humor that doesn't do so? If so, we should spread it around more.

The question is not whether the stories about a drunken Irishman were funny, many would argue that stories about drunks of any kind are not funny, the question is whether they were racist as Miriam Yagud and Indigo Redfern charge. And more importantly, does laughing at a story about a drunk Irishman make one a racist, which is also claimed? And finally, does not rising up in the middle of an evening of "entertainment" to condemn the offense make one a coward, as the authors also assert?

You see, for me, Quakerism has always been defined as a searching for Truth. I like the slow discernment process where we listen to each other and the Spirit, where we search for clearness before we act. Often we discover that differences come not from differences of "opinion" but from differences of "reality." We literally see a different world and unless we make the attempt to enter each other's world, we can not come to consensus. President George W. Bush invaded Iraq because, in his reality, he had no choice. Those who opposed that action saw a different reality. The invasion happened not because the nation came to consensus, but because the President had the power to impose his view of reality onto others.

As Englishwomen with knowledge of their history and the treatment of the Irish by the English, coupled with their Quaker commitment to justice and equality, it is not hard to understand what their reality is about the Irish. As Appalachians, where the majority of the settlers were Scotch and Irish, the view of "Irish" is quite different. As Southerners, "racism" is not about the Irish, but about those with darker skin tones and with nou-European ancestry.

So where do we go with rhis? Perhaps we should screen all attempts at humor or eliminate humor from any future talent shows. Perhaps we need to be explicit about not using racial or ethnic or violent themes in any storytelling. I don't know how to eliminate the possibility of ever offending

anyone by words or actions. I do know that the Friends of SAYMA take our religion seriously, that we try to live our lives in the Light, and that there was no intent to offend on the part of SAYMA, nor I believe, in the individual who told the stories. Pointing out the discomfort is one thing, condemning the whole yearly meeting is beyond my comfort zone.

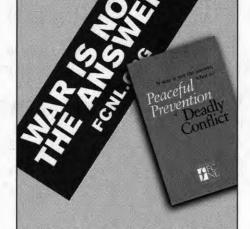
Dennis Gregg Crossville, Tenn.

Are we friends of Jesus?

I am sure he raised some hackles, but there was a lot of truth in Terry Wallace's article, "Misunderstanding Quaker Faith and Practice" (FJ Jan.). Friends have historically rebelled against the formal creeds written by mainstream Christians. Is this because we don't believe anything in common—including Jesus' message of salvation? Or, is it because Friends have long believed that the very essence of primitive Christianity was ignored and even contradicted by the creedal formulations made by the institutional Church since ar least the fourth century, when the Church converted itself into an imperial state religion?

imperial state religion? After much Bible study, I still don't find anything in the Gospels that suggests that Jesus himself believed that salvation comes from believing that his mother was a virgin, that he was God, or that he was the ultimate human sacrifice people need to believe in if they are to appease a violent and angry God. Instead, Jesus repeatedly said in the Gospels that God is the most powerful force of love and forgiveness in the universe. Jesus also said that all who do the will of God are his friends, indeed, his sisters and brothers. Salvation, according to Jesus, was to love God with all our heart and soul, and love our neighbors, including our enemies, as ourselves. According to Jesus, an abundant life grounded in the eternal love and guidance of God requires following these two core commandments; embracing the Spirit of God deep in oue's own heart; being devout in our faith tradition, but not legalistic or fundamentalist; and using our God-given talents to challenge the imperial powers and principalities of this world and seek instead the reign of God's Shalom on Earth. Kind of sounds like Quakerism at its best, doesn't it?

Certainly, early Quakers were not Friends of Jesus by accident or by mistake. He spoke to their condition as the decisive historical revelation of God's compassionate nature and he helped reveal to them the way, the truth, and the life they were called to follow as God's people. If anything, early Quakers



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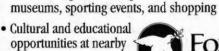


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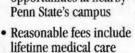


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were on a mission in the 17th century to rescue the spiritual path of Jesus from the neglect of his supposed mainstream followers-who ignored his faith and practice of minding God's Spirit and replaced it with a thin, formulaic, and rigid belief system about Jesus that was compatible with, and often supportive of, domination, inequality, empire, war, and greed.

