Nurturing Youth: Friends Camps
Clearness Committees
Separation of Church and State
New Beginnings and Gratitude

Every New Year arrives with its promise of things to come, fresh starts, new opportunities. In reality, we are always standing in that place, yet somehow we choose threshold times to remind ourselves that it’s time to start over. As I write this, snow is falling outside my window and the tree branches there are bare. Yet the woodpecker who searches for his sustenance on that tree knows that there is life beneath the surface, that things are not exactly as they appear to be. So often, I find myself making that same observation—that so much of what transpires in this world is invisible to the naked eye, not easily observed regardless, but has its own place in the mystery of being nevertheless.

Two articles in this issue discuss thresholds for their authors. In “Clearness Committees at the Crossroads of Our Working Lives” (p.6), William Charland discusses the way that an unexpected clearness process opened him up to a new path as a writer—a gift of way opening, when he thought he was seeking something else. Robert Neuhouser tells us in “Quaker Peacemaking Put to the Test” (p.12) about an encounter with an angry gunman that required him to act upon his values to find a way to defuse a difficult situation, taking him from theory into direct action. Behind each of these stories, for me, there is the Great Mystery—the amazing way that we are given what we need at the time we most need it. Way opens.

One of the immense blessings of working for Quaker organizations, I’ve found, is to be privileged to see way opening in regard to our work. This happens in so many contexts, it would be impossible to cite them all. But a recent example may serve: Associate Editor Becca Howe experienced a sudden health crisis this past August. It became clear that she would need to take extended time away from her job, leaving a substantial gap in our editorial workforce. We posted a notice on an Internet website, searching for temporary editorial help—and former Associate Editor Melissa Elliott appeared, able to fill the gap beautifully. She’d gone to the Internet site looking for work, knowing nothing of our opening. You can see both of them on the facing page in our holiday greeting to our readers. We experience small miracles regularly.

Actually, the JOURNAL itself is a miracle each month. With the abundant flow of manuscripts offered to us, and the hard work of 13 regular volunteers and numerous interns, and the dedication of our 13 staff—7 of whom are only part-time, we need every bit of the immense blessings of working for Quaker organizations, I’ve found, is to be privileged to see way opening in regard to our work. This happens in so many contexts, it would be impossible to cite them all. But a recent example may serve: Associate Editor Becca Howe experienced a sudden health crisis this past August. It became clear that she would need to take extended time away from her job, leaving a substantial gap in our editorial workforce. We posted a notice on an Internet website, searching for temporary editorial help—and former Associate Editor Melissa Elliott appeared, able to fill the gap beautifully. She’d gone to the Internet site looking for work, knowing nothing of our opening. You can see both of them on the facing page in our holiday greeting to our readers. We experience small miracles regularly.

Actually, the JOURNAL itself is a miracle each month. With the abundant flow of manuscripts offered to us, and the hard work of 13 regular volunteers and numerous interns, and the dedication of our 13 staff—7 of whom are only part-time, we manage to publish this magazine and do the marketing, ad sales, and fundraising needed to keep it solvent. Today I chatted with a former staff person from another religious periodical, one of 40 years duration and recipient of many awards, which went out of business a few years ago. I reflect on our comparative circumstances and the remarkable way Friends pull together to keep this important vehicle of communication alive and strong—and I’m amazed, and grateful.

While on the topic of gratitude and new beginnings, I encourage you to have a look at our redesigned website at <www.friendsjournal.org>. Managing Editor Peter Deitz has put countless hours into creating an interactive new design for us, one that will permit you to post comments on articles on the site, e-mail them to friends, or search through our Indexes all the way back to 1955. Have a look and send us your comments about the site. We look forward to experiencing this new vehicle of interactive communication with you.

[Signature]
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Front cover photo by Riley Lark
The tools for resisting

Thank you for another nourishing issue of FJ in September! I was especially riveted by the insights and solid strategic thinking contained in Chuck Fager's article "Friends and Torture," which are applicable to many issues with which we struggle.

Chuck rightly points out that we have already lost most of the rights we thought we had, and that we do not really have access to power in matters that are so critical for us and for the world. Chuck also points us to the tools we do have, even in our powerlessness: "TVA," tenacity, veracity, and audacity—to be applied everywhere, not only inside the Beltway. And he reminds us that none of this is a spectator sport.

As one who is searching for ways to most effectively resist our country's downward spiral into barbarism, destructiveness, and chaos, I find his words inspiring and useful. Thank you Chuck!

Arden Buc
Nederland, Colo.

Blogging to ease chronic pain

I appreciated the article "Friends and Cyberspace" by Mark Franek (FJ Sept.), which discusses how blogs can fit into Quakerism, as well as reflect Quaker values.

In my medical practice, I have been spiritually led to focus on treating patients with chronic physical pain. But working only part-time in my practice, I was looking for a way to reach more people, in addition to those I could treat directly. So I started a website and blog this past year as an outgrowth of this spiritual leading.

On my website I include general information about coping with chronic pain and living life fully despite pain. On my blog, three times a week, I post articles on relaxation techniques, new treatments for pain, spirituality and pain, interviews with patients and doctors, book and product reviews, and more. On both my website and blog I encourage interaction with those who read my blog, and I have learned a great deal from my readers.

Only two of the comments I received since starting the blog were mean-spirited, commenting that pain disorders aren't "real," and that patients with severe pain are really just "whiners." Instead of deleting those comments, I did two things. First, I used them to educate about chronic pain, and to encourage those who experience chronic pain to not respond in anger to those who don't understand. Second, I discussed directing "loving-kindness" towards those who hold opinions with which we disagree, which to me meant holding these commenters "in the Light," to use our Quaker phrase.

I smiled at the view that bloggers are like those who play golf—we "must not be working very hard." Instead, I actively protect some of my time and energy to blog, as it is part of a spiritual leading for me, and thus one of my most important activities.

For those who are interested, my website and blog are at: <www/howtocopewithpain.org> and <www/howtocopewithpain.org/blog>. I would love to have comments from FRIENDS JOURNAL readers!

Sarah Whitman

Not Arab

I enjoyed the Reflection "Thoughts on the Peace Testimony" by Elizabeth A. Osuch (FJ Sept. 2007). I found it interesting and quite inspiring.

However there is a mistake, which may offend some readers. In it, the author writes "Afghanistan and other Arab countries." In fact, Afghanistan is not an Arab country, by any definition of Arab.

John MacDougall
Cambridge, Mass.

Two requests

Recent issues of FRIENDS JOURNAL have felt especially nourishing. Highlights that come to mind are the articles supporting parenting, and the articles in the FWCC special issue (October 2007) on Latin American Friends, which make me (a Universalist Friend who attends silent worship) want to attend an Evangelical meeting as soon as possible. Also, I feel compelled to improve my Spanish so that when the opportunity presents itself I might more readily share faith experiences. The articles on Latin American Friends also made me wonder if someone might emerge to volunteer their services as a translator, so that some of the nourishing writing published in the JOURNAL can be shared with Spanish-speaking seekers. Knowing how much of the work at FJ is done by volunteers, I am hopeful that someone will emerge when the time is right.

On a different but related note: In the August 2006 issue Elizabeth Eames Roebbing wrote "An Invitation to Hispaniola." Due to my interest in peace work in the Caribbean I wrote a letter of support to the author, which FRIENDS JOURNAL staff kindly forwarded. However, when the letter reached the Dominican Republic, she had moved. I would greatly enjoy receiving an update from Elizabeth Eames Roebbing on her work in Hispaniola and on her spiritual journey. My hope is that she might see this letter and submit an update to FRIENDS JOURNAL.

Lisa Rand
Bechtelsville, Pa.

Not just words

All the words in all your articles remind me of all the words in my daily journal. As Eliza declares to Freddie in Lerner and Loewe's My Fair Lady, "Words, words, words! I'm so sick of words!"

We all keep reaching, seeking, yearning, calling, listening, and hoping.

Then one of us, in this instance Carolann Palmer ("Quilts in Burundi: The Unending God Story," FJ Oct. 2007), quiets uttering words and does something, and makes a difference.

Yet it is only through the words in the JOURNAL that I learn of Carolann's actions,

A Note to Our Subscribers

Beginning in 2008, we may occasionally exchange our subscriber mailing list with Quaker or other like-minded organizations that we believe will be of interest to our readers, and whose constituents we believe would be interested in subscribing to FRIENDS JOURNAL. We respect your privacy.

If you would like to opt out of such sharing, we will gladly remove your name from any list that is shared. You may opt out by sending an e-mail to <optout@friendsjournal.org> or by calling our office at (215) 563-8629. Please reference the account number from the top line of your FRIENDS JOURNAL address label when you contact us.
and I receive encouragement to do something. "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us." (John 1:14)

Today I ask God to open my eyes so I may see, and in seeing, do something with and about all these words, and again make the Word flesh.

Jeff DeVore
San Pedro, Calif.

Has the message changed?

Louise Salinas, in "The Challenges of 'Face to Face' and 'Heart to Heart'" (FJ Oct. 2007) excites us with her description of how networking has multiplied, expanded, and created a great new network of Friends and friends of Friends.

It might also be challenging and exciting to consider how the "medium" is changing the "message." It was the Canadian philosopher and computer pioneer Marshall MacLuhan who opened a whole new field of investigation and discussion when he proclaimed: "The medium is the message!"

He defined his insight as follows:

Any technology gradually creates a totally new human environment. Environments are not passive wrappings but active processes . . . With the phonetic alphabet, classified wisdom took over from the operational wisdom—the tribal encyclopedia.

Education by classified data has been the Western program ever since. Now, however, the electronic data classification yields a pattern recognition . . . The 'medium is the message' means that a totally new environment has been created. . . .

This new environment reprocesses the old as radically as TV is reprocessing the film . . . Edmund Bacon of Philadelphia, discovered that school children could be invaluable researchers and colleagues in the task of remaking the image of the city.

Good start, Louise Salinas. Now, on to the larger question: what message are we changing with the widespread use of computer technology?

Leo Molinar

Questions remain about 9/11 attacks

It's been six years since the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, and still no one has answered the questions of those whose family members died that day. No one. Not the 9/11 Commission, not the Congressional committees who studied the intelligence failures, and not Popular Mechanics (debunking 9/11 myths) and other the critics of the alternative conspiracy theories. No one.

On August 20 of last year I was hoping the History Channel would put the questions to bed, but they presented only the tired arguments of Popular Mechanics that concentrate on straw men instead of confronting inconvenient facts.

Some reputable investigative body or major media reporter needs to tell us why our government didn't prevent the attacks given the many advance warnings, to explain the failure of our air defense system to intercept hijacked airliners, and to provide some believable explanations for the collapse of the World Trade Center buildings.

As a senior and lifelong activist, I've hardly enjoyed a decent night's sleep since September 11, 2001. For a year after the attacks I accepted the official story, but then I started to find bothersome inconsistencies in the story—my nose began to tell me something wasn't passing the smell test in New York City, D.C., and Shanksville, Pa. Apparently other people in the U.S. think so too—a Zogby poll released September 6, 2007, indicated 51 percent of respondents would like a Congressional investigation of the Administration's actions before, during, and after the 9/11 attacks. We wait for someone, some impartial body, to answer the unanswered questions.

Andrew Mills
Lower Gwynedd, Pa.

Friends' history in the co-op movement

Friends have long wrestled with how to bring our business activities in line with our spiritual witness. Early Quakers were not just vocal critics of conventional modes of commerce; they were also business people and active creators of alternatives. Friends gained a reputation for honesty and integrity in business, and many became successful. At the same time, traditions of simplicity and plain living reduced expenses, freeing resources for other purposes in the community.

In response to growing economic success, some Friends consciously limited their commercial engagements. Others came to recognize the links between trade and oppression, refusing to produce materials for war or purchase the products of slavery and appealing to members of the Religious Society and others to disengage from such enterprises. One such Friend, John Bright (1811–1899), was a Quaker factory owner and parliamentarian from Rochdale, England, who employed his resources as an abolitionist and advocate of the Rochdale Pioneers, the founders of the modern cooperative movement.

The affinity of Friends with the values and principles of cooperation continued into the next century and is evident in documents such as the 1930 edition of Faith and Practice of New England Yearly Meeting (NEYM). Concerns identified include the control of industry, and proposals are made for workers and employers to consider themselves cooperators sharing in their common purpose to serve their community.

The concept of formal representation for workers and consumers in relationship to business owners and wise experimentation looking toward answers to these questions is also presented. And it is further asserted that wealth should be regarded as a means and not an end, with its responsibilities assumed in a broad spirit of Christian service and brotherhood.

The following edition of NEYM's Faith and Practice (1950) likewise states that the development of a sensitive conscience concerning the existing maladjustments, unfair practices, and positive evils of our economic system should be a vital concern to all Friends, asserting that the problem of distribution in the world's economic order should be a matter of profound Christian concern.

During the same decade, British Quaker and industrialist Ernest Bader (1890–1982) began experimenting with worker cooperation, eventually turning his company over to his employees. Today, the Scott-Bader Commonwealth is a worker-owned and worker-controlled company operating on an international level; see <WWW.scottbader.com>. While other Quaker businesses have been converted into investor-driven institutions indistinguishable from conventional firms, the Commonwealth remains true to the values established by the founders who had the courage to give up its control to their co-workers.

While more recent editions of Faith and Practice have become less prescriptive in terms of their economic concerns, it comes as no surprise to find many Friends active in
Clearness Committees at the Crossroads of Our Working Lives

by William Charland

The fork in the road—it’s an experience that affects many of us at one time or another in the course of our careers. We show up for work on a typical day and the scene looks familiar: same co-workers, same screensaver on the computer. Then the phone rings with an unexpected call, or an e-mail arrives with a new assignment. And suddenly the same old job feels ominous and strange:

- Richard was a data processing manager in a company that sometimes hired programmers as temporary contract workers. One day he was called into his boss's office. It seemed the company needed help with a project that was falling behind schedule. "I pointed out that he could be fired."

Over the years, as a career counselor and teacher, I've met many individuals with stories like that. They're at a crossroads, perhaps looking for a new job, or exploring a new career. Based on my own experience, I understand that situation very well.

Some time ago, I was attending a conference at Pendle Hill Quaker conference center in Wallingford, Pa. It was a meeting of a group known as Quakers Uniting in Publications—QUIP. Soon after the conference began, I sensed that I really didn't belong there. Oh, I was a fellow Quaker all right, but I was a writer and these people were publishers. I hadn't understood the purpose of the meeting. Nevertheless, I stayed on for the worship sharing groups, because I had a sense that they might help me with a vexing problem.

A few years back, I had broken into the field of journalism as a way of helping people cope with the kinds of employment and training issues I'd dealt with as a career counselor. I'd become a careers columnist for a local daily newspaper. I enjoyed that work and threw myself into researching and writing my columns. After a time it seemed I was experiencing some success.

My problem stemmed from my success. The publishers decided to put me on the front page of my section, and they assigned me an editor who began to tell me what to write. This person had been promoted from the position of fashion editor, and she had some clear advice. Forget the columns on emerging trends and retraining, which was what I knew how to write. Now I was to turn out copy on how to behave in job interviews, and

How can we offer others a safe and quiet their work and careers and, it may be,

in our area programmers are in short supply," Richard said, "but my boss countered that if I offered them enough money they would quit their present jobs for the better-paying one. I should run an ad offering a very high salary. When the project was completed, he told me, I could just lay them off."

