"I think of St. Christopher, that legendary figure who carried wayfarers across treacherous waters and how, after a stormy night, he found the heavy burden on his back miraculously changed into the radiant Christ Child, who blessed him for his faithfulness."

—See inside, page 616
CONTENTS

Dec. 1, 1977
Vol. 23, No. 20

Centering ................................................. 614
—Patricia Howe

Through Autumn to Christmas .................................. 615
—Ruth Kilpack

Freedom in the Framework of the Family ............................ 616
—Elizabeth Watson

The Care and Feeding of Wives, Husbands and Ummers .......... 623
—Ronald Steelman

Meditation on October Fourth .................................... 625
—Gene Chenoweth

A Gratifying Moment ........................................... 626
—Frances Evans Layser

God Setteth the Lonely in Families ............................... 627
—Evan Howe

A Merry Heart Doeth Good ....................................... 628
—Marjorie Baechler

Young Magus .................................................. 629
—Alice Carver Cramer

Yearly Meeting Reports ........................................ 630

Letters to the Editor ........................................... 633

Calendar ..................................................... 637

Classified Advertisements ...................................... 638

Meeting Announcements .................................... 639

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Friends Journal

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CENTERING

Still surface
Of the mind
Reflecting
Self
Hear the echo
Of all being
Deeper
Seek
Beyond the
Mirrored thought
To quiet's
Core
Reach in
Reach out
God
Wait

—Patricia Howe
It's that time of year when, hearing wild geese honking overhead, you stop in your tracks to gaze upward as a giant V crosses the cloudy sky, the wayfarers emitting steering signals to each other as they go. Then, in the street, the stranger ahead of you turns, and you both grin as he says, "Yep, you know it's that time of year, when the geese start heading south—" and you go your separate ways with a satisfied, knowing look, as if you had somehow contributed to this miracle—or at least understood how it all had happened.

Yes, in mid-October, it's that time of year when the brilliant, flame-colored pyracantha berries are already disappearing under the strong bills of cedar waxwings or the nibblings of grey squirrels. From a window, I have discovered the home of the latter, my closest neighbor, being readied for winter high in one of the double trunks of the great linden growing far above my house. Now, in the autumn wind, the squirrels leap from branch to branch, carrying long, leafy stems to line the nest for the long winter ahead.

It's the time of year when only a few trees have yet started to turn, but the red brick walk is crunchy underfoot where acorns have slid into crevices and horse chestnuts have been ground into pulp under the passing of many feet.

On such an early evening, the sky flares wild and free after days of rain, and seems to exult in what lies ahead for the morrow.

On such an evening I met Joe, walking carefully along the brick walk, carrying Peter on his shoulders—Peter, fragile and small, in his cotton shirt looking a little pinched in the cool autumn air. As Joe stops to greet me, the child leans his head against him, and I say, "Joe, he seems to really love you!" And Joe, with his thin face and clear eyes, says in his quiet drawl, "I reckon he's sleepy."

But I know it's more than that.

After a few more words, they go their way, and I turn to look after them, smiling a little at the marvel I have encountered, watching the careful placing of Joe's work shoes as he goes, the careful balancing of the child on his brown plaid shoulders. I marvel—and I find myself shaking my head. For Joe is steadily declining, each year his young strength sapped a little more by an incurable disease. This child is not his child; even so, Peter is carried aloft as a treasure, a beautiful creature borrowed for a little while as his own.

Without bitterness in the face of the devastation of his youth and without complaining, Joe finds ways to turn his steady decline into ways of showing his love, of finding joy. He finds humble jobs to do, picking apples, washing dishes for a cooperative health food restaurant, a quiet catalyst of good will in the community. The impulse for good shows clearly in his eyes, giving one the sense of a deep knowledge and an understanding far beyond the few years he has experienced. And there is something more—a look of shrewd wisdom, as if his will had long managed to keep at bay the fate that daily threatens him. The will to survive, the will to live.
Descended from a well-known theologian, Joe carries his own theology lightly, living it out directly as he goes; for him there is no time left to build treatises in his head nor in books for posterity. Above all, there is no self-pity. Only gratitude to be able to walk a little longer, able to bear the weight of a two-year-old as he goes.

And now when you read these words, dear friends, the leaves will have long ago sifted down from the trees, and it will already be nearing Christmas and the turning of thoughts to the drama of Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. Of angels who sing through the skies and shepherds who kneel, and a shining star that follows our lives down the years. Of saints and kings, and wise men who never faltered in their search.

And I shall think of St. Christopher, that legendary figure who carried wayfarers across treacherous waters and how, after a stormy night, he found the heavy burden on his back miraculously changed into the radiant Christ Child, who blessed him for his faithfulness. Then shall I remember the autumn evening when I myself met St. Christopher bearing the Christ Child beneath the flaming skies of my own world. For I have met him indeed, carrying his miraculous burden through the turbulent and threatening waters of his own life, not fearful of destruction and haunted by death, but walking joyfully, triumphantly, while life lasts within him, bearing aloft the Christ Child as he goes.

I know now, with humble thankfulness, that I have learned at last to recognize a miracle when I see one—and I shall join my “Hallelujah” to all those circling the earth under the leafless trees and far into the flaring heavens of Christmas.

\[RK\]

\[By Elizabeth Watson\]

In a women’s worship-sharing group at New York Yearly Meeting, I said that I had found marriage a liberating experience. The young women in the group were astonished. “You’ve got to be kidding,” one of them said. They asked me to explain.

I told them that in marrying George I had joined forces with a person different from myself in many ways. He’s a day person and bounds out of bed at six, ready for the day. I’m a night person and don’t really function very well until mid-morning, if then. He folds up by ten p.m.; my most creative time is just starting then. We’ve partially solved this by having a separate study so that I can work when the urge is on me.

But more important, George has a logical, encyclopedic, well-organized mind and is an omnivorous reader. I’m intuitive, proceed on hunches, and prefer to savor what I read rather than rush through it. As a writer and speaker I need his editorial skills to check my effusions for accuracy, logic and organization, and his suggestions of other things I ought to read. Every page I’ve written, since we became engaged, has benefitted from his blue pencil. He provides another dimension to my life. In periods of enforced separation, as during the second world war, I managed to function, but not as well. Something was missing.

I don’t want to leave you with the impression that we differ on everything. On politics, social concerns, general philosophy of child raising, we are for the most part in

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December 1, 1977 FRIENDS JOURNAL
agreement. Our membership in the Religious Society of Friends, coming at the same time as our marriage, has been the foundation under our long relationship.

But in still another important way I’ve found marriage liberating. I made my choice in college, after dating a variety of men, several seriously. Once we had settled on one another, we were committed to working through whatever problems came. Having made the decision, I stopped looking at every man I met as a possible mate. This liberated me to make friends with men on a person-to-person basis, not on a man-woman basis. Over the years we have both had deep and rewarding friendships with other men and women, to the great enrichment of our individual lives, and often of both our lives.

Why do so many people these days, especially young people, find marriage a trap, a limiting, unsatisfying, often miserable relationship? Perhaps they have a wrong view of what marriage can and ought to be.

We in the U.S. wrote into our Declaration that one of the basic human rights is “the pursuit of happiness.” If we are to believe the advertising profession, happiness is having bigger, better, faster things—that is, bigger, better, faster than our neighbors’ things. In our pursuit of the wrong kind of happiness we have created a thing-oriented, competition-ridden, sex-obsessed, violent society.

We have been brainwashed to expect something from marriage which it cannot give us. We rush into it believing it will solve all our problems, which we’ve not been able to solve on our own. We expect it to provide financial security. We demand that our partners devote their lives to our comfort and gratification. We think sex-appeal and good looks are proper criteria for choosing a mate, rather than intelligence, coping skills, good judgment and shared life-values.

I want to suggest a different basis for relationships—in or out of marriage—a commitment that each shall be free to grow into wholeness with the other’s help. Seeking gratification of one’s own desires is not love; willing wholeness for one’s partner is. I have written about growing into wholeness elsewhere, and will summarize quickly what I mean.

Wholeness has several parts. First, finding out that we are “an original and no one’s copy,” as William Penn said of George Fox. This means finding out who we are, knowing our limitations, but, even more, acknowledging our gifts, abilities and strengths, our genuineness, and liking what we find. The next part of growing into wholeness is finding our concern, what God has to say to the world through us. Thomas Merton, in answer to the question, “Who am I?” said, “You are a word spoken by God” in your own time and place. Jesus said he came into the world “to bear witness to the truth.” We too came into the world to bear witness to the truth as it is revealed to us experientially by the Inner Light. Still another part of wholeness is the habitual acknowledgement of the wholeness of others: people, “all creatures great and small,” things, the earth and its vegetation, the stars and the universe. In Buber’s words, it is the habit of seeing the other not as “it” but as “thou.” And finally, we need to find our relationship to the Eternal Thou.

This is liberation: to become the people we were meant to be. Basically this is what all the oppressed, frustrated people of the world really want: enough food and shelter and health care to grow into wholeness of body, meaningful work, the freedom to bear witness to the truth as they see it, and to participate creatively and freely in a society that has the wholeness of everyone as its reason for being.

Wholeness in marriage can suffer from too much togetherness. The German poet, Rainer Maria Rilke, in the seventh of his Letters to a Young Poet, speaks of “the love that consists in this: that two solitudes protect, and touch, and salute each other.” Try to visualize a marriage in which the commitment is to the protection of one another’s solitude, to touching one another (ah yes!), and to saluting one another as “thou!” Try to visualize a marriage in which each partner is committed to protecting the other’s right to grow into wholeness.
Liberation of Women

First, what would it mean to women to have freedom in marriage to grow into wholeness?

The more I talk with women, the more I realize I was fortunate in my generation. I had a father who encouraged me to accept no false limits, to train for a traditionally male profession. And I have had a husband who has given me space to be myself.