Unfortunately, that is the fate of much of organized Christianity in the United States today. I therefore have to ask: Do we do the world any favors by acting like the fearful apostles of his day and denying that we are friends of Jesus? Do we do the world any favors if we refuse to be valiant for the Truth of following the way of Jesus-a path that is at once universal and also intimately grounded in the mystical-prophetic stream of Judaism? I don't think so. I actually think standing firm for the way of Jesus is the best way for us to challenge the hypocrisy and distortions of today's imperial Christianity. Those early Quakers were no fools.

> Steve Chase Keene, N.H.

Let's not have a closed Quakerism

Reading Terry H. Wallace's "Misunderstanding Quaker Faith and Practice" (FJ Jan.), I recoil at his wish to revert to a crotchety, know-it-all, closed brand of Quakerism. I tolerate many uses of the Bible in Quaker worship, but I do not tolerate using it to pound people over the head and flatten them into mindless conformity.

To Terry Wallace, I offer the words of Jesus from Matthew 7: 1-5: "Do not judge so that you will not be judged. For in the way you judge, you will be judged; and by your standard of measure, it will be measured to you. Why do you look at the speck that is in your brother's eye, but do nor notice the log that is in your own eye? Or how can you say to your brother, 'Let me take the speck out of your eye,' and behold, the log is in your own eye? You hypocrite, first take the log out of your own eye, and then you will see clearly to take the speck out of your brother's eye."

> Deborah Fink Ames, Iowa

The Inner Light is in all

I am indebted to Terry H. Wallace for his probing examination of views often voiced by unprogrammed Friends in "Misunderstanding Quaker Faith and Practice" (FJ Jan.). Untested acceptance of beliefs is not the Quaker way.

I'm troubled, however, by his treatment of his fourth statement: "That of God in every person is that Divine Spark, that little

piece of God, in each of us."

He may be correct in saying that this view is antithetical to the thinking of original Friends and a product of late 19th- and early 20th-century "polite mysticism"; and it well may have had its origin in Greek Neoplatonism. But recognition of the Divine Spark, the Inner Light, should not be so easily dismissed, even in light of the horrors of the 20th century.

One of my earliest introductions to Quakerism was provided by a Twin Cities Friend, Mulford Sibley. Speaking at a multifaith conference on mysticism in the 1960s, he said, "You are familiar with Jesus Christ, but do you know of Hitler Christ?" It was his attention-getting way of reminding his listeners that the Divine Spark is in each of us. It may be deeply buried, perhaps in some cases irretrievable, but it is there. If Friend Mulford were around today, he'd probably speak of Bin Laden Christ.

The Inner Light is not mine or yours. It is God's, Christ's, the Spirit's—graciously bestowed that we may be guided by it. To deny its presence and potential in others undermines our faith and weakens our resolve to continue working with the Spirir

to make this a better world.

Myron Bietz Rochester, Minn.

History must be held dearly

I certainly appreciate Terry Wallace's article, "Misunderstanding Quaker Faith and Practice" (FJ Jan.). I've seen a phenomenon among Unitarian Universalists that runs parallel to what he describes. In the case of our Unitarian Universalist cousins, the faith and practice has become so disconnected from the tradition that in many congregations Unitarian monotheism is refuted for the sake of either humanistic atheism, or neo-pagan polytheism; and universal salvation is redefined as a somewhat vain claim that the Unitarian Universalist faith is the world's true universal religion.

Friends should therefore heed this article as a prophetic corrective to the shadow side of theological liberalism. For that reason alone, I anticipate some strong responses to

this article.

That said, my own post-liberal convictions would also warn both Wallace and readers about the danger of conflating history and tradition. Just because a thing was done or thought or said by weighty and historic Friends, does not mean that this history becomes tradition. Tradition is what

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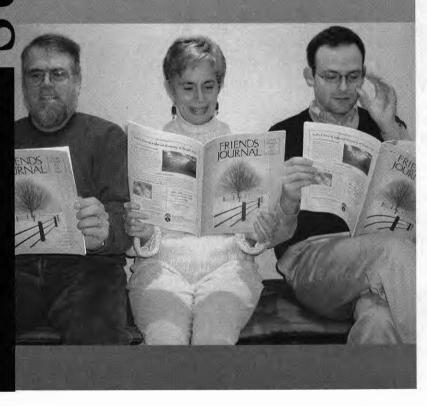
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our religious communities consciously and subconsciously choose to pass from one generation to another. Here in Indiana I can go to the Sugar Grover meetinghouse and see the relics of a form of Quakerism that persisted into the 1960s. These Friends never permitted hymn singing at their meetinghouse, and they maintained the partition between the men's and women's worship spaces. They made these practices their tradition out of deeply held convictions. Most other Friends did not choose to make a ban on sacred music or the segregation of men and women in worship part of their traditions.