- Art worked as a night desk clerk at a large hotel that happened to be across the street from a topless bar. It was a good enough job, except for the prostitutes who sometimes spilled over from the bar to the hotel. Art had qualms about the profession of prostitution, but he kept his opinions to himself. Then, one night, a prostitute came up to the desk and asked to cash a check from one of the hotel guests. She needed to be paid in advance. Art knew that if he refused to cash a check from a guest

William Charland is a member of Gila Meeting in Silver City, N.Mex., where he serves as convener of the Ministry and Oversight Committee. He is the author of Life-Work: A Career Guide for Idealists, and a novel, Soundings.

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space to consider the questions that come up in change direction?

especially what to wear.

I suppose part of my difficulty was that I felt like a hypocrite. To put it charitably, I’m not a slave to fashion. Nor did I think that teaching readers what to wear was very important. So something in me rebelled against my new editor. Yet here I was on the front page, my mug shot in living color. I had an opportunity to reach more readers than ever before if I followed her directives, but only if I wrote about subjects that I considered superficial. What to do?

When I came back from Pendle Hill with my experience in the worship-sharing group, I knew what I would do. I went to see the editor the next day and resigned from my column. “Look,” I said, “I’ve seen thousands of people lose their jobs in Denver when the energy industry went down. What they needed was not a new outfit to wear for a job interview. They needed to learn new skills, and that’s what I know how to write about.”

To make a long story short, I agreed to stay on the front page for another month. But I’d also write another short column each week on page three. That piece would address new skills needed in growing industries. We’d call that second column “Skills Update.” At the end of the month, I expected to be let go.

As it turned out, the story had a positive ending. It seemed the skills column addressed a need that no one else was filling, and before long it was distributed nationally on the Scripps Howard wire. I researched and wrote hundreds of those columns and was able to write two books from the material.

Later, I found myself reflecting on what had gone on at Pendle Hill. I knew that group had helped me. But what had they done? All I could recall was that I’d taken a few minutes to tell my story and they’d listened quietly. I’m sure one or two had assured me that they understood my dilemma. But that was all.

Still, I knew that I’d experienced a powerfully supportive ministry, without which I’d not have had the courage to take a stand at the newspaper and help the editors understand the purpose of my column. At a time when my head was spinning with indecision, these Friends had created a place where I could settle down, take stock of my values, and come to a decision. They’d helped me find a space for the Spirit.

I came away from that experience with a new confidence in the work of concentrated, focused gatherings such as clearness committees. I had a sense that, as Quakers, we could try more often to cultivate that kind of ministry with one another. And I began to think more about how we can offer others a safe and quiet space to consider the questions that come up in their working lives and make the kinds of decisions that could help them affirm the purpose of what they’re doing and, it may be, change direction.

Now, I’m not proposing a science of clearness committees. I have no doubt that the movements of the Spirit in our lives are often serendipitous, and it’s foolish to try to orchestrate all the moments when we may find centeredness and depth. But I believe it’s worthwhile to consider some guidelines for effective clearness committees. Over the years, I’ve convened and served on a good number of them, dealing with all sorts of serious issues. As I look back on these groups, I believe there are certain traits that characterized the best of them.

The first principle, for me, is that any Friend who asks for a clearness committee thereby takes charge of the process. That person sets the agenda, determines where and when the meeting is to be held, who will take part, and how long it will last. (I find that an hour and a half is an outer limit and three or four Friends a good number of participants.)

Second, a clearness committee should not set out to change anyone. Clearness committees exist to help a person who is wrestling with a decision find some clarity in the process. It may be the case that the seeker contributes to the quandary in which he or she is caught, and perhaps could use some professional help. A clearness committee may make such a suggestion. But it is not the role of the committee to engage in therapy.

Third, the primary job of a clearness committee is not to give advice, but to listen. Psychotherapists sometimes talk about “the rule of abstinence.” That is, when tempted to invade the space of a person and give advice, don’t. Foreign language educators speak of the “60/40 rule.” Students learn best in class if they do the majority of talking. It is their growing competence, not that of the instructor, that counts. Similarly, a clearness committee is not the place to showcase one’s knowledge.

And fourth, it may indeed be that the primary prerequisite for serving on a clearness committee is a sense that one is utterly unqualified to do so. I remember times when the agenda of a prospective committee seemed overwhelming—say, preparing for an impending death—and I believed that the sense of powerlessness that pervaded those groups may have opened us all to the power of the Spirit. Conversely, when I have been called in as an expert career counselor or whatever, I’ve sometimes found myself talking too much instead of listening to the person who had convened us.

Once I served on a clearness committee that met in our family room on a cold winter’s evening. A fire was crackling in the fireplace. The young Friend who’d called the meeting was facing some serious problems in his work, and several of us had spent a couple of hours trying hard to advise him. Finally, he brought the meeting to a close. “That’s enough,” he said. But he asked us not to leave, wanting something more. “Could we just sit here for a few minutes and listen to the fire?”

Clearness committees are a resource to help persons who find themselves caught in some cloudy circumstances find clarity in coming to a decision. These committees function best when we Friends are willing to share the honest data of our human experience with someone who is seeking a direction. For Quakers, they’re based in confidence in the capacity of each person to find the right way forward, when nurtured within a caring community of fellow seekers.
The separation of church and state is currently the focus of much debate. The concept is increasingly challenged by religious groups and discussed in the media as conflicting claims move through the courts. This overview of the subject is organized around four questions: What is the historical background of the First Amendment, which established the separation—what was it meant to achieve, and why? How can we understand the current struggle over the "wall of separation"? Is there a way to ameliorate this conflict? And how do Friends relate to the separation? I will address each of these topics in turn.

The History

The First Amendment begins: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Two things are notable about this statement. First, the word establish means not only "to place upon a secure foundation" but also has older meanings, which include "to ratify, to confirm, or to validate." Note also that the First Amend-

Georgia L. Alexander, a retired psychiatrist, grew up as a Presbyterian in Arkansas. He first encountered Quakerism as an undergraduate at Yale in the 1940s. He attended Pittsburgh (Pa.) Meeting, where his family was active for nearly 40 years. This article is based on a talk to the Interfaith Fellowship of Crosslands, in Kennett Square, Pa., on September 28, 2005.

ment refers to religion generally, and not to "a religion." Thus one reading might be: "Congress shall make no law respecting the validation of religion."

The founders of the United States were influenced by the Enlightenment and were thoroughly familiar with the troubled and violent history of religion in Europe, where the rulers and clergy had fought one another for power or had joined forces with one another to impose their religious beliefs on the people. The founders wanted to protect their new country from the threat that once again the absolutism of a religious belief might ally itself with the temporal power of the state and thus impose its will on the people, limiting their reasonable freedom to enjoy liberty, to pursue happiness, and to practice religions of their individual choosing, or to practice no religion at all. The Age of Faith was to be succeeded by the Age of Reason, and for the first time in history "the people" were to be sovereign. (Note that throughout I write as though our founders were of one mind. In fact we cannot know all disagreements that arose among them or the details of their resolution.)

This effort to dispense with the old order and bring in the new developed only gradually. Despite the wish to escape the inquisitions and other religious persecutions of the "old countries," the early settlers nonetheless introduced religious intolerance into most of the colonies. Nine colonies established official religions, and intolerance was widespread. In Maryland, for instance, in 1694, to deny belief in Christ was punishable by death. In some colonies only professes Christians were allowed to run for public office.

The Declaration of Independence in 1776 included references to God, such as "Nature's God," the "Creator," "Divine Providence," and the "Supreme Judge of the world." But this was a political document that needed power to mobilize the citizenry in a time of war. Several years later, in more settled times, when the founders wrote a Constitution for a new nation, they made no reference to God at all and in fact offered the unique concept of deliberately separating church and state. Some scholars view this as perhaps our greatest contribution to human history.

It is clear from the record of that time that the First Amendment was intended to protect nonbelievers and even explicit opponents of religion to the same extent that it protected the adherents of differing religious faiths. While many of our founders were religious men, most were not fundamentalists or evangelicals. They viewed religious beliefs as a benefit to individuals in their private lives while having no role in shaping the government of all the people. John Adams wrote that "the Government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion," implying that good citizenship does not rest upon religious assumptions. Thomas Jefferson wrote of "believing that religion is a matter which lies solely between man and his God, and that man owes account to none other for his faith or his worship." Like others of his day he assumed that all men, believers and nonbelievers alike, possessed a moral faculty adequate to support civic virtue. He wrote further: "The legitimate powers of government extend to such acts only as are injurious to others. But it does me no injury for my neighbor to think there are 20 gods or no gods. It neither picks my pocket nor breaks my leg." When Jefferson criticized the Church's persecution of Galileo for his modern views about the solar system, he employed a well-known distinction between personal religious beliefs that may reasonably be viewed as private, and beliefs based on generally agreed-upon epistemic criteria and goals that exist in the public sphere.

This distinction between two types or realms of human interest, one public and the other private, seems to me crucial in understanding the First Amendment and the attempt to separate church and state. The distinction is between two different mindsets or perspectives. It is ancient and to some degree intuitive. It needs to be grasped intellectually and not taken on faith. It is not a revealed truth but rather
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is arrived at by people thinking about human problems and trying to solve them. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's" is an early Christian example. The contrast between "reason" and religion during the Enlightenment is another, as is the distinction between the secular and the sacred in current parlance. These two ways of approaching the world and our experience of it, though different from one another, are not inherently in conflict.

One is a public realm, concerned with public needs and purposes, open to evidence and to open-minded discussion. It includes the sciences, practical problem solving, and other empirical and pragmatic pursuits that are the same the world over. It offers some chance for bringing nearly all people into agreement. Dialogue and debate are useful. Laws based in such a realm, whether laws of physics or laws of the state, are expected to change over time to accommodate new knowledge, new insights, or changing values.

The other, though shared in groups, is a private realm. Religious or absolutist beliefs that refer to gods, prophetic revelations, ultimate truths, and presumed universal values refer to things unseen and are subject neither to validation nor to invalidation by empirical means. There is no related concept of evidence beyond that of faith, and there is no reason to expect broad agreement. In this realm beliefs will differ one from another. The differences, however, are not differences in value, though sometimes a monarch or a powerful church has stepped in and decreed by virtue of power alone that one is more valuable than the others.

The intention of the founding fathers when they guaranteed religious freedom, combined with separation of church and state, was to view religion in this private realm. The purpose was to protect religion from encroachment by the state and to protect the people from the imposition of religion by force of law or other governmental sponsorship. In other words, religion is a private matter about which people may continue to differ indefinitely without harm to the government or to one another. In rare instances the state will forbid a religious practice, such as parents denying their children medical care for religious reasons. In this instance a cultural value not based on religion trumps a value supported by a religious belief.

This view of religion as a private matter for individuals or groups of like-minded individuals and unnecessary for the smooth functioning of society fits well with the Enlightenment ideals upon which the U.S. Constitution is based. We are presumably a pluralistic, tolerant, secular society acknowledging many different beliefs and devoted to the common good of all citizens. The so-called wall of separation between church and state is meant to keep us that way. We were offered in good faith a situation in which religion could flourish with no threat to the achievement of liberty and justice for all.

"Wall of Separation"

There has often been conflict over the wall of separation. Sometimes the effort is to introduce religion into the schools or to suppress the teaching of evolution. Sometimes it is to protect religious expression from governmental interference. Sometimes it is an attempt to support religion with tax dollars. It is a complex picture and conflict is inevitable. Some earlier efforts, two spearheaded by Christian ministers, have successfully breached the wall, namely, placing "In God We Trust" on U.S. currency at the time of the Civil War, and squeezing the words "under God" into the Pledge of Allegiance during the anti-communist frenzy of the McCarthy period. In recent years, especially since the Roe v. Wade decision in 1973 and subsequent decisions concerning sodomy laws and gay marriage, there has been an increase in church-state litigation.

Looking at the overall picture, the largest pressure on the wall of separation seems to stem from Christianity's commitment to expand itself to bring the country, if not the world, to adopt a single, uniform system of belief and conduct. For some believers the commitment to spread the "Word" is intrinsic to their religious practice.

Paradoxically, the Constitution, which was created to protect our freedom to be diverse and tolerant of differences, does at the same time guarantee religions the free exercise of an endeavor that is intolerant and directed toward imposing uniformity of belief and conduct. Without the wall of separation, this effort to impose religion can engage governmental power toward achieving its goals. We see this in the repeated attempts to introduce prayer into the lives of school children; to display the Ten Commandments in courts and schools; to teach Creationism in the public schools under the guise of Intelligent Design (which is itself masquerading as science); to introduce a concept of the soul or personhood into a fertilized ovum, which presumably changes abortion into
murder; and to penalize homosexual individuals in any number of ways because of alleged immorality or presumed offense against religiously conceived natural law. A current extreme example of disregard for the integrity of the United States by a religious group is the attempt by the Christian Exodus movement to colonize South Carolina, convert it to a biblically based government, and then secede from the Union. In all of these instances the felt commitment to a concept of God trumps concern for the United States as a government of all the people regardless of religious belief or lack of it.

Some vocal critics of court decisions limiting religious expression view them as hostile to religion. Following the 1962 decision banning prayer in New York public schools, Billy Graham protested that the First Amendment guarantees freedom of religion, not freedom from religion. In this regard he is mistaken. The history is clear. While there is no freedom to live in a society devoid of religion, there is freedom from the imposition of religion on nonbelieving individuals. I think it is best to acknowledge this hostility toward religion elicited by some of the court battles, recognizing that the hostility is directed toward the attempt by the religion to impose itself on others and not toward the religious beliefs and practices held privately.

Some people of faith believe that religious values are needed to insure moral behavior and to avoid a breakdown of civilized society. I view this as a major misunderstanding. One can start with the fact that there is not now, and has never been, any evidence that people who profess religious beliefs are more moral or better behaved than nonbelievers. Although a religion may support a cultural value, it is not ipso facto the foundation of that value. For instance, all cultures that have a concept of private property have also a prohibition against stealing. The Ten Commandments are irrelevant in this regard. Our laws are not based on the Ten Commandments. In fact in the United States we are free to ignore seven of the ten.

But what about the values of human decency that we all share? Some believe that even the concept of the "common good" and caring for the poor must have something to do with religion. They wonder how, without religion, we can raise our children so that they continue to feel a natural commitment to the basic values on which the United States rests. First of all, it is far from clear that all forms of Christianity do support these basic values. Furthermore, it is crucial to recognize that values exist in the public realm just as they do in religion. Many children learn their values in a family, tribal, or cultural context and not as religious teachings. Just because a value exists as a religious teaching doesn't make it exclusively a religious value. There are no patents on values. The only specifically religious values refer to specific religions, such as acceptance of Christ as one's savior, devotion to the Koran, or faithful attendance at Holy Communion. Caring for the poor or promoting peace, for instance, are not explicitly religious values.

Societal values and civic responsibility existed in ancient Athens five centuries before the birth of Jesus and are more than sufficient to support a secular society. American history and the cultural values related to it need to be taught as such to children, preferably both at home and in school. In addition, the values specifically supported by religions may be taught freely at home, in Sunday Schools, in neighborhood clubs—whatever the people want to provide outside of the government. Keep in mind that the separation clause of the Constitution in no way restricts the legitimate contribution that religion can make to our society. Often religion-based groups, such as the Friends Committee on National Legislation, lobby to achieve goals of interest to both religion and government. It is up to the legislature to decide what is the public interest, subject to Constitutional challenge.