But for many women marriage has been anything but liberating. For millennia, women have had to take their identity from their fathers, then their husbands, and sometimes from their sons. It is true that many women still find security in this, and oppose the ERA, for example, but for many women marriage is oppressive. Are you familiar with the American Friends Service Committee reports on battered women, even among the well-to-do and respectable?

It shows itself, however, in more subtle ways as well. I live in a wealthy ex-urban community now. Sometimes I take my life in my hands when I drive the four miles into town, for there is a great amount of fast and reckless driving—almost all of it on the part of women, well-dressed women in expensive cars.

I was asked to lead a workshop for mothers at the elementary school near the college. They allowed a whole day, and I proposed to the planning committee to begin with some sharing about ourselves, for most of the women were not known to me. They were most reluctant. When I pressed a bit, one of them said, "We'd be afraid to take off our masks in front of one another." I weep for all the women who are so unsure who they are, so unwhole, that they must put on masks in public, who are so frustrated that they drive recklessly, or perhaps abuse their children in anger, who are so unfulfilled that their obituaries, when their lives end, speak of them only in terms of whose daughter, or wife, or mother they were.

Again, I realize I was lucky. Two personal disasters helped set the path of my life. The first was an enforced separation from George which delayed our marriage for a year. We received graduate fellowships to different universities when we graduated from college, and had to spend a year apart after we were engaged. In the prevailing feminine atmosphere I saw this as a year to be lived through until I could get married.

It turned out to be a most important year, a time when I did more growing, more thinking, more changing than most years. The University of Chicago was an intellectually exciting place to be and I was caught up in the excitement. It was a year when I made many friends with men—for in my field there were not many women in the classes. But a key person also was an older woman, my field work supervisor, who became my lifelong friend. She was unmarried, charming, witty, capable, concerned, one of the most whole people I have ever known. I came to see that in spite of George's absence, I was living a full, satisfying, exciting, creative life. I had to admit to myself that if something happened to him, or to our relationship, it would not be the end of the world. That was the year I began consciously to grow into my own wholeness. And I came to marriage a year later much more a person, with much more to contribute to the relationship.

I am glad I have lived to see the day when young women are free to choose other options than marriage, if they have no vocation for it. They can grow into wholeness alone, or with other women, or with men in marriage, or outside of marriage.

The second disaster overtook us during World War II. George was drafted as a conscientious objector. There were no salaries for CO's in that war, nor allotments for dependents. We had three children: Sally, four years old, and Jean and John not much more than a year. George was sent to Big Flats, a forestry camp near Elmira, NY. The children and I remained in Chicago, returning to a settlement house where George and I had lived and worked earlier in our marriage. The children went into the day nursery, and I was too busy with family visiting, teen-age recreation groups and adult education classes to feel sorry for myself. We lived at the settlement house and were part of the staff family. Most of what I earned went for board and room. I will not pretend this was an easy time—it was, in fact, one of the most difficult periods of my life. But there were a lot of positive things about it, too.

First, the children were well cared for; they loved the nursery and went eagerly each morning. Second, I loved
my work and was absorbed in it. Free of the burdens of cooking and housework, I gave what free time I had to the children wholeheartedly. We had good times together. And when disasters came in the form of measles, chickenpox and mumps, I had a supportive staff community and an understanding boss to help me through. I also had good medical care, for the settlement house contained an infant welfare station with a full-time registered nurse and a doctor there one day a week.

At the end of that time when George came home, I knew I would continue to find at least part-time employment. In the brief time I’d been a full-time housewife and mother, I’d known enough frustration that I understand the reckless drivers and the temptation to take one’s frustrations out on children, much as I love my children.

I tailored my working to fit the family situation. Even adult education classes proved an ideal part-time job. When our fourth child, born after the war, was ready for nursery school, I drove the school station wagon, and later taught at the nursery school she attended. Once all the children were in school, George arranged his teaching schedule so that he had all his classes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, which meant long days and evening classes. I worked at the Regional Office of the Service Committee, spending Tuesdays and Thursdays in the office; I did some travelling on weekends in connection with my work, and worked at home as needed. Still later, I found full-time jobs close to home so that school lunch hours could be covered and emergencies dealt with quickly.

I want women to have options: to marry or not to marry, to have children or not to have children, to work for pay outside the home, or to find creative outlets within it, and to create their own combinations out of these. I hope those who choose to be full-time mothers while they have small children will consciously plan for the years when they are in school, and later when they are gone. Keep up your skills and contacts. Work at your creative outlets. Don’t live your lives only through your children.

Other options are available now. The coordinators of the North American Program at Friends World College are a couple who hold the job jointly and draw just one salary. They have two children and both share in their care and in the care of their house on campus. The college is better off because their combined skills and strengths bring more to the job than either of them could bring alone.

I long for a world where all women are liberated from the sex-role stereotypes placed on them by a male-dominated society, where they are seen as human beings and not judged by Playboy standards. I long for a world where we celebrate the dignity and beauty and worth of all women—those who are too tall, too short, too thin, too heavy, too old, too intellectual to fit the norms of the advertising profession. I long for a world in which women are free to choose life styles, life companions, and life careers, as men are. When this happens—and it will happen—marriages will be more stable; women will bring more to marriage, and will not be obsolete when their sex-appeal fades and their child-bearing years are over, nor will they be outgrown by their mates. They will be interesting companions, happy sex partners, creative human beings, through their long, healthy, fulfilling lives. Then there will be fewer battered children, less mental illness, reckless driving and alcoholism.

And the world will benefit from the collective skills and wisdom of half the human race now largely unconsulted and unconsidered in the solution of the enormous global problems of our planet.

Liberation of Men

Although I feel called to stand up and be counted in the movement to bring liberation to all women, I am concerned for what has been happening to white men in the U.S., and many Quaker men in particular. They have had to bear the accusations not only of sexism, but of racism, and are at times victims of reverse discrimination as blacks and women are preferentially hired or promoted. I am for human liberation, not just women’s liberation.

So what do men stand to gain from women’s liberation? They stand to gain partners who will have a commitment to the safeguarding of the man’s space and time to grow into his own wholeness. For not all men are whole now, although they do not suffer from the same restraints of custom, religious sanctions and legal barriers.

Human beings are not quite as distinctly all male and all female as we have tended to think. We are mixtures. Jungian psychology has revealed that the man carries his anima within him, and the woman her animus. The stereotypes tell us that women are weak, gentle, compliant, long-suffering and intuitive. Men are presumably strong, competitive, aggressive and logical. Actually, as we all know, some women are gentle and soft-spoken, but some are strong and aggressive. Some men are tough and competitive, but others are tender and nurturing. Some women have logical minds; some men are intuitive.

Adrienne Rich in her book, Of Woman Born, remembers her grandmother telling with sorrow that lasted all her life how her son, Adrienne’s father, who was small for his age, non-aggressive, sensitive, bookish, was sent off to military school, his new uniform hanging belligerently on him, “to make a man of him.”

Some men now feel free to acknowledge that they are gentle and nurturing people, if that is what they are, and to choose work that has been traditionally thought of as women’s work.
One of our daughters turned out to be a serious scholar. She has a doctorate from the University of Chicago in Russian history. Her husband has a doctorate in Russian language and literature. Dennis completed his degree first and became chairman of a new Russian studies program at Grinnell College in Iowa. There was no full-time job for Heide at Grinnell when she completed her degree two years later, for there was already a Russian historian with tenure. Dennis told her to look for a job and he would go with her. Heide wound up with an offer from Dartmouth, and the same week, Dennis was given tenure, a promotion and a substantial raise. He promptly turned it all down. He went to Dartmouth with Heide, became a househusband, and began work on a novel. The next year, however, Dartmouth offered him a job, too, and now they both teach, both write, both share the housework and the care of the two children.

I think of men I know who have left their wives after ten, 20, or 30 years of marriage. The women are devastated. But the men sometimes tell us that they have longed for years for freedom from a nagging, complaining, hypochondriac or bored mate, with whom there is no longer much in common emotionally, and nothing intellectually. Often there is not another woman involved. They just want to be free of a dead weight, free to grow into their own wholeness unhampered.

Poor desperate men, trapped in a frustrating, hampering relationship. Poor devastated women, ensnared in an institutional situation that traditionally has expected them to live their lives through their husbands, rather than becoming authentic, genuine persons themselves. Sometimes I have tried to set before such women a vision of themselves growing, even yet, into their own wholeness, pointing out the many options still open, reassuring them that they are beautiful and capable human beings, in spite of their husband's rejection. I have known women for whom a new life opened, if they had the guts to stop feeling sorry for themselves.

And I have known women whose husbands died in mid-life and who from necessity had to go to work and found they had all kinds of abilities and strengths they never dreamed of, and who built interesting careers and satisfying lives for themselves—out of the ashes.

Liberation of Children

The second summer we were married, George and I worked at a camp near Chicago for emotionally disturbed children. (At the end of the summer, the children were much improved and the staff were climbing the walls!) The able director of the camp enunciated the underlying philosophy as "freedom in a framework." These children with severe problems were allowed a large measure of freedom, but there were certain limits in anti-social behavior beyond which they might not go.

"Freedom in a framework" became one of our family phrases and part of the philosophy by which we tried to raise our children. Children need, and want, some limits set. The framework ought to be expanding all the time as children and parents learn and grow, so that young people take increasing responsibility for setting their own limits and may as soon as possible become self-determining and responsible human beings.

Rilke's concept of "a love which consists of this: that two solitudes protect, and touch, and salute one another" is a right goal not only for marriage, but for relations between parents and children. But we do not respect the solitude of our children! We overwhelm them with expensive toys and gadgets. We over-schedule them with music lessons, dancing lessons, tennis lessons, riding lessons. We do not let them have the solitude of walking; we drive them from one scheduled activity to another. Instead of
encouraging them to read, or to daydream, we provide television not only for the family room but for their individual rooms and give them transistor radios to carry around. They not only do not value their own solitude, they destroy that of others with their noisy gadgets.