History is crucial for understanding our faith and practice, but it is not the trump card. In the act of "traditioning" from one generation to the next, our history is kept in a constant conversation with the human experience of God. And so I would say we hold our past dearly. If we fail to hold it, we will succumb to spiritual amnesia. If we hold our past too tight, we will strangle ourselves.

> Derek Parker Muncie, Ind.

Belief in one God can unite people

Terry Wallace's piece in your January issue raises some interesting questions. He challenges the assertion that all religions are the same, and properly so. Of course, all religions are not the same. But that is too general a formulation of the issue. What we should ask is, "In what respects are all religions the same or different?" This question and others, which flow from it, do really matter. For example, when non-Christians pray to their God or gods, are they praying to the same God to which Christians direct their prayers? And when Christians pray, are they praying to the same God to which Muslims and all the others pray? In short, is there only one God to which all people pray? If there is only one God, then all religions are the same in one very important respect: We all pray to and worship the same God, no matter differences of language, names, or verbal formulation of beliefs and practices. That, for me, is a positive and good thing, and not merely an effort "to be nice and accepting of other faiths," as Wallace appears to conclude.

To believe that all people worship the same God is liberating and promotes tolerance and understanding. One can still cherish differences growing out of history, culture, and geography and yet prize this central core of faith that brings humanity together.

Finally, isn't it useful to ask, if the men

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who planned and executed 9/11 had believed that Allah is only their name for the one God of the universe, which all people seek and pray to, would they have carried out their murderous deed? And would the children in the Middle East have strapped on their suicide belts of bombs if they had been raised to believe that the Jews they wish to kill worship the same God as they do? We can't be sure of the answer to these questions, of course, but we all devoutly wish the perpetrators of 9/11 had been less certain of the righteousness of their beliefs and actions. Doubt in this instance would have become, perhaps, a strength not a weakness.

> Philip Johnson Richmond, Ind.

Let's seek out our commonality

I am a Quaker who appreciates the sameness of religions. Terry Wallace, in "Misunderstanding Quaker Faith and Practice" (F/ Jan.), makes the point that there are great and important differences among faiths, and I agree. Our cultures would be less were there not.

What's important to me is that I believe persons of different faiths can understand one another, despite the limitation of differences. If so, then faiths may support one another, and the differences may provide perspective. Fine as the differences are, they enable us to dwell on those that are "other" as insufficiencies.

It may be simple celebration of liberation from the tedium of this that leads Quakers to speak of "sameness." This certainly could become an overused point and that may be what Terry Wallace is seeing.

Stuart Bartram Wayland, N.Y.

Necessary reading

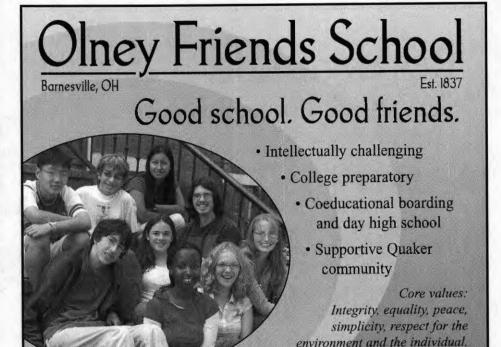
Thank you for James Fletcher's excellent article, "A Quaker Speaks from the Black Experience" (FJ Jan.). I believe it is necessary reading for our white membership in the Quaker faith.

An African American Quaker told me, a white Quaker, that every day of her life in this still racist country she is made aware of her race in a hurtful way by whites.

Rosemary Bothwell Jenkintown, Pa.