AMELIORATING THE CONFLICT

We will never know whether or not the founders foresaw the conflict inherent in the First Amendment: that, on the one hand, we are free to live with no religious beliefs imposed upon us and, at the same time, we are assured the free exercise of a religion that is committed to imposing itself on others. The barrier erected to protect us is under a kind of conditioned assault. Can the conflict be ameliorated? In theory, perhaps; but in practice, probably not.

One recent suggestion aimed at reducing the conflict is provided by Noah Feldman, a professor of Law at New York University, in his book entitled Divided by God. His approach offers a good example of the diversity of perspectives on the First Amendment. He believes that the primary motive of the founders in separating church and state was to prevent tax dollars from going to religion and that they would not have objected to cost-free infiltration of religious ideas, prayer, and symbolism into schools and public spaces. He condenses the relevant Constitutional principles, as he understands them, into "no coercion and no money." In his view the contemporary church-state conflict is about "values evangelicals," who have an altruistic motive to stabilize our society by enforcing the traditional religious values upon which they believe the United States rests, and "legal secularists," who, like the founding fathers, view religion as a private matter with no legitimate role in government. He makes no conceptual distinction between secular and religious values, and seems to affirm the claim of the "values evangelicals" that our society depends on religious values. For Feldman the goal is to achieve a participatory democracy with all people feeling included. The "values evangelicals" feel excluded if they cannot bring their foundational religious beliefs explicitly into political and legislative debate. The resolution of the diverse worldviews would occur when politicians and legislators argue their conflicting value positions and then accept the vote of the majority in matters such as abortion, the Terry Schiavo case on discontinuing medical life support, and gay marriage. Thus a law enacted for religious reasons is considered to be acceptable.

Feldman would reject Intelligent Design from the school curriculum on the ground that it is not science. However, if by chance some school board voted to let it into the schools, it should be admitted, apparently despite the fact that the result would be both coercive and cost tax dollars.

In essence he is saying that legal secularists, the group that views religion as existing in a private sphere and separate from the government, have not succeeded in reconciling religious diversity with national unity. His solution is to open up political and legislative activity to explicitly religious input with the expectation that a majority vote will provide a satisfactory resolution.

If I understand his position correctly, I am not able to share his optimism and do...
Falling Forward

Have you ever seen a child with eyes full of light take their first steps forward and fall into loving arms?

Any scientist can tell you that walking is 80 percent falling, but what child doesn’t know this? We learn from our bruises. We learn from our joy. How did we forget?!

How did we forget the glorious wonder? Is it death that steals the light from our eyes? Who taught us this fear?

I am learning to walk again. As a human being, each footstep is full of light and laughter. With each footstep, I feel myself falling forward into the arms of God.

Falling with fear is a lot like death; but falling with faith is a lot like flying.

You don’t have to believe me—try this yourself! Change the way you walk, and whom you walk with, and you will change your life!

Remember, God loves us so much! God lets us fall forward so we can learn how to fly.

Morning Suns

This morning while on death row I had a wonderful experience of nothing so uncommon as joy, a shower with hot water, steam, and soap; in that small space—the shower’s scarcely larger than a closet—I thought of nothing so common as suffering and stood instead in awe of the abundance of God.

Afterwards, I stood before the plain steel door, rusted to a brownish-black, and marveled at the spray of water drops which shone like the suns scattered along the surface of our Universe—and there! An errant trickle slipped away like a falling star, a comet made of dust and ice throwing itself into the Heart of the night.

I wondered, “What is this darkness that shrouds our eyes from the glorious dawn, and the light that shines in our life?”

There is nothing so common as suffering; and nothing so uncommon as the morning sun, which we manage to miss each morning of our life.

Next time, please, stand at the break of dawn, and watch it for me.

Morning Suns
by Karl Chamberlain

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Quaker Peacemaking Put to

by Robert G. Neuhauser

Many of us seem to absorb the Quaker culture of peacemaking without any specific training. Nor have many of us taken the opportunity to train ourselves to become peacemakers if a violent situation arises, and indeed you can't really anticipate every situation you might face and rehearse your actions ahead of time. So we may find ourselves unwittingly and abruptly thrust into the role of coping with violence. When the occasion does arise, even in an unusual or dramatic event, we may nonetheless somehow find ourselves within the things that we have unwittingly absorbed or tucked away in our memories that allow us to rise to the occasion, to put this tradition of nonviolent action (and experience) to the test, and to succeed.

Our rural home sits above a small cliff created by an abandoned quarry. One afternoon, as I was working in the lawn, two shotgun blasts from below the rocky edge startled me. It sounded as if a hunter had flushed out a rabbit on the quarry floor. I decided to walk over to the edge and tell the fellow doing the shooting that he was hunting too close to a home, and would he please go somewhere else to hunt. But instead, below me I saw a pair of parked vans. Both front tires of one of the vans had been blown out by the shotgun blasts. A young woman was sitting in the open door of the van, sheltering a five-year-old boy. In front of her was a young man waving a shotgun, haranguing her, and periodically poking the gun in her face and the boy's stomach.

At first, I thought, this can't be real. When I got over the shock and accepted that this was taking place right in front of me, I immediately began to think of what I should or could do. Any number of scenarios raced through my mind: Call the police? Retreat to my home, get my deer rifle, and come out and somehow confron the fellow from above? Shout at him and tell him to stop or I'd call the police? Walk away because it wasn't my problem? Go down to the scene and try to intervene? Then it really hit me like a splash of cold water: I was the only person around who could do anything to change the situation.

I discarded the idea of immediately calling the police. Their response time was problematic given the tenseness of the situation. I could also imagine a big gun battle if they came into the area with sirens wailing. If they confronted an enraged young man armed with a shotgun with a woman and a child in the firing line, it could lead to disaster. I concluded that something had to be done immediately. I rejected the idea of the deer rifle, knowing that it might also result in a gun duel, and besides that it was only a bluff since it was against my principles to confront force with force. Shouting and trying to shame or coerce the fellow did not seem likely to succeed. I considered walking away and ignoring the situation but immediately realized that I couldn't— I was now emotionally involved and committed in this very tense and extremely dangerous situation. I told myself that it was my responsibility. I would now have to put anything I had learned about nonviolence as a Quaker into action and do something. But what, and how?

I decided to walk around the edge of the quarry and descend toward the scene of the confrontation, in order to allow myself some time to think. I had very little to go on, regarding the nature of the confrontation and the apparent reasons for it. As I approached, I stood just out of sight and listened. The fellow was claiming that the young woman had deserted him and was going out with other fellows. She was claiming that he was just plain wrong. Each disclaimer from her brought on another angry outburst. I heard her call him Andy. I remembered that I had been told that in a confrontation you should try to reach the person as an individual rather than an object, so knowing his name gave me a personal handle to use. The young woman called her son Gary, giving me another personal avenue of approach.

I slowly stepped into view and said, "Hello Andy, what's the problem?" He seemed startled but not threatened. He clearly welcomed the opportunity to tell me in no uncertain terms about his pain and anger about her supposed infidelities. She countered by asking him how she could continue to love him after he pointed a loaded gun at her and her child, and besides that, she had not gone out with any other men. This exchange escalated as she directed towards me an equally forceful denial of his version of affairs. This point made him so angry that he strode over to her and hit her alongside the head with the butt of the gun. Clearly a debate about the validity of each other's grievances was not going to calm things down, but it did make clear to me the nature of the conflict.

I decided to come in closer. There were two options: walk toward them along a little rise above Andy, or come in along the van on a lower level. Since the last thing I wanted to do was to have him feel threatened, I chose the latter. Here I was more vulnerable myself and less threatening to him, yet close to all three of them. Then I sat down on a rock. Here, I would not appear to be threatening to anyone, and my quaking knees would not have the chance to betray my inner state of mind.

Then it seemed appropriate to try to change the tone of the discourse: "You know, Andy, I understand how you would feel if your loved one deserted you for another man." I told him that I would be very upset and angry if my wife left me for another person. This got him to thinking about his feelings rather than the situation. He then began a long story about how he imagined her deserting him and how she meant so much to him and that if she left him he might as well go off and shoot himself because his life would be over and he would have nothing worth living for. So the problem really was about feelings rather than the aggravating situation.

Robert G. Neuhauser, a member of Lancaster (Pa.) Meeting, is a retired electronic engineer. The names of the individuals mentioned in this article have been changed.

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Now with the suicidal element intruding, it seemed right to discuss that issue with him. I pointed out that things seem to heal themselves with time, and several months down the road things would seem very different, but that suicide would cut off any future possibilities of reconciliation or a better life. I also asked him how much he liked Gary and what this fight might do to his relationship with him. Did he want the little kid to be afraid of him?

About this time I began to realize who this Andy fellow might be. If my assumption was correct, he lived about a mile away. I had never met him, but from what I had heard of his home life his loving relationship to the young woman was probably the most important and meaningful thing in his life, and that his violent approach to this situation was absorbed from his father. I then began to help him discuss his distress at the apparent loss of the affection that had resulted from his broken relationship with this young woman and her child.

He was gradually cooling off, and he began to talk about relationships and feelings and the future. Our discussion, involving all three of us adults, continued in this vein for several minutes, sometimes tensely and sometimes calmly.

Suddenly, Andy became very quiet and a strange look came over his face. He seemed to deflake. Then he dropped his arms and lowered the gun, looked at me and the woman silently, unloaded the gun, put the shells in his pocket and turned toward his van. He got into it, turned it around, and drove away.

I have wondered since just how I had absorbed the "Quaker" principles that seemed to guide me through this confrontation and enable me to successfully defuse the crisis. It wasn't any course on conflict resolution or training that I had undergone. It wasn't a how-to checklist of handling a situation nonviolently that I had developed, but a gradual accumulation of insights that I had absorbed being around Quakers for the previous 20 or so years that presented itself to me as the events unfolded. You never know what resources you have, till you need them!

When I analyzed my actions later I boiled them down to these basic principles and courses of action:

An individual can and should take the initiative to defuse violence.

Nonviolence can trump violence—trust it.

Avoid any approach or stance that might appear or feel threatening.

Find a way to connect with the perpetrator as a person.

Try to stand in the violent person's shoes and convey that to him or her.

Steer the person to look at his or her feelings caused by those events rather than the perceived problem or threat.

Steer the perpetrator towards looking at the consequences of violent action.

Avoid being judgmental.

When I described this encounter to a person who had been trained in the Help Increase the Peace Program, a youth version of the Alternatives to Violence Project, I was told, "we call that process, and its outcome, transforming power."
In December 2005 a dozen people met around a table in the basement of the Madison (Wis.) Meetinghouse to decide the future of Camp Woodbrooke. At this small Quaker summer camp in Richland Center, Wisconsin, children are challenged to explore life in a simple setting without junk food, television, or video games. The people around that table—the Friends of Camp Woodbrooke—were faced with a challenge of their own. The longtime directors of the camp had retired, and it fell to this group to determine if the camp would continue. They hadn't raised nearly enough money to cover expenses. They hadn't hired a director. They hadn't begun recruiting campers for the session that would start in six months. Had this been a "normal" business meeting, the decision would have been a simple no.

But this was not a normal business meeting, and its participants were not interested in the bottom line. They were interested in giving children the opportunity to experience fellowship, community, and simple living with nature at the only camp of its kind in the Midwest.

The idea for a Quaker summer camp came to Al and Jenny Lang and their children in 1976, in New Orleans. After moving to the Chicago area in 1977, they looked for possible camp locations, but all of them seemed, according to Jenny, "too civilized or elaborate to fit a simple lifestyle close to nature." In 1979, they rented Friendship Center Camp, near Dodgeville, Wisconsin, which had been founded by Milwaukee Friends. The first session of camp lasted two weeks and hosted eight campers. In 1980, there were two sessions, with a total of 23 campers. That fall, the Langs purchased 140 acres near Richland Center, Wisconsin. It was a perfect, wooded location, with a pond for swimming and a barn. Originally built in 1886, the barn would be remodeled to include a kitchen, dining room, game room, and director's apartment.

A rush of activity, with the help of many Friends, allowed Camp Woodbrooke to open in its new home that very summer, with two cabins and a total of 34 campers over three sessions. Through the years, the Langs purchased an additional 80 acres and built four more cabins. They also added a Teen Adventure program for 13- to 15-year-olds who could continue their involvement with Camp Woodbrooke, backpacking and canoeing through the nearby Kickapoo River Valley.

The physical space of Camp Woodbrooke is simple. Woodbrooke's cabins, all named after birds, are primitive and open to nature. The program is based on the Quaker values of simplicity, community, the interdependence of nature, and the inherent worth of each individual. Campers and staff work together to run the camp. Work crews may tend the garden, maintain trails, or cook snacks for the rest of the camp. "There's a sense of community," says former camper and counselor Lorin Black. "A chance for everyone to pitch in and keep day-to-day life in camp running. It gives a strong sense of accomplishment to be able to say, 'I helped build those stairs.'"
Campers and staff also work together to choose each day's projects and activities, from archery and carpentry to canoeing or writing the camp newsletter. Of course, some activities are more popular than others, and if too many children choose those activities, they must negotiate to find a solution that is acceptable to all. According to Dorothy Churchwell, longtime Friend of Camp Woodbrooke, "Participation in decision making and learning to give and take is one of the things that make Camp Woodbrooke unique." Former camper Kari Swanson agrees: "Working with the same people every day, all day, can create tension. You have to learn to work together, and Camp Woodbrooke is an atmosphere that teaches you how to work out problems."

Two or three weeks of working together in this natural setting with no television or other electronic distractions often bring out new levels of confidence and independence in campers. Former camper Ben Skinner remembers that a session at Camp Woodbrooke allowed him to "talk more freely, think more clearly, and dream more lucidly."

The small size of the camp helps build community. Kari Swanson recalls, "I really loved going to a place where I was accepted and I could be myself. Camp was always my safe haven. It is the one place I know where a 19-year-old can go and hang out with a 7-year-old and nobody thinks it's odd. You all become part of a family."

The support and security from this community allows campers to stretch their limits as they are gently challenged to explore new things. As Jenny Lang puts it, "Each person needs a challenge to develop full potential and each person has the right to choose that challenge. Camp Woodbrooke has the underlying belief that people have the potential to find themselves within the process of creating with others."

Many campers return repeatedly to Camp Woodbrooke. Teens who are too old to be campers often continue their involvement, stepping into leadership roles as "helpers" or later as counselors. Kari Swanson spent four summers as a camper, three summers in the Teen Adventure program, and two years as a helper. Lorin Black also has a long history at Camp Woodbrooke as a camper, helper, counselor, and kitchen coordinator.

In the summer of 2005, after a quarter century as directors, Al and Jenny announced that they were retiring. If Camp Woodbrooke were to continue, somebody else would have to make it happen. A few dedicated Friends decided to explore the possibility of running Camp Woodbrooke as a nonprofit organization with a board of directors. It would take tens of thousands of dollars just to get the camp up and running by the following summer. If they were unable to recruit enough campers, camp income would not cover the anticipated expenses.

Camp Woodbrooke had always had a close relationship with Madison Meeting, and the meeting nurtured the camp through its transition. In the months leading up to the 2006 session, meeting members and attenders pitched in with legwork, elbow grease, and open wallets. When a roadblock appeared or discouragement set in, a solution would appear. One member of meeting in particular was instrumental in making Camp Woodbrooke happen, although he never knew about it. He had relocated to the East Coast, where he passed away. A generous bequest to Madison Meeting arrived just in time for the meeting to offer a financial cushion to Camp Woodbrooke in the form of a promise. Funds would be held in trust and donated if Camp Woodbrooke was unable to meet expenses in the transitional year. With the support of Madison Meeting, other meetings, and supporters—and with the financial security of the funds held in trust—preparations, recruiting, and fundraising continued with new confidence.

