"...Suddenly, transfiguration occurs; our heart is in our throat and the beauty of creation floods us." —page 12
Spring Shower

Although the April shower ended long ago, raindrops still drip from the tips of leaves, still touch and seep into the quickening earth. Taught by my father, now dead, to savor such scenes, I stand and watch the grey drops fall. And suddenly, my father comes to me...is here, now, real as my eyes... real as each lingering drop of rain that touches and seeps into the quickening earth.

Robert K. Johnson
Holding In the Light

by Scott Crom

Yesterday morning after meeting for worship, a friend caught me to ask if I would hold in the Light a friend of hers who was in sore need. I did so in a somewhat subliminal way throughout the entire day, and in a focused way several times when my schedule permitted me ten to twenty minutes.

But it is much easier said than done. And far more importantly, the experience was in significant ways a first for me. To be sure, several times I had been in meetings when the group was asked to hold someone in the Light; I had made such requests to a meeting myself; and in my private meditations I had on numerous occasions held someone in the Light—or thought I had.

This time, however, was the first time anyone had approached me—personally and individually and by name; even more, she used the plain language: "Will thee hold our friend in the Light?" Here was Fox's question in real earnest: "What canst thou say?" or even more strongly, "What canst thou do?"

My immediate feeling was that a heavy burden had been placed on my shoulders, and I felt bowed down—but only for a moment, for I knew that of course the responsibility for healing was not mine. All I had to do was lift that burden up into the Light.

"All I had to do..." This time it was clearly I who had to do it, not only to lift the person in need up to the Light, but really to discover that Light itself. Was it where I thought it was? Yes and no. This experience turned out to be no exercise in transmitting psychic energy, nor a perfunctory muttering of intercessory prayer. It involved real fear and trembling, approaching the throne of all power, in a Light which both shows me my own unworthiness, sin, and corruption, and also gives the grace and strength to see over them. Who am I to dare to ask for the attention of the Almighty? Does my asking involve the affront of seeking a change in the divine will? No, I do know better than that, for God knows what we need, for ourselves or for others, even before we ask it. This was not a case of saying, "Hey, God, shape up—"heal this person's body and straighten out her confused spirit!" It was as close to wordless prayer as I have come, a simple act of attention, although words like "courage," "love," and "wholeness" kept coming to mind.

No, not a simple act of attention, for my own mind kept butting into the act, and the channels through which God's love and power were to flow were very clogged indeed. But there were brief flashes of real attention, sometimes during the subliminal practice and sometimes while focusing.

Real attention is truly the divine gift, in both directions: the divine gift from God to us, and from us to God and our fellow creatures. It is the one thing that is truly at my disposal and always at my disposal—although for too long we forget that fact. My physical energy, my intellect, my emotional strength, my money—usually, for various reasons, these are not fully under my control. The reason, of course, is that they are not fully me. When we speak of giving ourselves, it is surely our attention that we mean, our mindfulness, our presence, for it is there that I am to be found, not in body, mind, will, feeling, or possessions. Those are all things that we have, or events that happen to us, although in a loose and broad sense we may speak of them as part of ourselves. But that which is called by my name is my attention, and that is the sole thing it is always in my power to give, the thing which only I can give, and the most precious gift I can give.

What did I accomplish for the friend in need? Wrong question—I did nothing, but what was done for me was wonderful. The friend who made the request of me, in calling me by name and looking me in the eye, gave me her attention and asked me to give mine—and in so doing, I first had to find it.

Scott Crom is past clerk and treasurer of Beloit (WI) Meeting, a professor of philosophy at Beloit College and author of three Pendle Hill pamphlets.
Remembering Walter Kahoe

by Ernest Morgan

Walter Kahoe's death on March 26th brought to an end a remarkable career. Or did it? Any career as creative and vigorous as Walt's becomes so much a part of the continuing fabric of human life and culture that it keeps right on.

Walt's brilliant mind, his keen Irish wit, warm spirit, vigorous work habits, and personal integrity were qualities he inherited from the Kahoe family. His folks were Catholics and looked forward to his becoming a priest. In his early years he served as altar boy and was well read in Catholic theology. But other influences came to bear. While Walt was still a young boy, an elderly and highly literate neighbor woman, Eleanor Lewis, let him into her library and introduced him to the world of ideas and books. Windows opened, and Walt developed an insatiable appetite for knowledge.

The Catholic Church and a Catholic upbringing undoubtedly made an important contribution to Walt's development, but by the time he entered college he had broken the intellectual bonds of the Church and was exploring the universe for himself.

My original contact with Walt came when, in 1924, we were the first pair of Antioch co-ops to work in the printing house of William Edwin Rudge. It was that co-op job which inspired us both to become printers and which led to our lifelong association.

Arthur Morgan had met W.E. Rudge, whose shop was world famous for its fine printing, and the two men had exchanged enthusiasms. Arthur Morgan became interested in printing, and Rudge became interested in Antioch. Walt and I were chosen to be the first apprentices from the college. Being a Rudge apprentice in those days was accounted a great privilege by young men aspiring to become fine printers, and many a Rudge "graduate" became a master printer.

After two years of half-time work with Rudge, Walt and I transferred to the fledgling Antioch Press, which in those days comprised a curious blend of college erudition and the printing lore of a country weekly. Other students followed, but Walt and I were the two who kept on.

Those were exciting years of struggle, replete with student enterprises and guerrilla journalism, and we were in the middle of the action.

Walt had grown up in modest circumstances (his father, Lawrence Kahoe, had been the last conductor on the old Springfield-Xenia Street Railway, which ran through Yellow Springs), and Walt hated to have anything wasted. It bothered him to see three-inch strips of fine paper trimmed off and thrown away. Trying to find a way to use this scrap, he could think of one thing only: bookplates. With his Rudge background it was no problem to design some, using odds and ends of cuts and type ornaments, so he printed up a supply. But he couldn't sell them. That's where I came into the picture and when the Antioch Bookplate Company started.

Our partnership was short-lived, however, as Hanley, the manager of the Antioch Press, died suddenly, and Walt was drafted, though still a student, to take the job. After that he was too busy to continue with the Bookplate Company. Not only that, he had started publishing books, printing them two pages at a time on a platen press. It is interesting to note that his early titles drew heavily on the Index Expurgatorius—books banned by the Catholic Church.

Books weren't the only things that got published. Walt and I worked together on the Blaze, which was idealistic, literary and fiercely independent. This magazine ran through thirty issues, over a period of seven years—something of a record for a college guerrilla journal. We got into hot water sometimes. I recall one occasion when Walt and I were among those called on the carpet by the Board of Publications for publishing an article critical of the policies of one of Antioch's co-op employers.

Walt took part in the Blaze both editorially and as a printer, but he didn't get very deeply into it. He wanted something a little different, so he started another magazine, in a different format, which he named The Non-sensor. This publication was characterized by a lot of art work, serious poetry, sharp satire, and good rollicking nonsense.

After finishing his studies at Antioch, Walt took a year's leave from the Press to do postgraduate work at Harvard. Later Antioch made him a dean and gave him responsibility for revamping the personnel department, which handled the co-op jobs. He did an outstanding job.

Walt was a voracious reader and had excellent literary taste. He conceived the idea of a magazine devoted to publishing the world's really great stories, both from the past and the present. Also he wanted to settle in Yellow Springs, Ohio, with a business of his own. So he launched the Golden Door magazine. Each number was a choice...
anthology of stories. There was nothing else like it. It ran for several issues and maintained a high standard. This enterprise folded for two reasons. One was lack of publishing experience. Walt told me afterward that if he had known as much when he started as he did when he finished, he could have made it go, but he ran out of capital and had to stop. The other reason was that World War II broke out in all its dismal fury, distracting public attention from such tranquil things as literary magazines.

After the Golden Door, Walt accepted a position with J. B. Lippincott in Philadelphia and in time became vice president and head of its medical books department. Here his capacity for scholarly pursuits stood him in good stead, and he became remarkably knowledgeable in the field of health and medical research. He was always reaching for new ideas and concepts. The Lippincott medical book business flourished under his leadership.

After he moved away from the Catholic Church in his youth, it was a long time before Walt developed a new affiliation. He finally joined Friends, attracted by their intellectual freedom, respect for human personality, and active social concern. Living near Philadelphia, he became involved in various Quaker organizations, such as Friends Journal, Pendle Hill, and Providence Meeting in Media.

Being an executive left a gap in Walt’s life. Printers ink was in his blood, and he wanted to get his hands on type and presses, so he set up a little shop in his basement. Whimsie Press he called it, and his wife, the former Mildred Hawxhurst, and his two daughters, Peggy and Eleanor, worked with him. Together they printed small editions of beautiful little books. Some of the books Walt wrote himself. Characteristically they were short stories with touches of fantasy and tenderness and humor. The Catholic symbolism which he knew in his childhood provided the basis for some of the fantasy.

Arthur Morgan, as president of Antioch, was attracted by Walter’s agile, inquiring mind and solid character, and the two became lifelong friends. Walt held Arthur Morgan in high esteem, but not in awe, which suited the older man fine. They took much pleasure in discussing and sometimes arguing about philosophical and social matters, and each contributed to the other. When Arthur Morgan found himself in trouble in the TVA, Walter dropped what he was doing and came to his aid. His final relationship with Arthur Morgan was that of biographer. He worked on that biography for years, in his spare time. It finally appeared, just a few months before his death, over the imprint of the Whimsie Press. Of the various biographies of Arthur Morgan it is the most balanced and comprehensive.

Personally, Walt’s death carries a feeling of loneliness. We were colleagues and friends for more than half a century. It is as if the past were slipping away from me, which, of course, it is. When a close relative or cherished contemporary dies, a part of you dies also. I shall miss Walt very much.

A Deliberate Life:
Lucy Perkins Carner

by Sandy Primm

I met Lucy Perkins Carner last August in Germantown, Pennsylvania. She was one of several I interviewed while working on a series of profiles of elder Quakers. Lucy is ninety-one years old.

Against the summer heat Lucy wore a light blue cotton that was both practical and pretty. She did not complain about the humidity; she had a small fan. A slight, almost frail woman, she wore a hammered silver bracelet which repeated the glint of her eyes. At times she would laugh and smile with enthusiasm, but she characteristically spoke with great care and, after twenty minutes, with pain. Her voice became hoarse and faint. With effort she shifted awkwardly in her armchair because “my back aches.”

We spoke about a prayer written by Walter Rauschenbusch. I mentioned him when Lucy said how important the movement to bring the concept of social justice to church life has been to her.

“Oh,” she laughed, “he’s been one of my saints.”

“I don’t know much about him,” I said.

“I’ll give you one of his books,” Lucy said. “I’m gradually giving away my precious library.”

I thanked her and our talk continued about forty-five minutes. She had notes prepared on the back of an envelope in which I had mailed a letter explaining why I wanted to see her. As we talked she referred to her closely written list to make certain she had covered everything.

When the first interview was over I was glad. I did not want to tax her anymore. I thought there was little I could write about her.