Sometimes I see parents who seem to see their children as puppets to be controlled, manipulated, forced into conformity and competition with their peers, shown off. They must reflect credit on their parents and sometimes are expected to fulfill frustrated parental ambitions. I wish I could ask such parents to pause, to see each child as a separate human being, to be cherished, valued, made allowances for—in Martin Buber's word, as "thou"!

There is the love that desires to possess, which ends in smothering. There is also the love that liberates, that wills only what is fulfilling for the beloved. Can we not see our children as other solitudes, like ourselves, given to us for a time to protect, to touch, and then to salute as they go their separate ways? For each individual is a "new and incommunicably tender life, never quite to be duplicated or replaced."

I believe the family can be a learning community. Looking back on our own large family which contained a mixture of adopted, foster and home-grown children, George and I see that in fact we were simultaneously teachers and learners. Our children probably taught us more than we gave them. They are still teaching us. What we have learned from them would fill a book.

Buber tells us, however, that the I-thou dialogue is difficult to maintain unbroken. I remember only too well the times I failed my children, rode rough-shod over their explanations, failed to respect their scruples. We are human. It is not always possible to be our best or to act with wisdom. What I advocate is an underlying attitude, a habit of mind to be cultivated, a lens for looking at our children. The human race is tough; our children survive and grow up to be functioning adults in spite of our mistakes. They will be strong, if underlying it all, they know we are "for them." Bruno Bettelheim may be right that "love is not enough," but Paul was right, too: "If I have not love, it profiteth me nothing!"

What counts is not the quantity, but the quality of our being with our children. If for a time they have our undivided, caring, full attention, it is better than hours on end when we are preoccupied with our own lives, problems and activities. There need to be times of leisure when they can share their doubts, failures, inadequacies, confident that nothing they can do can ever shake their basic assurance that we love them and will stand by them and help. But when they are open to us, make themselves vulnerable, we must not nag, nor give them pep talks, nor tear them down with criticism.

Let us try not to concentrate on their annoying habits, meanlessness, problem behavior. Rather let us cultivate the habit of seeing their strength, beauty—their personhood. Again, Paul says it: "Whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things." Is not that how we hope our children think of us, that they remember the times we were compassionate and understanding and forgive and forget our short tempers, occasional violent outbursts, and our denseness and failure to understand?

Let us cultivate from birth the habit of dialogue and be receptive to what they can teach us, for they can teach us from the very beginning. And they can keep on teaching us, and in a real measure bring us into the future with them, so that in middle-age we do not stand on the sidelines and bemoan the terrible behavior of the young. I believe grandchildren could keep us growing and learning right down to the gates of death.

When we are leading fulfilling lives ourselves, secure in our own sense of self-worth, we can avoid overprotecting our children. We can respect their right to solitude and privacy, their right to make their own mistakes and learn from them, to experiment with ways of being and doing, their right to grow into their own wholeness, not the wholeness we may wish for them. I believe children are
justified in breaking away, by whatever means necessary, from clinging, nay-saying, overprotective parents, however well-intentioned they may be. Frances Wickes in her beautiful book, *The Inner World of Childhood*, says:

...our goal is to help in the creation of a free individual, one who has found a way of life of his [or her] own and who is in conscious touch with the inner world, as well as with the world without...

and again:

...it is better that the child should...insist upon his [or her] own independence and make true relationships, than that he [or she] should continue in outer acquiescence and inner rebellion...

I frequently give Frances Wickes' book to new parents. Ultimately we cannot protect our children from disease, vicissitudes, accidents, or encounters with evil. The best we can hope to do is to help them learn to take care of themselves, to care about others, and to acquire “coping skills” through experience. To this end, I am glad we chose the city (Chicago)—with all its violence, sordidness, poverty, danger—and creativity!—as the place our children grew up. And what's more, they are glad. They all learned to take care of themselves in practical ways. And they learned the important value of not judging people by their color, religion or place of national origin. Let us want for our children, and for ourselves, not security—but the adventurous and courageous life.

Rabindranath Tagore has a lovely haiku. I spoke these brief words to our first-born when she lay in my arms, barely 45 minutes old:

Let my love surround you like sunlight and give you illumined freedom.

**Liberation of Grandparents and Others in the Extended Family**

George and I have, at the moment, 11 grandchildren—so I want to speak briefly about grandparental liberation, although our grandchildren all live at a distance and we're a little too liberated!

The extended family may help in freeing both parents and children to grow into wholeness. We have at times lived in various versions of the extended family, and had other periods as a nuclear family. We live now on the campus of Friends World College, where several faculty families with children of assorted ages and colors also live. These children are a great joy to me, and help to make up for the fact that our own grandchildren are not often available. And I think these campus children value our friendship, and at times we have helped free their parents for a period. In the extended family extra laps, pairs of hands or listening ears can often make a tremendous difference.

But the extended family can also be a bitter experience. We have all known families where an elderly relative moved in and then ruled the roost, criticizing parents, nagging the children, insisting on doing things their way, monopolizing conversation when guests were present, and generally keeping everyone on edge. Some families I know have suffered this intolerable situation year after year, so that the children grew to adulthood with insecure, tense parents, so that all affection for the older in-

[Image -1x1 to 607x791]
terloper was destroyed, and so that parents and children found ways to get out of the house for longer and longer periods.

Only when grandparents have achieved a goodly measure of wholeness can the extended family that includes them be successful. Middle-aged people need to be liberated, too.

Grandparents also need to be seen as people with rights to personhood and privacy—not as free baby sitters on whom grandchildren are dumped for long periods. Of course, in emergencies a grandparent is willing to drop everything to help. But ideally the time with grandchildren should be leisurely, freely given, planned for in advance, so mutual learning and real dialogue can take place.

We are far from solving happily the problems of older people in our society. Segregating them in retirement communities may work well for those who can afford the beautiful ones and have the means to travel. But the tragic stories behind the nursing home scandals bear witness that many elderly people are relegated to boredom, loneliness and often neglect in poorly run institutions that profit from shoddy care and facilities.

There is a trend now to communities that include a mixture of ages, where older people can be independent, but where help is near when needed. The multi-generational family or community can be a joy when most of the members have attained some measure of wholeness. Then the sins of the fathers and mothers need not be visited upon the children, unto the third and fourth generations.

Conclusion

Sometimes I look at the vast amount of suffering and cruelty in the world and am overwhelmed. But essentially I am a hopeful person, perhaps because I live with young people on a college campus, and those I live with are hopeful and courageous, and often have exciting, adventurous ideas for solving the world’s problems. They are caring and they are concerned. I realize this is not true of all young people today, but it is by no means limited to Friends World College students.

I have tried to set forth here my dream of a world where everyone is free to grow into wholeness, and to suggest a framework for the family that would liberate all the members.

I leave you with more lines by Rilke, hard words for parents and lovers to accept. I carry them with me as a touchstone:

For this is guilt, if anything is guilt:
Not to augment the freedom of those we love
With all the freedom we can afford.
For when we love we have no other choice
But to let each other go...

...to let each other go...to let each other grow.

The Care and Feeding of Wives, Husbands And Ummers

By Ronald Steelman

I come to this subject from two subjective idea centers. One is negative and reflects my law practice, with its rites and jargon, like “dissolution of marriage” and “partnership agreement.” The other is my own limited experience in marriage, which has been as pleasant and rewarding (give or take a few bad scenes) as my professional experience in this area has been disgusting. From this vast reservoir of prejudice, and unencumbered by any pretense of scientific method or moral or religious validity, I am happy to provide these maxims:

1) IF YOU’RE GOING TO HAVE CHILDREN, GET MARRIED.

Many alternative relationships have evolved over the years, and this evolution has been busier than ever recently. It has produced, in the words of a good Friend of ours, the “ummer.”

An ummer is a person who enjoys an intimate relationship (something more than a “friend” but less than a spouse) with your relative or close friend. The name “ummer” derives from the term used to introduce this person to your own associates, e.g. “I want you to meet Cynthia (or Fred, etc.), Ralph’s umm...er...”

Contemporary mores sanction the ummer relationship even when the parties live together in a state which, in earlier times, would have been labeled “sin” if not certified as marriage by the County Clerk. I personally feel that ummerhood is okay, and that if two people enjoy a relationship which is mutually supportive and constructive, enjoyable, and not harmful to themselves or their close associates, then the extent of their physical, spiritual and intellectual intimacy is no one else’s business.

On the other hand, if one wishes to adopt or bear children, the ummer relationship is really inadequate. It is not fair to the mother, father or child to embark on child-rearing without a commitment to a permanent relation-
ship. Fatherhood should mean more than a support check and reasonable visitation, if any; motherhood should mean more than a burdensome task to face alone, and childhood should mean more than passing time. Childhood should mean growing up in a complete, stable family unit and being free to form one’s own relationships. Ironically, this freedom appears curtailed in children from “broken homes,” who seem fated to repeat their parents’ patterns of unstable alliances.

2) IF YOU’RE NOT GOING TO HAVE CHILDREN, IT MAY BE BETTER NOT TO GET MARRIED.

This is, of course, the converse of maxim no. 1. While the rules are not completely reversible, there is some validity in this permutation. Being an unmer may have its drawbacks, but it’s not nearly as dreadful as being, or even feeling, locked into a bad situation. More of this in maxim:

3) BE CAREFUL WHOM YOU MARRY.

I am constantly appalled at some of the people people marry. Many of the pairings which pass my view might have looked great in central casting, the tennis tournament ladder, or the nominating committee report, but ye gods! One does really choose a mate, or at least one surely exercises some choice; yet amazingly, many choose mates who are incompatible emotionally, culturally and spiritually. It is the young who seem most compelled to make these horrible mistakes, and I suspect it has a lot to do with confusing a desire for experience, physical intimacy and peer status with choosing a complementary partner, all of which may be another good argument for ummerhood.