By the end of January, with little more
than faith, the board of directors made the final decision. Camp Woodbrooke was a go.

It was crucial that the spirit and philosophy established by the Langs be preserved. In addition, new people who got involved brought their own gifts and perspectives, and the camp continued to evolve. The menu changed. A volunteer installed a supplemental heater to the solar water heating system. The Teen Adventure program was revived.

The 2006 camping sessions began with another challenge in the form of a last-minute staff shuffling. Once again, unexpected help arrived when most needed. Lorin Black, now a member of the board of directors, was led to leave his job and instead volunteer as a counselor. He stayed for all three sessions, joining a staff of counselors that included Kari Swanson, who was returning for her 12th summer at Camp Woodbrooke. The rabbits and woodchucks also challenged campers on the garden crew, leaving little for them to harvest. The kitchen crew had plenty to cook, though, thanks to arrangements with a local organic dairy cooperative and a community supported agriculture (CSA) farm.

Like any summer camp, the 2006 session had its problems: disagreements between campers, minor illnesses and injuries, and homesickness. But there were also apples roasted over the campfire, cabin skits, and hikes to Gnome Rock. The Langs' vision for Camp Woodbrooke continued as campers gained confidence and built community. Shy campers blossomed and bonded with cabin mates. Others beamed with pride as they passed their knife skills tests or built their first campfire. The group shared their “Nature News” with sightings of deer, Luna moths, snakes, or “the Beast,” a giant bullfrog lurking in the pond.

The last night of each session was marked by the traditional boat ceremony, where candles were launched onto small wooden boats on the pond as campers reflected on memories of their stay and hopes for the future. The next morning family cars were loaded with duffel bags containing woodshop projects, souvenir plaques signed by cabin mates, and Camp Woodbrooke T-shirts silk-screened by each camper. Parents got tours of the cab-

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My Very Special Place

by Ellie Greenler
October 2005

I can picture sitting on my bed at Camp Woodbrooke, the best camp in the world!

I smelled flowers along with fresh baked cookies. They made me feel very energetic! I looked around and saw vivid green grass along the brook outside of our open-sided cabin.

Hearing the water flow in the stream made me feel “at peace with the world.” A gentle breeze brushed over my skin with a swift wisp to it. I could hear the snickers of my cabin-mates up above me enjoying the afternoon. I heard the birds sing outside in the dark green pine tree.

Slugs and other animals were out there. I could feel their presence in the woods outside the cabin. I knew that they were out there eating all of the perfectly green plans.

I could hear the counselors sleeping in the other bunk, but I was too preoccupied with the letter I was writing to my family to pay any attention to them. It was totally worth it to come to camp.

Sitting there in my bed I could taste the fresh air. Seeing all the mud by the pond made me want to go and get my feet dirty just like all the animals that got to do that every day. I could hear the chattering voices of my cabin-mates talking about what they wanted to do the rest of the day.

Looking out of the mosquito netting that surrounded my bed I could see the bridge that went over the brook. I could smell that it was going to rain soon. The grass seemed to wave to me with its flowing movement.

“Bong, ding, bong, ding.” I could hear the bells telling us it was time to get up and go to our next activity.

Going to Camp Woodbrooke is one of the highlights of my summers! 

Ellie Greenler is a member of Madison (Wis.) Meeting. Now 13 years old, she wrote this essay—and her father took the photo above—when she was 10.
by Betsy Krome and Anna Krome-Lukens

Betsy (mother)
How would I have raised my daughters without Quaker camp? Although Anna and Margaret were born into our meeting, I don't know how they would ever have acquired the idea of Quaker community from the small group of irregular attendees at our First-day school. The adults may have some sense of building and sharing a community, but Williamsburg (Va.) Meeting recognized many years ago that the best way to introduce our children to the idea of Friends community was to send them away from us to attend one of the Baltimore Yearly Meeting camps. Largely because of the support and urging of my meeting, my husband and I began sending our daughters there in 1994.

We had a rough beginning. Anna, at 11, proved to be the most homesick camper ever—a total surprise to me. Somewhere beneath rational thought, we expect our children generally to resemble us, and I was never homesick, even when I was six and off by myself for a week with cousins I'd never met. So my daughter's insistent and passionate homesickness caught me off-guard. What surprised me even more was the seemingly infinite patience of the camp staff—her counselors, the nurse, the director—who continually encouraged her.

Something worked, because she wanted to go back. And when her younger sister, Margaret, joined her, the chance to work off one week of tuition brought me to camp as a cook. Thus the camp that has been central to my children's development also became a centering point for our whole life as a family.

Anna (daughter)
At age 11, I thought a Quaker summer camp sounded like a good idea. I liked being outside, and three or four other children, our meeting's camp veterans, told marvelous stories of friends made, mountains climbed, and bugs conquered. I don't remember when a fear of indefinable bad things happening to me while my parents weren't nearby—a feeling I have come to recognize as homesickness—started to seep into my subconscious. By the time my parents left me in the cabin, with my counselors doing their best to cheer me up, I was committed to being miserable. After three unhappy days, my father (who should never have listened to me crying on the phone) relented and drove three hours to pick me up.

But I told my parents that I was ready to try again. I'm not sure if it was natural pig-headedness or a premonition that camp would always be part of my life, but on my second try, I stayed the whole time. I hiked with 13-year-olds and canoed on a trip with children of all ages. I discovered that I liked the single-minded and purposeful existence of being "on the trail." I even stopped crying in time to make some friends (who had been there all along, if only I hadn't been so focused on myself). The next year, I returned to camp, cried for a slightly shorter period of time (numbered in days rather than weeks), and among other excitement made a movie that featured big fake dinosaurs. After that experience, how could I not love camp?

When I was 15 and 16, I went on Teen Adventure, a three-week trip of hiking, canoeing, rock climbing, and service. At the end of the first trip, I wrote myself a letter that I still have on my desk at home. I reminded myself that I, like anyone else, could find the inner strength to be happy regardless of where I was. In this Quaker community I was surrounded by people...
who were able to show their support and love for me. I grew beyond my homesickness and grew into leadership, as our counselors facilitated discussions about Quaker process, community dynamics, and the role of consensus in group building.

Anna

Now in our 14th year as a camp family, I can reflect on what it has meant to us. The clearest testimony to what camp meant to Anna was documented in the collage that her ninth-grade English teacher had her students create each September. In Anna’s collage, images of canoes and clarinet are overlaid with quotations from Quaker writers and peace advocates. Her Quaker identity was emblazoned in bold colors as a primary element of her self-concept. Her sister Margaret’s most impressive testimony about camp was that during her last year she wanted to stay for four weeks rather than the normal two, and she earned and saved the entire additional fees herself. Margaret says that at camp she overcame

As an eight-year-old she had a mean streak; as an 18-year-old counselor, kindness was her first principle.

Barry Morley, whose leadership shaped many of our camp practices, used to talk about the idea that camp is for the campers. Of course it is, he’d acknowledge, but “really it is for the counselors.” Over the years I’ve come to see the truth of his view. In a society that defines adulthood as an age to acquire a new vice, camp instead offers counselors the chance to assume responsibility and act with maturity. To be encouraged and empowered to do important work in the company of your peers, and then to have your peers acknowledge your strengths and support you as you face your weaknesses is a situation many 40-year-olds are still seeking. And for 17- and 18-year-olds it is very powerful.

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Anna

Counselors are as much teachers as they are surrogate parents, and a good Quaker camp counselor knows how to lead a group of young people gradually through the components of Quaker community until the pieces fall into place and the campers can recognize their positions (or their future positions) within an adult community. Counselors respect campers, and campers naturally respect counselors in return. As a counselor at Shiloh, I strove to be both a role model and a friend to my campers. During my four years of counseling (which were followed by two years as in-camp staff), I worked with 13- and 14-year-olds. When I was their age, I wasn’t sure who I was or who I wanted to be. As an eight-year-old she had a mean streak; as an 18-year-old counselor, kindness was her first principle.

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epinephrine to someone in anaphylactic shock). Staff meetings begin with silence, and the week is punctuated with meeting for worship. Although many staff members come from outside the larger Quaker community, the sense of Quaker presence remains strong. Decisions are made by Quaker process, the formation of community is discussed explicitly, and everyone lives simply, in cabins without electricity in the woods. During this week of pre-camp, we create the tenacious bonds of a community that works.

**Betsy**

One of the ways the campers experience community is on their work crews. Each crew includes campers of all ages and has several tasks each day. An early work crew task is to name itself and present a skit announcing its name. Work crew skits provide a night of rowdy amusement, outrageous amateur theatrics, and always a dose of corny humor. The happiest work crews carry over the spirit of the skits into their daily work, singing as they wash dishes or scrub pots and pans. The simple truths are that there's a lot of work to be done in any community, it's more fun to do it together, and singing gets the dishes clean faster.

If campers learn about community while they're in camp, they learn a lot about themselves when they go out on their trips. Counselors plan carefully so that trips will provide an attainable challenge. For the youngest campers, this is just a couple of nights on the trail and a few miles of hiking. For the oldest campers on a Long Trip, it's nine days and close to 100 miles on the Appalachian Trail. For all of them, it's a chance to experience the natural world as a physical presence—the tug of the uphill trail on their calf muscles, the sweetness of water quenching a real thirst, the sweaty work of propelling body and pack through the woods, and the reality that the ground is your bed and a tarp is your roof. As tale after tale in the Thank-

![Image of campers]  

**Anna**

Throughout my homesick episodes at camp, the trail was a welcome refuge. My family had always gone camping, but roughing it with kids my age was a new experience. Camp introduced me to the joy of hiking. I love the intricately entwined solitude and communion of walking through the mountains with a small group, on whom I rely for all my human companionship. I love knowing that I carry all of my food on my back, that the same food fuels my steps, and that my physical exertion is the only available source of locomotion. I love breaking through the denser thickets of lower altitudes and finding myself on a ridge where the wind sweeps away my perspiration and my darker thoughts. I love singing with my friends as I walk. I discover God through nature. In Quaker terms, hiking is a discernment process.

After 11 years of sitting in nightly fire and Thank-You Circles that bring campers back together after wilderness trips, I know to expect a few things. Some enthusiastic child will tell a story at the appropriate time, while the director is standing near her/his part of the circle—and then this child will remember a second story a few minutes later, and then perhaps a third one later still. I know, too, that a child who is new to camp, who has never heard the messages at Fire Circle, will say that camp has been amazing because “Here I can just be exactly who I am, and people will love me.” This central experience, the realization that we can be loved just exactly as we are, is an experience we long for even as adults.

Camp is a place of amazing, chest-pounding, heart-thumping energy. So when the dining hall's raucous, exuberant din quiet in a few seconds for a moment of silence before eating, the silence is breathtaking. Eighty or a hundred voices suddenly mute, and the quiet pulses. Likewise, morning worship with campers ranging around the rough wooden benches has a power all its own. Some of the campers have been going to meeting since they were babies; for others, this is their first encounter with silent worship. The breeze shakes the leaves in the woods around us, the woodpeckers hammer at the hollow tree trunks, the wood thrushes finish their liquid morning songs, the worms and caterpillars wiggle across the dirt, and the flying bugs cruise and land repeatedly. In the midst of this unquiet silence, we consider a query: “How do you quiet your mind in meeting?” Or “What reminds
you of God?” And out of the mouths of 10- and 14-year-olds come some of the most amazing spiritual messages I ever hear. Children this age have a lot to say, but not many openings to say it.

Anna

Shiloh is my spiritual home. I am most centered during meeting for worship there, sitting on a wooden bench in the fire circle, surrounded by arching trees and wild creatures (the majority of which are, admittedly, insectoid). During the summer, Shiloh meets for worship every morning when the sun hasn’t yet crested the treetops around the fire circle. Weekday meetings are short, since for many youngsters camp is their first experience with silent worship. But from hearing campers’ responses to queries, I know that many of them find meaning in the silence. Every summer I leave camp with a renewed desire to spend more time in meditative silence—and some years I even succeed.

Betsy

As campers my daughters spent only a couple of weeks a year at Shiloh. Yet the camp had an influence on their lives far out of proportion to the time they spent there. It established their spiritual lives on the firm foundation of experience. Camp made the Quaker world real to them.

Mothers and Daughters Talk (#2)

by Sarah Pleydell and Ellie Walton

Sarah (mother)

I was not raised Quaker. It was my children’s spiritual education through Baltimore Yearly Meeting’s summer camping programs that has, by default, been mine. It began somewhat belatedly one steamy July afternoon as I was walking Camp Shiloh’s sun-dappled driveway—maybe seven or eight years after my children had started in the program. A space opened up inside me and all at once I got it. I understood why this was where my daughter, calling transatlantic in a thin determined voice, had begged to come home to, the summer when her life felt fragile and her heart at risk—the same sacred space my young sons had made the marker for their year, measured in increments “since camp” and “until it comes around again.”

As I strolled Camp Shiloh’s grounds that sultry summer afternoon, I understood the seminal role it had played in my daughter’s development. Always brave and gifted, she had taken those qualities to camp and turned them inside out. In the competitive world we live in she was always bound to succeed, but here she learned to expand, to give herself over to the redoubled synergy of life that this fearful world of ours diminishes. (Hold whatever you’ve got close to your chest and guard it for all you’re worth.) In Shiloh my daughter lived large, climbed mountains, camped in the wild, fell in and out of the sweetness of first loves, and then mothered campers of her own, creating for them the challenging, and life-affirming experiences that others had dreamed up for her.

I also saw the clichés (made clichés by their reiteration in so many a glossy brochure)—child-centered; eco-friendly; experiential learning; a loving, inclusive environment that honors and respects the unique gifts of every child—peeling right off the page to live and breathe around me as freely as the trees that offered respite from that fierce Virginia sun.

The week of my epiphany was the first time I had ever cooked at camp, ever taken up the offer to defray my children’s fees through service. It was a box on the application form I had simply never checked. Why? Because I had always been intimidated by “women who cook,” especially in and for large quantities. But 24 hours into my cooking stint, I let that one go as unnecessary baggage: I discovered instead the joy of cooking good food for and with good people, the camaraderie too of splendid parents and other sterling folk, plus one delightful 19-year-old who hadn’t time in her busy summer schedule to commit to being a counselor, but just couldn’t let the whole Shiloh thing go. She and I ended up one early morning cooking bran muffins for a hundred and singing as many show tunes as our sleepy brains could muster, a capella and at the top of our lungs.

By the end of that week I realized cooking in quantity was no more formidable a task than reading the recipe and trusting to its inherent wisdom. Even heavy kitchen equipment was not without its modicum of internal logic. And there was always the good sense of my compadres to turn to, even in the midst of a heated discussion on the pros and cons of public education, or some other cogent dilemma in our and our children’s lives. Work was never so satisfying nor so simple.

During that week (and subsequent

Sarah Pleydell, the mother, a member of Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.), is a writer, educator, and performer. A novel excerpt of hers will appear in the forthcoming Electric Grace: An Anthology of Washington Women Writers. Ellie Walton, the daughter, attends Friends House Meeting in London, England. She is a documentary filmmaker and community educator.