Later it struck me how reticent Lucy seemed. I suspected that she had done more than she had let on. When I went back to Stapeley Hall, the Quaker retirement home where Lucy has lived since 1972, a conjecture had formed—that Lucy Carner is a deeply humble and happy person.

Sandy Primm is a reporter on the Rolla Daily News in Rolla, Missouri. He holds an M.A. in political science, speaks Chinese, and is the author of Short Time. He is a member of Rolla (MO) Meeting.
Lucy was waiting for me.

"Here's the Rauschenbusch," she said from her armchair as I walked into her simply furnished room. I thought she had forgotten. Inside the book she had put a typed copy of this prayer:

_We have treasured thy words, but we have forgotten their meaning, and thy great hope has grown dim in thy church..._

I mentioned noticing a few days earlier in the local paper her letter marking the anniversary of the first use of the atomic bomb.

"I feel I have to do penance every August," she said.

The end of the letter shows Lucy's main concern in life:

_Let us again use our power—this time to reduce drastically our own and the world's armaments, working through the United Nations—strengthened by U.S. support._

_Let us, moreover, support the UN's plans for a world disarmament conference in 1978. For world disarmament is the only road to a safe future for the human race._

This hope is the result of Lucy's religion and her work. The two are closely joined. Brought up as a Presbyterian, Lucy joined the Society of Friends as a young woman "entirely because of its pacifist position," she said. "There is one other aspect I should mention," she quickly corrected herself. "It was entirely free of dogma; that hadn't bothered me at all in my youth because my father (an elder in the church) never held it strictly. But I knew there was in back of the Presbyterian church this awful dogma I couldn't accept if I ever thought about it."

_We bless thee for the inspired souls of all ages who saw afar the shining city of God, and by faith left the profit of the present to follow their vision..._

"Lucy is reticent," said one of her fellow members of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. "She's the kind of person who will do anything that's needed. Every Saturday while the Vietnam war was going on she was at the corner of Greene and Chelten handing out leaflets."

Lucy is neither optimistic nor pessimistic. What keeps her going is her pacifism, which began at home and was fully developed as a result of the First World War.

She attended the school where her father taught mathematics in York, Pennsylvania; graduated in 1908 from Bryn Mawr College, majoring in Latin and literature; returned home for two years; and eventually met a YWCA field worker through her mother, who was on the local board. She accepted a job with the "Y" in Pittsburgh arranging social programs for "working girls"; and then moved to Wilkes-Barre in 1915 to work directly with women in the mills that lined the Susquehanna valley.

"We brought them to the 'Y' for swimming and dancing parties," she described her work, "and taught them how to testify about working conditions before legislative committees in the state capital. Our goal was to help them see how their own experience could improve the lot of
their fellow workers."

Lucy said she became increasingly disturbed as World War I continued, but found no way to express her concern. She happened to meet a conscientious objector who made a strong impression on her. Then she heard a speech by the French ambassador following the armistice.

"I can still see him shaking his fists," she said. "It was a so-called victory meeting in Carnegie Hall. He was crying out for revenge. That did it. I became a pacifist."

In 1920 Lucy joined the national YWCA staff in the industrial department and travelled cross country as an organizer. Bureaucracy eventually got the best of her, she said. She left the "Y" for a job in social services planning with the Chicago Council of Social Agencies in 1936. She loved the city. Her pacifism continued, and she joined the Quaker meeting.

She retired in 1952 and returned to the Germantown section of Philadelphia, where relatives of her mother live. Her work with pacifist organizations expanded and still goes on, although Lucy would not admit to much.

"I'm over ninety years old," she said with her characteristic laugh. "I'm tired of saying that I can't do anything. I can read and write. I can't go to meetings anymore. I write letters."

Help us, O Lord, in the courage of faith to seize what has now come so near, that the glad day of God may dawn at last....

"What does it mean for a woman to be a pacifist?"

"Not buying war bonds," Lucy said. "You use whatever political influence you might have to write the President and Congress to oppose wars."

"We used to entertain some of the boys who were conscientious objectors at the Friends meeting. We supported them in any way we could." She paused, ready to go on to the next subject.

"Did you ever consider not paying part of your tax?"

"Oh yes, for years I've taken out of my income tax payment a portion that the Friends Committee on National Legislation says is equal to what the Pentagon gets. Then I write a letter to the income tax people. It's good propaganda. I send copies to my representatives in Congress and the President.

"I know my failure to pay isn't going to impoverish the Pentagon, but it's good propaganda. They go to your bank and get the money. I send them a copy of the letter, too. Some people have refused to give them the information and go to jail as a result, but I'm not heroic. They get it out of my bank every year.

"The bank has a right to charge for that, a service charge. Well, in the last few years, believe it or not, I've received a letter from the bank saying they won't make the charge any more.

"Why did they say that?"

"Well, that just shows you what good propaganda will do. They know why I'm doing it."

"And how long have you done this?"

"I don't know; when I became a pacifist, whenever that was. I don't even know when the income tax started."

During the Nazi persecution of the Jews, Lucy offered her apartment in Chicago to refugees from Hitler. Two teenage girls came to stay with her and eventually went to the University of Chicago and into professional careers. Lucy said they have been like daughters to her.

Help us to make the welfare of all the supreme law of our land, so that our commonwealth may be built strong and secure on the love of all its citizens....

"Lucy is probably in considerable pain," said Herbert Brown, the director of Stapeley Hall. "Yet, as in everything she does, she does not feel that she should burden others with what she regards as her problem."

"She is one of the most practical people I know and has been a great inspiration to me and others. She has played a major role here in helping residents adjust in a person-to-person way. She was also instrumental in establishing a residents' council several years ago, a step that some of our board probably regarded as a bit radical. After two years she asked to be released, partly to husband her strength, partly because she wanted to give others the opportunity of serving.

"The same thing is true for her accomplishments. Our daughter is studying social work in Chicago, and she has gradually learned that the work to establish the Hyde Park community around the university as an integrated neighborhood was begun by Lucy. But I've never heard Lucy talk about it at all."

Show thy erring children at last the way from the City of Destruction to the City of Love, and fulfill the longings of the prophets of humanity....

"Where do you get your energy?" I asked.

"I take a nap every afternoon," Lucy said.

Our Master, once more we make the faith our prayer, "Thy Kingdom come! Thy will be done on earth!"

"I've got some reading for you," Lucy said as I prepared to leave. "Here's the biennial report of the Women's International League, and you must know the newsletter of the Friends Committee on National Legislation. It's absolutely indispensable. And the Washington Spectator is very good, too."

"You read all these?"

"Of course. And a friend has given me the New Republic. I like it, but almost everything in it is too wordy. Now, do you want these? I think you will find them useful."
Celebrating Fritz Eichenberg

by Dorothea Blom

Many of us who were art students in the 1930s, and later, consider Fritz Eichenberg the great wood engraver of our generation. And I can't think of anyone in the visual arts who exposes more of the human Achilles heel with mystical vision and a warm human heart. His images add twentieth century insights to Bible material and over fifty provocative and profound literary works of our tradition. And he's done a great deal of other work as well, including children's books that have become twentieth century classics.

Fritz is a Quaker artist, and his Pendle Hill pamphlet, "Art and Faith," went through two printings (1952 and 1962). Lucky are those who have both, for each has a different set of reproductions of his work. And his love of
the Catholic Worker has given a generation a chance to glean reproductions of Eichenbergs from that publication.

Great art work always has a life of its own aside from subject matter—a vitality, unity, and integrity, as a person does. At best this synchronizes with a life line connecting the inner and the outer world, even in so-called abstract art. Fritz is strong on both accounts. His special love of life involves the human image, and he seldom deserts it except when he’s humanizing animals. The eye moves back and forth from focusing on the image itself to marveling over the linear patterns and shapes made by the engraving tools as they flow, swarm, dart, or explode. Those tools are his close friends, his accomplices in his liaison with the wood block.

In his stunning new book, The Work of Fritz Eichenberg (Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., New York, distributed by Crown Publishers, Inc.), Fritz reveals the human condition in you and me and in the world. You may think you are looking at a half dozen characters from Dostoevsky in nineteenth century Russia or a couple of impudent little chaps from “A Child’s Christmas in Wales,” and of course you are; but at the same time, in moving into a contemplative relation to the engraving, you discover aspects of yourself that need pondering to make room for insights.

Much of Fritz’s work includes the dark side of our nature. To this he often adds a leavening of humor of his own brand. It turns out to be his Light. This proves a good mix: light and dark in one eyeful, instead of swinging moods from one to the other, like a pendulum, depending on your digestion on a given day. This humor tends to be wisdom, as in the splendid King Lear image. Also, Fritz’s brand of humor adds energy to compassion.

And those animals! Surely he is one of the top animal artists of the century, a period richer in animal art than any time since archaic Greece or Han Dynasty China. He works with animals extravagantly, lovingly, imaginatively. He reminds us that animal nature and spirit need embrace each other within each of us. At the same time that Fritz gives his animals human souls, he makes them more animal than animals. Each is magnificently itself, and yet a part of myself I need to be in touch with—a part with positive and negative possibilities. What is the Peaceable Kingdom other than reconciliation of opposites, within each of us and in the world?

Fritz chose this country as a refugee from Nazism in the early 1930’s. He grew up in Cologne, a city he calls “one big picture book in wood.” Those medieval wood carvings in Cologne are the undying ancestors of twentieth century German Expressionism, as also are the early wood engravings of these parts. The mythic, the mystical, the deeply felt expressive distortion, belong to the north of Europe—maybe because these populations are closer to their nomadic roots. The art academy growing out of the Italian Renaissance clamped down on northern Europe in the sixteenth century, imposing idealism and il-lusionism as the measure of art. Germany became the most arbitrary standard bearer of academic classicism, not only in the visual arts but also in education. Maybe the exploding of German Expressionism in the early twentieth century and Germany’s part in two World Wars were both outbreaks of long suppressed native temperament, the former positive and the latter negative. Hitler, of course, persecuted the later German Expressionists: dictators never could tolerate the mysterious and mythic and the deeply expressive in visual arts.

Fritz belongs to that ancient northern tradition. He belongs to it as truly as he belongs to the twentieth century. He belongs to us, now, as much as he belongs to an older generation of German Expressionism, including the mystical Kandinsky and Franz Marc, the almost insufferably feeling Kathe Kollwitz, the agonized and sometimes tender Barlach, and the enigmatic Max Beckman.

The record revealed in The Wood and the Graver is deeply personal, as is generally true of the best Western art, right through the twentieth century. Almost everything Fritz does becomes some sort of mythic reality of his own process and insights. He shares hints of this in a running commentary opposite the reproductions. Another warming personal touch is the part taken in the design of the book by his wife, Toni, herself both designer and photographer. Fritz concludes the book with a fine description of the wood engraving process.

The book, like Fritz’s work, is a joy. It does not belong, closed, on a book shelf. It begs to be open on a book stand. It’s a book to live with as you come and go from home, to flip the page as you pause in passing, for your family and friends to flip pages and leave open to a new place—a book to live with!

