summer's joyous days and nights laughed and skipped and suddenly slipped away leaving for today only memories—
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Pendle Hill’s beech tree on the front cover was photographed by Ted Hetzel.

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## Prayer

Let my days be leaves,  
Holding fast or letting go;  
Let me believe risk and reason  
Can be clothed in gold and crimson.  
Let my days be leaves,  
When everything I’ve grown  
Has fallen, blown, or simply left,  
Let me feel the stars collect  
Where leaves were once so sovereign.

— Margherita Faulkner
Before meeting for worship last Sunday I attended the service at the Episcopal church down the street, invited by a friend to hear a special preacher. In the service I sang the hymns with gusto and savored the tantalizingly brief moments of silence, using them to try to feel out the place in myself where I stood that day as a worshiping being. Looking around, I was struck by the simple structural symbolism of how we were placed, sitting in pews which faced the cross up in the front of the church. As we rose and sat and rose again, facing forward, I realized that we were symbolically facing God, all of us, turning our backs to each other in humble anonymity.

"Facing God," I mused later as I walked towards the Friends meetinghouse for worship.

I was wrestling hard at the time with a personal conflict, a baffling impasse with a friend over a job we were working on together. I felt aggrieved, resentful, unable to see how we were going to get the job done, wounded to realize that she found me a destructive presence. Our anger scared me. In meeting I hoped to hold this struggle up to the Light.

What swept over me first, however, was not this at all. Instead, it was a sudden joy to sit down in the familiar beginning silence, to look around at the faces—some known, others new, some peaceful, some pained, all different. Faces! That was it! While in many other churches worshipers face the cross in order to face God, in most meetinghouses, especially newer ones, Friends face each other. The simple circle of gathering Friends shone for me that moment in my new understanding.

In the silence of the meeting, we turn inward, each on an individual journey within, seeking to center into that still place where we can hear and respond to "that of God within us." Yet to make this journey we do not stay by ourselves: we sit with others, facing them. The knowledge that the person opposite me is pondering, praying, seeking, grappling with the particulars of his or her own life, strengthens me and affirms me in my journey. The vocal ministry, if it comes, speaks out of another person's life into mine.

The way we sit in meeting, then, reminds us that we can, and do, mediate God to each other. I had thought about this before in a sunny way: touched by a kind gesture from someone or by a moment of communion with another, I knew that even though I couldn't exactly say "who" God was I had felt the Spirit's presence there.

But today, what I had carried with me so heavily was Anna, our conflict, our seeming impasse. Could she mediate God to me? As I struggled with this, the shining circle did its work. Yes, God was in that facing, too. I knew suddenly that in the anger and bafflement, in the wrestling towards clarity with each other, God moved. I left meeting with no solution as yet, but filled with a simple, searching truth: In facing you, Anna, I face God.
DIVORCE: WHAT MIGHT FRIENDS DO?

by Gene Hoffman

Divorce didn’t happen to me all at once—even though it felt like it at the time. It had incubated for twenty years—perhaps longer, because, as I look back, I see that my predominant hopes for and expectations of marriage were unreal and destructive. This, of course, came from my conditioning. I lived in the unreal expectation that I would meet the “right” person, we would fall in love, and live happily ever after. Of course there were other messages, but my listening was selective—conditioned by my parents’ life together, and the poems, fairytales, and books I had read.

To these must be added that I am an only child. I had no experience of coping with multiple relationships, and then had seven children in the span of twelve years.

All through my marriage, I was aware I wasn’t meeting my children’s needs, and this plunged me into agonies of guilt and self-hatred. I looked to my husband to meet all my basic needs for companionship and affirmation, not knowing I was asking the impossible.

What I have to say may seem like a judgment of meeting. It is not meant to be. Everyone did for me whatever he or she could, but nobody knew what to do, and neither did I. So I will attempt to chronicle briefly what happened and suggest some ways Friends might help others who are experiencing such deep distress.

The gravest difficulties in my marriage came to a head a month after we moved to Santa Barbara, California, in 1959. My husband thought he did not want his wife and children and I spiralled into what might now be called a “psychotic break.” With the help of a dear friend and psychiatrist, I regained enough hold on my capacities to function, and I began seeking to make a life that made sense.