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cooking sabbaticals from life in the wild and crazy fast lane) I watched Shiloh become the same touchstone for my boys as it had been for my daughter. On the cusp of their inchoate manhoods, camp offered a counter to the parodies of masculinity our media-driven society offers. Here men are not violent but strong, not hypersexual but sensual, not tight but tender-hearted. My 14-year-old graduated last year, hard-muscled after canoeing for hours at a stretch and hiking a hundred miles, and tougher still for enduring the assaults of one mean and angry bee. Yet at his candlelight ceremony where he bade farewell to the young men and women who had mentored him through these most precious of years, his adolescent countenance melted into the androgynous angelic calm that has always been his. And the tears fell freely. Whose I do not know; I was not there to see them. I kept my distance, but I knew they surely had.

I have also observed my habitual parental hypervigilance softening during those weeks, enabling me to more fully take in the lives of others. This was in large part a credit to the heroic efforts of the counselors who take on those children as if they were their own. We cooks were privileged to see this firsthand, to find them crashed out on the sofas of the rest house on their off days, brainstorming trips and activities for their campers in their lean-to of an office—generally working themselves into a frenzy of creativity, devotion, and infectious joy. I observed too the chubby boy who arrived feeling so obviously tense and out of place, gradually relaxing into himself until one night he donned a sarong and beads and, while others drummed and sang, he danced his heart out onto his sleeves, spinning and shimmying and commanding the floor.

I observed my son's friend waxing from a "hard-ass wannabe" back into the giggling oh-so-grounded soul he has always been at his core. I saw young people acquire the heft of maturity and older ones shrug it off; I saw teenage girls leave their makeup behind in the washroom and trust to the beauty they felt inside. And I saw the juggernaut of adolescent energy meet the silence of the forest—and waddya know the two can and do mesh, however skeptical and fearful we jaded adults insist on remaining. In the name of parental responsibility and oversight we have ceased to trust our children, and, in some ways, life itself.

Some 15 years ago when I dropped my ten-year-old daughter off at camp for the very first time, I was beside myself. "What a dive," I thought. "Where are the state of the art facilities, the archery range, the swimming pool? There's nothing here." Now I am so profoundly grateful for that nothing, for out of it everything has grown.

Ellie (daughter)

I grew up in the belly of a city, surrounded by red brick buildings and block parties, parades and protests, race riots and pirate radios, cheese pupusas and street poetry. All these flavors definitely widened my experience, opened my mind to difference, yet also created a protective cocoon around my soul that was only truly awakened when I went to the mountains and began to inhabit Quakerism.

Nowadays, young people from both urban and rural backgrounds are immersed in a barrage of images and stimulants, stunting our own creative growth. As the Internet connects us to Tokyo in an instant from our own mobile phones, one might argue we are advancing, our world pushing through cyber horizons. Yet this excess of information can also bloat our

Continued on page 40
Experiencing the "Fire at the Center"

by Tasha Walsh

Baltimore Yearly Meeting has a large youth population, and for many within the yearly meeting, its camping program has been an instrumental support for children becoming Quaker adults, and adults strengthening their experience as Quakers. As a parent, I see that the camping program has provided our children with experiences in living Quaker testimonies, which has strengthened our family as well.

My three children are now 12, 14, and 17 years old. Our family started attending Maury River Meeting in Lexington, Va., when my youngest daughter was three. My husband and I had increasingly crossed paths with Quakers and discovered a growing resonance with Quaker ideals and beliefs. Our curiosity grew when we realized a large number of our friends attended meeting. We finally made the trip out to the meetinghouse one First Day, and curiosity became conviction when, sitting in silence in the back of the room, it dawned on us that meeting was a natural place for us to connect and nurture the spiritual side of our family life. Our desire, at the time, was to find a place where we grownups could feel spiritually at home, as well as a place that would help us raise our children with the increased awareness, depth, and connection to life that we so value.

Our lifestyle is similar to many Friends families. My husband and I both work outside the home. Our children go to public school. We've arranged our schedules so that one of us can be home when the kids get out of school. We go to peace rallies, encourage volunteerism, and participate in community service activities as a family while striving to live simply in our consumer-driven society.

When our kids were young, they attended First-day school and enjoyed the stories, sharing, and activities. As they grew they complained about meeting for worship being "boring" and sometimes voiced feeling different from some of their friends at school. We labored to help them understand the idea of listening to that voice within. We taught them mindfulness exercises, hoping they would experience the peace that worship brings and at the very least be quiet for 20 minutes. We struggled in helping our children understand what it means to be Quaker. Since we came to meeting as adults, we had no experience or memory of what it means to be a Quaker child. We did not have a foundation from which to communicate what Friends believe in a way appropriate to the understanding and thought processes of young children.

It wasn't until our oldest son, Dylan, turned ten and went to camp that we found the missing piece. He was at Camp Shiloh, in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, for two weeks and returned a different kid—a Quaker kid. Since then he has gone back every year, and our younger two each started going at the age of nine. The BYM Camping Program has become the centerpiece of our children's spiritual development. It has taught them Quakerism, as George Fox said, "experimentally."

Camps for young people have been a part of Baltimore Yearly Meeting since 1922. Over the years, the Camping Pro-
gram has attracted a growing number of youths. BYM responding to the increase in demand by expanding its programs. Today, the BYM Camping Program includes camps for youth ages 9 to 14 at three locations in Maryland and Virginia, and a Teen Adventure camp for 15- and 16-year-olds.

Quaker testimonies aren't just taught at camp; they are lived on a young person's level. Camp is a simple place. There is running water (bathhouses, showers, full kitchens, etc.), but there are no computers or electronic entertainment. The counselors model and the campers experience the pure fun of simple play. They challenge themselves as they experience connection with nature on off-site backpacking and canoeing trips. They learn to live lightly on the Earth. They sing the "George Fox Song" along with many other songs. They experience worship and explore their connection to the God Within. And, like George Fox, they learn that they can go through the darkness and come to the Light.

In the 1960s, Barry Morley became the camp director and helped fan the flame that extended the light out from the Camping Program. In the pamphlet "Fire at the Center," which he wrote for BYM, he described what happened when centering around the campfire: "People sitting in a circle around a flame form a powerful living metaphor for an individual looking inward toward the Light. People can hardly resist sitting around fire... Children will come to look forward to a circle around fire the way adults look forward to meeting for worship. In fact, for the young people, it will become a form of meeting for worship."

One of the members of Camping Program Committee and longtime volunteer at the camps, Tom Horne, describes camp as "outdoor religious education... Some of the things the kids say at the fire circles blow me away. It's as if they're not overshadowed by a sea of fearsome adults."

One of my kids' favorite activities at camp is "Thank-you Circle." This is a special campfire where everyone has the opportunity to express gratitude about something that happened on their off-site trips. These can be specific thanks to another person, or a general expression of gratefulness. It's an opportunity for kids to learn to appreciate the simple things. My son Bryan's favorite memory (of his life, he says) comes from one of these trips and was expressed at Thank-you Circle. His group had been on a rainy three-day backpacking trip on the Appalachian Trail. They were hiking to a parking lot where the bus was going to meet them to bring them back to camp. As Bryan describes it, "We came out of the forest, and there in front of us we saw sunlight for the first time in days. It was a beam of sunlight shining through the trees, and below it was a wonderful sight: a port-a-potty."

My daughter, Brennan, once said about camp, "My favorite thing is all the friendly people there who accept you for who you are. You can totally be yourself and you are accepted." This loving support and respect is evident to others as well. A maintenance volunteer, Devan Malore, observed...
that “for kids who may feel alienated in their communities, the camp experience is a place for them to meet each other with the possibility of becoming part of the continuation of the Quaker experience in whatever new form it grows into.” He described his impression of camp as “a simple camp, offering an opportunity for kids to develop more complex emotional and spiritual connections.”

Three years ago I spent my first week at Camp Shiloh as a volunteer cook. I was able to experience the magic of camp for myself. As a mental health professional, I'm accustomed to maintaining a certain sense of detachment, and was prepared to take this attitude to camp. In fact, my boys were at first a bit shocked and dismayed that I was going to enter their special world. I reassured them that I was just going to cook, I would pretend they were just any of the other kids and I would not embarrass them. While there, I couldn't help but be pulled into the circle. I was honored to witness the interactions of the staff, counselors, and campers and the community that was created. Conflict was handled peacefully with respect for all involved. Equality was demonstrated as counselors and campers from all age groups worked together to get chores done with joy. A deep sense of acceptance for each other was evident. And the community created there allowed room for my children and me to share a different type of interaction.

I see the benefits of camp every summer when I drop my kids off and pick them up weeks later. They have each matured in their own way while at camp and return home a bit deeper, a little more aware of who they are and how to express themselves. We started wanting to find a way to help our kids learn to be Quakers. We thought that’s what camp was providing, but what we got was a way to be a family. We saw how important it was to create a space, light the fire, and give permission to be oneself. We saw how the heart of community extended from this, and we experience it increasing in our family.

A family hearth provides a similar image as the campfire, and to us a well-tended hearth is a symbol of a strong family. In simpler times, the hearth was the heart of the home. When there is light in the hearth, there is warmth, nourishment, and opportunities for heartfelt sharing and quietly being together. A space is created for an experience of being part of something greater than oneself.

At our family hearth, the camp practices flow over in subtle and not so subtle ways. Our kids get mad at each other like all siblings, but they generally treat each other with respect. When things get really tough, we have conversations about how they’ve seen things handled at camp, or we’ll sit in silence and allow them time to listen to that inner voice. I’ve watched all three of my children work through intense emotional struggles with a level of integrity that we have tried to model at home, but I know it has been reinforced by their experiences at camp.

Another way camp has lighted our family hearth is by giving the kids a common experience and culture that is special to them. It has given them an identity as a sibling group that I wish I’d had with my siblings. They will often refer to some game or phrase totally foreign to my husband and me, but they immediately know what the others are talking about. One of the funniest examples of something they’ve brought home is the Nose Game. This is played when something needs to be done by one or two people. Anyone can call “nose game” and then the last one or two people to touch their noses are the ones to do the job. Now at our house, when I ask if someone can take out the trash, I hear “nose game” and one of my kids comes in laughing to do the task.

The metaphor of fire and hearth resonates strongly with me as a Quaker. Indeed, some of the first meetings for worship took place around the hearth of Margaret Fell’s household, as she held the space for the growing Religious Society of Friends. As a parent, part of my role is to tend to the light in the hearth of our family, and to teach my children to tend it as well. As Quakers, raising our children involves setting the stage to allow them to grow and experience that of God in themselves and in others, giving them room to practice the Quaker testimonies, and permitting them to learn experimentally how to live in their world. The majority of our work as parents is to create and hold that space, allowing for breakthroughs to happen while supporting our children as they make these discoveries for themselves. Camp has transformed our family by tending that fire at the center that helps us all recognize the “Light that is the Light of the world” in ourselves and in each other.
The 110th U.S. Congress
by Nancy Milio

The current Congress is giving more visibility, in-depth exploration, and oversight to some Quaker goals as stated in FCNL’s legislative priorities for the 110th U.S. Congress. These cover: peace-building and resolution of deadly conflict, including ending military involvement in Iraq and diplomacy with Iran; restoration of civil liberties and human rights; social and economic equity in health care, education, housing, and jobs; and promoting sustainable energy and environments.

The Congressional leadership, generally more open this year to many Quaker concerns than before, faces the challenge of having only a narrow majority, the threat of Presidential vetoes, and a White House that insists on claiming executive privilege in the face of requests for information. This produces delays and compromises. Nevertheless, bills are being debated and frequently result in progressive movement. Whether or not these acts become law during this Congress, the public will be better informed, and the proposals will signal the direction of public policy when, with continuous work by those who care, a more progressive White House and Congress lead the nation.

Peace-Building & War Resolution

In addition to the ongoing political confrontation over Iraq, both chambers of Congress are closely monitoring Administration relations with Iran, especially any pretenses for aggressive action, as well as its approach to nuclear nonproliferation in North Korea, Russia, and Iran. These are issues of intense Quaker interest, reflected in recent high-level meetings in Iran by an AFSC-Mennonite-led delegation, and ongoing FCNL follow up in Congress and the State Department.

Despite frustration of majority attempts to change course in Iraq, small steps were taken in the first months of this Congress. Long sought by FCNL, a recent House resolution forbidding permanent bases in Iraq was passed by an overwhelming majority. In addition, the Iraq Study Group Implementation Act passed, which sets out a framework for the U.S. to make serious regional diplomacy initiatives, negotiations with Iraq’s warring factions, and troop withdrawals.

Committees are also addressing Africa issues, ranging from genocide in Darfur to AIDS. In regard to the latter, Uganda, the poster child for the Administration’s abstinence education program, is showing a reversal from its former decline in HIV/AIDS. A House Bill would stop the policy requiring a third of international AIDS prevention funds to go to abstinence-only education—but, according to the New York Times, this contentious measure was bargained away for this year.

Among the dozen appropriations bills going to the President—some threatened with a veto—funds were added to programs long advocated, and in a few instances partly crafted, by FCNL. As leading lobby for nuclear nonproliferation, FCNL and its partners succeeded in getting very large increases in the global threat reduction initiative (mainly for work with Russia), the international nuclear materials protection program, and the international nuclear fuel bank.

In a less favorable move, the Administration concluded a treaty with India that rewarded it with nuclear technology and enriched fuel while only getting it to agree to international inspections of its nonmilitary nuclear facilities and not getting it to sign the Nuclear Non-
The Henry J. Cadbury Scholarship is available for three terms to a Quaker scholar with serious interest in Quaker faith, practice, or history, and who offers a specific research proposal when applying.

The Kenneth L. Carroll Scholarship allows Quakers to concentrate on Biblical and Quaker studies to benefit their local meetings.

Applications for both scholarships are due March 15, 2008.

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Social Justice

Several Congressional committees are also restoring programs that affect vulnerable people of all ages. For example, appropriations bills have increases for low-income home energy assistance, childcare, and Head Start; $2 billion in grants for low-income college students; and more funds for No Child Left Behind. NCLB monies would support learning, especially for low income kids, and build new schools. Some Quakers are seeking to end NCLB's granting military recruiters access to schools.

According to the New York Times, major compromise among liberals and conservatives was required to reauthorize the Farm Bill. There were only modest reductions in subsidies, which will continue to go to wealthier farmers—individuals with up to $1 million in yearly income (instead of the previous $2.5 million). But for the first time subsidies also went for fruit and vegetable crops; country-of-origin meat labels were mandated—favoring consumers and small ranchers; and there was a large increase in Food Stamps, which had declined to $1 per meal.

Proliferation Treaty. The Senate majority will challenge this contentious decision.

Other new budget monies went for a Reconstruction and Stabilization Office to coordinate State Department programs, to the U.S. Agency for International Development, and to the Pentagon to help countries recover from conflict situations. According to FCNL, Funds have also been added for international peacekeeping, de-mining, small arms destruction, and peacekeeping in Darfur.

Civil Liberties & Human Rights

Several pending court cases could become landmarks in the evolution of U.S. democracy. Having asserted that National Security Administration wiretapping complied with the law, the Justice Department argued in court that cases being brought against the program should be dropped. The plaintiffs, including the American Civil Liberties Union, held that because the government refused to prescribe future warrantless wiretaps, the trials should proceed.

In other cases brought under habeas corpus by Guantanamo detainees, Justice argued the suits were moot under the new Military Commissions Act, which stripped civilian courts from hearing challenges to detention from prisoners. It also claimed that since the 9/11 attacks, the entire U.S. is a battleground, so the Commander-in-Chief can exercise his power accordingly. Plaintiffs held that habeas court-stripping was unconstitutional, according to the Brennan Law Center. These cases were reaching the Supreme Court by September 2007, and you can find out more at <www.fcnl.org>.