Great issue

Thank you for two articles in the January 2007 issue that spoke my mind: Benjamin Vail's "Questions for Quakers about Cars"



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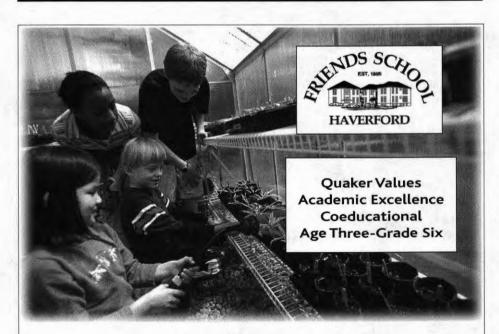
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and Maya Porter's "The Iraq War and its Implications for Quakers." The first one pointed out an often-overlooked but critical fact: that air pollution and fossil-fuel dependency are not the only problems created by cars; the second, that we are complicit in the reasons for war while congratulating ourselves for being morally superior for opposing it. I think we are letting other people do our dirty work for us.

I also really appreciated James Fletcher's article "A Quaker Speaks from the Black Experience." I learned a lot from it.

This is one of the best issues of FRIENDS JOURNAL I have ever received. Even the editing was much improved.

Marian Rhys Portland, Oreg.

Agnosticism on global warming is a dangerous temptation

In her letter objecting to Friends witness on climate change and global warming (FJ Jan.), Signe Wilkinson states that "We are a religion, not a science class."

This is a curious thing for a Quaker to say. Insofar as Quakerism's approach to religion is about right relationship, it has often been a close student of the sciences. As far back as William Penn, Friends understood that right relationship depends on right understanding, and that the sciences add significantly to right understanding. "Continuing revelation" effected a solid marriage between science and religion in Quakerism.

Penn writes in Some Fruits of Solitude:

"And it would go a great way to caution and direct People in their Use of the World, that they were better studied and known in the Creation of it. For how could they find the confidence to abuse it, while they should see the Great Creator stare them in face, in all and every part thereof?" To suggest a separation between religion and science in Quakerism has about the same credibility as advocating for a flat Earth cosmology.

The biospheric and ecological sciences now provide a much enhanced context for understanding the human-Earth relationship. The scientific understanding of global warming, in particular, involves us in a moral issue that goes to the heart of religion—the issue of human solidarity. If we plead agnosticism on global warming, as Signe Wilkinson thinks advisable, and let the cards of climate change fall where they may, we will travel ever deeper into a world of sacrifice zones. At some point on this journey ir will become obvious that the

wealth and power of the high energy world is creating a slow motion holocaust for those in the sacrifice zones. When this point is reached, the global warming agnostic either has a conversion experience, or decides that sacrifice zones are part of the natural order and throws in entirely with wealth and power.

A recent story in the Christian Science Monitor details the effect of global warming on the Karamoja region of Uganda. Violent and lethal conflict is flaring due to competition for dwindling grazing resources. This case is particularly real to me having been in the Karamoja region in the 1960s.

Those who have been studying the circumstances of climate change have no doubt that the receding moisture level in the Karamoja region is directly related to humaninduced global warming. This is but one example of the deteriorating circumstances and the increasing inequity that the high energy economies of the world are imposing on vulnerable regions. Those who plead agnosticism on global warming are ignoring both the primary evidence of science and the right relationship ar the heart of religion.

Agnosticism on climate change and global warming is a powerful and dangerous temptation. It holds hands with the seductive logic of fatalism. Fatalism is often a secret reserve position, strangely comforting even as it gnaws away at roots of faith. But the logic of fatalism is flawed. If we go with fatalism, and the worst happens as expected, we will never know if a different and better outcome might have been possible if only a greater effort of faith-driven work for the common good had been made.

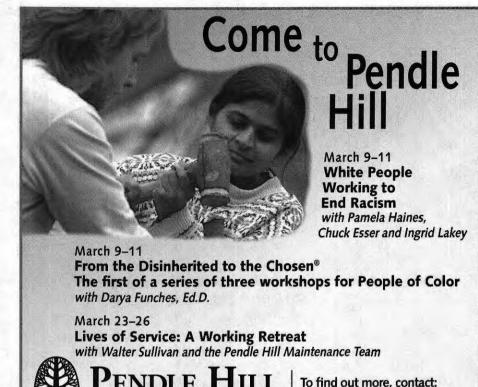
Climate change and global warming may be complex and multi-causal, but a stance of agnosticism on the human-induced component lends tacit support to the high risk cynicism of a global-sacrifice-zone policy. We can be thankful that Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, along with other yearly and monthly meetings, have taken the precautionary approach of the best science and the right relationship of religion as guides for their decisions to witness on this matter.