I needed meeting desperately at that time, but I was a stranger there—and there was no child care in Santa Barbara Meeting. My husband was not enthusiastic about going to meeting and I did not realize I could go without him and the children. Meeting had always been a family affair for us and I did not gain another vision. So we attended less and less and my fond hope that we would all be reconciled with the help of meeting had to be eliminated. I became entrenched in our home, trying to sew together the torn pieces of our marriage.

Once or twice, in moments of intolerable distress, I called a member of Orange Grove (my parent meeting) and asked him to come to Santa Barbara to help me. I also asked him if the ministry and oversight committee would help us. He talked with me, said he could do nothing, and left. And no one else from Orange Grove Meeting reached out.

I think I now understand why. My husband and I had the “model” marriage, the “model” family. We were so creative and moved so easily in so many worlds, could speak and write so eloquently of the Spirit and our leadings, that it was probably unthinkable that we could be caught in such distress. If this could happen to us—what might not lie in store for others, seemingly so much less fortunate?

No one from Santa Barbara Meeting called on us to try to learn what was happening in our lives, nor why we did not attend, and I was too frightened and ashamed to call on anyone there for help.

So I proceeded as best I could, doggedly determined to have the marriage endure, to bring us all into the sweet harmony I had long ago envisioned.

Then, it was all taken out of my hands. On an August day in 1971, my spouse left, saying he did not want to be married, nor have the responsibility of a family any longer.

So there I was, a woman in mid-life, with seven distressed children—suddenly flung into orbit with what felt like no one and nothing to lean upon.

Of course this was not true—even though it felt that way. I now know there is a Spirit undergirding me through even the bleakest of times. Two friends emerged who stayed near me, steadying me through my times of paralyzing pain, reminding me that both my children and I would come through.

I was involved with Re-evaluation Counseling and co-counselors were ever available—coming sometimes in the
middle of the night, sometimes staying with me when I was too terrified to sleep alone. Still others responded to my dial of the telephone.

Timidly I returned to meeting. Friends greeted me warmly, even those who could not openly greet my suffering. I think they may have felt they would interfere with my privacy. And, God knows, the last thing I wanted was that privacy. What I needed was openness, sharing, and support to regain confidence in myself.

These they gave me as they could, bringing with them their own unique and irreplaceable gifts of love, and caring, and giving me meaningful work for meeting. There are many reasons I can give for my inability to continue in my marriage. But there is one which I believe underscores and embraces all the rest as the primal cause: That was my loss of selfhood, my appreciation of myself as a unique, distinct person who knew there was love in every place and that every place is a safe place. I think this “knowing” disappeared because I lost touch with the Spirit and the Spirit’s leadings. I tried to make my marriage “work” through human means, through trying to be what I thought others wanted me to be, instead of confidently knowing it was all right to be a separate human being.

This loss was nobody’s fault and everybody’s fault. Had I continued in touch with the Spirit, encouraged to seek it by those who were in touch with it, my marriage might still have been dissolved—but I feel it would have been dissolved in a much less harmful way and my children would have suffered far less.

Before I began writing this paper, I listed a lot of things I thought a newly divorced Friend needed from Friends—invitations, being included in gatherings, even parties, social activities. None of these seem important to me now.

What I needed most were two things. First that someone would get in touch with my children—to let them know there was a family of caring people they could lean upon. People who would do simple things for them—invite them to dinner, visit them, call them on the telephone and remind them that neither they nor their mother was without support.

At the time my own mother was so ill she could not recognize me and my children’s father’s family was too occupied—perhaps too threatened—to reach out to them. So they had only me for support and I was a broken reed.

The other care I needed most was to be reminded about the Spirit, to get in touch with it, to return to worship—that worship leads to health and wholeness, and God is the aggressor in our lives.

If Friends could have reminded me to accept whatever happened to me as though I had prayed for it; if I had been reminded (over and over again) that it is safe to place my faith in Life, not in a particular person or situation; that Ecclesiastes is right, and there is a time for everything, including mourning; that mourning deeply is necessary and right—perhaps I would have come through more quickly, with less hurt to others, possibly with less to myself.

I know now that when I discover anyone in a condition similar to mine, I reach out in this way—seeking to remember always that he or she is different from me, and that I must speak to her or his condition. I feel this meets the only real need the suffering person has, and enables that person to accept the visitation with a more open and gracious heart.

But it does take courage to do this—and willingness to be rebuffed, and willingness to get involved in another’s life on the deepest level. But that’s what the ministry of friendship means to me.