4) DON’T BEAT YOUR WIFE OR NAG YOUR HUSBAND (OR YOUR UMMER EITHER) AND VICE VERSA.

Wives, husbands and ummers don’t like being beaten or nagged, and they will react every time, or if they don’t seem to react, even worse may be in store. If you feel the need to strike out with hand, club, or tongue, reflect on your anger. It may be sufficient to resolve your feelings merely to express them, but do so honestly, so that you and your mate will be able to understand them and deal with them. Say, “I feel,” not “you are.” If you are tired of coddled eggs for breakfast, say “I am tired of coddled eggs for breakfast,” not “You’re a terrible cook!” Better yet, why don’t you cook breakfast for a change and shut up about the coddled eggs? This leads to the next maxim:

5) BE METICULOUS ABOUT SHARING THE BENEFITS AND THE BURDENS.

No marriage will work unless there is an equal sharing of assets and obligations, expenses and profits, and unless both parties agree and believe that there is in fact such an equal sharing. This may, but need not, mean an actual division of the various tasks and joys, or it may mean a mutually agreeable exchange and accounting of the jobs and rewards. This may seem unnatural and mechanical, but I have never seen a good marriage without a mutual desire to share both work and rewards, and a strong mutual effort to keep things fair.

6) IF YOU’VE BEEN MARRIED THREE YEARS OR HAVE CHILDREN, DON’T GET DIVORCED.

Divorce is fine for beginners, but for old marrieds or parents it creates problems which surpass its benefits. Except for a few people who have made a drastic mistake and have realized their error early on, no one has ever found happiness through divorce. The economic and emotional cost of divorce is catastrophic, and the gain nonexistent. Divorcing persons seek peace, freedom, fulfillment, liberation, etc., and find loneliness and penury. The exciting new relationships, either before or after divorce simply turn into a new set of problems, and all the years of loving, caring, sharing and security are down the tubes. Therefore:

7) IF DIVORCE THREATENS, INSIST ON COMMUNICATION AND COUNSELING.

(Even if it doesn’t work, communication and counseling never hurt anyone.) It may be late, and you should have started sooner, but don’t give up. Think of your errant spouse as a victim of emotional disease, and insist on immediate diagnosis and therapy, and don’t forget you need it, too. Drag him or her, even screaming and kicking, to progressive stages of intense aid until the cure takes. The spouse will insist he or she really wants out, and may have been planning, consciously or not, for years, but be firm and simply do not permit it.

I realize that this maxim is contrary to current belief that it takes two to save a marriage. In fact, one can do it, and I have seen it done. It requires a firm belief that divorce is not a viable solution, a suppression of one’s natural pride, resentment and bitterness, and a strong commitment to discovering a new dimension in the relationship which needs to be found. It also helps to be extremely lovable and indispensable.

Incidentally, lawyers and courts are of no help at all in reconciliation, and in my opinion actively oppose it.

8) KEEP YOUR OWN IDENTITY AND LET YOUR MATE HAVE HIS OR HERS.

Avoid the connubial “we.” You may live at the same address, be parents of the same children, and have a lot in common, but if you think and act alike and agree on everything, one of you has a problem. Give yourselves time and space to grow, and share the growing.

9) CHOOSE A SUPPORTIVE ENVIRONMENT.

To make your marriage work, avoid role models like Hugh Hefner and Elizabeth Taylor. Don’t take six-month consulting contracts in Las Vegas or Morocco where the family can’t go along. Go to Meeting. Reflect: If there is that of God in every person, then I am closest to God when I am closest to my spouse. Or Umm. □
Twenty years ago Sputnik and the “Space Age” were launched. How might we in the U.S. acknowledge the anniversary of this extraordinary technological achievement? It was made possible by an extension of German instrumental science, developed during the Nazi period, in combination with Russian funding and authoritarian administration. Like all “space” experiments of the time, it was a feat of military ingenuity. It was prompted by fear and guided by persons who were prepared to think about what Herman Kahn termed “the unthinkable”—world destruction. Any humanistic or life-sustaining perspectives were notable by their absence.

Which reminds me of an experience related by a Vietnamese friend. As a boy he traveled to Cambodia, where he witnessed Angkor Wat, the largest and most majestic imperial-religious architectural complex in all the world. When he returned home, the lad asked his father why the Vietnamese had nothing comparable to show. The reply was that the Vietnamese had, instead, generations of poets, philosophers, and patriots, who served and preserved the people.

This recalls Egypt and the Children of Israel. No one disputes the technological achievements of the Egyptians under Pharaonic administration. The pyramids and what has been found inside them testify to the forcefulness and inventiveness of the authoritarian Egyptian way of life. It remained for the Children of Israel to determine that morality and human decency necessitated another way of life, however. They fled the precincts of great achievement and undoubting functionalism. They covenanted in the bleak wilderness of Sinai to strive for justice together. That they came to know failures does not obscure their genius and the legacy of their prophets.

The ancient Hebrews and Vietnamese were strange peoples. Certainly warfare scars their histories. Yet, they insisted upon the primacy of their humanity and even extended consideration to aliens in their midsts. They labored with human problems and eschewed grand technological display. Their monarchies at their zeniths could not muster pomp and power enough to obliterate popular knowledge of the fundamental distinction between authoritative and authoritarian practice. Furthermore, Hebrew and Vietnamese inventiveness resulted in technologies of and for daily life in self-conscious community. The human decisionmaking involved in this is arresting. Confronting it forces upon us the question, "Do not our monuments often remind us of the sins against humanity required for their construction?" Not all of them perhaps, but the most awe-inspiring speak by their very majesty of exploitation, suffering, and death.

Looking at it as genre, Sputnik was another monument illustrating what humans have experienced many times before. Extensive technological skill, combined with intensive authoritarian will, can achieve spectacular results of dubious immediate and lasting significance for our species. It should remind us that the time has come to devote our energies and knowledge to promoting human welfare as our common and primary objective. This requires making a decision over the ends—which “god” if you will—we are to serve. It was human welfare, rather than human accomplishment, that the ancient Hebrew prophets and Vietnamese sagactivists chose to favor, quest after, and obey. If the sins of the Hebrews and Vietnamese were many, at least their gods were correct.

The lessons of Sputnik may be varied, but the lasting ones are insights to be gained by serious reflection upon a negative and counter-productive example. As U.S. citizens, we can commemorate this 20th anniversary by donning sack cloth and putting ashes on our heads. Have we not worshipped before the same idols? In fear and trembling, we, too, have mindlessly confused human accomplishment with human welfare. It is time for us to break free from bondage and “come out of the land of Egypt.”
A Gratifying Moment

By Frances Evans Layer

"D
on't speak to strangers. Don't go out alone at night. Always hang on tight to your purse." So friends had cautioned me during my stay in Philadelphia recently, as they regaled me with tales of purse-snatching, muggings and rape.

One morning I went to the train station at 49th and Chester to take the train to Rose Valley to have lunch with a friend. As I looked down at the station from 49th Street, I saw four black youths there ranging in age, I judged, between ten and 18 throwing rocks at a post. No one else was around.

I hesitated at the top of the stairs. I was thoroughly scared. How easy it would be for them to snatch the purse from a lone white woman.

Finally, however, after a few short prayers for guidance and love, I went down. By that time the four youths were sitting on the station seat all in a row. They looked clean and nicely dressed.

We waited silently for a few minutes and then I thought, since we had perhaps seven minutes to wait, we might as well try to make things interesting with a bit of conversation.

"You boys brothers?" I asked. Yes, they were brothers.

"And you're ten, you're 12, you're 15 and you're 18—right?" Nah, they were eight, 11, 14, and 17.

"Oh... Well, you're Mike, you're John, you're Richard, and you're Henry—right?" Nah. I hadn't gotten a single name right, either. They were David, Sam, Roy and Jim.

"Where are you going?" Out to spend the day at their grandmother's.

"You know," I said, "you look like mighty nice kids to me—which one of you is the nicest?" They grinned, thought a second, then nominated Jim, the oldest. By that time I liked them all, but Sam, the next to youngest, looked nicest to me—though I didn't say so.

The train was approaching and we prepared to get on it. "Be good to your grandmother," I said.

The boys sat by the door and I went farther back to sit with an acquaintance. As the four rose to leave at a station before mine, Sam, the one I thought the nicest, turned around and waved goodbye to me. It was a gratifying moment.

Frances Evans Layer is a member of the Wider Quaker Fellowship and attends Flagstaff (AZ) Meeting. She is a housewife, peaceworker and writer.
On July 21 of this year, the sons and daughters of Frank Irving and Clara Amazeen Howe, with their children and grandchildren, held a reunion at beautiful Sebago Lake in Maine. The occasion itself is of interest only to those who participated. But there are conclusions which should be shared.

It is often wryly stated that "families only get together for funerals." This was not the case here. We met with joy, on the sole inspiration that we wanted to "get together again." Though one person took the initiative, the response was spontaneous. There were fellowship and folk-dancing, songs with guitars before a campfire, hot dogs and ballgames for the kids, stimulating bathing in Sebago for all.

As unofficial historian, it became my job to list the members of the family. And, with the names in front of me, I came upon an amazing conclusion: we had become a United Nations in microcosm. Starting with a couple in 1900, of WASP descent and Baptist-Universalist religious persuasion, I found the following nationalities had been added to the family tree, co-mingling with strains already there: Welsh, Irish, Jewish, American Indian (Penobscott), Huguenot and Canadian French, German, Basque, Swedish, Russian, Lithuanian, Italian, Spanish, and Japanese—and others I cannot document at this moment.

Two points here: all were accepted with love, and treated with equality. "Equality" is an inept word: we learned from the multinational members of our family new customs and thoughts. They made our lives the more gracious.

As I spend the summer in Cambridge and see the many interracial couples in Harvard Square, I realize that it is only a matter of a small time before every race and color will be included in our family. In a hundred years, as national barriers disappear, good old Eros will decide that we will become part of the human race, people of a slightly more chocolate or yellowish tinge to their complexions. This prospect I welcome with joy, for it means that barriers of prejudice perforce must vanish, and good riddance!