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A Visit to Koinonia Farms

by Robert Horton

On a recent speaking and visiting trip for Prisoner Visitation and Support (PVS), I stopped in at Koinonia Farms near Americus, Georgia. I had been there three times before and was always happy to visit this interracial community founded by Clarence Jordan and Martin England in the thirties. Carolyn Mosley, whose husband, Don, is the director, met me at the bus in Americus and took me by way of Plains, about ten miles from Koinonia. So I am one of the tens of thousands of tourists who have seen Plains. But Koinonia was my goal.

On a previous visit I had stayed in a cottage on which I counted fifty-eight pellet marks where people had shot at Clarence. This farm is visited by some 6,000 spiritually-thirsty people each year. It can certainly revive the mind and spirit of a weary traveler.

This year on the first morning of my stay I walked over to that little grove of pine trees where Clarence Jordan’s earthly body was laid to rest. I am not sure I found the exact spot. So what? This is the way Clarence would have wanted it. I meditated for a few moments, thinking about that unforgettable week when, working for the American Friends Service Committee, I took Clarence to two or three audiences a day, whom he held spellbound with stories from life in his unique community. There was no marker at the site of his grave, and this also is the way he would have wanted it. I had just read Mr. God, This Is Anna and remembered how the author, Fynn, went to look up Anna’s grave several years after her death and found a little wooden marker with the word “Anna,” and how he had picked it up and flung it into the underbrush. Anna was not there, she was everywhere; and so with Clarence. I found him in the thousands of young pecan trees, in the fields awaiting the planting of peanuts, in the houses, some hundred or more, which, since Clarence’s day, had been built for the poor. I saw him in the eyes of perhaps fifty young people who had come to spend longer or shorter periods of time at Koinonia. They are scattered over these 1400 acres dedicated to creating the kingdom of love on earth—here again was Clarence Jordan.

There is not a person connected with Koinonia who earns enough money to have to pay income tax. And yet after I had shared some of my experiences with them that evening, they insisted on giving me a check for $100 for PVS. I remarked that it wasn’t many years ago that many of us had been sending gifts and loans to assure that Koinonia would be kept afloat. Don Mosley’s reply was, “Well, in the winter and spring we give away our money; and when the crops are harvested and money comes in from fruitcakes and pecans, then we have funds again, which are not to be kept but to be shared. We believe in your work and we want you to take it.” This also Clarence Jordan would have wanted. Did I ever feel

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humble!

Here again the great ideals of Clarence Jordan were being spread abroad. Clarence planted, young people watered and cultivated, the Gospel is being spread—what hath God wrought?

Clarence was a giant; he left big footprints on this land. His work is being carried on by his modern disciples. One of these is Millard Fuller, a brilliant young promoter-lawyer, who, before he was thirty, had earned within the capitalist system a cool million dollars. But his wife, Linda, had left him and taken the children with her. He had read the New Testament story of Jesus’ challenge to the rich young ruler. He looked at himself and did not like what he saw. He went to New York, hunted up Linda, and started life over again. He gave away his million dollars and went to Koinonia to live in a little cottage. There he was inspired by Clarence, who had degrees in theology and agriculture and a Ph.D. in Greek, and had written his Cotton Patch Version of the New Testament in a chicken house which he had dragged out with a tractor and put under a couple of trees in the cow pasture.

At Koinonia Millard Fuller rebuilt his life of faith. Here he built homes for poor people, both black and white. Then he went to Africa for four years and did the same thing for poor people in Zaire. Now he is back at Koinonia, living in the same little house, and is setting up two offices in Americus, one for legal practice and one for promoting his unit of new houses for poor people in Americus. Also he is starting similar projects in several U.S. cities. His book Bokotola has recently come off the press.

Millard told me this story:

He was speaking at a church in Florida. In the audience was a man who he knew had a summer house in the North and a winter one in Florida. Millard had read the third chapter of Luke, in which John the Baptist was preaching by the river Jordan. He told the people that if they had two coats, they should share with a person who had no coat. Then, looking at the audience, Millard inquired if perhaps this admonition would apply to houses. As he did so, a man in the audience rose to his feet and said he objected to the comparison. He said, “The analogy is not good because a person can only wear one coat at a time, but a person with two houses, they . . .” Turning red in the face and being very much embarrassed, he simply sat down. His own words had trapped him. There was an uncomfortable silence, and then Millard went on with his talk.

Love never fails. People like Clarence Jordan and Millard Fuller are authentic carriers of the Gospel truth.
As articles of faith go, “that of God in everyone” is wonderful. Even more wonderful, though, is standing next to that of God, seeing it, hearing it, marveling at it. Faith has nothing to do with it. All it takes is believing one’s own senses.

We all have these experiences from time to time. As Quakers we are, I like to think, especially attuned to them. I love it when people share their that-of-God experiences with me. Here is a recent one of my own:

Over the past few years, a section of my roof has become more and more dilapidated. I want to paint my house. And it just wouldn’t be possible to paint over that mess. So I asked a friend and neighbor, who is a carpenter, to take a look at it and give me some advice. He checked it over, excused himself, and next thing I knew was back with a pile of lumber on top of his car. We carried it to a perch near the sagging roof. By some process I don’t understand—though I carried and supported boards and drove nails—we turned the wood into a scaffold.

On succeeding weekends, we visited lumber yards, cut and fitted boards, and finally replaced an authentic Victorian ponderosity with an excellent reproduction of a Victorian ponderosity.

I stand on the street and look at it. It blurs. My eyes fill with the kind of tears that come from being startled and happy at once.

So what does this series of incidents have to do with that of God?

I neglected to say that all this work was free. My neighbor is a $9-an-hour man. When he showed up with that first load of lumber, I floundered around, trying to establish what I should pay him. This friend—who is not a Friend—is not an overbearing fellow. But he cut through my anxious dithering with a few observations: “I figure this is something we’ll work on together. If it was just a job, that you wanted no parts of, then that would be different. But we’ll be working together.” When I continued to fidget and protest, he settled the matter with this: “That’s what friends are for.”

Well, I guess that is the practical equivalent of a theological keystone, “grace.” We don’t deserve it. Or maybe we do. But that’s irrelevant. It just happens, like the sunrise.

In God’s presence, our reverence materializes unbidden. That’s the way I felt time and again through this experience. I’m a fairly handy, practical man. But to stand on a scaffold by a crack professional carpenter was thrilling. The dexterity, the discipline, the ingenuity, the strength, the competence! It’s so good for us to witness excellence, to be reminded of human dignity and the splendor of expressed talent!

One Saturday morning my friend was hung over. I didn’t realize that until he apologized for being inept. By inept he meant slow, for him. I had been admiring his power of concentration and deliberateness. That’s what his slowness had meant to me. So. He was hung over. Let us now praise the skill and discipline that carries us through our bad moments and gives us something good to show despite them.

With hindsight, what was begun as a practical enterprise has turned into a spiritual exercise. My friend doesn’t regard himself as any sort of superior being. But will he, nill he, he’s moved along the path of openhearted love. I’ve given him the opportunity to practice up on some of the Christian virtues involving neighborliness.

I think it’s important that we remind ourselves occasionally that what we see depends on where we are looking. Our angle of vision is perfect, the sun descends on a patch of strawberries in just such a way that, suddenly, transfiguration occurs; our heart is in our throat and the beauty of creation floods us.

That of God strikes us similarly. A sagging, rotting roof is not, ipso facto, inspirational. But it is really not so odd, after all, to be standing on a scaffold and staring, slack jawed, at that of God. After we finished one day I said to my neighbor, “You could not have made a stronger impression on me if you had walked on water.”

This is a person I’ve known fairly well. We’ve talked for hours and hours about our experience and ideas, our wives and children and relatives, our bosses and colleagues. We’ve skied and played tennis together. I have a lot of affection and admiration for him. But being the recipient of this particular generosity has been another matter entirely. In the face of transfiguration and a flood of grace, all we can do is hang on and whisper prayers of thanks as experience supports faith.

Joe Adcock is a journalist by profession, interested in Tai Chi Chuan and drawing, a member of Central Philadelphia (PA) Meeting and the Friends Journal Board of Managers.
The Great Bellows

by Joe Havens

Like a great bellows, the Society of Friends has waxed and waned, swelled and contracted during its 300 year history. During times of expansion the Society has taken in many converts, fresh life, many ideas and practices from the culture about it. In times of contraction it has turned inward, consolidated its particular strengths and gifts, and spewed out those persons or influences which seemed alien to it. The swellings can be seen in the first burst of evangelical fervor and energy of the 1650's, in the revivals of the early 1800's, and in the reachings out to bind up the wounds of the world during the First World War. The contractings are most evident in the quietism of the eighteenth century and in the decline of evangelical Quakerism in the middle decades of the nineteenth century.

The Spirit is at work in both phases: in the freshening and the spread of new truth during periods of waxing; in purifying and redefining the ancient truth and refashioning its earthly vessels during periods of contraction. Though it is a rhythm as natural and necessary as breathing, it has been the cause of many controversies within the Society, most notably the Great Separation of 1827.

In that great debate, the Orthodox wing represented and staunchly defended adherence to the traditional disciplines and "good order" of Friends. Without such advocates the Society, like nearly all the other enthusiastic movements of the seventeenth century, would have ceased to exist under the persecutions of Charles II, and in later times of hardship. The Hicksite wing of the Great Separation represented the Quaker stress upon the primacy of divine inspiration of the individual Friend, superseding all "worldly" structures and authorities. Without these emphases the Society would have stagnated into a closed sect with little energy or concern for the wider world. It is a pity, as Elfrida Vipont points out in her Story of Quakerism, that each side in this conflict could not recognize and affirm the spiritual value of the thought and practice of the other.

Both movements, Consolidation/Conservation and Expansion/Experimentalism, are present with us in our contemporary Society of Friends, and within our own meeting. Indeed, both instincts are within each one of us! But some persons in the meeting tend to represent one of these poles, some the other; and we tend to experience the tension between them as a battle over "who is right?" instead of a necessary and fruitful give-and-take.

This polarity can be seen in some of our discussions about the philosophy and content of First-day school, in how strictly we adhere to Faith and Practice, in attitudes toward membership. It can also be recognized in relatively minor items, e.g., procedures governing the use of the bulletin boards and literature tables. I was suddenly struck with how the Conservators, concerned with educating all in Quakerism, favor the "only Quaker literature" alternative; while the Expanders, believing we need fresh light from the outside, would advocate opening the boards and tables to any group or cause not inconsistent with our basic faith. What seems a procedural dilemma is at root a significant difference in our spiritual perceptions.

There is truth in both positions. Somehow we need to learn that differences are not necessarily threatening and may indeed become the occasion of discovering new truth. We need the courage to deal with them honestly and openly and with respect for one another. Perhaps conceiving of our struggles as a part of the great bellows of history will give us some distance from over-involvement with our own views and an appreciation for those who take positions contrary to our own.