John Yungblut’s book, The Rediscovery of Prayer, was an advent in my recovery. I intuitively selected it from an AFSC book table, read it breathlessly, and knew what I had to do.

I began to worship each morning—so restive and tentative at first I could maintain the quiet for only a few moments at a time: then, as the Spirit moved in me—for longer periods. Sometimes with a book to help center me, sometimes with my journal and pen—now, more and more, just sitting, open, expectant, waiting—outside of time—timeless waiting—timeless responses.

And then new responses in time: people I need in my life reaching toward me from across the city, across the nation, across the world. So many welcomes. No longer am I living in isolation, in an isolated house—in an isolated mind.

Once again I am surrounded by Friends and friends. Once again I can work. Once again I can laugh and see the leaves on the trees, the blossoms on the vine. New relationships open for me, some with my children. Some of them are beginning to share the gifts of their deepest selves with me. New and meaningful work comes to my hand. The invitation to write this article is one of them.

My life is not without fear or sieges of pain. But I can handle both more equably now. I know what my task is when they descend. I seek to get in touch with the Spirit, seek to give thanks for the gifts that come to me and remember it is not I, but the Spirit working through me that brought them into being. I seek also—through whatever means I have—to give back into life all that is coming to me—to let the love and care that pours in on me pour through me to bless others.

With the help of Friends and friends, I seek to keep alive in my heart the knowledge that Life-God can be trusted, and way will open for me as I proceed in that trust.

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WATER FROM AN EMPTY WELL: MINISTRY

by Wayne Copenhaver

I'll never go to the Earlham School of Religion! Just two years ago these words burst from me in a conversation about education for ministry. I have eaten them.

For several years I resisted entering any formal center providing “education for ministry.” My hesitancy clung to a cluster of questions which could be summed up under: What does “prepare to minister” mean? Surrounding this concern lurked an acquired suspicion of any approach heavily weighted, even unintentionally, toward academic-acquisitive skills.

Before coming to Earlham School of Religion I warned myself: “Don’t let academia recapture your soul! Be serious, but don’t take it too seriously. Your spirit, body, and relationships are equally important.”

Balancing these factors is difficult. The whirl of academia can create a vortex into which one can easily drift, if not tumble. During this time, however, I have been grasped increasingly by the significance of the ordinary—that which simply comes as I live and try to pay attention. I am mulling over this significance. It seems related to preparation for ministry. In fact, the “ordinary” is becoming the major grist for this preparation. I want to share some examples illustrating the illuminating quality of this grist.

One morning I stumbled into our communal bathroom. Ludmilla, a luxuriant climbing philodendron, pulsed with her radiant, green life on the back of the commode. While brushing my teeth, I noticed something unusual about her. Upon examination I realized that someone had snipped off her two longest, new runners. Rage seethed up in me! After all, she is my plant!

I later discovered that an international student had taken some cuttings. It seems it is customary in his land to help oneself, in moderation, to common property. He didn’t consider it theft. But I did. The next day I was shocked at the discovery of my own possessiveness. I was jokingly labelled a capitalist. Alone, as I pondered that epithet, I saw its truth. The implications of my clutching to this plant disturbed me. I wanted to put the Kingdom of God first—before all these things. My real priorities, however, were staring me in the face, disguised as oozing vegetable wounds, which I felt painfully in my own flesh.

Mary is a vivacious, do-er person, one who sees and then does. I’ve learned this because I cook and eat with her regularly in a supper-eating co-op. Once, in a time of personal pain for her, she blurted out, “Is my being here important to you?” Shock! People don’t ask such questions. Even with friends you have to be more tactful. In fact real problems cannot be taken to others. “Why is she always bothering me with her problems? Why doesn’t she just cry and take them to God?”

By the next day I had collected myself enough to tell her that her chief importance to me was her willingness to offer openly her needs to others. Since then her self-conscious offering has been a model for me. “Bear ye one another’s burdens and thus fulfill the law of Christ.”

“They don’t sing songs like that at the church I went to!” said an old lady rather sharply.

At a retirement center where I make music on Sundays, I had just played and sung “The Lord of the Dance.” I forgot that someone might make literal and conservative associations with the word dance. That song had been a gift and it wasn’t received. Ouch!

Later, on the way out: “Thank you, boys, for coming.”