> Keith Helmuth Philadelphia, Pa.

Mea culpa

One of the dangers of a very active and crowded e-mail inbox, I've discovered, is that items scroll rapidly off one's screen and may go inadvertendy unnoticed for a considerable amount of time. This was the unfortunate case with Signe Wilkinson's letter regarding global warming, published in the January issue.

Given the time that had lapsed between





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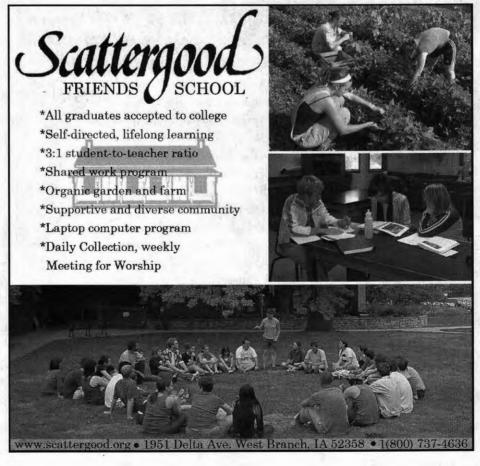


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the submission of her message and my discovery of it, I should have checked with Signe to be sure her viewpoint had not evolved on this subject. Unfortunately, I did not do so, and in the process caused considerable consternation to her, for which I sincerely apologize. Others who might wish to take issue with her letter in our January issue would be well advised to take this into consideration.

Susan Corson-Finnerty
Publisher and Executive Editor
FRIENDS JOURNAL

Secondhand stress is a justice issue

My guess is that most Friends don't smoke. They realize that it hurts their health and wastes their money. But, more importantly, whether Friends smoke or not, I'll bet that nearly all of us recognize the injustice of secondhand smoke. Why should nonsmokers (especially children) be subjected to a polluted environment and become victims of someone else's vile habit? So even the smokers among us likely take measures to minimize the injustice perpetrated by their habit.

Bur though few of us are cigarette slaves, almost all Friends I know complain of too much stress in their lives. We feel the effects acutely on our physical, emotional, and spiritual health. This visceral and unpleasant experience is akin to the coughs, cancers, and heart problems that plague smokers. All Friends recognize the toll that stress takes in our lives, but how many of us recognize the harmful effects on others of the secondhand stress that emanates from our overstressed lives? Moreover, how many of us take measures to do something about this injustice?

Consider your family and friends. Sure, it's your choice to opt for life's fast lane, to spend most of your waking hours interacting with fast-paced high-tech machines, to multitask and cram every temporal interstice of your life with activity. But does the manic tempo of your life lead you to interrupt friends before they finish communicating their thoughts or cause impatience and curtness when you interact with your children? Does such behavior impose unsolicited secondhand stress on your family and friends? Does it impair the health of your spousal relationship? Is there an injustice here?

And what is the effect of secondhand stress on neighbors and society? Most Friends that I know are pursuing upward mobility, career advancement, society's definition of success. In our stressful path to keep up with the Joneses, are we complicit in a self-

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propelling feedback loop that drives our neighbors and societies to accelerate their pace just to maintain equilibrium? Is this definition of progress compatible with our faith values?

Finally, what is the global impact of the secondhand stress spewing forth from manic-paced, overdeveloped, trend-setting nations like ours? As hamsters each propelling our individual treadmill, whar is our corporate complicity in abetting Washington's efforts to cram a stress-sodden neoliberal market economy down the throats of all the world's nations? When international financial institutions (IFIs, such as the World Bank and International Monetary Fund) peddle loans to low-income countries so they can keep up with the richnation Joneses, do the simple common folk in these countries welcome the added payback stress? And what kind of habitat and environmental secondhand stresses afflict the planet's nonhuman species as a result of the dizzying pace of the stressful, consumptive, unsustainable lifestyle that we humans have enshrined as progress? Did anyone ask polar bears, for example, whether they appreciate these secondhand environmental stresses?