Joe Havens is clerk of Mt. Toby (MA) Meeting, author of Psychology and Religion, and caretaker of "Temenos"—a place for renewal in the woods.
Early last January, our thirty-foot trimaran left Little Shoal Bay in Auckland, New Zealand, at 7:30 a.m. The crystal clear serenity of the morning was heightened by our inner turmoil as we contemplated our imminent confrontation with USS Pintado, a nuclear powered, nuclear armed submarine.

These thoughts became more remote as we slowly made our way out to the rendezvous point, soothed by the quiet charm of the sparkling waters on a beautiful summer morning. It was unbelievable that all this life was soon to be invaded by death wearing one of its more horrible masks.

The harbor seemed empty, apart from half a dozen protest yachts and a convoy of about ten navy and police vessels of formidable proportions, all making for the channel. An occasional runabout carrying press people provided noisy distraction from the quiet beauty of the scene.

The navy vessels continued out into the Gulf until they were outside the channel under the watchful eye of the police aboard the Stella, a 100-foot vessel used for servicing lighthouses. It steamed past our craft and pleasantries were exchanged.

“Nice day for it,” called a young man displaying a
police armband.

“Yes... beautiful,” responded some of our crew.

“Bet you’re not getting paid for it,” came back in reply.

Crew on protest craft busied themselves fixing banners and flags. Several bodies could be seen climbing rigging. Someone in a dinghy asked for a hammer and nails. Coffee, sandwiches, and salads were passed around.

About 11:45 a.m., the radio announced that a spotter plane had sighted the sub and that at present speed it would not reach the protest fleet for another hour.

Within minutes HMNZS Waikato could be clearly recognized. Waikato, the same frigate sent into the Mururoa test zone in 1973 by the Pacific Nuclear Free Zone, was now being used to help USS Pintado force her way through protest craft into Auckland harbor in a further violation of South Pacific hospitality. And behind the adaptable Waikato stalked the dreaded Pintado.

Eight navy and police vessels fanned out from the frigate to form a wedge, and two navy helicopters hovered above the sub.

The awesome convoy seemed to increase speed yet again as it approached the Peace Squadron, now blockading the channel with some 100 boats and presenting for the first time a formidable appearance.

We were heading across the bows of the Waikato; exact timing was crucial; we were not close enough to force her to stop. The former calm gave way to acute tension, turbulence and fear.

Helicopters singled out key boats, dropped almost to deck level and blasted the sails with the full force of their propellers. One small yacht was overturned right beneath Waikato’s bows. Another small yacht was demasted by the other helicopter.

Suddenly we had a helicopter almost caught in our rigging and displaying a large grappling hook. There was concern for those on the foredeck; a sudden turbulence and frantic wrestling with the helm, and our steering coupling broke. The sails were quickly released, and we lay immobile.

But still several boats broke through to approach Pintado. Waikato sounded four blasts to indicate she was going astern. Pintado’s captain was screaming orders down the conning tower. She slowed, swung to port, appeared to halt, then made an abrupt ninety-degree turn to starboard.

A small kayak, originally on the fringe, was now right alongside the Pintado. Caught in her turbulent wake, it was quickly swamped, and the occupant struggled frantically within ten feet of the massive propeller. A Peace Squadron runabout plucked him to safety.

Another small dinghy found itself in front of the submarine. Its occupants, the nuclear family of the year, included a man, a woman, a small child, and a dog. As Pintado headed straight for them, the mother held up her two-year-old for the captain to see. Pintado took evasive action, but only after it had struck the dinghy. A police boat dragged them clear.

There was a tense moment as the convoy halted. Several boats were overturned, their occupants in the water. Suddenly a gap was spotted to starboard. The Waikato headed for it, and within minutes Pintado was tucked behind her and racing for the channel. Even the fastest runabouts had difficulty keeping up.

As previously agreed, all attempts at blockade ceased when the channel was reached. Peace Squadron boats picked up swimmers and assisted immobile craft. Adrenaline levels steadied except for excited radio commentators on sea and in the air. Ashore, harbor beaches and vantage points were packed. A failing ferry service recouped losses by running a spectator trip to the channel. Patrons waved Peace Squadron banners and flags furiously.

Though the awesome convoy made it into the harbor, the former peace was irrevocably shattered. People were stunned by the thuggery of the full scale military operation. The Peace Squadron was successful: not in keeping Pintado out, but in demonstrating that she entered Auckland harbor only by forcing her way against determined opposition.
FORUM:
The Abortion Impasse

In the February 15 issue, Friends Journal printed three articles on the subject of abortion, inviting readers to enter into dialogue on this issue and to share their thinking with us. Several groups have contacted us to let us know that they have used the three-article series as a springboard for group discussion. Individuals have written to thank us for the courage and honesty of those articles. One felt it “is the Quaker contribution at its best.” Many others wrote to share their thoughts, experiences, and feelings; a selection of those responses follows. We again encourage you to dialogue on this very difficult issue, and to share your responses with us.

Thanks for publishing the three beautifully written articles concerning abortion. It is noteworthy that all these authors agree on so many points. They agree that the fetus is a developing human being, they agree in their opposition to the taking of human life, and yet they also agree that it would be tragic and unworkable to try to outlaw abortion altogether. For the wealthy could continue to find medically safe operations somewhere, while the poor would again fall victim to black market butchers.

The authors also agree on the necessity of developing more alternatives, such as making the adoption process easier, pushing expanded programs of education and counseling for pregnant women, providing more day care centers, etc.

I believe the only feasible long term way to cut down the number of abortions is through family planning education with universal knowledge and use of the best and safest contraception methods.

Chuck Fager’s “St. Louis Proposal” offers hope of defusing this volatile issue, which has developed so much more heat than light. It remains to be seen whether the Catholic hierarchy can be persuaded, as has Burke Balch, that criminal sanctions are not the way to reduce the number of abortions. Friends should welcome this approach of Chuck Fager as in keeping with their tradition of reconciliation.

Joseph S. Carter
Glen Mills, PA

As a Friends Journal reader for many years, and as a resident of Suffolk County, New York, for sixteen years, I was very interested in your three articles on the abortion dilemma (FJ 2/15/78). Our Suffolk County legislature has just voted to cut off medicaid funds for abortion for the poor. Chuck Fager is right about one thing. Abortion is causing a very great division in the religious community.

As Social Action Co-chairpersons of our local Unitarian Universalist Fellowship, my husband and I have worked for years with the local Catholic Peace Fellowship, the Methodists, the Quakers, the Congregationalists, etc., on many issues...alternatives to prison, world hunger, peace and disarmament, opposition to capital punishment. The list is endless. But on one issue, abortion, the division grows larger by the day. Most religious groups, nationally, are strong in their belief that a woman has the right to choose whether she is physically, economically, or emotionally able to bear a child. The Religious Coalition for Abortion Rights is composed of clergy and lay people of almost all the major denominations.

As the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights stated:

So long as the question of when life begins is a matter of religious controversy and no choice can be rationalized on a purely secular premise, the people, by outlawing abortion through the amending process, would be establishing one religious view and thus inhibiting the free exercise of religion of others.

It really doesn’t make us feel very ecumenical to read that Catholic dioceses throughout the country contributed $459,403 tax deductible dollars to The National Committee for Human Life Amendment.

Abortion is not a good choice. It can be a tragedy when those who are very young or poor or ignorant have late...
term abortions, causing the anguish felt by Phyllis Taylor. But when I think of all the battered wives and children in Suffolk County, or our poor who are ill-fed, clothed and housed, or the plight of the thousands of retarded adults who do not have decent places to live (a hostel for eight retarded adults was just burned to the ground here in Suffolk because many in the community didn’t want the retarded living near them), or the institutionalized mentally ill who are being forced out into the community without adequate programs, or the aged poor who are always told to “live elsewhere,” or our prisons that are usually learning schools for crime for our minority groups, I think God must say, “Please, please, please take care of the living who are everywhere among you.” Penalizing the young, poor, and ignorant by making them bear unwanted and often unadoptable children is not the answer.

Sally Howe Lineweaver
Northport, NY

I am very grateful to Phyllis Taylor for putting into caring and sensitive perspective all the doubts I have felt about the rightness of abortion. Despite my sympathy and concern for every woman caught by a pregnancy unwanted for whatever reason, the alternative seemed wrong almost every time—and she helped me to see why. Thank you for all three articles, but especially for hers.

Carol Spawn
Philadelphia, PA

Therapeutic abortion is unfortunate. No one surely can blame professionals who prefer to divorce themselves from it. But as a backstop to better methods of family planning, for the improvident or unlucky, is it not necessary?

Can we develop a wise and good policy on abortion without taking a wide view, loving God also with our minds? Must we not consider the whole creation and our duty to it?

Is it loving of Third World people, whose share of resources we so largely absorb, for us deliberately to have excessive, accidental or even tragically deformed children? Is it loving of the wild animals and wild beauty and clean air and water that will be displaced?

Is it not our duty as Christians to work to build the Kingdom of Heaven on earth? Are not exponentially expanding populations incompatible with that goal?

Do we not have an obligation, also, to love and feel tenderness toward our neighbor of the future, the person of the year 2000 (and of the years 3000 and 5000)? Are we to leave anything at all for them?

Betty Stone
Supply, NC

This is in answer to your invitation to respond to the question of abortion as raised in FJ 2/15/78. My response is in a way dedicated to Phyllis Taylor, whose article “The Journey” was a powerfully needed statement to encourage a reassessment of attitudes.

I give this story to you not as a “true confession” but in the hope it will help. In 1948, I was nineteen years old and married for six months. My husband and I were both working but living with my parents because of the post-war housing shortage. Although I was using a diaphragm, I became pregnant. Although the pregnancy was unplanned, I was overjoyed...briefly, that is. My mother was overcome with doom and gloom about our financial situation which intimidated my husband into silence. I was working as secretary-assistant to a surgeon. One morning, suffering from a little morning sickness and a lot of depression, I broke down. When the “good” doctor found out the problem, he offered to do a “D & C” in the hospital. Mother thought that great. Husband said it was my decision. Father was sweet but copped out. I began to feel like a criminal for wanting the baby. I did the “sensible” thing, had the abortion, and even though I have three children have regretted this event to this very day. It was a traumatic experience for my whole family.

It took me many years to realize that my decision was not a free one...that my husband and I were immature and that I turned to older people who were not really wise, just frightened parents and a doctor who was more interested in keeping an employee than in advising a young woman. I suffered a great deal, including losing two subsequent fetuses, which many experts now say can happen when a healthy fetus is aborted.

I am not against abortion. I am an advocate for what I believe is true freedom for the individual...the right to all the facts and options. Abortion is not to be taken lightly. We need responsible persons to counsel and support young women and their families.

To Ms. Taylor, I say, “Hold steadfast. Follow your conscience. You will not regret it!” Thirty years ago, after the abortion, the lab report came to the surgeon’s office. It was a small piece of paper that read “viable pregnancy.” Like “the hand,” that piece of paper has haunted me all these years.

Joan Kindler
Beechhurst, NY

I have just finished re-reading the three-article series on abortion in the Friends Journal. I was glad to see the Journal address such a controversial issue and present differing views. Cynthia Arvio’s article particularly “spoke to my condition.”