Why do they call us “boys” all the time? I’m thirty-three, for heaven’s sake! Sure, sure, I know—they’d call any male under fifty “boy,” but what does that do for my self-respect? Do boys minister? Wait a minute, is my self-respect so shaky? How can a thirty-three-year-old understand the needs of a ninety-year-old anyway? What do we share in common? How can we meet? “In Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek, slave nor free, male nor female.” Young nor old? What does this mean?

Brad dropped out of seminary within a few credits of graduation. About once a week someone asks him, “But what are you going to do?” (I’ve asked him too—and wondered several other times.) “I’m going to live the gospel as closely as I can,” he says. Brad shares his struggle to stagger from under the burdening expectation to achieve—achieve something, anything, but you must achieve. His courage and commitment are an evocative—and slightly uncomfortable—presence for me.

Did Jesus “achieve” the cross or did obedience lead him there step by step? Is discipleship as easy as a formula, say: Motivation + Credentials + Job x Good Intentions = Success? Discipleship is either a terrifying weight or an embarrassingly irrational, ridiculously glorious, freeing gift of immediacy in obedience. It depends on what eyes I use to see. The choice is mine. (I hesitate.) The Power is not. (Do I trust it?)

These events strike me as exercises in humiliation, like being caught wearing my best idol costume, which is a...
too real to be funny. I have felt exposed in such revealing situations. I’ve learned things about myself which were important to learn, yet were quite embarrassing because of my feeling conspicuous and so transparent to the world. I was naked and felt empty-handed, with nothing with which to cover myself.

On the other hand, I have been surprised frequently in being met by the Power, in the midst of such times. A joy creeps up in me—not a happiness—a joy climbing up out of emptiness, out of the unassumed, the unchosen. I notice it. I try to pay attention; that’s hard, but I think this is what “doing theology” means. It can be done anywhere—on the farm, in the kitchen, the ghetto, the classroom, a relationship, behind the counter.

At the nakedness of my bumpy unwholenesses and semi-gloss idolatries becomes more visible, I wonder what it all means in ministering one to another. What attracted me most to this particular environment for paying attention, where I now live and study, was the emphasis on holistic learning and on “equipping ministry.” Equipped how? In addition to certain factual knowledge I am acquiring at this school, my chief pervasive, begrudging learning seems to be dawning: Equipped by emptying. Equipped to give away.

This most profound learning has put the contributions of formal theological studies in a figure-against-background pattern. Book-learning takes on a value and excitement through honoring, primarily, the background of this pattern—the “ordinary.” Interconnecting roots of deeper meanings intertwine there. Such life-nourishing roots are easily veiled from the inattentive by the surface commonness of daily events, the glitter of many abstract concepts, and the distractions of our frenzied, sensation-seeking society. Catching the parables of everyday life is the challenge. My attention drifts away. Suddenly, a parable catches me. And I am standing before a naked truth about myself. That is grist—the most significant material for the paradoxical emptying-equipping process. Then, confronting the bare, often humiliating truths about myself, what does “prepare to minister” mean?

Could this preparing be simply another face of that work of the Spirit which brings us into a life more abandoned to Christ? Could the preparing be merely coincidental to the chief occupation and concern: our simple, direct, perhaps befuddled and halting, yielding to Christ? Perhaps the clear, single eye of discipleship is usually not out of a decision made once and for all, but out of the day-by-day workings-out of obedience, step after unpremeditated step.

Coming up to the boundaries of our own strength and self-concepts in ordinary life events are occasions for turnings. Such confrontation with the naked truths of our own lives, our poverty, may lead us to a turning. As a Shaker hymn promises, “to turn, turn will be our delight, till by turning, turning we come round right.” Why delight? When humiliation, futility, and despair start to rise in us at these boundaries, we may—in the far corner of our hearts—hear the word: “Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.” This is a turning. We have come to a starting place. We come again and again. It is a simple, humble place. And, as the Shakers say, “it is a gift to be simple.”

What of “preparation for ministry?” I wonder if it is chiefly a co-incidence (happening at the same time) of paying attention to all our daily turnings in obedience. Nothing special in itself. Nothing in which any child of God intrinsically has the edge over another. Christ promised: “That one who believes in me, out of him [or her] shall flow rivers of living water.” Unconsciously, unpremeditatedly. As from the poverty of spirit of a little child who is a wellspring of God’s grace, flowing forth, unaware, from a being emptied of—poor of—self. To water all the world.
The Little Tree

With trembling gold and ruby hung
the little tree stands
at the dark mountain's foot,
poised like young David
to sing and dance before the Lord.