Nearly a decade ago, I wrote an article (FJ Nov. 1998) asking whether technology is our new God. Does not every new technology ratchet up the pace of life? Isn't the effect of this that more stress is added to our lives? Do we recognize that the second hand stress that spins off from our manic pace is an injustice to our family, friends, society, global community, and other species in God's creation? Then why can't we just say no to technologies that violate our faith values?

If we Friends have anything to offer members of our overstressed society, I would suggest that it is the concept that living simply, downward mobility, slowing life's pace, and sharing our wealth globally (through our own Right Sharing of World Resources, for starters) is the most sane and just path to a better world. There really is no alternative, if we wish to survive the current century. If the bulk of our society chooses a stress-filled path, let's decide to march to a different drummer, both because the mania is harmful to our health and because the second hand stress that attends such pressures is an injustice to all other living things.

Chuck Hosking Albuquerque, N.Mex.

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quietly providing excellent care to older persons for over a century. Call today for a tour: (484) 760-6300, or visit our brand-new website <www.thehickman.org>



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.

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. The Lathrop Communities - Northampton and Easthampton, Mass.

Nursing care, residential and assisted living:

Barclay Friends - West Chester, Pa.

Advocacy/education programs: Untie the Elderly - Pa. Restraint Reduction Initiative

Kendal Outreach, LLC

Collage, Assessment Tool for Well Elderly For information, contact: Doris Lambert, The Kendal Corporation, 1170 E. Baltimore Pike, Kennett Square, PA 19348. (610) 388-5581. E-mail sinfo@kcorp.kendal.org.

Advertise in FRIENDS JOURNAL!



A Quaker-Related, Not-for-Profit Community For Adults Age 55+

We welcome your visit! Medford Leas is a unique, notwe welcome your visit mediord Leas is a unique, not-for-profit, Quaker-related community for older adults that combines the advantages of a Continuing Care Retirement Community (CCRC) with those of a 55+ Active Adult Community. Blending the convenience and accessibility of suburban living with the unique aesthetic of an arboretum and nature preserve, Medford Leas offers campuses in Medford and Lumberton, NJ, and a wide range of residential styles—from garden-style apartments to clustered townhouses—all arranged amidst the extraordinary beauty of over 200 acres of landscaped gardens, natural woodlands, and meadows. Cultural, intellectual and recreational opportunities abound as Philadelphia, Princeton, New York City, and New Jersey's famous shoreline are all easily City, and New Jersey's tamous snoreline are all easily accessible via car or public transportation. Medford Monthly Meeting is thriving, active and caring. Amenity and program highlights include: walking/biking trails, tennis courts, indoor and outdoor swimming pools, fitness centers and programs, computer center, greenhouses, very active self-governed residents' association with 90+ committees, on-site "university" program, and much more. Medford Leas' superior health, well-ness, and long-term care (assisted living & skilled nurs-ing care) services are available through two distinct contract types and a wide renge of fees; "Lifecare" - with unlimited care included in fees and "Non-Lifecare" - with fee-for-service health care services. CCAC-Accredited; Member, Friends Services for the Aging. For more details or to schedule your visit, call 800-331-4302. www.medfordleas.org E-mail www.medfordleas.org



Friends Homes, Inc., founded by North Carolina Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, has been providing retirement options since 1968. Both Friends Hornes at

Guilford and Friends Homes west are fee-for-service, continuing care retirement com-munities 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, intel-lectual, and spiritual opportunities in an area where Quaker roots run deep. For information please cali: (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. www.friendshomes.org>.

Schools

ARTHUR MORGAN SCHOOL. Boarding and day school for grades 7-9. Small academic classes, consensus decision making, outdoor and community service trips, daily work program. A small, caring community environment. For information about admissions or hiring: (828) 675-4262. <ams@yancey.main.nc.us>. 60 AMS Circle, Burnsville, NC 28714. <www.arthurmorganschool.org>.

Frankford Friends School: coed; Pre-K to grade 8; 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.

Lansdowne Friends School - a small Friends school for boys and girls three years of age through sixth grade, root-ed in Quaker values. We provide children with a quality acadernic and a developmentally appropriate program in a nur-turing environment. Whole language, thematic education, conflict resolution, Spanish, after-school care, summer pro-gram. 110 N. Lansdowne Avenue, Lansdowne, PA 19050.