A birthright Friend, I have for the last eight years been employed at Planned Parenthood, where, at the present time, one of my jobs is counseling supervisor in the abortion clinic. There are times when I find my Quaker upbringing colliding head-on with the procedure of abortion. It is the taking of a potential human life, as Cynthia Arvio so ably points out. And some of the time I abhor it mightily, until I look in the faces and talk with the patients—the woman who already has three children with serious hereditary eye defects; the young teenager whose chances of problems with delivery or with producing a small or defective child are immensely increased because of the immaturity of her body; the woman who “doesn’t want it,” a poor candidate for motherhood.

The legalization of abortion does, of course, open the door for abuse (as with alcohol or drugs); and those of us in family planning (others also) who have interest in the quality of humanity should do all we can to discourage unplanned conception, so that abortion will not be necessary. In spite of recent advances, much education needs to be done on availability of methods and motivation for use of birth control. Research for safer, more natural methods is also imperative.

Abortion is a troublesome area for Quakers. Cynthia Arvio’s stand may not be popular, but I want to thank her for
taking the risk of revealing her feelings on abortion.

Reva Griffith
Kansas City, MO

I have been told that Quakers are firmly against the taking of human life in any circumstances, and that anybody who is at all familiar with Quaker literature knows this. I am the more puzzled, therefore, by the current enthusiasm for abortion.

We all need to meditate about "suction and curettage," the technique used in the first three months, when the developing body is still very soft. Wishing to know what actually happens on those occasions, I consulted a gynecologist and obstetrician. A straw is inserted through the vagina into the uterus. And the straw is connected to a spoon-shaped instrument which is used to scrape the walls of the womb, in case any fragments of baby still remain there.

Meditate also about accidents that sometimes happen in the second trimester, as related by Phyllis Taylor in FJ 2/15/78. These are often harrowing stories. The word is MAN. There is never, from time immemorial, the slightest suggestion that a man is involved in every pregnancy. He is never blamed, nor imprisoned (in the case of a prostitute), nor fined. Isn't it time we were all situation ethicists, I think: and I think that we should not too easily ascribe moral superiority, a purer Quakerliness, and the backing of the Spirit, to our stands on highly complex issues. At the same time I do not see why, if we are to be for the taking of human lives, we should specialize in innocent babies.

Gardner Stillwell
Champaign, IL

I was greatly impressed with the well reasoned and reasonably presented points of view in articles on abortion in FJ 2/15/78.

There was so much truth in each point of view one wishes they could be widely disseminated to all those concerned with the subject.

There was one omission in each article. But it is a word that I have never heard any speaker, any writer of books or articles or pamphlets on the subject used. The word is MAN. There is never, from time immemorial, the slightest suggestion that a man is involved in every pregnancy. He is never blamed, nor imprisoned (in the case of a prostitute), nor fined. Isn't it time we brought him in?

Eleanor B. Marindin
Sandy Spring, MD


Friends Committee on National Legislation is hoping very shortly to circulate quite widely among Friends' circles an outline of the problem of public financing of terminations of pregnancies for poor women, with an appeal for guidance as to an appropriate policy position for FCNL. We would like to include reprints of these three articles. We believe that they will help Friends to explore their own feelings on this very sensitive issue.

Evelyn W. Bradshaw
Washington, DC

Friends Committee on National Legislation is "seeking guidance on the issue of discrimination: Do Friends believe it proper, moral, just, and fair to deny safe, legal abortions only to the poor of any special group? Should FCNL support or oppose the cutoff of Medicaid funds for abortion? We appeal to the Society of Friends for a deep and serious consideration of the issues of unwanted pregnancies and resulting children and, in particular, the use of federal funds for ending unwanted pregnancies.

The FCNL invites the counsel of Friends in order that we may be guided to a well-considered position on this subject.


A year before the Supreme Court's decision legalizing abortions, New York Yearly Meeting in 1972 approved a Minute on Contraception and Abortion. It stated, in part:

The right of women to decide with their partners to have only those children they want should be protected. They should have access to free birth control information and medically safe contraceptive devices. When they consider it necessary, legal and safe abortion should be readily available.

There is today in the state of New York a Religious Coalition of Abortion Rights (RCAR), which represents forty-three religious bodies, Protestant and Jewish. Part of a national coalition, the RCAR as a matter of faith and moral conviction seeks to encourage and coordinate support for safeguarding the legal option of abortion.

Opposing that right are traditionally
conservative religious establishments: the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (Mormons), the Roman Catholic Church, and evangelical Protestantism. There has been little meeting of minds between the “right to choice” and the “right to life” forces. Twice-born Jimmy Carter, a candidate in 1976, met with bishops of the Catholic church on abortion but refused to discuss the matter with Jewish and Protestant leaders. Again, in September 1977, the new President Carter declined an interview sought by ten representative leaders of the RCAR. He met however with Archbishop Joseph Bernardin, who is spearheading the campaign of the Catholic church for a “human life” amendment to the constitution. That campaign has brought the anti-abortion forces to Washington four consecutive years on the anniversary of the Supreme Court’s decision. In their most recent protest of abortion rights, an estimated 40,000 marched up Pennsylvania Avenue and called on congressional representatives.

Their campaign against abortion rights is well-financed. One anti-choice group alone—the National Committee for a Human Life Amendment—has reported, as required by law, raising during a fifteen-month period $906,404 in contributions of $500 or more. A breakdown of these contributions discloses that 121 dioceses of the Roman Catholic church contributed $459,403. Contributions in amounts less than $500 would considerably augment these totals. Such funds for lobbying and pressures on legislators will decide whether a quarter million women too poor to pay for abortions will get them this year; or whether another half million indigent women who want abortions will be denied them because their communities have no public facilities or their states have restrictive laws.

Meanwhile, the liberal churches drag their feet on the issue. Such, regrettably, has been the John Knox come-lately record of the church. It was slow to denounce slavery and exploitation of wage workers and a nationalism that for centuries blessed “Christian soldiers marching as to war.” Impenitent also is the church for its role in creating and perpetuating the medieval ghetto and such byproducts as anti-Semitism and today’s neo-colonial thrusts in the Middle East.

Women have found new opportunities and freedom with only slight support from the church. The mystique of Mariolatry in the Roman church and its monastic orders and male hierarchy tend to widen the gulf between men and women. Protestant churches have generally accepted male superiority as the divine and natural order of things. They have been closer to Paul, the Pharisee, praying “I thank God that I am a Jew and not a Greek, free and not bond, man and not woman” than to the Paul who, having seen the Light on the Damscas road, wrote: “There is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female, for you are all one in Christ Jesus.”

Last December the New York Representa­tive Meeting of Friends had under consideration a minute on abortion submitted by two constituent meetings. The minute sought to activate monthly meetings on abortion rights and issues, advise members about contacting legislative representatives, and encourage quarterly and yearly meetings to participate actively in the Religious Coalition for Abortion Rights. The intent was to implement the 1972 yearly meeting minute on abortion. Representative Meeting commended the two meetings “for bringing the issue to the attention of Friends and encouraged members to act on it in accordance with their own consciences.”

Can a woman carrying an unwanted child await the outcome of my wrestle with conscience? If she is poor and elects abortion, a government that does not penalize poverty should pick up the tab as it would for the pre- and post-natal care of her child. Powerful pressure groups, religious and political, say “No.” My reading of the Advo­caces and Queries of New York Yearly Meeting and Scarsdale Monthly Meeting lead me to expect that Friends “will do all in our power to secure civil rights for all our citizens... to remove causes of misery and suffering (and) in loving concern extend assistance to those who require it.”

Walter Ludwig
Yonkers, NY

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**The Abortion: Words For a Young Woman**

Between the stars you’ll find your tender one.
Across the dark they call, and quick as air
Life moves from where the hurting thing is done.

It was too slender space for life begun
And in a room that could not hold it there.
Between the stars you’ll find your tender one.

Those stars keep place around the rising sun.
This life will find its place, its purpose clear,
And moves from where the hurting thing is done.

The web must break that was so quickly spun.
The dream that came was not a dream to share.
Between the stars you’ll find your tender one.

Your early Spring arrived. The maples run
With juice. Then Winter sealed that wound with care.
Life moves from where the hurting thing is done.

Now dream again in language all your own.
Safe be the time new children shall be fair.
Between the stars you’ll find your tender one.
Life moves from where the hurting thing is done.

Jeanne Lohmann
Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas, has appointed Loida Fernandez as Associate Secretary for Latin America. She was coordinator of the Mesa Redonda, the round table of Spanish-speaking Friends at the 1977 Conference of Friends in the Americas. This group appointed her as one of three Mexican Friends to act as coordinators for ongoing efforts to increase communication and mutual support among Spanish-speaking Friends in the Americas.

Loida Fernandez, in addition to her university and theological seminary training in Mexico, also studied (1972-1973) at Woodbrooke College, Birmingham, England. She will be working out of the Casa de los Amigos in Mexico City, and together with the other Central Coordinators, Manuel Guzman and Jorge Hernandez, will be keeping in touch with the Organizing Committee for Latin American Friends which represents Quaker groups in Bolivia, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Guatemala, Honduras, Mexico and El Salvador.

From Gerard and Nancy Negelspach in Barcelona, Spain, comes a report of a Spanish-French border meeting held there at Casal Bellesguard for three days. The "Casal" is a retreat center dedicated to silence and situated on the slopes of Tibidabo mountain overlooking the city and the sea.

In this idyllic spot four Friends from Montpellier, two from Paris, two from Madrid and ten from Barcelona met together to worship and exchange ideas and experiences. Three presentations helped inspire their worship-sharing and their discussions. Jose' Gomez described his month's stay in an ashram in Scotland run by Tibetan monks. Rene' Vaguel spoke on the subject: "Quakerism, an Experimental Religion." And the Negelspachs talked about a Spanish mystic, contemporary of George Fox, Miguel de Meline's. Mosen Revira, priest-director of Bellesguard, read in French parts of Thomas Kelly's Testament of Devotion, which he greatly admired and would like to have translated into Spanish in its entirety.

University (Seattle, WA) Friends Meeting bulletin calls attention to the case of Native American Leonard Peltier, convicted of the slayings of two FBI agents on Pine Ridge Reservation, SD, saying that Peltier's trial resembled that of a kangaroo court. Judge Benson refused to allow the jury to hear defense evidence that might show FBI misconduct, despite the fact that Peltier's co-defendants were acquitted on those grounds at an earlier trial. Peltier, now awaiting his appeal hearing, is being held at Marion Federal Penitentiary. It is important that people keep in touch with him both for his morale and for his safety. Write: Leonard Peltier, 896-37-132, P.O. Box 1000, Marion, IL 62959.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Survival Can Be Hoped For

J. William Frost’s article on “Quakerism and the Family” is an important piece of work in its forthright confrontation of changes which have taken place in Quakerism since the days of our ancestors. The change in the role of authority is, as he documents, a change with broad implications; a change which our Quaker forebears in part conceived but which has swept far ahead of what they could have dreamed.