—Ann Ruth Schabacker

Autumn Enchantment

Detached as bees, completely blossom-sated
Or kittens sleeping small deaths of abandon,
I walk among the dahlias, unheeding
That their brief season rushes to its close.

Like rootless shadows blown about by wind
And with no purpose in their altering,
I wander in the garden with my thoughts,
Ignoring asters, hearing no birds sing.

Intruding less than pond-reflected cloud,
The outward world flows by; its sighs and songs
Leaving less trace on my enchanted heart
Than ebbing water on a sun-dried shore.

—Alice Mackenzie Swaim
Stained Glass Season

The fugitive sun declares his presence now
this dark November through willow oak
through shining panes of dogwood
and by the pond
garnet jewel of all
a lighted garnet glass
richer than anything by Connick
and spangled with net of silver filigree.

—Alice Carver Cramer

Swift Summer

Kaleidoscopically
swift and beautiful,
summer's joyous days and nights
laughed and skipped
and suddenly slipped
away
leaving for today only memories—
you there with yours,
I here with mine.

Strange,
this obstinate alchemy of time:
that joyous friendly hours
must be so brief.

Reluctantly but inevitably
the swift sparkling stream of summer
flows into autumn's
river of parting.

We chart our separate courses
on an arc of promise.

—Pollyanna Sedziol
Thoughts On Prayer  
by R. Candida Palmer

Jesus was asked by his disciples, “Lord, teach us to pray,” and in answer he gave them the Lord’s Prayer (Luke 11:1-4). Why should so specific a request and so explicit an answer leave Christians today wondering about the nature of prayer? Why should a Lutheran congregation ask a Quaker, me, to talk with them on the nature of prayer?

My first draft of notes for that talk became a long list of what Christian prayer isn’t: it’s not magic; it’s not a Santa wish list—*gimme, gimme, gimme...*; it’s not “meditation” or a contemplative state; it’s not driving bargains with God.

My second draft (and eventual presentation) began with a rerun of this simple image: Imagine yourself in a small boat. Somewhere off in the misty distance you know there is an island, but can barely discern it. Your boat is tethered to this island by a long, long rope—and you’re not sure how far it will play out; you suspect it goes on and on.

If the island is God, then prayer is the act of hauling yourself in closer by that rope—changing your position, your relation, to the island, and in that action also changing your position to the other small boats around you. (And that was about as far as this image could usefully take us; time to erase the drawing from the chalkboard.)

Not surprisingly the boat-rope-island metaphor stuck throughout the session. Simplistic formulations live on, not because people necessarily prefer them to more searching understanding. Prayer seems to be an area of particular difficulty where Christians easily lapse into near-paganism, magic or sooth-saying, even blasphemy; where modern science and skepticism have interposed themselves. One could talk of prayer’s many forms, such as praise, petition, confession, but I decided to stay with the central thrust of the boat-rope-island “givens,” namely the relationship involved, focusing on the one who gets to do the pulling on the hawser. If the basis of Christian prayer is relationship, then we can benefit from giving some thought to our end of it.

There was a time when the verb to relate (as in relationship) was intransitive; that is, the verb needed an object to relate to. One didn’t just “relate.” So when Jesus cast the Lord’s Prayer into a filial analogy, he wasn’t talking about role models or an open relationship. He shows us a deliberate God and an intention of committed relationship.

Basic to the prayer relationship is faith—belief in the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Jesus Christ. This was the same God intimately known to George Fox and his band of “finders.” There is little that can be said about Christian prayer if the “island” is but a mirage or mist, the rope a short projection hurled out from the boat whenever the occupant feels seasick or lonely. Yet it behooves us to remember also that the gospel record includes specifically the heart-cry of the father of the stricken child, “I believe, help thou mine unbelief.” Recurring doubt amid insightful flashes of faith; seeking searching amid sparse finding—all these are part of the Christian’s journey. But an inner (or experiential) knowledge of the existence of and recourse to the “island” is a

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The premise of Jesus’ teaching on prayer.