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: Strattord Friends School, 5 Llandillo Road, Havertown, PA 19083. (610) 446-3144. <gvare @stratfordfriends.org>, <www.stratfordfriends.org>.

United Friends School: coed; preschool-8; emphasizing integrated, developmentally appropriate curriculum, afterschool arts, sports, and music programs. Busing available. 1018 West Broad Street, Quakertown, PA 18951. (215) 538-1733. <www.unitedfriendsschool.org>.



EARLHAM

Graduate study for persons interested in ministry Master of Divinity/Master of Ministry and Master of Arts in Religion degrees Residential and Distance learning opportunities Ministry erriphases in Spirituality, Peace opportunities withinsity ethinases in opinituality, Peace and Justice, Pastoral Care, Writing, Ministry among Unprogrammed Friends, Teaching, Pastoral studies Research concentrations in Biblical studies, Quaker studies, Theological studies, & Peace Studies. For further information contact Tim Seid <seidti@earlham.edu>, <mailto:seitti@earlham.edu> or (800) 432-1377.

Services Offered

HOLISTIC TELEPHONE CLASS. Transformational. Two HOLISTIC TELEPHONE CLASS. Transformational. Iwo hours, ten weeks. ≤ 50% scholarships. Dr. Karen Carlson, International Academy of Holistic Massage and Science, Career School for Natural Healing, Spiritual Development. Established 1977. <www.iarnholistic.com>; (302) 777-7307.

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Samples: <www.pennyjackim.calligraphicarts.org>

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Moving? Maybe David Brown, a Quaker real estate broker, can help. Contact him at <davidhbrown@mindspring.com>.

All Things Calligraphic

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Consulting services for educational institutions and nonprofit organizations. Fundraising. Capital campaigns. Planned giving. Recent clients include liberal arts colleges, seminaries, independent schools, social service agencies, Pendle Hill, FGC, and many other Friends organizations. <www.Hfreemanassociates.com>.

Purchase Quarterly Meeting (NYYM) maintains a peace tax escrow fund. Those interested in tax witness may wish to contact us through NYYM, 15 Rutherford Place, New York, NY 10003.

Women's Groups; consulting services, for individuals, families, organizations. Elizabeth Serkin, PhD Clinical Sociologist/Social Gerontologist Sage Consulting for Change, LLC, Doylestown, PA (215) 348-3969.

HANDYMAN/LIGHT REMODELING. Serving hour radius around Pendle Hill. Over 25 years experience. Insured, with references. Former PH contractor and maintenance worker. Free estimates. Doug Durren (610) 909-0687.

Summer Camps



Camp Woodbrooke, Wisconsin

Quaker-led camp with emphasis on simplicity, community, living in harmony with the environment. Have fun, make friends.

34 boys and girls, ages 7-12. Teen program, ages 13-15. (608) 647-8703. www.campwoodbrooke.org.

CAMP CELO: A small farm home camp in the North Carolina mountains. Under Quaker leadership for over 50 years. Boys and girls ages 7-12. 3:1 camper/staff ratio. <www.campcelo.com>. (828) 675-4323.

FRIENDS MUSIC CAMP at Olney, 4-week summer program, ages 10-18. Musical growth in a caring, Quaker community. Parent comment: "A profound, life-changing experience." Camper comment: "Awesome!" For brochure and camp video: FMC, PQ Box 427, Yellow Springs, OH 45387. (937) 767-1311. <musicfmc@yahoo.com>.

Journey's End Farm Camp

Farm animals, gardening, ceramics, wood shop, out-door games. Program centered in the life of a Quaker farm family focuses on nonviolence, simplicity, reverrence for nature. Sessions of two or three weeks for 34 boys and girls, ages 7-12. Apply early for financial aid. Welcome all races. Qne-week Family Camp in August. Kristin Curtis, 364 Sterling Road, Newfoundland, PA 18445. (570) 689-3911; www.journeysendfarm.org>.

Friends Camp—New England Yearly Meeting: Located in South China, Maine, offering activities that spring from the creative ideas of our counselors. Program offerings: swimming, canoeing, photography, nature, non-competitive games, crafts, music, arts, sailnature, non-competitive games, crafts, music, arts, saling, sports, and other imaginitive programs. Specially camps: Leadership & Service, Drama, Wilderness Camping, and a one-week Family Camp. Affordable/Camperships. Contact: Nat Shed at (207) 873-3499 or <director@friendscamp.org>;<www.friendscamp.org>.