One hopes that we may read between Friend Frost’s lines a hope for survival in honest reappraisal of our practices in the light of such insights.

Lindley M. Winston
Malvern, PA

“That of God” and Population Growth?

I am grateful for having read “Experiencing the Life of the Spirit in Japan” by Elizabeth M. Cooke (FJ 2/15/78) before the Sunday paper arrived. Cooke tells of the Japanese heritage from earliest Shinto times, “a beneficent, grateful worship and friendliness with the Kami: the gods, . . . the sea, rivers, the mountains and all creatures . . . .” In the same issue, R.W. Cobb (“A Referendum for All Creation”) led me back to “That of God in All Creation” by Tevis Rowan (FJ 11/15/77). I went to sleep with the hope that “That of God” in Homo sapiens could help us to govern our affairs in a way that could permit the coexistence of “that of God” in other biological lines.

Horror replaced hope as our Sunday paper reprinted an article from the London Daily Telegraph: “1000 dolphins killed in Japan.” Where was the “sense of oneness with all living creatures”? To quote the Telegraph: “Japanese fishermen call the dolphins ‘gangsters of the sea,’ saying the animals eat cuttlefish and yellowtail fish, threatening the livelihood of the fishermen . . . . As the angry fishermen proceeded from dolphin to dolphin . . . . with their clubs, ...
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Friends are reminded that the Anna T. Jeanes Fund will reimburse cremation costs. (Applicable to members of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting only.) For information write or telephone HENRY BECK 6100 Greene Street Philadelphia, PA 19144 — VI 2-7472

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Christians and Jews

I would like to share my reaction to Ferner Nuhn's article in FJ 3/1/78, entitled "Christians and Jews: A New Dialogue." I agree with his basic premise about bettering relations and opening

William A. Calder III
Tucson, AZ

May 15, 1978 FRIENDS JOURNAL
up more channels of communication between Christians and Jews. But in Friend Nuhn's dealing with the Nazi Holocaust, he doesn't go far enough in recognizing the extermination of between five and seven million non-Jews by the Nazis. Surely, for Christians to remember only the six million Jews annihilated while forgetting the five to seven million non-Jews killed by the Nazis, who the Jewish historian Max Dimont says were Christians, is to deny their Christian heritage. For Jews to deny their Jewish values of compassion and justice, Friend Nuhn fails to recognize that the Holocaust wasn't only anti-Semitic, it was anti-human! Today survival is no longer a Jewish problem only. It is now a problem for us all.

Thomas L. Carter
Santa Barbara, CA

More on Love's Practice

Thanks so much for sharing with me a copy of the March 1 issue of Friends Journal. It was an interesting issue. I read it from cover to cover. I was especially interested in the photograph on the opening page, appropriately depicting "Love's Practice," reflecting the joy of communicating across racial lines and experiencing "that of God" in one's neighbor. "Love's Practice" can achieve the unpredictable. "Mature love" is not always intelligent and capable. Jesus' encounter at the well with the woman of Samaria is a case in point. He was not expected to speak to her. She was surprised at his temerity and asked: "How is it that you, being a Jew, asked drink of me?" Moreover, the well was deep, and he came unprepared, having nothing to draw with. But in the realm of the spirit such obstacles are not formidable. "Love's Practice" may overcome the barriers of race, clan, or creed to bring people together into new and more meaningful relationships.

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Toronto, Ontario
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ANNOUNCEMENTS

Marriage

Latus-Giessler—On January 28, Donna Elizabeth Giessler and Michael Leo Latus, at a Catholic-Quaker ceremony in Ann Arbor, MI, Donna and her parents, Hali H. and Dorothy B. Giessler, are members of Detroit (MI) Meeting. Her grandmother, Mary V. Giessler, is a member of West Chester (PA) Meeting.

Adoption

Woertwein—Born on April 25, 1976, Amanda Joy Woertwein, adopted in York, PA, on March 27 by Francine and Kenneth Woertwein. The parents are members of Harrisburg (PA) Friends Meeting.

Birth

Bull—On November 17, 1977, John Keese Bull ("Jonathan") to Sheila Settle and Howard Bull of Palo Alto (CA) Friends Meeting. Both parents have a long history of Quaker ancestry. John Keese, Sheila's earliest recorded Quaker ancestor, was noted in the Friends traveling journal as having left London in 1649 for America, and is believed to have settled with Friends in Flushing, NY. In Howard's maternal family, the Motts are recorded in Friends meetings the past two centuries.

Deaths

Ashton—On March 5, Mary Ransom Ashton, aged 71, in Doctors' Hospital, Washing­ton, DC. She was a member of Trenton (NJ) Meeting. In 1928 she was graduated Summa Cum Laude and Phi Beta Kappa from Tufts University where her father was head of the Department of Mathematics. She was president of the Trenton YWCA and of the Yardley-Morrisville League of Women Voters, and active in the AAUW and other organizations.

After her husband Randolph died, she married his brother, Herbert, in 1965 and moved to Washington, DC. She was an information volunteer for the Smithsonian, a volunteer in cancer and heart fund campaigns, and other activities. She is survived by her husband, Dr. Herbert Ashton; a son, Richard Ashton of Morrisville, PA; two daughters, Mrs. Margaret Sullivan of Old Lime, CT, and Mrs. Norman French of Portland, ME; a sister, Mrs. Sylvia Sanborn of Gloucester, MA; a brother, Charles Ransom of Des Moines, IA; and six grandchildren.

Mary was an outgoing, glowing person who made great contributions to the Society of Friends and her communities which have been enriched by her life.

Atkinson—On February 26, Frances M. Atkinson, aged 81, a member of San Jose (CA) Meeting and former member of Buck-

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fill)' boys, 9-14.

FRIENDS JOURNAL
May 15, 1978
Strong and courageous in his convictions, he was non-judgmental towards others, and respected their opinions. As was said of George Fox, it may also be said of him: that he was no man's copy.

Trafford—On August 3, 1977, two weeks before his 76th birthday, Charles William Trafford, a member of Manasquan (NJ) Meeting for sixty years. He attended George School, served Shrewsbury and Plainfield Half Yearly Meeting as clerk, served on the Board of Oakwood School from 1962 to 1972, and was on Representative Meeting of New York Yearly Meeting from 1962 until his death. He enjoyed inter-meeting visitation and was concerned for the life of all meetings on the New Jersey coast as well as all facets of his own meeting.

He is survived by his wife, Gillette Peterson Trafford; a daughter, Mary Elizabeth Danon of California; two sons, Charles H. Trafford and Christopher T. Trafford; and six grandchildren.

Vail—On January 11 in Fallbrook Hospital, CA, Edith Thorpe Vail, aged 86, a member of Palomar (CA) Meeting. She attended Westtown School and Earlham College. She and Arthur were married in 1917 and lived in Media, PA, until after the birth of their first child, but most of their married life was spent in California.

Edith belonged to Villa Street and Orange Grove Meetings, both in Pasadena, for many years before helping to found Palomar Meeting in North San Diego County. She was a past president and longtime member of the Young in Heart Club in Fallbrook and had participated in community and worship activities in Fallbrook and the Deluz area which had been her home for eighteen years.

Although stricken by crippling disease in midlife, Edith had a spirit which remained buoyant, and she continued to welcome new and old friends into her home and share in community and meeting responsibilities. Young and old loved Edith Vail. She was patient and ever cheerful in the face of physical handicap, never lost her sense of humor, and always had encouragement and appreciation for others. She is survived by two sons, Edwin and Walter Vail; two daughters, Ann Vail Roberts and Ruth Vail Kirk; and by her husband, Arthur Vail, with whom she celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary last September; and by thirteen grandchildren.

Wixom—Suddenly on March 11, Clinton Wood Wixom, aged 81, a member of Columbia (MO) Meeting and former member of Germantown (PA) and Montclaire (NJ) Meetings. He served as meeting treasurer at the time of his death, as well as treasurer in Quaker organizations.

He attended Oakwood School and was a graduate of Cornell University in engineering in 1922. Later employed by American Bridge Company, a part of U.S. Steel Corporation, he was a design engineer for Philadelphia office building, the United Nations building in New York, and such bridges as Delaware Memorial Bridge, Tappan Zee, Mackinaw Strait, and others here and in foreign countries until 1961. He was a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers, the National Society of Professional Engineers, and Missouri Society of Professional Engineers.

Surviving him are two sons, Robert L. Wixom of Columbia, and William L. Wixom of Cleveland, OH; a daughter, Eleanor Helper of Columbus, OH; and nine grandchildren. His wife died in 1956 at Montclair.
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Positions Vacant

Scattergood School, a small coeducational, boarding high school, seeks to fill the following staff needs for 1983-84 and beyond: science teacher, counselor, English, art, ceramics, physical education, dorm director, secretary. Husband and wife combinations encouraged. Multiple skills are important. Contact: Charles Mullendore, Director, West Branch, IA 52266.

Math teacher. A small Quaker high school needs a married couple to house parent and to fill the math position. Farm and maintenance skills will be useful. Address inquiries to Box M, The Meeting School, Rindge, NH 03461. 603-899-3336.

Resident manager needed, small Friends home for active elderly near Media, Pennsylvania. Full or part-time opportunity. Call 215-506-4624 between 9 a.m. and 12 noon.

Position Wanted
Wanted: Summer job or job as camp assistant by George School junior girl. Box 5-717, Friends Journal.

Retirement
Cottage Program for Retired People. The Friends Home, Inc. is accepting applications for cottages for retired people. This is located in southwestern Ohio in one of the oldest Friends centers west of the Alleghenies. For information write or call Beulah Davis, Administrator, Quaker Heights Health Care Center, 514 W. High Street, Waynesville, OH 45068. Telephone: 513-897-6050.

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Retreat
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Schools
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Can the high school years be a time of meaningful learning in a community where students and faculty are enjoying life's opportunities? A Quaker School in West Branch, Iowa, has room for new students who will share work, learning, worship, and play with sixty other students and 10 faculty. Cost: $2500. Write Scattergood School or phone 319-623-5636.

The Meeting School is for high school students who are seeking an alternative, Quaker education. Intentionally small to enable students and faculty to reach decisions together. Students share faculty homes, family and farm duties. Coed, boarding, grades 10-12 and post grad, founded in 1957. Accredited—challenging academics; college prep, crafts, individual projects during March, animal husbandry, horticulture, forestry. Write: Admissions, The Meeting School, Rindge, NH 03461 or call 603-899-3336.

Oakwood School, Poughkeepsie, NY 12601 (914-662-4200). New York Yearly Meeting school since 1796. Grades K-8, 110 students, high academic standards, 5-day and 7-day boarding plans, excellent college preparation. Tuition reduction for Quaker students. Friends philosophy informs structure and atmosphere. Senior study days, canoes, and work in hospitals. Special attention given to the quality of life in dormitories. There's more. Call or write Roberta Knowlton, Director of Admissions.