Social Justice

Several Congressional committees are also restoring programs that affect vulnerable people of all ages. For example, appropriations bills have increases for low-income home energy assistance, childcare, and Head Start; $2 billion in grants for low-income college students; and more funds for No Child Left Behind. NCLB monies would support learning, especially for low income kids, and build new schools. Some Quakers are seeking to end NCLB's granting military recruiters access to schools.

According to the New York Times, major compromise among liberals and conservatives was required to reauthorize the Farm Bill. There were only modest reductions in subsidies, which will continue to go to wealthier farmers—individuals with up to $1 million in yearly income (instead of the previous $2.5 million). But for the first time subsidies also went for fruit and vegetable crops; country-of-origin meat labels were mandated—favoring consumers and small ranchers; and there was a large increase in Food Stamps, which had declined to $1 per meal.
The House Education and Labor Committee is also addressing working people's concerns, like requiring employers to respect workers' choice to unionize when a majority sign authorization cards—but the measure was blocked under threat of a veto.

**Environmental Protection**

A breakthrough Supreme Court ruling confirmed environmentalists' claim that the Environmental Protection Agency has authority to regulate greenhouse gases, including carbon dioxide, contrary to Administration assertions. Congressional environment committees heard a range of global warming-related proposals to cap greenhouse gases, mandate emission reductions, and provide incentives for development of energy efficiencies and alternative fuels, according to Physicians for Social Responsibility. According to FCNL, the resulting compromise may over-fund ethanol production, placing pressure on world food prices for poor countries and straining U.S. farmland and water supplies.

Federal regulatory agencies set up to protect health, safety, and the environment have received little scrutiny in recent years. The House Oversight Committee has been demanding public accountability. For example, it investigated the FDA's monitoring of direct-to-consumer drug advertising for needed controls and FDA's post-marketing withdrawal of damaging drugs. The FDA has failed to institute changes advised by the national Institute of Medicine, according to the Government Accountability Office. New legislation will require and fund reforms.

The Committee also heard testimony on the alleged political threats to science in shaping policy on the environment, water, worker safety, and health through pushing non-science-based report revisions and withholding of full information from policymakers and the public, according to Physicians for Social Responsibility.

Legislation that supports Quaker priorities is taking shape. Even if it reaches the President's desk only to be vetoed, the public discussion will nonetheless move the agenda forward. Hearings, investigations, and new proposals have changed the terms of debate on the Iraq war, civil liberties, social justice, and climate change. This at a minimum promotes public awareness of issues and viewpoints, and can re-ignite and give meaning to "democracy," the antidote to dangerous concentrations of power.

Yet, the gains cannot survive political pressure unless policymakers are continuously pressed and buoyed by the informed voices of those who care about peace, equity, and our common habitat, not least individual Quakers, their meetings, churches, and organizations.

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WITNESS

Walk Tall: Spoken Ministry Among Friends
by Dwight L. Wilson

I came out of the grocery store carrying a small bag and almost immediately spoke in meeting. There, not 50 feet from the entry, was my car, passenger's side back window smashed and inside a young man frantically trying to remove the anti-theft lock on the steering wheel. "What are you doing?" I offered as vocal ministry. Hastily he jumped out of my car and dove into the passenger's side of a waiting guard car that looked exactly like mine. They sped away, and I was left to pick up the pieces of the violation.

Although I now refer to my words as vocal ministry, the designation did not occur to me until the following weekend when I met in retreat with other members of Ann Arbor (Mich.) Meeting's Ministry and Counsel Committee. To me, the core of vocal ministry is someone being used by the Inner Light/Holy Spirit to recall self and others to our rightful place with the Truth. Since our natural state is grounded in being good, it is in this readjustment that we are set free from the world and its temptations.

Perhaps this core explanation is too esoteric for those not steeped in the Quaker tradition. Heaven knows that when it comes to vocal ministry most liberal Friends meetings give minimal guidance to those who gather with us. (I do not refer to those with whom I worship as unprogrammed Friends because any group that ritually starts and ends at the same hour of the 168 hours in a week is indeed as programmed as the software I am using to write this article. Without our commitment to programming meeting for worship, how else would so many attenders and guests know when the possibility of divine contact is heightened?)

I believe that vocal ministry is best when it is as stripped of programming as is humanly possible. Whether spoken or sung, in prose or verse, when uttered in the dominant language of those in expectant waiting, the attempted translation should be of something that originated in the Divine, not the New York Times, The Economist, National Public Radio, or the...

Dwight L. Wilson is a member of Ann Arbor (Mich.) Meeting, the headmaster of Friends School in Detroit, and a former general secretary of Friends General Conference.
president of the United States. As well, it should be concise and framed in silence, perhaps rough-edged, or even sharp, but never mean-spirited.

Many of us despise "popcorn meetings," but I do not define all sessions where one speaker follows another as "popcorn." I define a popcorn meeting as one in which one speaker gives no chance for reflection when she or he rises for the next offering. Such a meeting could have as few as two back-to-back speakers in a 60-minute period. Even if the second speaker seems to build upon what has been given no chance for reflection when she or he arises committed either to speaking or not speaking. No one has given us the right to dictate actions to the Divine. The object of our lives is neither the object of our lives is neither the First-day meeting's silence nor the sound of our own voice. The object is obedience to the Divine. Borrowing the title of a Canonball Adderly composition, "Walk Tall" means to be cheerful in all weathers. We are called to cheer to good behavior the common thieves, the searching worshipers, the self, wherever we may be.

I circle back to a question posited above: "How else would so many attenders and guests know when the possibility of Divine contact is heightened?" The best way to teach others the Divine Will is by constantly practicing our faith. Each act is a prayer that others will do the same. To revolutionize this violent, racist, sexist world, we must align the other 167 hours with divine focus. Anything short of that dishonors our spiritual foreparents and our own life and times. In the final analysis we are co-creators with the Divine.

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Friends Journal January 2008
A Quaker Witness Remembered

by Eldon Morey

There haven’t been any Quakers in our family since Grandpa Morey, my great-grandfather. Denominational affiliation probably changed when the family settled in Iowa and later Minnesota, where there were no other Quakers nearby.

I was a young boy when Grandpa Morey died. Yet I remember him very well. He was soft-spoken, tall, and straight with deep blue eyes. I was amused as an adult to learn he was only of average height. My memory of him was when I stood half the adult distance from the ground.

He was a very respected person. He had been a successful farmer who developed a cooperative out-of-state marketing business for the potatoes he and his neighbors grew. He also began a cooperative general store for the community and served as a member of the village council for many years. Always he tended his extensive garden with a never-ending love for horticulture. I remember the garden had rows and rows of flowers. He gave most of them to others.

His favorite project was a butternut tree. We lived too far north for butternut trees to survive naturally. So Grandpa had wrapped the small tree each winter with straw and burlap to protect it from the cold. I don’t know how many years he had tended this tree; it stood six or eight feet tall.

We were invited to their house for an evening meal. After dinner our parents visited with Grandpa and Grandma the way big folks do. My brother, age five, and I, age seven, were told it would be all right to play outside. I remember coming around the corner of the front porch just as my brother finished slashing the butternut tree with an axe. He hadn’t simply cut it off. He had slashed up and down on the side of the tree until it toppled like a weary toothpick. I knew this was bad!

Just then the door to the porch opened, and there stood our great-grandfather. I was sure I was about to witness a flood of raw anger. Instead he spoke with steadiness. “Put the axe back where you found it, Son.” I waited, but that was it! He must have felt a terrible loss, but that was all he said.

The incident of the butternut tree occurred 45 years ago, but it is as clear in my memory as the morning sun. Eldon Morey was a retired clinical psychologist and a member of Bruner (Minn.) Meeting. This column originally appeared in FRIENDS JOURNAL in October 1989.

Madge Seaver died this past year.

January 2008 FRIENDS JOURNAL
as if it had happened yesterday. Even as a small boy I marveled that anyone could respond so reasonably to such an obvious emotional hurt. Years later my father told me he had never heard Grandpa Morey raise his voice in anger.

As a professional psychologist, I am aware anger can be an expensive emotion. Most everyone would agree retaliatory anger has few, if any, constructive benefits. It seldom does away with the turmoil and hurt we feel. There is risk it will foster easier use of anger in the future. And, it likely will impose excessive hurt on others, causing them to want to get even.

More interestingly, how was it possible for Grandpa to be so seemingly rational? Many of us have identified our most vulnerable moment as the first few seconds after being confronted with unfairness. Our immediate thinking seems to be limited to behavioral reflex. Several seconds usually pass before we can begin problem solving. Defensive outbursts, confusion, or fear-provoked retreat are probable first behaviors, just as animals instinctively respond to attack by fleeing, freezing, or fighting. Surely Grandpa Morey must have felt wronged as he witnessed the destruction of the butternut tree. How did he respond so reasonably? I wondered if his Quaker upbringing were a factor.

Recently while on retreat at Pendle Hill, I posed that question to Madge Seaver, the co-leader of a course in basic Quakerism. She seemed aware that it was a question I had labored with for many years. I'm sure she sought the Spirit's leading, for she didn't give an answer until our final day together. She then shared a longtime Quaker practice once common in raising children.

"Quaker children were taught by precept and example to think of a way of mending the situation. They were reminded not to be angry. Instead, they were told to prayerfully ask themselves, 'What shall I do now?'"

I paused to consider what she said. At last I understood. Grandpa hadn't demonstrated rational creativity. He probably was overwhelmed with pain, confused, and reduced to reflexive response like other people. But the reflex wasn't retaliatory anger. The repeated childhood training he received had conditioned a different reflex.

In the helplessness of that moment, he answered the deeply ingrained question in the only way visible. He instructed my brother to "put the axe back..." As limited as his thinking was, his Quaker-conditioned response was dozens of times better than an angry outburst.

I'm sorry Grandpa experienced pain that day so long ago. Maybe if he could have known how much his example would mean to me, the tree would have seemed less important. I so would like to be as he was. With much repeated practice, it may still be possible.

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Thus begins Alice Walker's lushly illustrated new poem about the senselessness of war.
Though marketed as a children's picture book, Why War is Never a Good Idea serves well as a "coffee table" book suitable for adults of all ages, too.

We suggest Why War is Never a Good Idea as required reading. The message is clear; it does not matter who or where you are, war can bring death and destruction. War is treated as its own entity, separate from those who wage it. War is ugly. The fabulous illustrations bear this out in many different settings.

Alice Walker won the Pulitzer prize for The Color Purple, and her work for children includes There Is A Flower at the Tip of My Nose Smelling Me, Finding the Green Stone, and a biography of Langston Hughes.

Stefano Vitale lives in Venice, Italy. He has illustrated a number of children's books including ALA notable book, When the Wind Stops by Charlotte Zolotow.

—Tom and Sandy Farley

Tom and Sandy Farley are members of Palo Alto (Calif) Meeting.

How the Quakers Invented America
$19.95/hardcover.

How the Quakers Invented America reflects something about the spirit of Quakerism that

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is insightful and delightful to read, while getting the details wrong to an appalling extent. I am troubled to realize that it is more likely than most Friends publications to show up at our local Borders or Barnes and Noble, as author David Yount, a member of Alexandria (Va.) Friends Meeting, has considerable name recognition in the wider world as a religious commentator.

The book's grab for attention, summarized in the first chapter, is its claim that Quakers can take credit for broad aspects of American culture ranging from the nuclear family to social informality. (It somehow omits the "one price system," usually on our top five of such boasts.) This is not the work of a historian. Yount's statements are often sweeping and undocumented. I suspect there is some measure of truth in a number of them, but frequent misrepresentations of fact undermine the credibility of the author's voice. Errors that I could recognize popped up by the dozens—such as the statement that Mary Dyer was America's first martyr for religious freedom or a misquotation of the "Simple Gifts" lyrics. The list is extensive. I hate to imagine what a real historian would make of it.

In two locations, David Yount refers to himself as a journalist. I don't buy it. Journalists check facts. (And shame on the publisher for not requiring him to do so!) Also questionable is the bibliography—alas, there are no reference notes. I am also going to restrain myself on the subject of grand and unwarranted generalizations.

But all of these complaints do not add up to a recommendation that Friends should boycott the whole book. Instead, I advise anyone who elects to read it to bypass the front and back matter and skip the first chapter. Chapter one is merely the flashy wrapping paper, and it comes off easily. What is left, after the mercifully brief lead-in on how Friends influenced America, is an interesting—though debatable—discussion of our religion, including such issues as Quakers and the Bible and the meaning of eternal life. I read Chapters two to twelve with skepticism about any statement of fact or interpretation of history, but setting aside the problem of accuracy, there was much good material for an exploration among Friends of who we are and how we understand ourselves today. I would like to see much more discussion about one
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do… While practicing peace is not always easy, it is a spiritual discipline that expands love, generates hope, and satisfies our soul’s deepest longing for peace.” Practicing Peace collects hundreds of relatively brief aphorisms, anecdotes, stories, and quotations from dozens of Friends, usually framed by some of the author’s own experiences as a peacemaker and peace activist, which she hopes will aid those who share her commitments. Catherine Whitmire organizes the work in six categories, including “Practicing Peace in Our Everyday Lives” and “Practicing Peace in the World.” The biographies of her primary authors are useful, and for those new to Quakerism, there is a helpful glossary of Quaker terms.

Those who seek new insights into the history or intellectual implications of the Peace Testimony will not find it here. The author did not intend to produce a work of cutting edge scholarship, and it would be wrong to fault her for not doing so. Her vision of “practicing peace as a spiritual discipline” is provocative, in part because few Friends before the 20th century would have been familiar with that term, or, if they were, would have associated it with Roman Catholic practices that they eschewed. But relatively few Friends today would find it uncomfortable. More unsettling for this reader was Catherine Whitmire’s rendering of gender-inclusive language. This makes sense when Friends in the past used words such as “mankind” intended to embrace all of humanity. But rendering “Kingdom of God” as “Commonwealth of God,” a decision Whitmire points out in her introduction, involves not just using inclusive language, but changing theological conceptions. When Friends from George Fox to Rufus Jones spoke of “the Kingdom,” they really did envision a monarchy rather than a democracy or republic, albeit one ruled over by a God of absolute love and justice, but still, a God who was ruler.

That is a small fault. Friends of all outlooks will find much here to help them on their spiritual journeys.

—Thomas D. Hamm

Thomas D. Hamm is archivist and professor of history at Earlham College and a member of First Friends Meeting, New Castle, Ind. His most recent book is The Quakers in America (2003).
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NEWS

The conscientious objection to military taxation case of Daniel Taylor Jenkins was denied a hearing by the U.S. Supreme Court on October 1, 2007. His petition was one of several hundred that were submitted during the summer months of 2007. Of these, only 17 were chosen for review. A comprehensive amicus brief was submitted by New York Yearly Meeting in support of the Jenkins petition. This document contains historical material that many Friends may not have seen before. Both documents are available on the Web at: <www.cpwi.us/court_docs/usa/jenkins/sec/writ/toc.html> and <www.cpwi.us/court_docs/usa/jenkins/sec/nym_amicus/nym_jenkins_sc.pdf>.

As the final door to the U.S. courts closed, another opened at the international level. The case can now be appealed to the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights, and preparations were underway as of November. The Jenkins case is based on retained rights of conscience as identified in state constitutions and as protected from federal denial by the Ninth Amendment. The freedom of individual conscience is also guaranteed in international human rights covenants. The case cannot be appealed to the United Nations human rights tribunal system because the United States government has not ratified the necessary protocol.