As for religions, I found the following represented: Buddhist, Quaker, Bahai, Baptist, Mormon, Seventh Day Adventist, Christian Scientist, Methodist, Unitarian, Jewish Reform and Orthodox, Roman Catholic, Greek Orthodox, Jehovahs Witnesses—and others I have not caught up with yet—and atheist, agnostic, and those who prefer to dig clams of a Sunday morning. We all learn from the other's religion.

As a group, we have traveled in most of the countries of the world. Not as tourists solely, but in the course of our work. I have three grandchildren in Botswana I have never seen: true citizens of Africa. My son, married to a Basque woman of the rarest beauty, was educated in the U.S., Iceland, Manchester, England, and now works in Canada. My last trip at sea was to Odessa in the Soviet Ukraine. And so it goes. We know the world, as friends of the world. There is not a conqueror or member of the military caste in the family.

I could write a book about my family, and volumes of my love for them. Is it not proper to conclude, since I am only concerned with facts, that family always was the basis of society, and always will be?

I find one thought difficult to accept at my present stage of development: Jesus said words to the effect that "He who loves family more than me does not love me." I totally disagree. Love of family inclines one to accept the whole world with love. I console myself with the thought that the Scriptures also say, "God setteth the lonely in families."

To which I can only add, amen and thank you, Lord!
Hartford Connecticut Friends cannot deny that they were all going around in circles as the fall season opened.

Friends of all ages from less than two to over 80 flocked to Bushnell Park, which surrounds the castle-like, gold-domed State Capitol building in the center of the city, for a magical hour one September evening—to ride the merry-go-round!

The beautifully-restored antique carousel, with its rollicking rhythm-producing calliope and brightly-painted prancing horses, was recently placed in the park for public enjoyment at the equally ancient price of ten cents a ride.

This particular evening, after close of the public session, we reserved the entire facility for our own Friendly family party.

We've never shared a more rewarding event! Whatever each individual's expectation, the reality surpassed it; an "endless" ride on the merry-go-round is surely the wish of the child in each one of us as we reach to capture the gold ring (and all too soon learn it is only brass).

Dr. Moses Bailey, our sprightly octogenarian gentleman, was astride one prancing charger closely pursued by Fazli Datoo with tiny Kevin and sister Navyn sharing the saddle. "Old" clerk Helen Brill and "new" clerk Elsa Cullen were happily enjoying their ups and downs. Ellen Paullin, when she could bear to leave the whirling platform, kept her camera clicking.

Some of us hadn't realized for years the sheer joy of abandoning dignity, reserve, and other such "notions" to be child-like for a brief time.

Just before our hour ended, someone spotted Bruce Baechler cantering along on a white steed. His journey—by bus—from North Carolina to Maine for apple harvesting with YFNA had landed him in Hartford at the right time.

"Well," said Bruce, "this is a magic merry-go-round, isn't it?"

No one disagreed. Whoever knows which will be the magical—or mystical—moment to be cherished above others? To have gathered together making a joyful noise is one such moment Hartford Friends have shared.

Marjorie Baechler is a newspaper reporter and freelance writer in Glastonbury, CT. She is a member of Hartford (CT) Monthly Meeting.
Young Magus

Christmas wonder woke him early, early
drew him from the unfamiliar bed and down the
stairs.
Only his grandmother in the kitchen
saw him (whose mode is running)
dream-drift soft and slow in the dawn twilight
to the tree.
With no word she plugged in the lights—
See! a rainbow of sparks breaks into bloom.
He sinks to his knees.
This is his golden once-only Christmas
of knowing not knowing
remembering... what?
in his shining structure of expectation
his Christmas wonder.
His grandfather comes now
stands with his grandmother at the kitchen door:
these two watching the child oblivious, on his
knees
lifting his face to the light
cought in the golden net
the imperishable moment of
celebration.

Alice Carver Cramer
YEARY REPORTS

Ireland

WE IN IRELAND Yearly Meeting embrace a wide variety of Christian experience and interpretations of our Christian beliefs, but we have been conscious of a growing unity of spirit among us.

Our meeting this year is residential at Friends School, Lisburn, in Northern Ireland. The violence which continues to trouble this part of our island is in the forefront of our minds. Although most of the time, and for most of us, life continues normally, there have been occasions when some of us have felt real fear. We know that we must approach violent men and women with compassion, but how do we do this if we are gripped by fear? Some Friends have told us of their efforts to build understanding and trust, and we have all become more aware of the importance of fostering such relationships between people. If we allow it, the constant presence of God will enable us both to give and receive joy, compassion, and mutual respect. We believe that God is always ready to help us if we ask.

In discussions on the role of our Society in the outside world we have made aware that technological progress tends to be accepted without question, but we are often slow or unwilling to accept the social changes that such progress may necessitate, and we fail to recognize its potential dangers.

We are constantly seeking ways to nurture the life of the Religious Society of Friends. We have been reminded that if we put nothing into our meetings we will get nothing out of them. The Society is like an "extended family," all of us worshipping, sharing and growing together.

We have derived special encouragement and strength from the visits and messages received from Friends in many parts of the world.

A. Gordon Pearson

New York

THE SPIRIT AND DEPTH of New York Yearly Meeting this summer (7/23-30) was noteworthy. Reports were not read aloud by the committee clerks, but could be read before the session. The clerk was gifted in finding the sense of the meeting after open discussion.

One issue eliciting considerable comment was a statement calling attention to the hazards involved in the use of nuclear power plants for generating electricity. Some Friends favored the economy of power generated by atomic reactors and felt they were safe. Others felt that other sources of energy must be used, to protect today's and future generations. Still others were worried about the conversion of nuclear waste to plutonium (the longest-lasting, most dangerous radioactive waste known), or to bombs in countries wanting to join the "atomic club." Because of lack of unity, the minute finally asked for further study.

One session presented "A New Call to Peacemaking," a concern of the three historic peace churches. Many contributions were given to finance the committee's work.

Another major item of business was the report of the structure committee. This committee was charged with the task of finding ways to improve the functioning of the yearly meeting, which now has 32 committees, and a Quaker habit of naming a new committee whenever a new concern is presented at our sessions! The meeting eventually accepted the report. It calls for the grouping of committees involved in similar areas: 1) Yearly Meeting on Ministry and Counsel, 2) Section for Nurture, 3) Section for Witness, and 4) Section for General Services. An executive committee will provide liaison among the four groups.

Miriam Levering, a North Carolina Friend, gave the opening address, "The Old Faith and the New Call," with anecdotes of older Friends, and a plea for us to save the land and the sea for future use and enjoyment. Other presentations during the week included: Nancy Brock doing "The Dance of Life:" a group of young black people giving an evening of poetry and drama; and a group of skits on family life and meeting problems, with discussion following. A final presentation was "This Is New York Yearly Meeting"—slides, tape recordings, and music, portraying scenes of junior and adult yearly meetings over many years.

The junior yearly meeting deserves special mention. About 150 attended. Many Friends led elementary and junior high activities. Senior high and Young Friends had good discussions on topics that interested them, with older Friends as resource persons.

Margaret W. Pickett

Western

FRIENDS FROM WESTERN Indiana and eastern Illinois gathered for the 120th annual assembly of Western Yearly Meeting at Plainfield, IN (8/10-14). The rains of the week revived the dry earth around us from dull brown to vibrant green. Likewise, attenders were refreshed by our fellowship together and renewed for doing the Lord's work in the days ahead.

Our theme, "Conform or Transform—Relating Our Spiritual Life to the World," was uppermost throughout the sessions. Daily devotional messages given by persons from across the yearly meeting stressed that we must allow God's transforming power to touch our lives, helping us to stand fast and be strong as we seek unity with God and one another.

Contemporary issues brought to the fore by the boards included: "New Call to Peacemaking"; church growth; moral development; and adequate financial support for those in full-time Christian work. At various times in the program, opportunity was given for gatherings of special groups.

Major concerns during the business sessions centered on the physical facilities of the yearly meeting, and thus indirectly on the types of programs to be conducted therein.

Persons fresh from attendance at summer conferences at Wichita and Earlham were eager to share new insights gained in these wider Quaker experiences. Visiting Friends are always a welcome addition to our sessions, and this year we were pleased to have several.

The Quaker Lecture, "A Faith for Our Times," was delivered by Harold Cope, President of Friends University. Lorton Heusel, General Secretary of FUM, spoke movingly of recent personal tragedy as he challenged us to "learn why we care; learn how we care; then simply care." In three major
addresses during the week, Jack Willcuts, pastor of Reedwood Meeting, Portland, OR, urged Quakers, who have always been about relating God to the world, to have a ministry that looks outward, rather than inward.

Peggy Hollingsworth

Ohio Valley

CONVENCED BY clerk Merritt Webster, Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting (8/11-14) shared Wilmington College Campus in Wilmington, OH, with college students and the Bengals football team. This supplied us with a range of opportunities for interaction between persons with very diverse interests.

Through the dedicated efforts of Mervin Palmer and Marian Alter (with help from a dozen or so other persons), a revised discipline was offered for approval. In 1978, 50 years since the last revision, final approval will be sought, and a document that reflects a labor of love, commitment, and growth for many persons will become a guide for future spiritual development of our membership.

It is perhaps prophetic that, in the wake of many discipline revisions throughout FGC, we have a new general secretary who is challenging us to live up to our Quaker heritage. Dwight Wilson, with humor and simple truth, held before us the reality of our living witness and how it does not measure up to the hard facts of the historic witness of Quakerism. The specific testimony Dwight Wilson chose to examine with us was that of racism and the oppressed.

Each of us might well question ourselves: what have I, personally, done to understand, communicate with, or in any way promote social change toward opening the way for a more fulfilling life for minorities? Is it enough? Am I really satisfied with my efforts?