Summer Rentals
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MEETING ANNOUNCEMENTS

Argentina
BUENOS AIRES—Worship and monthly meeting on Saturday of each month in Vicente Lopez, suburb of Buenos Aires. Phone: 791-5860.

Canada
TORONTO, ONTARIO—90 Lowther Ave. (North from cor. Bloor and Bedford.) Meeting for worship every First-day at 11 a.m. First-day school same.

Mexico
MEXICO CITY—Unprogrammed meeting, Sundays 11 a.m. Casa de los Amigos, Ignacio Masiscal 132, Mexico 1, D.F. Phone: 535-27-52.

Alabama
BIRMINGHAM—Unprogrammed Friends Meeting, for worship 10 a.m. Sunday. For information phone Nancy Whitt, clerk, 205-823-3637.

Alaska
FAIRBANKS—Unprogrammed worship, First-days 9 a.m., Home Economics Lounge, third floor, Eielson Building, Univ. of Alaska. Phone: 479-5762.

Arizona
FLAGSTAFF—Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m., 402 S. Beaver, near campus. Frances B. McClintock, clerk. Mailing address: P.O. Box 922, Flagstaff, 86002. Phone: 602-774-4296.

PHOENIX—1702 E. Glendale, Phoenix, 85020. Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. Olave Goodykoontz, clerk, 751 W. Detroit St., Chandler, 85224. Phone: 602-963-5684.

TEMPE—Unprogrammed, First-days 9:30 a.m., Danforth Chapel, ASU Campus. Phone: 967-3283.

TUCSON—Pima Friends Meeting (Intermountain Yearly Meeting), 739 E. 5th St. Worship 10 a.m. Steven S. Spencer, clerk. Phone: 602-325-0612.

California
BERKELEY—Unprogrammed meeting. First-days 11 a.m. 2151 Vine St., 94705.

CLAREMONT—Worship, 9:30 a.m. Classes for children. 727 W. Harrison Ave., Claremont.

DAYS—Meeting for worship, First-day, 9:45 a.m. 345 L St. Visitors call 733-5924.

FRESNO—10 a.m., College Y Pax Dei Chapel, 2311 E. Shaw. Phone: 237-3300.

HAYWARD—Worship 10 a.m., 22502 Woodrow St., 94541. Phone: 415-651-1543.

LA JOLLA—Meeting 11 a.m., 7380 Eads Ave. Visitors call 459-9000 or 277-0737.

LONG BEACH—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., Garden Room, Brethren Manor, 3333 Pacific. Call 434-1034 or 831-4066.


MALIBU—Worship 9:30 a.m. Phone: 213-457-3041.

MARIN—Meeting for worship, First-day school, 10 a.m. Room 3, 1st Congregational Church, 8 N. San Pedro Rd., Box 4411, San Rafael, CA 94903. Call Tom & Sandy Fairley, 145-472-9577 or Louise Aldrich, 415-883-7565.

MONTEREY PENINSULA—Friends meeting for worship, Sundays, 11 a.m. Call 375-3837 or 624-6281.

ORANGE COUNTY—Worship 10:30 a.m. University of California at Irvine (Union Club, Trailer T-1). Phone: 554-9292 or 552-7091.

PALO ALTO—Meeting for worship and First-day classes for children, 11 a.m., 957 Colorado.

PASADENA—502 E. Orange Grove (at Oakland). Meeting for worship, Sunday, 10:30 a.m.

REDLANDS—Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m., 114 W. Vine. Clerk: Peggy Power, 714-792-9576.

RIVERSIDE—Unprogrammed worship. First-day school, 10:30. Phones: 682-8584 or 683-4686.

SACRAMENTO—YWCA, 17th and L Sts. First-day school and meeting for worship 10 a.m. Discussion at 11 a.m. Phone: 962-5040.

SACRAMENTO—Unprogrammed worship. First-days 10:30 a.m. 4848 Seminary Dr., 596-2264.

SANTO FERNANDO—Family sharing 10 a.m. Unprogrammed worship, 10:30 a.m. 15066 Bledsoe St. Phone: 367-5288.

SANTA BARBARA—591 Santa Rosa Lane, just off San Ysidro Rd., Montecito, (YMCA) 10:30 a.m.

SANTA CRUZ—Meeting for worship Sundays 10:30 a.m. Community Center, 301 Center St. Clerk: 408-426-5992.

SANTA MONICA—First-day school and meeting at 11 a.m. 1440 Harvard St, Box 828-4069.

SONOMA COUNTY—Redwood Forest Meeting. Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 840 Sonoma St. Santa Rosa. Clerk: 707-539-6053.

TEMECULA—Meeting, 11 a.m. Foothill Friends Meeting, 2610 N. Temple City Blvd. Meeting for worship, Sunday 11 a.m. For information call 287-6880 or 798-3456.

VISTA—Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m. Call 724-4886 or 725-5930. P.O. Box 1443, Vista 92083.

WESTWOOD—(West LA Friends Meeting 6210 N. Santa Monica Blvd. First-days 10:30 a.m. Community Center, 426-5992.)

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SOUTH YARMOUTH, CAPE COD — North Main St. Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Phone: 432-1131.

WELLESLEY — Meeting for worship and Sunday school, 10:30 a.m. at 22 Bennett Street. Phone: 227-0281.

ROCKFORD — Meeting for Sunday worship, 10:45 a.m.

WORCESTER — Pleasant Street Friends Meeting and Worcester Monthly Meeting. First-day school 10 a.m.; unprogrammed worship for meeting 11 a.m. 901 Pleasant St. Phone: 754-3087. If no answer call 726-0276.

MICHIGAN

ALMA - MT. PLEASANT — Unprogrammed meeting 10:30 a.m. First-day school. Nancy Nagler, clerk, 772-2421.

ANN ARBOR — Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; adult discussion, 11:30 a.m. Meetinghouse, 1420 Hill St. Clerk: Berneta L. Taylor, 475-7749.

BIRMINGHAM — Phone: 313-334-3666.

EAST LANSING — Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.; worship 10:30 a.m. at 12 Homer St. Friends House, 29 Rope Ferry Rd. Phone: 423-9322.

LUDINGTON — Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. Phone: 316-804-1429.

KALAMAZOO — Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Discussion and child care 11 a.m. Friends Meeting House, 508 Denner. Phone: 349-1754.

MARQUETTE — Lake Superior —10 a.m. Summer. Forum follows, child care. 228-7677, 475-7595.

MADISON — Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; First-day worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Phone: 608-255-4886.

MINNESOTA

MINNEAPOLIS — Unprogrammed meeting 8 a.m. First-day school 10 a.m.; programmed meeting 11 a.m. W. 44th St. and York Ave. So. Phone: 926-6159.

ROCHESTER — For information call Sharon Rickert, clerk, 288-6286, or Richard & Marian Van Dellen, 226-4562.

ST. PAUL — Twin Cities Friends Meeting. Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m. Friends House, 290 Summit Ave. Phone: 222-3350.

MISSISSIPPI

TUPELO — Tupelo Friends Meeting, unprogrammed. Call Jimly Clifton, 842-3315.

MISSOURI

COLUMBIA — Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Ecumenical Center, 813 Maryland. Phone: 448-4311.

KANSAS CITY — Penn Valley Meeting, 4405 Gillham Rd., 10 a.m. Call 816-831-2526.

ROLLA — Preparative Meeting, Sundays, 6:30 p.m., Ekima Church, 1003 17th St., Rolla. First & Elm Sts. phone: 432-0585.

ST. LOUIS — Meeting, 2538 Rockford Ave., Rock Hill. 11 a.m. Phone: 721-0615.

SEYMOUR — Discussion 10 a.m., unprogrammed worship. Phone: 721-3674.

WYOMING — Discussion, 10 a.m., unprogrammed worship. Meet Jim/Donna Rickabaugh, Sunset Farm, Rt. 1, Seymour 60740.

NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY — Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. Room G-207, Stockton State College, Pomona, Nj. Meeting returns to S. Carolina & Pacific Ave. late May. Phone: 350-9417.

BARNEGAT — Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Left side of East Bay Ave., traveling east from Route 9. Phone: 258-9524.

CROSSWICKS — Meeting for First-day school, 10 a.m. Phone: 767-2310.

DOVER — First-day school, 11:15 a.m.; worship 11 a.m. Quaker Church Rd., Just off Rte. 10.

GREENWICH — Friends Meeting in historic Greenwich, six miles west of First-day school 10:30 a.m.; meeting for worship 11 a.m. Visitors welcome.

HADDONFIELD — Friends Ave. and Lake St. Worship, 10 a.m. First-day school follows, except summer. Babysitting provided during both. Phone: 426-6208 or 227-6210.

HIGHLANDS — Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. Phone: 516-367-6047.

MENLO PARK — Meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m. 359 Manhattan Circle.

MEDFORD — Main St. First-day school 10 a.m. Meeting for worship 10:45 a.m. Summer months—Union Street.

MICKLETON — Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. First-day school, 10 a.m. Kings Highway, Mickleton. Phone: 609-465-5693 or 463-0300.

MONCLAIR — Park St. and Gordonhurst Ave. Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m. except July and August. 10 a.m. Phone: 201-744-8320. Visitors welcome.

MORREESTOWN — Main St. at Chester Ave. Sunday school 9:45 a.m. Oct. through May. Meeting for worship 9 a.m. and 11 a.m. Visitors welcome.

MOUNT HOLLY — High and Garden Streets. Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Welcome.

MULLEHILL — First-day school 9:40 a.m. Meeting for worship 11 a.m. Main St., Mullehill. Phone: 258-9524.

NEW BRUNSWICK — Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. Quaker House, 33 Remsen Ave. Phone: 721-3674.

PLAINFIELD — Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m. Sunday School at E. Third St., 577-5736. Open Monday to Friday 12:15 to 2:15.

NEW MEXICO

ALBUQUERQUE — Meeting and First-day school, 10:30 a.m. 815 Girard Blvd., N.E. Alfred Hoge, clerk. Phone: 255-9011.

GALLUP — Sunday 10 a.m., worship at 7175 Helen Dr. Chuck Dooley, counselor. Phone: 863-3867 or 863-2782.

SANTA FE — Meeting Sundays, 11 a.m., Olive Rush Studio, 830 Canyon Road. Jane Foraker-Thompson, clerk.

SELECT — For worship, 1st and 3rd Sundays, 10:30 a.m. 1 Olive Lane. Joanne Ford, convenor. Phone: 835-1149.

NEW YORK

ALBANY — Worship and First-day school, 11 a.m., 727 Madison Ave. Phone: 456-0584.

ALFRED — Meeting for worship 9:15 a.m. at The Gothic, corner Ford and Sayles Sts.

AUBURN — Unprogrammed meeting 11 a.m. 7th day worship. By appointment only at 123 State St., Auburn, N.Y. 13021. Requests must be processed through Phyllis Rahn Glenn, 12 Homer St., Union Springs, N.Y. 13085. Phone: 315-889-5572.

BUFFALO — Meeting Sundays, 11 a.m.; meeting for discussion 10 a.m.; coffee hour noon. Child care provided. Information: 212-977-9688 (Mon-Fri, 9-5). Meeting address: Box 736, Brooklyn, NY 11201.