Night Eagle Wilderness Adventures, in Vermont's Night Eagle Wilderness Adventures, in Vermont's Green Mountains, is a unique, primitive summer camp designed to build a boy's self-confidence and foster a better understanding of native peoples and their rela-tionship with the Earth. Activities tend to spring from the natural environment and teach boys to rely on their own ingenuity. Through community living and group decision making, campers learn to live and play together in a spirit of cooperation rather than competition. For 40 boys, ages 10-14. Two-, three-, and six-week sessions. Please visit our website: <www.nighteaglewilderness.com> or call for a full brochure: (802) 773-7866.

MOTT FAMILY CAMP Join us for worship, games, rest, chores, swimming, canoeing, sailing, and watching the sun go down. We will also offer crafts, pottery, singing, and games. Each family will have a cabin to themselves. Come to Maine in August for a wonderful vacation retreat. Healthy meals for vegetarians and non-vegetarians. Nat Shed at (207) 873-3499 or colirector@friendseapn.org. friendscamp.org>, <www.friendscamp.org>.

Accredited by The American Camping Association

Summer Rentals

Provence, France. Beautiful secluded stone house, village near Avignon, 3 BR (sleeps 5-6), kitchen/dining room, spacious living room, modern bathroom. Terrace, courtyard, view of medieval castle. Separate neritate, courtyard, view of infedieval castle. Separate second house sleeps 4. Both available year-round \$1,200-\$2,900/mo. www.rent-in-provence.com. Marc Simon, rue Oume, 30290 Saint Victor, France, rmsimon@wanadoo.fr; or J. Simon, 124 Bondcroft, Buffalo, NY 14226; (716) 836-8698.

Log cabin, full amenities, coastal downeast Maine by wildlife preserve, sleeps five. Two weeks \$800.00 plus utilities. Mid May to mid September. Monteux orchestra concerts nearby, lobster, crab, and blueberry in season. Beach ideal for kids. - karriet_Heath@hotmail.com or (610) 649 -

Prince Edward Island, 3.5 bedroom house, simple living, private, over a mile of shoreline on a beautiful bay. In the Canadian maritimes with many Celtic & Acadian cultural events. US\$650/wk. Contact: <melsax7@yahoo.com> or (608) 280-0882

Adirondack Mountains, upstate NY. Spectacular location on pristine lake. Chalet, sleeps 6 to 12 comfortably. Weekly or monthly. Friends meeting nearby. Call 518-327-3117.

Come to Pendle Hill for Summer Term June 22-August 4

re you one of the many people who want to be part of the Resident Program at Pendle Hill, but haven't had time? Pendle Hill now offers a six-week Summer Term, June 22-August 4, 2007. Join us!

- Enjoy an extended stay on Pendle Hill's beautiful campus;
- Design your own program: Choose from among twelve five-day retreats and six weekend workshops;
- Take pottery and/or Quakerism classes from our resident faculty;
- Do early-morning **voga**;
- Join in the work and prayer life of our intergenerational community, including daily worship;
- Discuss your spiritual journey with a spiritual nurturer for an hour each week:
- Eat nutritious, organic food—fresh from our bountiful summer garden;
- · Use the pool, exercise facilities, and library at nearby Swarthmore College;

Enjoy concerts and other special events . . . and more. Our summer program provides a rich environment for spiritual, mental, physical, and emotional stretching and revitalization. You can be as relaxed or rigorous as you want.





New this Summer: Four Workshops for Educators

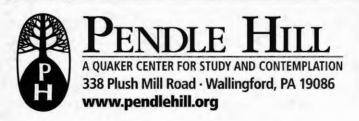
July 1-5 Sources of Spiritual Renewal for Educators Paul and Margaret Lacey

July 13-15 The Courage to Teach Judy Sorum Brown

July 15-19 Multi-Modal Madness: **Exploring "Multiple Intelligences"** Peterson Toscano and Christina Landini

July 29-August 2 **Tools for Transformational Education** Hector Aristizabal

Come for Summer Term and take all four workshops!



Contact the registrar today for more information and an application. Extension 3 at 800.742.3150 (US) or 610.566.4507 (worldwide) or email admissions@pendlehill.org