Another afternoon an aura of loving compatibility prevailed while Verne and Shirley Bechill guided us through steps which could lead to a richer, more fulfilling marriage. Verne and Shirley later proved their versatility by participating in a panel discussion relating to nonviolent action. Joe Alter, Marion Bromley, Marian Fuson, Larry Gara, Robert Lucas, and James Reed rounded out a panel which shared personal experiences and insights of a few facets of a many-faceted concern.

This year young and old were brought together by a longing for community.

CHRISTMAS CARDS FROM FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION

A quotation by Albert Camus, which appeared in a recent Friends Journal, has become the message in a greeting card just published by the Fellowship of Reconciliation. It is one of several new peace-oriented cards described in a free catalog from FOR, Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960. Another design is a nativity scene by Quaker woodcut artist, Fritz Eichenberg.

The Camus text says: “Great ideas, it has been said, come into the world as gently as doves. Perhaps, then, if we listen attentively, we shall hear amid the uproar of empires and nations a faint flutter of wings, a gentle stirring of life and hope.” It goes with a color painting called “Doves” by a Spanish-born Peruvian painter, Eusebio Roa.
One young Friend felt that a community would give her both the freedom and the necessary support that she needs in order to take stands based on her convictions. Others feel the need to consciously perpetuate an environment which will nourish the interaction of all ages as well as a careful use of resources. Others with similar concerns who wish to share information should contact us by writing to: Maie Klaphaak, 1215 Cherokee Rd., Louisville, KY 40204.

Maie Klaphaak

Northern

"WE GATHER TOGETHER to ask the Lord’s blessing . . . ." So begins a Thanksgiving hymn. So have Quakers been gathering since the 1650's. This time the setting was an old campground, on the shores of Lake Pepin (a wide place in the Mississippi), south of Red Wing, MN. We had space for camping and exploring, and for frolicking on the sandy beach. Every child carried home pretty stones and shells from the beach.

The event was Northern Yearly Meeting, held the weekend of 9/16-18. Our weekend program had the theme, "The Spirit of Friends at Home and Abroad." Howard Lutz (of Eau Claire Meeting) shared from his research about Emelia Fogelklou, a Swedish Quaker and mystic. Tom Felt shared his concern and knowledge of intermediate technology. Rosalie Wahl stirred us to relate George Fox and his ways to today. Bob Bryant and Tanda Ngobobo brought us direct word of the current situation in South Africa. There were also men's and women's support groups.

State-of-society reports from our meetings and worship groups continued to be an extremely important part of our business session. Just as our weekend gathering renews the many individual contacts among Friends, so the state-of-society reports help us be aware of the changes and needs of our member meetings. Since our meetings are widely scattered over the upper Midwest and many of them are quite small, an increasing effort is being made for many types of intervisitation. Many meetings reported shared meetings or visits; some reported special intervisitation plans for the coming year. Many of the details of relating to other yearly meetings and Friends organizations are new to us. So these were a matter for our continued deliberation. The meeting labored over an expressed concern for support of gay rights legislation. This minute was the result: "Friends gathered at the Fall session of Northern Yearly Meeting, September 17, 1977, support legal efforts to assure homosexuals their civil rights."

A weekend is such a brief time to try to savor fully the discussions, the quiet times, the play times—to try to catch up with friends and Friends, not seen since last year—to help our children discover more fully the implications of being a Quaker. When all the words had been spoken, all the late night songs sung, all the hands shaken, all the meals shared; when cars were moving away, north and south, east and west, the full sense of the weekend was that we had indeed been blessed in our gathering—blessed, nurtured and ready to carry that blessing with us.

Kathy White

Pacific

ALL YEARLY MEETINGS are exactly alike. At least they all sound that way from what Friends write. Four hundred people singing "Kum Ba Yah" on family night. But they still amaze me.

Friends from Pacific Yearly Meeting took over a dorm complex in Chico, CA, from August 9 to 13. Monday the decor was Plastic Motel Modern. By Tuesday little signs were beginning to sprout all over (one said "Meetings for Eating" by the dining room). By Wednesday we had made the place our own. The staff learned that Quakers like vegetables. The air conditioners labored vainly to cope with so many "radiant friends." We even found something inspirational—the almond trees in fruit despite our two-year drought.

We need so much to find the way—and we miss it so easily—and we care so much. Young Friends named themselves "the feet of the yearly meeting" and helped others find rooms and carry bags. There were fewer "big minutes" this year than in the times when even the TV told us what to be against, but more interest groups, more new games, more good talks.

Our clerk explained, when first he stood before us, that he was overcome by love—not stage fright. So were we all. We came to ask how truth had grown among us since our last meeting. We went away stronger, knowing we had never really been separated.

Chris Laning

CONFERENCES

Missouri Valley Friends Conference

THE MISSOURI VALLEY FRIENDS Conference, an informal association of scattered Friends meetings in the Midwest, spent its 25th annual meeting in September searching for a new understanding of the old question of Quakers' social testimony.

The unique conference, attended this year by more than 100 adults and children from programmed and unprogrammed meetings in Kansas, Missouri and Iowa, was held at Camp Chihowa, a Mormon retreat facility near Lawrence, KS.

The spirit of the conference was especially strong this year. The structure of the conference has remained fairly stable through the years, yet those of us who have attended for a number of years see each new gathering as a fresh encounter with the possibilities that exist within each of us.

Nothing was guaranteed beforehand. The regular participants—especially those scattered Friends for whom this is their major contact with other Friends—looked forward to the conference with a kind of patient anticipation. Although several planning sessions were held during the year, we sensed that the most important factor in the success of the conference was how much we opened ourselves to the leadings of the Spirit.

Dr. Kenneth Boulding, a long-time Quaker and well-known economist from the University of Colorado, was a special blessing to the conference as our "resource person." Noting that this is the year of Roots, Boulding spent the general sessions on Friday and Saturday trying to establish a basis for reexamining Quakers' traditional role in contemporary social issues. Beginning with a perceptive analysis of early Quaker history, Boulding explained how Friends have always been in the agonizing position of "keeping a foot in both worlds," adhering staunchly to their Inner Light convictions while seeking to live those beliefs in society-at-large. They have avoided both reclusive and revolutionary roles, feeling both extremes are incompatible with the concept of transforming the evil of the world with love.

December 1, 1977 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Boulding suggested that this traditional orientation of Quakers is their greatest strength if it is nourished and followed.

Between general sessions, the conference program included special interest groups, worship-sharing groups, formal and informal recreation, entertainment and regular chore responsibilities.

The special interest groups, scheduled by group consensus, covered such topics as American Indian problems, the Friends Committee on National Legislation, the Conference of the Americas, yoga and discussion of the book *Small Is Beautiful*.

There were supervised programs for children. At times the children participated in the adult group activities.

The “capstone” of this refreshing weekend experience was the Sunday meeting for worship, in which several worshipers gave witness of their spiritual fulfillment in word and song. We spoke even more through smiles and warm handshakes when the worship was ended.

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**

**The Power of a Film on South Africa**

A victory was won last week for the cause of peace and social justice. The trustees of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst were meeting to decide on whether or not investments in corporations doing business in South Africa were morally correct. The film *Last Grave at Dimbaza*, a documentary about apartheid in South Africa, was viewed by the trustees during their lunch break. Outside, a quiet rally kept watch over the progress of the meeting, circling in front of the main entrance with signs that read, “U. Mass. Practices Genocide Through Its Investments” and “U. Mass. Money Supports Whites Only.”

In the end, the trustees strongly supported the move to totally divest all stock ($800,000) in South Africa. The Chancellor later told me that he felt the atmosphere change rapidly as the power of the film took hold.

_Last Grave at Dimbaza_ is distributed by the New England Regional Office of AFSC. I urge all Friends to see it and use it.

_Frances Crowe_
AFSC, Western MA

**Quaker Marriages in Change**

In the New York Yearly Meeting Quaker marriages are changing rapidly. From the many elements which are a part of marriage relationship, I want to discuss just two: the marriage vows and the care for children. The meaning of both are clear and need no definition.

The Quaker vows read “...I promise to be a loyal partner with divine help as long as I shall live....” These vows are changed now to read “...as long as our love shall last....” And the words “with divine help” are completely omitted.

The purpose of marriage is, as the Bible says, to become “one flesh,” to start a new family. Young couples don’t think about it, but for older families it is a basic consideration.

In the last yearly meeting a group addressed a letter to the executive committee protesting the ruling that unmarried couples were not permitted to share one room. An identical letter was sent to Powell House. Both letters will be discussed in the next few months.

The *Friends Journal* should give ample space to all these complex problems; they are as important as the peace testimony was some time ago.

_Edmund Hillpern_
New York, NY

**Repression of the Catholic Church in Latin America**

Repression of Roman Catholic clergy and lay workers among the poor by several Latin American military regimes has been increasingly severe and violent in recent years. Churches and missions are being attacked and ravaged by strong arm paramilitary groups and police; Catholic press and radio suppressed; community activities among the poor, especially agriculture, kept under surveillance, controlled and sabotaged as well as raided and pillaged; lay workers, priests and even bishops have been jailed, shot and tortured.
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Such outrages have been particularly violent and particularly frequent in Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, Bolivia, Paraguay and Chile. The Church has been increasing its activities among the poor for many years in Latin America, particularly in these countries.

"Softer" types of repression have also been intensified—whispering campaigns, radio and press attacks against the more progressive and liberal clergy, especially those living with the rural poor and with Indians on missions or agricultural communities. Close contact with the very poor is always a radicalizing experience. Most of the attacks are accusations of sympathy with communism.

In Argentina and Paraguay some priests have been warned to leave the country under threat of death. In Brazil it is illegal to mention or to write the name of Dom Helder Camara, Bishop of Recife, who commands great respect throughout the world in the nonviolent movement for liberation. Priests have been deported in growing numbers from some countries, without trial or hearing.