The Plowshares Peace Study Collaborative of Earlham, Goshen, and Manchester colleges has launched its own online scholarly journal to foster discussion of issues of religion, ethics, and violence. The Journal of Religion, Conflict, and Peace will be published twice a year, and is available online without subscription so that anyone can read and distribute the articles. It includes articles and book reviews by scholars from a variety of academic backgrounds, as well as a “Letters to the Editor” section designed to encourage readers to respond and discuss the articles. According to the Journal, “While [its] first audience is scholars, its aim is to be relevant and accessible to peace practitioners and anyone else concerned about these themes.” It is shaped by the ideals of major peace churches (including the Religious Society of Friends), but its articles are not restricted to a particular faith: the first batch of articles discusses everything from broader concerns of peace to the current Western association of “Holy War” with Islam. The Journal is available at <www.religionconflictpeace.org>.

Correction: The “Durham (N.C.) Meeting” mentioned in “State of Society Reports for 2006” (FJ Nov.) should have read “Durham (Maine) Meeting.”
Upcoming Events:

* Through March 15—Arch Street Meetinghouse in Philadelphia, Pa., is hosting an exhibit called “American Friendship, Herbert Hoover and Poland.” The exhibits presents over 150 photos, documents, maps, and some never-published material on Quaker President Hoover’s monumental humanitarian undertaking of saving millions of people from starvation and helping Poland maintain nationhood between the world wars. This exhibit comes to Philadelphia from Stanford University after an emotion-filled tour of five cities in Poland.

Opportunities:

* June 17–21—UN International Children’s Environmental Conference in Stavanger, Norway, for children aged 10–14 who are interested and involved in environmental projects and who are concerned about climate change and wildlife issues. Since 1995 the United Nations Environmental Program (UNEP) has organized conferences that bring together young people from around the world to discuss and learn about environmental issues. For applications visit <www.ua21.no>. To read about the conference visit <www.unep.org/tunza>. For answers to questions, e-mail <deansschneider@xtra.co.nz>.

* June 19–22—Friends Association of Higher Education annual conference with the theme “Where Faith and Practice Meet,” at Woodbrooke Quaker Study Center in Birmingham, England. For information e-mail <FAHE@quaker.org> or call (215) 241-7116.

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Herbert Hoover near the remnants of his Warsaw monument, 1946

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Separation of Church and State

continued from page 10

not view harmony as a reasonable goal where religions are concerned. It seems to me that our best hope for combining democracy with religious diversity lies in the Constitution's First Amendment. "Values evangelicals" feel excluded from explicitly religious participation in politics and government because they are in fact excluded. They encounter the First Amendment. Weakening church-state separation will only encourage more challenges. Such are expected to continue under any circumstances, but so, too, is the resistance to them. Whether the separation of church and state can survive remains to be seen. In the meantime members of all religious groups are assured the same freedoms, including freedom of personal expression, freedom to proselytize, and one vote each.

**FRIENDS AND CHURCH-STATE SEPARATION**

My reference to Friends as a whole is not intended to obscure the considerable variation among Friends, both as individuals and as groups. Not all are theists; not all are Christians; not all are pacifists. Yet they share a remarkable history with many overarching beliefs and practices that unite them.

Friends have a long history of persecution in England at the hands of both secular and religious authorities. Discrimination and persecution followed them into several of the American colonies, leading sometimes to exile or even to public hangings in Massachusetts.

When the Pennsylvania colony, "The Holy Experiment," was formed under the guidance of William Penn, Friends were welcomed and expressed their religion in ways that by the nature of their beliefs were tolerant and respectful of others. The fact that Friends do not base their beliefs on a book or other authority that can be construed as a final statement, but rather hold that pursuit of Truth entails an ongoing search and belief in continuing revelation, supports an openness to new ideas not present in many religions. Friends, for example, are not threatened by the discoveries of science.

Like most Christian groups they, too,
have a wish to spread their beliefs and practices over the world. George Fox wrote: "Let all nations hear the word... Spare no place... Be obedient to the Lord God and go through the world and be valiant for the truth... Be patterns, be examples in all countries." More than 200 years later, Henry Hodgkin, the first director of Pendle Hill study center, wrote: "The Society of Friends is called by its deepest principles, and by the lessons of its own history, to a universal mission. It cannot fulfill its service to humanity unless it responds to this call." Friends proselytize, seek that of God in every person, and let their own "lives speak," generally in ways compatible with the First Amendment. Unlike the Puritans, Friends have no wish to compel uniformity of religious belief in society.

Friends are notable for their public service, exemplifying how religions and government can work together to achieve shared goals. For instance, the pursuit of peace, prison reform, and abolition of the death penalty are all motivated by religious as well as by secular values. Attempts by Friends to influence legislation either involve secular arguments or they concern the pursuit of religious freedom. For instance, at the behest of the peace churches after World War I, our government granted conscientious objector status to pacifists for whom military service would conflict with religious convictions. The quest in such instances is to achieve religious freedom for all citizens, and that in itself is a secular value.

At times the assertion of Friends' religious convictions, involving civil disobedience, trespassing, destruction of military property, or the withholding of taxes to avoid funding the military, have been in conflict with the law. In such instances they accept the penalty and have sometimes gone to jail for their religiously motivated conduct.

For the most part, Friends live compatibly with the First Amendment and its church-state separation. They are protected thereby from religious persecution and imposition from other groups and are free to pursue their goals, whether motivated by religious or secular values.
Mothers and Daughters
continued from page 21

minds, to the extent that we no longer have time to react and reflect upon what we are taking in. Unlike my grandmother, who still talks back to the television, we are easily stunned into being passive consumers. Like plants doused in fertilizer, we may be growing taller and brighter, yet our soil is being stripped of its nutrients, our own ability to sprout. Thus it is crucial for young people to escape to the mountains and breathe in the fresh air, and roll around in some smelly compost.

Starting when I was ten years old I packed my bags every summer, filled with costumes and creek shoes, funny hats and sleeping mats, and hit the road to the Shenandoah Valley for Shiloh Quaker Camp. On the journey there was always that thrilling moment where the road curves and the blue ridges suddenly stretch into the skyline. And after a year of focusing on homework deadlines, screens, and magazines, my eyes finally widened their gaze and relaxed into the whole picture. Crossing the bridge into the campgrounds and winding up the gravel path always felt like a homecoming, transplanted from urban potholes and computer networks, back into the rich moist soil of Virginia. Like the kudzu vines that climb and twirl and transform into dream catchers and head wreaths, you can watch us grow.

In this magical space filled with wild cherry trees, mountain streams, and rocky gorges, young people peel off all those social pressures to conform. We introduce ourselves with cartwheels and perform work crew skits shaking up laughing fits as we transform the mundane washing of dishes into musical escapades. We reclaim our right to play, a word no longer reserved for five-year-olds, as mealtimes unfold into cook parades, treasure hunts for bay leaves, and chocolate pudding kissed onto our cheeks. Yet these rights are always balanced with responsibilities to the community, as we lick our plates clean singing our waste into tasty treats for our compost heap.

Our information-laden minds are finally screwed back onto our bodies as we climb mountains, making rhymes, taking our time to see the world beneath our feet, sucking on sassafras while touching long blades of grass, throwing off our packs at the summit and prancing as if we were on the moon. Young people need room to explore and create and take risks and be ridiculous—where canoeing expands into pirate adventures, and hiking hikes up into fancy dress celebrations. At camp, we can take these risks because we know we are safe, nurtured by nature’s cycles and by a community where we know we always have a place.

The wild rumpus of our adventures is balanced with the silent reflection of meetings. Gathered in a circle, sun dappled on our cheeks and bugs crawling over our feet, wise words are sojourned, recounting stories from the trail and the river, from that place inside we normally guard with clenched teeth. But without walls and judging calls the words stream into the universe, trees slipping them round their necks like lockets as we listen and place them safely into our pockets.

The Earth’s cycles of thunderstorms on tarp roofs, a drought making us collect buckets from the creek. The end of something was never the end; transitions were celebrated. Kudzu became wreaths round our heads, marking our graduation, our growth. At 15, moving on to Teen Adventure, where for three weeks we were on the trail, like snails we carried all that we needed on our backs: three shirts, two shorts, a fleece, and a stack of delicious iodized water. After ten days tramp ing up and down Appalachia’s spine we
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Building and Holding Safe Spaces for Quaker Youth
February 8–10, 2008 / Pendle Hill

FGC’s Youth Ministries and Religious Education Committees are co-sponsoring a workshop on safety issues for overnight events for middle and high school-aged Friends. At this workshop, Friends will have opportunities to

- seek common ground on issues relating to guidelines and program expectations
- explore how to empower and support youth as they help to shape their own guidelines
- look at case studies together
- share stories, ideas, and resources
- look at what yearly meetings have put together around issues of safety for youth
- worship together and support one another in ministry

Kri Burkander, of Ann Arbor Friends (MI) Meeting in Lake Erie Yearly Meeting, will facilitate. Presenters will include youth workers Lisa Graustein, New England Yearly Meeting; Elizabeth Walsley and Cookie Caldwell, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting; and Laura Norfin, Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting and Association.

Registration handled by Pendle Hill. For more information call 800-742-3150 ext 3, or visit the Pendle Hill website at http://pendlehill.org/programs/courses_workshops_retreats.php

Matching funds may be available from Pendle Hill. Call John Meyer at Pendle Hill, ext. 121, to apply.

an offering of Pendle Hill
and the Religious Education and Youth Ministries Committees of FGC
climbed up to the highest point of Virginia, ensnared in clouds; we ploughed trails for the national park; and we played tag to spark our shivering circulation. Although we were soaked, spooning mouthfuls of peanut butter and shots of salad dressing, our spirits kept warm, and in the morning the sun broke through. For an hour we sat still and marveled at the gold-dusted hills, speckled with wild horses and purple heather. Our bellies filled with that balmy feeling of being part of something much bigger. Sitting on that rock face I realized that as I had stripped to a simplicity of being in the world, where I was no longer defined by my possessions but recognized by my interactions, I also gained the capacity to see a wider vision—a deeper beauty born out of the relationships between. I gained the ability to lead within a community of leaders and listen to the whispers and the scratchy voices of ancestors in the trees. Life lessons I absorbed and then poured back into the campground as I became a counselor, and shared the keys, and giggled into the night, singing songs, passing on stories.

I didn't know what a Quaker was until I came to camp and lived it. Quakerism cannot be explained, abstracted, as it is rather a verb—a way of being and engaging with the world. Amidst the onslaught of school pressures, images of waif models and Iraqi massacres, it's easy for young spiritual tentacles to wrap themselves up inside. At camp we are replanted into an environment where our roots can unfold, and branches grow and dance circles with the wind. With this firm grounding, our tentacles are set free to explore. No longer bored, trapped in a car, enraptured by movie stars, we are impelled to make relationships with the environment and with each other. At camp I made lifelong friendships, discovered first loves, and gave long hugs to everyone, to my counselors and then to my campers. As the August cicadas began to lose their voices, I'd leave with that tight feeling in my throat, but I always felt comforted that no matter how far I drifted away, my orbit through the world would bring me back to the center, and the adventure would begin again.
irs and hiking trails, tracked down misplaced sweatshirts, and took last photographs of their child's cabin group. Campers exchanged phone numbers, e-mail addresses, and hugs.

After the final session, the board and staff breathed a sigh of relief. They had run three successful sessions with a total of 66 campers. Financially, Camp Woodbrooke had finished in the black, without using the bequest.

Now it was time for the board of directors to make another decision. If Camp Woodbrooke were to continue, major repairs and new buildings were needed, and new campers would need to be recruited. There was yet another challenge: the Board would have to purchase the land from the Langs. That would take a lot more money and years of commitment. The board sat around the table in the barn. Would they continue? Once again, they relied on faith. The answer was yes.

Postscript: The challenges continue. Efforts to purchase the property began and donations reached the 10-percent mark, theoretically enough for a down payment, but banks were reluctant to loan money to a new organization that depended on donations to survive. The board postponed the discussion of next steps as the summer of 2007 rolled around.

Another successful camping season followed, this time with 81 campers. Finally, in the fall of 2007, the purchase went through, with personal loans from supporters covering about half of the purchase price and a bank loan covering the remainder. These loans will need to be repaid. Additional information and updates about Camp Woodbrooke are posted on its website, <www.campwoodbrooke.org>.

**Ethical Business Relationships**

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Lee B. Thomas, Jr.

Lee B. Thomas, Jr. is a longtime businessman and founding member of Louisville Friends Meeting, which celebrated its 50th year in 2004.

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**MILESTONES**

**Births**

Knowles—Karina Joy Hutchins Knowles, on September 15, 2007, to Linda and Brian Hutchins.

Knowles and big sister Anika of San Jose (Calif.)

Meeting.

**Deaths**

Bassett—Miyoko Inouye Bassett, 81, on May 26, 2007, at her home in Pittsford, N.Y., of liver cancer.

Miyoko was born in Sacramento, Cali., on June 12, 1925, to parents from Hiroshima and Tokyo, Japan. Living in California during World War II, Miyoko and her family were incarcerated in Japanese-American internment camps in Tule Lake, Calif., and Jerome, Ark. With the help of the National Japanese-American Student Relocation Council and Quakers, Miyoko and her two older brothers, William and George, were able to leave the camps to attend Swarthmore College.

Miyoko graduated from Swarthmore in 1947 and from Temple University Medical School in 1951. During her medical internship at Mt. Auburn Hospital in Cambridge, Mass., she met David R. Bassett.

In 1953 the couple were married under the care of Westtown (Pa.) Meeting. Following Miyoko's pediatric residencies in Philadelphia at St. Christopher's Hospital and Children's Hospital of Pennsylvania, they lived from 1955–57 in Barpali, India, both working as physicians in a community development project sponsored by American Friends Service Committee. This work fulfilled David's alternative service as a conscientious objector to war. They returned to continue medical work in Philadelphia from 1958 to 1963, and to help one another as they raised their family of three young children. From 1965 to 1968, the family lived in Honolulu, where Miyoko worked as director of the Outpatient Clinic at the Kaukeakulan Children's Hospital, and as consultant at the East-West Center. In 1968, the family moved to Ann Arbor, Mich., where Miyoko served as assistant clinical professor of Pediatrics at the University of Michigan Medical School. In 1982, because of the onset of a chronic illness, Miyoko retired from her medical work. She remained active in the Ann Arbor community, serving on the boards of AFSC, the Friends School in Detroit, the Ecumenical Center for International Students, and the Memorial Advisory and Planning Society of Ann Arbor, and participating in International Neighbors. During the 37 years the family participated in the life of Ann Arbor Meeting, she represented the meeting on the Ann Arbor Council of Churches, the Ecumenical Forum of Christian Congregations, and Lake Erie Yearly Meeting (LEYM). She was an Ann Arbor Meeting representative to AFSC and yearly meeting representative on the AFSC Corporation and Board, and served on the LEYM committee on Ministry and Oversight. From 1985 to 1987, together with David, she was co-clerk of Ann Arbor Meeting.