BUFFALO — Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m., 72 N. Parade. Phone: 812-9645.


CHAPPAQUA — Quaker Road (Route 120). Meeting for worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. Phone: 914-236-8064. Clerk: 914-769-4160.

CLINTON — Meeting, Sundays, 10 a.m., Kirkland First Center, Oneonta, Pa.

CORNWALL — Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Rt. 307, off NY, Quaker Ave. Phone: 914-534-2217.

ELMIRA — 11:00 a.m., Sundays 155 West 6th St. Phone: 607-735-7792.

GRAHAMSVILLE-Cataskill (formerly Greenfield-Newark). 10:30 a.m. During winter call 292-8187.

HAMILTON — Meeting for worship Sunday 10 a.m., Chapel House, Colegate University.

HUDSON — Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., Union St. between 3rd and 4th Sts. Margaret G. Moseri, 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 Bathope State Park Clubhouse.

FLUSHING—137-16 Northern Blvd. Discussion group 10 a.m. First-day school 11 a.m. Open hour 1:15 p.m. Worship, First-days except 1st, 2nd, and 12th months.

HUNTINGTOWN-LLOYD HARBOR—Meeting followed by discussion and simple lunch. Friends School, College Plover, Lane. Phone: 516-263-3672.

JERICHO—Old Jericho Tpke., off Rt. 25, just east of Jericho Tpke., in the Jericho Hardware Co.-owned building. Phone 914-989-0508 or Bill Shuler, 495-3213.

GREENSBORO—Friendship Meeting (unprogrammed). Guilford College, Moon Room of Dana Auditorium, 5110 Science Dr., clerk, 292-8100.

GUARDIAN CHAPEL, SUGAR HILL—Meeting 11 a.m. each First-day at Quaker House, 223 Millhouse Ave. A simple meal follows the worship. Contact Charlotte Kieles, 914-495-6956 or Bill Shuler, 495-3213.

LICHFIELD—102 South Rd. (at 168), 10 a.m. First-day meeting, 11 a.m. Worship, 10:30 a.m. First-day worship, 11 a.m. Worship and First-day school. Contact Janie O. Sams, clerk.

NEW YORK—120 Greenpoint Ave., between Manhattan Ave. and Grange Ave., near 110 Greenpoint Ave. Phone: 348-1767.

THE CHAPEL, 70-43 39th Ave., Sunnyside, Queens 11106—10 a.m. First-day meeting, 11 a.m. Worship, 10:30 a.m. First-day worship, 11 a.m. Worship and First-day school. Contact David Smith, 919-688-4486 or Lyle Snider, 919-286-2374. Unprogrammed.

HILLSBORO—Meeting 11 a.m. first Thursday of each month. Contact Richard W. Bolling, 1-513-861-4688 or 513-861-4678.

HUNTINGTON—Meeting 11 a.m. each First-day at old Huntington Friends Meeting House, 223 Millhouse Ave. A simple meal follows the worship. Contact Charlotte Kieles, 914-495-6956 or Bill Shuler, 495-3213.

GREENSBORO—Friendship Meeting (unprogrammed). Guilford College, Moon Room of Dana Auditorium, 5110 Science Dr., clerk, 292-8100.

GUARDIAN CHAPEL, SUGAR HILL—Meeting 11 a.m. each First-day at Quaker House, 223 Millhouse Ave. A simple meal follows the worship. Contact Charlotte Kieles, 914-495-6956 or Bill Shuler, 495-3213.

LICHFIELD—102 South Rd. (at 168), 10 a.m. First-day meeting, 11 a.m. Worship, 10:30 a.m. First-day worship, 11 a.m. Worship and First-day school. Contact Janie O. Sams, clerk.
MERION—Meetinghouse Lane at Montgomery. Meeting for worship 11 a.m., First-day school 10:15 (including adult class). Babysitting 10:15 on.
MIDDLEBURY County, Rt. 352 N. of Lima. Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m.
MIDDLETOWN—At Langhorne, 453 West Maple Ave. First-day school 9:30 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11 a.m.
MILLVILLE—Main St. Worship 10 a.m., First-day school 10:30 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11 a.m.
MUNCY—Rt. 422 
NEWTOWN—Bucks Co. —Meeting Millville—Main St.
MERION—Meetinghouse Rd., near Ambler. Worship and First-day school, 11 a.m.
VALLEY—West of King of Prussia, on old Rt. 202 and Old Eagle School Rd. First-day school and forum, 10 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m. Monthly meeting during forum time 2nd Sunday of each month.
WEST CHESTER—400 N. High St. First-day school, 10:30 a.m.; worship, 10 a.m.
WEST GROVE—Hammony Rd. Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., followed by adult class 2nd and 4th First-days.
WESTINGTON—Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. Sunday, Westtown School Campus, Westtown, PA 19395.
WASHINGTON—North Branch Monthly Meeting, Wyoming Seminary Day School, 1600 Wyoming Ave., Forty-fort. Sunday school, 10:15 a.m.; meeting, 11 a.m., through May.
WINDSOFT—Goshen and Warren Rts., Newtown Square, R.D. 1. Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Forum, 11 a.m.
WRIGHTSTOWN—First-day school, 9:30 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m. Rd. 413.
YARDELL—North Main St. Meeting for worship 10 a.m. First-day school follows meeting during winter months.

Rhode Island

NEWPORT—In the restored meetinghouse, Marlborough St., unprogrammed meeting for worship on first and Third-First days at 10 a.m. Phone: 894-7345.
PROVIDENCE—99 Morris Ave., corner of Olney St. Meeting for worship 11 a.m. each First-Day.
SAYLESVILLE—Meeting, Lincoln-Great Rd. (Rt. 126) at River Rd. Worship 10:30 a.m. each First-day.
WESTERLY—7 Elm St. Unprogrammed worship, 11 a.m. except June through Sept., 10:30 a.m. Sunday school, 11 a.m.

South Carolina

COLUMBIA—Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m., 3302 Bratton St. Phone: 799-8471

South Dakota

SIOUX FALLS—Unprogrammed meeting 11 a.m., 2307 S. Library St. Phone: 605-334-7894.

Tennessee

CHATTANOOGA—Worship, 10:30, forum 11:30, Second Mile, 918 Vine St. Larry Ingle, 629-5914.
NASHVILLE—First and Second First-days, Sundays, 11 a.m., 2804 Acklen Ave. Clerk, J. Richard Houghton. Phone: 615-292-7466.
KNOXVILLE—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. D. W. Newton, 680-8540.

Texas

AUSTIN—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Forum 12:00, 3014 Washington Square. 452-1841, Ethel Barlow, c/o 456-6378.
DALLAS—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., Park North YWCA, 4434 W. Northwest Highway. Clerk, Carolyn Lyle, 596-381-7487.
EL PASO—Worship, 10 a.m., 1101 Cliff St. Clerk: William Cornell, 584-7259.
HOUSTON—Live Oak Meeting, Worship and First-day school, Sundays 10:30 a.m., 1540 Sul Ross. Clerk: Malcolm McCordoula, 626-4979.
MIDLAND—Worship 10:30 a.m., Trinity School Library, 3500 Westclay. Clerk, Peter O. Clark. Phone: 697-7689.
SAN ANTONIO—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 11 a.m., Sundays, YWCA, 318 McCullough, 78215. Houston Wied, Clerk, 512-739-2587.

Utah

LOGAN—Meeting 10:30 a.m. Cache Library, 90 N, 100 E. Phone: 752-2702.

SALT LAKE CITY—Unprogrammed meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m., 232 University Street. Phone 801-887-1538.

Vermont

BENNINGTON—Worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m. Monument Elem. School, W. Main St. P. O. Box 221, Bennington 05201. Info. 442-6311.
BURLINGTON—Worship, 11 a.m. Sunday school, back of 179 No. Prospect. Phone: 802-962-8449.
MIDDLEBURY—Meeting for worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. St. Mary’s School, Shannon St.
PITFORD—Worship, 10 a.m. Sunday, Phone Gison. Danville, 802-864-2261 or Lowe. Montpelier, 802-223-3742.
PLYMOUTH—Wilderness Meeting, 10:30 a.m. Sunday, Farm and Wilderness Camp near Plymouth; N. entrance, Rt. 100. Kate Brinton, 228-8942.
POTNEY—Worship, Sunday, 10:30 a.m. The Grammar School, Hickory Ridge Rd.

Virginia

CHADDSF一对ville—Jane Porter Barrett School, 410 Ridge St. Adult discussion, 10 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m.
LINCOLN—Goose Creek United Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m.
MECLAN—Langley Hill Meeting, Sunday, 10:30 a.m., junction Old RI 123 and Rt. 190.
RICHMOND—First-day school 10 a.m. worship, 11 a.m. 4500 Kensington Ave. Phone: 356-6180 or 272-6115. June-August, worship 10 a.m.
ROANOKE—Salern Preparatory Friends Meeting, clerk: Genevieve Waring, 343-6796, and Blacksburg Preparatory Friends Meeting, clerk: Judy Heald, 544-7115.

VIRGINIA BEACH—Meeting for worship 11 a.m. (Based on silence) 1537 Laskin Rd, Virginia Beach, VA 23451.
WINCHESTER—Centre Meeting, 203 North Washington St. Worships 10:15 a.m. Phone: 667-4947.

Washington

SEATTLE—University Friends Meeting, 4001 9th Ave., N.E. Silent worship and First-day classes at 11 a.m. Phone: MEZ-7200.
SPokane—Silent meeting 10 a.m. Phone 487-3252 evenings and weekends. Skip Welch.
TACOMA—Tasoma Friends Meeting, 3019 N. 21st St. Unprogrammed worship and First-day school, 10 a.m., First-day discussion 11:30. Phone: 759-1970.

West Virginia

CHARLESTON—Worship, Sundays 10-11 a.m., Canesich Retreat, 1114 Virgin St., E. Steve Mininger, clerk. Phone: 342-8638 for information.

Wisconsin

BELoit—Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. Sundays, 811 Clyde St. Phone: 908-365-5586.
EAU CLAIRE—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. Call 235-9746 or 832-0094 for schedule or, write to Box 502, Collins, WI 54730.
GREEN BAY—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 12 noon. Phone: Shelia Thomas, 336-0086.
KICKAPOO VALLEY—Friends Worship Group, 10 a.m., Sunday. Write Duvaliks, R.D. 1, Pleasontown, WI 54652, or call 629-0132.
MADISON—Sunday, 11 a.m. Friends House, 202 Monroe St., 256-2249; and 11:15, Yahara Allowed Meeting, 879 Riverside Dr., Madison, WI 53711.
MILWAUKEE—10 a.m. YWCA, 610 N. Jackson (Rt. 406). Phone: 278-0690 or 962-2700.
OSHKOSH—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Sunday, 545 Monroe St. 414-233-5004.

Wyoming

SHERIDAN—Silent worship Sundays, 10 a.m. For information call 672-6368 or 672-5004.
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