Some observers of the steadily growing repression believe that it follows a pattern, and that it reflects a growing fear of revolutionary change. It may be too early as yet to analyze the results, except to note that the number of progressives is being reduced and that polarization within the Church between progressives and reactionaries is increasing.

Richard Post
Quogue, NY

What's in a Name?

The letter headed "What's in a Name?" in the October 15 Friends Journal prompts turning back to a similar letter in the preceding issue headed "No Political Nostrums Please!" and then to the original piece, in the May 1 FJ, about the "Quaker Socialist Society."

I submit that a group of Friends interested in focusing on any particular as-
pect of the human enterprise has a right to declare its orientation by means of the name of its association. We do not all wish to become members of the Friends Historical Society and we are not all eligible to become members of the Friends Medical Society; but we do not object to Quakers investigating these areas from their vantage point as Friends, and we do not consider all Friends to be labeled as historians and medics because of the existence of these Quaker special-interest groups. I claim the same treatment for those interested in socialism. (Anyone for a Friends Browning Society?)

But did the article about the Quaker Socialist Society, in fact, have anything to do with Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, as your correspondent indicates in the October 15 letter? The May 1 piece, signed by Derek Willmott, says “We had an annual general meeting at the Yearly Meeting…” but I can find no indication of who Derek Willmott is or of what Yearly Meeting it was. (That FJ issue was put together as one editor was leaving and the next was only a hope, and the editing left something to be desired… I comment as a Board member.) “Centre” is spelled so, and Great Britain’s economic ills and British production are referred to, so I would guess that the Yearly Meeting was one in the British orbit. Since the piece follows a selection from the Australian Friend, it might have been Australia Yearly Meeting.

Maybe Australians are able to think about Quakers thinking about socialism without coming unglued.

Eleanor B. Webb
Baltimore, MD

What Is the Specific Christian Reality?

In New Zealand we have an ecumenical paper published by the Methodist Church, The New Citizen. In the issue dated 10/20/’77, there appeared an article in a series by Hans Kung entitled, “Clearing the Way to What Is Central.” He writes from within the Catholic Church and mentions the social problems and human rights that all Christians and Christian churches today uphold. Friends would happily concur.

Hans Kung then writes of church reform. I quote: “The central question today is to know what is central. What is the specific Christian reality?” If the church has lost its soul, what are the principles of life on which the church is built?

To read The Friend (G.B.) and
Friends Journal (U.S.A.) in recent years and to take part in our monthly meet­

ings with responsibility and faith is to realize that these questions posed by

Hans Kung are ours. To me it was a sad
day when we ceased, as Friends, to be
able to put on the front page of The

Friend, “Unity in Essentials, Liberty in

Unessentials and Charity in All Things.”

Before we are scattered like straws in
the wind of change, is it not time we
cease from apathy in our faith and in
taking shelter under our “full-time so­
cial concerns and activities,” “doing
our own thing,” leaving no time to be
seriously Mary as well as Martha? Good
wheat—“the bread of life”—must have
its roots firmly planted in good, well­
prepared soil. What sort of soil are we
today, individually and collectively?

How do we begin to clear the way to
what is central in Quakerism today? We
could cease to depend upon our favorite
cli­che, by which shallowness of thought
leads to contentment, to follow “the
wide way” in our Society, which inev­i-
tably leads to dis-integration

Olive G. Woolman
North Auckland, NZ

Quaker Links with India

I am undertaking a study of the “give
and take” between Friends and the life,
thought and development of the India
sub-continent during the 19th and 20th
centuries. One of my special interests is
to recognize the part played by indi­
idual Friends who worked there in a
private professional capacity, and often
under a deep sense of concern, but who
were not official representatives of any
Quaker body. I have had the privilege of
knowing a number of such women and
men during my own years in India, but
there must be others, during our own
and earlier times, of whom I do not
know.

Do any of your readers know of an­
cestors, or Friends in their own monthly
meetings, who have concerned them­

selves with some aspect of Indian life,
welfare or development, apart from the
regular American Friends Service Com­
mittee or missionary channels? If so, I
would be grateful for information, es­
pecially of any contemporary letters,
journals, etc., which have been pre­
served.

Marjorie Sykes
Woodbrooke
1046 Bristol Road
Birmingham B29 6LJ
England
CALENDAR

December

5—"Private Wealth—Bane or Blessing?" will be the theme of the Monday evening presentation at Pendle Hill, Wallingford, PA. Alan R. Hunt and Richard K. Taylor will speak. Public is welcome, no charge.

10—The 18th annual "Christmas Peace Pilgrimage" will follow a ten-mile route via Rt. 191 from Nazareth, PA to Bethlehem, PA. Walkers will meet at 12:00 noon at the parking lot under the Hill to Hill bridge in Bethlehem, PA (about 100 yards down the hill, west of Central Moravian Church). Cars will take pilgrims to Nazareth to begin walk at 1:15 p.m. Walk ends about 5:00 p.m., to be followed by a fellowship meal served by Church Women United of Bethlehem.

12—"Modern Quaker Philanthropy—Folklore and Fact" will be the theme of the Monday evening presentation at Pendle Hill, Wallingford, PA. Wilmer L. Tjossem will speak. Public is welcome, no charge.

January

13-15—"Realizing Mystical Consciousness" is the subject of a retreat at Pendle Hill, Wallingford, PA. Led by John Yungblut, this retreat is designed to help individuals embark on a clearer understanding of the nature of mystical experience and the path that leads to realization of some measure of mystical consciousness. Limited to 30. Charge: $50.00.

29-January 2—Young Friends Winter Camp at Camp Myrtlewood, OR. "Join us as we bring in the New Year with a midnight meeting for worship." Registration forms available from: Pan Tangible, Box 43, Wolf Creek, OR 97497.

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Providence Friends School, suburban Philadelphia, grades 9-12, small (60-85) and informal, seeks principal beginning 1978-79. Send resume now to PFS Search Committee, Box 234, Media, PA 19063.

Hard-working, fun-loving MD for general practice at Community Health Center in low-income neighborhood of Burlington, VT. 260 North Street, Burlington, Vermont, 05401; 802-864-3030.

Staff to provide military counseling, peace education, and coordination of Quaker concerns in the FL Bagg and Camp Latune area of eastern North Carolina. An understanding of and appreciation for Quakerism and nonviolence is indicated. Contact Judy Haylick, 1551 Polo Rd., Winston-Salem, NC 27106, (919) 723-5267.

Concord Quarters seeks Coordinator: A Friend with ability in planning and facilitating quarter-wide program, particularly for Young Friends. For further information, contact Kathy Holmes, 215-409-4616, or send letter of application, 80-A Kirk Road, Boothwyn, PA 19061.

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December 1, 1977 FRIENDS JOURNAL
### MEETING ANNOUNCEMENTS

#### Argentina
- BUENOS AIRES—Worship and monthly meeting one Saturday of each month in Vicente Lopez, suburb of Buenos Aires. Phone: 791-5880.

#### Mexico
- OAXTEPEC—State of Morelos, Meeting for Mediation Sundays 12:30 to 1:30 p.m. Guadalupe San Juan No. 10.

#### Alabama
- BIRMINGHAM—Unprogrammed Friends Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Sunday. For information phone Joe Jenkins, clerk, 205-679-7021.

#### Alaska
- FAIRBANKS—Unprogrammed worship. First-days, 9 a.m., Home Economics Lounge, third floor, Eielson Building, Univ. of Alaska. Phone: 479-5752.

#### Arizona
- FLAGSTAFF—Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m., 402 S. Beaver, near campus. Frances B. McAllister, clerk. Mailing address: P.O. Box 222, Flagstaff, 86001. Phone: 602-774-4298.

#### California
- BERKELEY—Unprogrammed meeting. First-days 11 a.m., 2151 Vine St., 843-9725.
- CLAREMONT—Worship, 9:30 a.m. Classes for children. 727 W. Harrison Ave., Claremont.
- DAVIS—Meeting for worship, First-days, 9:45 a.m. 345 S. St. Visitors call 750-5924.
- FREMONT—10 a.m. College Y Pax Dei Chapel, 2311 E. Shaw. Phone: 237-3030.
- HAYWARD—Worship 10 a.m., 22502 Woodrow St., 94541. Phone: 415-651-1542.
- LA JOLLA—Meeting 11 a.m., 7300 Elfin Ave. Visitors call 598-0600 or 277-0777.
- LONG BEACH—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., Garden Room, Brethren Manor, 3333 Pacific. Call 434-1004 or 831-4086.
- MALIBU—Worship 9:30 a.m. Phone: 213-457-3041.
- MARIN—Meeting for worship, First-day school, 10 a.m., Room 3, First Congregational Church, 830 S. San Pedro Rd., Box 4411, San Rafael, CA 94903. Cali Tom & Staney Fairley, 415-472-5257 or Louise Aldrich, 415-667-7605.
- MONTEREY PENINSULA—Friends meeting for worship, Sundays, 11 a.m. Call 395-3837 or 624-8821.
- ORANGE COUNTY—Worship 10:30 a.m. University of California at Irvine (U.S. Club, Trailer T-1). Phone: 548-9002 or 552-7691.
- PALO ALTO—Meeting for worship and First-day classes for children, 11 a.m., 967 Colorado.
- PASADENA—536 E. Orange Grove (at Oakland). Meeting for worship, Sunday, 10:30 a.m.
- REDLAND—Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m., 114 W. Vine. Clerk: 793-9218.
- RIVERSIDE—Unprogrammed worship, First-day school, 10:30. Phones: 822-5364 or 663-4988.
- SACRAMENTO—YWCA, 17th and L. First-day school and meeting for worship 10 a.m., Discussion at 11 a.m. Phone: 922-0846.
- SAN DIEGO—Unprogrammed worship: First-days 10:30 a.m. 4846 Serenade Dr., 296-2234.
- SAN FRANCISCO—Family sharing 10 a.m. Unprogrammed worship, 10:20 a.m. 15000 Bledsoe St. Phone: 357-3288.
- SAN FRANCISCO—Meeting for worship, First-days, 11 a.m., 2160 Lake St. Phone: 755-7440.
- SAN JOSE—Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. Singing 10 a.m. 1041 Morea St.
- SANTA BARBARA—591 Santa Rosa Lane, just off San Ysidro Rd., Montecito. Phone: 805-827-0948.
- SANTA CRUZ—Meeting for worship Sundays 10:30 a.m., YWCA, 333 Walnut St. Clerk: 408-427-2545.
- SANTA MONICA—First-day school at 10, meeting at 11. 1452 Harvard St. Call 429-4869.
- SANTA MARINA—Meeting, 10 a.m., 1st floor, Room 3, Brethren Manor, Brethren Manor, 761 W. Detroit St., Chandler, 85224. Phone: 602-696-5200.
- TEMPE—Unprogrammed, First-days 9:30 a.m., Danforth Chapel, ASU Campus. Phone: 987-3363.
- TUCSON—Pima Friends Meeting (Intermountain Yearly Meeting), 738 E. 6th St. Worship 10 a.m. Steven S. Spencer, clerk. Phone: 602-325-0612.