David and Miyoko sought to develop a legislative means to allow those who shared their conscientious objection to war to find peaceful alternatives for their military tax dollars, now called the Religious Freedom Peace Tax Fund Bill. In 2005 Miyoko and David moved to The Highlands retirement community in Pittsford, N.Y., close to their daughter JoAnn and family. Miyoko and David joined the Religious Society of Friends in 1960 and have been members of meetings in Swarthmore, Honolulu, Ann Arbor, and, most recently, Rochester, N.Y. Miyoko used her own painful experiences to understand and ease the pain of others. She believed that some things in life are beyond words, and that one's life can do the speaking. She knew that the same processes that make a family work well also enable the world to work well. Miyoko was a loving wife, mother, and friend. She took pleasure in family, music, nature, and the arts, often combined on family camping and hiking trips in the Hawaiian Islands, the Alpacas in Vermont, and the White Mountains in New Hampshire. Miyoko valued her cultural heritage, incorporating many aspects in her medical work and other activities. Miyoko is survived by her husband of 54 years, David Bassett; daughters, Helen Bassett and Joanna Kelllogg; son, David Bassett Jr.; JoAnn's spouse Mark and David's spouse Laura; six grandchildren: Jeffrey Mansfield, Adam Mansfield, Justin Mansfield, Robert Kelllogg, Dylan Chun, and Stephen Bassett; a very close extended family; and many loving friends.

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**BRADFORD—Elizabeth (Liddy) Hill Bradford, 86, on May 30, 2006, in Wycombe, Pa. Liddy was born on February 26, 1920, in Glenside, Pa. She was a graduate of George School and University of Pennsylvania.**

**January 2008 FRIENDS JOURNAL**
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Subverting Hatred: The Challenge of Nonviolence in Religious Traditions
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HILDA CLARK

The Back Bench
by Margaret Hope Bacon
It's 1837, and fourteen-year-old Quaker Myra Harlan's mother has died, forcing her to leave her home and family in the country to live in Philadelphia. Shocked by the racism she sees all around her and caught in the aftermath of the Orthodox-Hicksite split in the Religious Society of Friends, Myra longs for her mother and struggles to make friends until she finds the Female Anti-Slavery Society, Lucretia Mott, Sarah Douglass, and—ultimately—herself.

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step-grandchildren; six great-grandchildren; and several nieces and nephews, whose lives he followed with great interest.

Kay McMillan—Katherine Merrill Lindsley Camp, 77, on July 9, 2006, of complications from a stroke, at the Quadrangle retirement community in Havertown, Pa., where she had been a resident for 16 years. Before that she had lived in Havertown, Norristown, and King of Prussia, Pa., for more than 40 years. Kay was born on July 10, 1918, in Mt. Kisco, N.Y., to Horace Nelson Lindsley and Louise Keyes Lindsley. She grew up on a farm in Livingston, N.J., graduated from Madison High School, and earned her BA in Psychology and Education at Swarthmore College in 1940. Kay was introduced to Quakerism and met her future husband, William Perrine Camp, at Swarthmore; they married in 1941. She worked as a cryptographer for the War Department in Washington, D.C., during WWII, while Bill served in the Army Medical Administrative Corps in Europe. Kay later founded and directed Fairmont School, a nursery and kindergarten in Havertown, while Bill attended medical school at University of Pennsylvania. When their children were young, she was a den mother and PTA president. In 1956, the family joined Norristown (Pa.) Meeting, and the children attended Friends schools. The war years and the subsequent Cold War and arms race, as well as her vision for her children's future, fueled her passion to work for peace and understanding on a broader scale. In 1962, she became founder and president of the Greater Norristown Bi-Racial Study Group, and in 1965 she received the Berth Community Brotherhood Award. Kay served on numerous meeting committees and on the Peace Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, as well as in other capacities. She supported the work of American Friends Service Committee, serving on advisory committees that promoted international peace and understanding. Kay devoted nearly 50 years to Women's International League for Peace and Freedom (WILPF), of which she was U.S. Section president from 1967 to 1971 and international president from 1974 to 1980. Kay's work for WILPF took her around the world. She studied Russian and in 1961 attended a seminar for Soviet and U.S. women to discuss peace and disarmament. She chaired a Congress of Women of the Americas in Bogota, Colombia, in 1970 and headed a WILPF delegation to North and South Vietnam in 1971, working with women's groups on a peace agreement on behalf of the women of Vietnam and the U.S., calling for President Nixon to set the date for withdrawal. In 1974, she led a team of women to investigate human rights violations in Chile and testified about their findings before the UN Human Rights Commission and U.S. Congress. Her fact-finding missions and conferences for WILPF also took her to Cuba, Israel, Iran, Nicaragua, Iraq, and more than 30 other countries. Kay served terms as chair and president of the Pennsylvania Women's Political Caucus and ran as the Democratic candidate for U.S. Congress in 1972. She served on the Board of Managers of Swarthmore College from 1974 to 1977. In 1975, she organized and co-chaired the First International Women's Seminar on Disarmament at the UN. She wrote numerous articles, pamphlets, and columns, and compiled and edited "Listen to the People Needed to assist lobbyists with research, technological support, citizen education, and policy reform campaigns. Modest salary, life changing experiences, start in September.

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Women for a Change, an anthology of writings by global feminists. In 1978, President Jimmy Carter appointed her advisor to the U.S. Delegation to the UN General Assembly’s Special Session on Disarmament. In 1980 Kay was appointed to the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO and was also a board member of the Institute for Defense and Disarmament Studies. She worked on the UN Non-Governmental Organization Committee on Disarmament, Peace, and Security and was an organizer liaison with the U.S. Dept. of State at the National SALT II Women’s Conference in 1979.

Kay was also active locally, opposing nuclear power (she was arrested and spent four days in prison for protesting at the Limerick, Pa., nuclear power plant in 1980), speaking and demonstrating against the war in Vietnam—and every war since then—standing up for the rights of women and minorities. In 1978, WILPF presented her with its Peace and Freedom Award, and the SANE Education Fund gave her its annual Peace Award. Kay received honorary degrees from Haverford College and Swarthmore College. In 1982 she was the recipient of the Gandhi Peace Award, and the Fellowship of Reconciliation gave her its Martin Luther King Jr. Peace Prize. The Institute for Defense and Disarmament Studies honored her for her “lifetime of work for peace and democracy” in 1990. In 2005, the Delaware County branch of WILPF established a fund in her name to be administered by the Jane Addams Peace Association. Kay maintained a sense of humor in all her activities. She initiated and hosted innumerable family gatherings, usually including charades or badminton and ocher games. Kay was an avid reader, loved gardening and wild flowers, and enjoyed cooking, sailing, camping, and writing doggerel. She was energetic, spirited, and determined. Her vision for the future encompassed both a world at peace and a joyful family life. In her mid-60s, with Bill and their sons, she designed and built a log cabin in Maine. During her retirement years at the Quadrangle she played tennis into her 80s, sang with chorale groups, and took leadership roles in committees and neighborhood peace groups. She continued working and traveling with WILPF. Although her family sometimes wished Kay would take more time to relax, they were admiringly supportive of her. During the last decade of her life, Kay dedicated herself increasingly to caring for Bill, who suffered from dementia. After his death in 1999, Kay found herself in love with fellow Quadrangle resident Simon E. Gluck, and they enjoyed a few months of happiness together until his death in 2000. For the last few years of her life, Kay and resident Simon E. Gluck shared each other’s loving companionship. Kay Camp is survived by her sons, David, Nelson, and Anthony Camp; her brother, Thomas K. Lindsley; seven grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.
A monthly meeting's statement on Iraq

We members of Pima Meeting in Tucson, Arizona, have approved the following minute against the Iraq war. We are sending it to our city council members, the President, Congress, and various publications. Thank you for your wonderful publication.

We members and attenders of Pima Monthly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) in Tucson, Arizona, remain deeply concerned about the infectious stimulation of the spirit of war, violence, and terrorism. We remind our nation that the seeds of war are not only in others, but also within ourselves. We cannot define evil as that which is done to us, excluding all that is done by us. There is no security except in the creation of bonds of faith, trust, fair dealing, and mutual respect established through diplomacy and understanding the views and grievances of others.

Our Quaker Peace Testimony is based on the fundamental conviction that war is wrong in the sight of God, and that every person is worthy of respect.

"We utterly deny all outward wars and strife, and fighting with outward weapons, for any end, or under any pretense whatsoever, this is our testimony to the whole world. . . . The spirit of Christ, by which we are guided, is not changeable, so as once to command us from a thing as evil, and again to move unto it; and we do certainly know, and testify to the world, that the Spirit of Christ, which leads us into all Truth, will never move us to fight and war against any man with outward weapons, neither for the Kingdom of Christ, nor for the kingdoms of this world.

We believe we are called to live in that love and power that takes away the occasion of all war. It is in this Spirit that we join with others in the call for an immediate termination of the military occupation of Iraq by the United States. We accept the moral and legal obligations of our country to help reconstruct Iraq, in concert with the international community and the people of Iraq.

We are appalled by the deaths and injuries of Americans. The U.S. occupation has become a beacon of hate and its continued presence will only exacerbate the civil war and internal turmoil that has already led to the deaths and injuries of countless innocent Iraqis.

We hold in our prayers the people of Iraq, the troops of the United States as well as those from other nations, the humanitarian workers in Iraq, the families of all in harm's way, the leaders of Iraq and of the United States, and all others affected by this war.

To create peace and justice and to ensure domestic tranquility we must be led by a peaceful, compassionate center. We urge widespread efforts on the part of citizens, elected officials, and all those concerned.

We urge Tucson's City Council, the State of Arizona, and the Congress and government of the United States to enact a resolution to this effect, as other authorities throughout the nation have done.

Susan Burns
Clerk of Peace and Social Concerns, Pima Meeting

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Casa de los Amigos, Mexico City, Quaker hospitality. Peace volunteers. Project opportunities. <www.casadelosamigos.org>, <amigos@casadelosamigos.org>, (+52 55 5705 0521), (te esperamos)


Books & Publications

Friends Bulletin, magazine of Western U.S. Quakers, subscription $18. A Western Quaker Reader, $19. Compassionate Listening, 516 Friends Bulletin, 2223 Danahe St., Torrance, CA 90505. <westernquaker.net>, <friendsbulletin@aol.com>

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Retirement Living

Friends Homes, Inc., founded by North Carolina Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, has been providing retirement options since 1973. Friends Homes West are full-service, continuing care retirement communities offering independent living, assisted living, and skilled nursing care. Located in Greensboro, North Carolina, both communities are close to Guilford College and several Friends meetings. Enjoy the beauty of four seasons, as well as outstanding cultural, intellectual, and spiritual opportunities in an area where Quaker roots run deep. For information: (336) 252-2982 or write: Friends Home 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>

KENDAL

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

Continuing care retirement communities:
Kendal at Longwood: Crosswinds - Kennett Square, PA
Kendal at Haverford: Deephaven - Haverford, PA
Kendal at Oberlin: Oberlin, Ohio
Kendal at Ishara: Ishara, NY
Kendal at Lewisville: Lewisville, Texas
Kendal on Hudson: Bloomingdale, NJ
Kendal at Granville: Granville, Ohio

Independent anddures services:
Consistent and Cartmel - Kennett Square, PA
The Lathrop Communities - Northampton and Easthampton, Mass.

nursing care, residential and assisted living:
Barley Friends - West Chester, Pa.
Advocacy/education program:
Unite the Elders - PA, Pennsylvania Retirement Initiative Kendal Outreach, LLC
College, Assistance Tool for Well Elderly

For information, contact: Doris Lamberti, The Kendal Corporation, 1170 E. Baltimore Pike, Kennett Square, PA 19348, (610) 388-5581
E-mail <info@kcorp.kendal.org>.

Schools

ARTHR MORGAN SCHOOL. Boarding and day school for grades 7-12. Small academic classes, consensus decision making, outdoor and community service, and work program. A small, caring community environment. For information about admission, call (610) 674-2875, <www.arthurmorganschool.org>.

Frankfort Friends School: Private Pre-K to grade 12, serving center city, Northeast, and northern suburbs of Philadelphia. We provide children with an affordable yet challenging academic program in a small, nurturing environment. Frankfort Friends School, 1250 Oxford Street, Philadelphia, PA 19121. (215) 533-5636.

Lansdowne Friends School - a small Friends school for boys and girls ages three years of age through sixth grade, rooted in Quaker values. We provide children with a quality academic and a developmentally appropriate program in a nurturing environment. Whole language, thematic education, conflict resolution, Spanish, after-school care, summer program. 110 N. Lansdowne Avenue, Lansdowne, PA 19050. (610) 823-2624.

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 offers an extended-day program, tutoring, and summer school. Information: Stratford Friends School, 5 Llano Drive, Havertown, PA 19083. (610) 446-3144. <www.stratfordfriends.org>.

United Friends School: co-educational, emphasizing integrated, developmentally appropriate curriculum, after-school arts, sports, and music programs, Busing available. 1101 West Broad Street, Quakertown, PA 18951. (215) 533-1733. <www.unitedfriendschool.org>.


Services Offered

All Things Calligraphy

Shahma Graphics
Wedding Certificates, Celebrations of Commitment, calligraphy, invitation design. Contact: Penny Jaklin. <ahimsa@earthlink.net> (410) 783-1972
Samples: <www.pennyjaklin.calligraphicarts.org>.

Custom Marriage Certificates and other traditional or decorative documents. Various calligraphic styles and watercolor designs available. Over ten years experience. Pam Bennett, P. O. Box 136, Uxbridge, PA 19484. (610) 498-4256. <pbtcallig@verizon.net>.

Moving? Maybe David Brown, a Quaker real estate broker, can help. Contact him at dbrown@brownliving.com.

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

Calligrapher (NEYM) creates individually designed marriage certificates, birth/naming documents for newborn or adopted children, and other one-of-a-kind documents. See samples of my work at <www.wynnewellley.com>. Contact me to discuss your needs at (413) 634-5676. <wynne@wynnewellley.com>.

Curating Services

Doing business with Germans in Germany? Of course they speak English. But they’ll respect you more if your point person writes and speaks to them in German. Associate professor of German available to do so on your behalf. Please contact us through <www.eyemsterp.at>.<http://www.eyemsterp.at>. Please mention Curating Consulting Services in your subject line. Call (505) 725-2033 or (505) 624-5047.

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

Summer Camps


Journey’s End Farm Camp


CAMP Woodbrooke, Wisconsin

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 relationship 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. Accredited by The American Camping Association

Friends Journal, January 2008

FRIENDS JOURNAL
Come to Pendle Hill for Summer Term

June 20–August 2, 2008

- Relax, work, and worship in community;
- Take Arts and/or Quakerism classes from our resident faculty;
- Choose all you want from a menu of five-day retreats and weekend workshops;
- Do early morning yoga;
- Eat nutritious organic food;
- Join in daily Meeting for Worship;
- Take time for personal discernment—Where are you called to be next?

“Pendle Hill helped me explore spiritual 'nudges.' Being on campus for the summer term gave me opportunities to 'live' what I was learning.” — Jacque Moll, resident student, Pendle Hill 2007 Summer Term

Educators—Come for Renewal!

June 22–26
Peace in Oneself, Peace in the World: A Mindfulness Course for Educators
Richard Brady and Wynne Kinder
July 7–16
Beyond Diversity 101: Training for Trainers
Niyonu Spann

July 20–24
An Intensive Journal® Workshop
Vic Kryston
July 25–27
The Courage to Lead
(a retreat developed with Parker Palmer)
Judy Sorum Brown

Pendle Hill
A QUAKER CENTER FOR STUDY AND CONTEMPLATION
338 Plush Mill Road • Wallingford, PA 19086
www.pendlehill.org

For more information, contact admissions@pendlehill.org or call ext. 3 at 800.742.3150 or 610.566.4507