#### Colorado
- BOULDER—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Phone: 449-4080 or 494-2985.
- DENVER—Mountain View Friends Meeting, worship 10 to 11 a.m. Adult forum 11 to 12. 2280 South Colombine Street. Phone: 722-4125.
- PUEBLO—Worship group, 543-0712.

#### Connecticut
- HARTFORD—Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m., 144 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford. Phone: 232-3531.
- NEW HAVEN—Meeting 9:45 a.m. Connecticut Hall, Yale Old Campus. Phone: 933-2828.
- NEW LONDON—622 Williams St. Worship, 10 a.m., discussion 11. Clerk: Bettie Chu, 70 Wall Williams St., New London 06320, Phone: 442-7847.
- NEW MILFORD—Housatonic Meeting: Worship 10 a.m. Rte. 7 at Lanesville Rd. Phone: 203-354-7665.
- STAMFORD-GREENWICH—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Westover and Roxbury Roads, Stamford. Clerk, Rose Patrick, W. Old Mill Rd., Greenwich, 06830.
- STORRS—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. corner North Eagleville and Hunting Lodge Roads. Phone: 439-4458.
- WATERTOWN—Meeting 10 a.m. Watertown Library, 470 Main Street. Phone: 274-6598.
- WILTON—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m., 317 New Canaan Road. Phone: 762-9699, Marjorie Walton, clerk, 203-487-4609.

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ROLLA—Preparative Meeting, Sundays, 8:30 p.m., Ellikas Church Education Bldg., First & Elm Sts. ST. LOUIS—Meeting, 2359 Rockford Ave., Rock Hill, 11 a.m. Phone: 721-0615.

Las Vegas—Paradise Meeting: worship 12:30 p.m. 3451 Middlebury. 458-5817 or 664-6442.

RENO—Discussion 10-10:45 a.m. Meeting for worship 11 a.m. October-June, 9 a.m. June-September. Friends House, 590 Cranleigh Dr., Reno 9512. Phone 323-1302.

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CONCORD—Worship 10 a.m. Children welcomed and cared for. Meeting on Main St. Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Phone: 572-6976.

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LINCOLN—3139 S 45th. Phone: 456-4178. Sunday schools, 10 a.m.; worship 11.

OMAHA—Unprogrammed worship. 453-7918.

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FRAMINGHAM—41 Edmonds Rd. (2 mi. W of Natick). Worship 10 a.m. First-day school. Visitors welcome. Phone: 877-0481.

LAWRENCE—45 Avon St. Bible School, 10 a.m., worship 11 a.m. Monday meeting first Wednesday 7:30 p.m. Clerk: Mrs. Ruth Mellor, 189 Hampshire St., Methuen. Phone: 682-4677.

SOUTH YARMOUTH, CAPE COD—North Main St. Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Phone: 432-1131.
Hudson—Meeting for worship 10 a.m., Union St. between 3rd and 4th Sts. Margaret G. Moesh, clerk. Phone: 518-943-4105.

Ithaca—10 a.m., worship, First-day school, nursery; Anabel Taylor Hall, Sept.-May. Phone: 256-4214.

Long Island (Queens, Nassau, Suffolk Counties)—Unprogrammed meetings for worship, 11 a.m. First-days, unless otherwise noted.

Farmingdale-Bethpage—Meeting House Rd., opposite Farmingdale State Park Clubhouse. Fax: 516-298-137—137—161 Northern Blvd. Discussion group 10 a.m. First-day school 11 a.m. Open house 2-4 p.m. 1st and 3rd First-days except 1st, 2nd, 4th and 6th. Phone: 631-878-2827.

Huntington-Lloyd Harbor—Meeting followed by discussion and simple lunch. Friends World College, Plover Lane. Phone: 516-423-3672.

Jericho—Old Jericho Tpke., off Rt. 25, just east of intersection with Rts. 108 and 107.

Long Beach—Almack, Duck Pond and Piping Rock Ros.

Manhattan—North Blvd. at Shelter Rock Rd. First-day school 9:45 a.m.

Syracuse—Meeting for worship at 821 Euclid Ave., 10:30 a.m. Sunday.

North Carolina

Asheville—Meeting, French Broad YWCA, Sun., 10 a.m. Day Phone: Phillip Neal, 298-0344.

Chapel Hill—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Clerk: Robert Gwyn, phone 939-3458.

Charlotte—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., First-day school, 11 a.m. Remount Rd. Phone: 704-399-8645 or 537-5450.

Durham—Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m., First-day school, 10:45 a.m. at 404 Alexander Ave. Contact David Smooth, 819-236-2734. Unprogrammed.

Fayetteville—Meeting 8 p.m. each First-day at Quaker House, 223 Hillside Ave. A simple meal follows the worship. Contact Charlotte Kiesler, 919-645-4995 or John Wenberg, 485-5213.

Greensboro—Friendship Meeting (unprogrammed). Guilford College, Moon Room of Dana Auditorium, 11 a.m. Edith Mackle, clerk, 926-6100.

Huntington—Meetinghouse Road, one-half mile east, 11 a.m. Phone: 631-878-2827.

Jericho—Old Jericho Tpke., off Rt. 25, just east of intersection with Rts. 108 and 107.

Kingsville—Meeting, FUMCOCK—Duck Pond and Piping Rock Ros.

Manhattan—Northeast Blvd. at Shelter Rock Rd. First-day school 9:45 a.m.

Long Island—Unprogrammed worship. 10 a.m. SW corner College and Pine Sts. Phone: 304-8881.

Yellow Springs—Unprogrammed worship, FGC, 10:30 a.m. Rockford Meetinghouse, President St. (Antioch campus). Sunday school follows worship. Co-clerks: Ken and Peg Champney, 515-767-1311.

Oklahoma

Oklahoma City—Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. Forum, 11:30 a.m. Shared lunch follows. 1115 SW 47th. Information, 632-7574. Clerk, Margaret Kanos, 321-6540.

Oregon

Portland—Multnomah Monthly Meeting, 4312 S.E. Stark St. Worship, 10 a.m. Same address, AFSIC. Phone: 253-6884.

Pennsylvania

Abingdon—Meetinghouse Rd./Greenwood Ave., Jenkintown. (East of York Rd., north of Philadelphia.) First-day school, 10 a.m.; worship, 11:15 a.m. Child care. Phone: T4-U8865.

Birmingham—1245 Birmingham Rd. S. of West Chester on Rt. 202 to Rt. 826, turn W. to Birmingham Rd. turn S. on Fairview Rd. 10 a.m. First-day school 10 a.m., meeting for worship 11 a.m.

Bristol—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m., meeting for worship 11 a.m. Phone: 494-4334.

Chester—4th and Chestnut Sts. Meeting, 11 a.m. First-day school, 10 a.m.; worship, 11:15 a.m. Phone: 494-7787.

Concord—At Concordville, on Concord Rd. one block south of Rt. 1. First-day school 10 a.m.; worship, 11:15 a.m. except summer. Meeting for worship 11:15 a.m. to 12.

Dolington-Makefield—East of Dolington on Rt. Eyer Rd. Meeting for worship 11:15 a.m. First-day school 11:30-12:30.

Downingtown—600 E. Lancaster Ave. (south side old Rt. 30, 1/4 mile east of town). First-day school (except summer months), and worship, 10:30 a.m. Phone: 296-2899.

Doylestown—East Oakland Ave. Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m.; worship, 11:15 a.m.

Exeter—Worship, 10:30 a.m., Meetinghouse Rd. off 562, 1 and 6/10 miles W. of 562 and 562 intersection at Yellow House.

Fallston—Bucks County—Falls Meeting, Main St. First-day school 10 a.m., meeting for worship, 11 a.m. No First-day school on first First-day of each month, except May, from Pennsylvania, reconstructed manor home of William Penn.

Goshen—Goshenville, intersection of Rt. 352 and Paoli Pike. First-day school, 10:30 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m.

Gwynedd—Sumneytown Pkwy. and 1 A.M. Rt. 202. First-day school, 10 a.m.; worship, 11:15 a.m.

Harrisburg—Sixth and Herr Sts. Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Forum, 11 a.m.

Haverford—Buck Lane, between Lancaster Pkts. and Haverton Rd. First-day school and meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m., followed by Forum.

Havertown—Old Haverford Meeting. East Eagle Rd. at Saint Dennis Lane, Haverton. First-day school 10 a.m., meeting for worship 11 a.m.

Horsham—Rt. 81. First-day school and meeting, 11 a.m.

Kennett Square—Union & Sickle. First-day school, 10 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m. Joann Shoemaker, clerk, 215-449-8549.

Lancaster—Off U.S. 30, 2 miles west of Lancaster Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m.

Lansdowne—Lansdowne and Stewart Ave., meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m., First-day school, 11 a.m.

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