What’s in it for me? Jesus did say that no request was too large or too small to take to his Father. Was he talking about invoking miracles? About psychological self-help wherein the verbalized airing of problems already contains the embryo of solution? Or was he encouraging to set-up (tempt) God so that if God came through, Jesus’ followers would believe?

There is a simpler answer. It embodies another premise of all active, positive relationships: The simple expectation that needs can be fulfilled and the hope that they will be met. When Jesus used a homespun, filial analogy in describing to his disciples the prayer relationship, he built on common ground of expectation—the kind of response that would surely be forthcoming in a loving Jewish household. Which good parent, Jesus asks, when one of the children asks for bread, would serve up stones? The experience of receiving “stones”—albeit stony silence—at the hands of friends or family to whom one has entrusted a cry for “bread” (counsel or help) is all too acutely painful. In the very words Jesus uses he acknowledges the occurrence of such breaches of human relationship. Yet he encourages his followers constantly in entering into hope into a prayer relationship with God, who is faithful.

Why, then, are not all requests and needs met? In simplest terms, most personal dilemmas we bring up in prayer are symptoms which rear up like volcanoes out of the deep; the turmoil and the problems lie elsewhere.

In more complex terms, at the heart of Christian teaching lies a tension—the partial knowledge we have of God to engage our faith and hope; the limit of that understanding which makes room for disbelief, doubt and discouragement. They are all part of the Christian experience. Jesus was in the business of people’s relationship to the God he knew and proclaimed; he wasn’t telling God how to mind his end of the rope to the boat—even when Jesus, in the garden of Gethsemane faltered, “Father, if thou art willing, remove this cup from me….” (Luke 22:42) The words that follow, “But thy will be done…” acknowledge that there is a greater will, more inscrutable than human understanding. However, a passive invoking, “It’s God’s will,” instead of trying to change conditions here on Earth is simply a cop-out, asking God to do our work for us. But acknowledging God’s will as beyond our full understanding underlies the Judeo-Christian revelation to which Quaker interpretation is but a recent addition. Thus we find Jesus teaching others to pray always in hope, even when there is little cause for optimism.

The genius of Paul of Tarsus was able to put into words “these three, and the greatest of these is love.” (1 Cor. 13) Between God and humankind made in God’s image, the relationship is ultimately love. The love of which Jesus speaks has an object—God and humans, separate, yet inseparably entwined. This love is accountable. (Back to the small boat and the hawser—the object of prayer is a change in position, in direction to God.)

The Christian who prays for answers makes a commitment to act—rephrased by George Fox as “hearing and obeying.” We may not know always just how, when, or where to act; a long wait for further light may follow. But the commitment we bring to prayer is to act. The prayer relationship flows, flowers, is in constant dialogue.

The value of the boat-rope-island image lies precisely in its showing Christian prayer as an activity, and we have looked at its active attributes, faith, hope, and love. Something more needs to be said at this point, perhaps to Friends more than to Lutherans.

Who initiates this active relationship? (Who threw the hawser in the first place?) Friends might do some homework on this part of the divine/human encounter: reviewing what George Fox and those with him thought; reassessing the shifts that entered Friends’ formulations latterly, making for today’s sprawling Quakerism. (A fine essay appears in Quaker Religious Thought, No. 46, “Rufus Jones and Mysticism” by Daniel E. Bassuk. [Order from q.r.t., Route 1, Alburtis, PA 18011, $1.00.] Productive also can be a study of prayer passages in the gospels and in the Acts of the Apostles, The Young Church in Action, as J.B. Phillips titles his translation ofActs.)

Friends, more than Lutherans, I think, may be on the way to becoming a human potential movement rather than a powerful witness to God’s work in human history. It is not far-fetched to say that the first-century church and the first decades of Friends witnessed to something different—a vital, powerful God-potential movement.

Recent Quaker emphases have focused on human relationships, personal and in wider context. (A friend in the labor movement, whenever discussion of religion becomes too esoteric, never fails to ask, “And what’s it got to do with jobs?” Fair enough.) Like plants who lack soil, light, water, and air, humans left unnourished in their primary needs die. Sometimes the Society has seemed (to many) to be in the business of raising beautiful and other-worldly bonsais, rather than tall trees in whose crowns toss the winds of God. We realize that spiritual insights can and do come in many ways. But aren’t we about at the place where we need to further realign priorities: priorities that involve developing our relationship to the God known to Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Jesus Christ; a revitalized prayer life in faith, hope, and love committed and accountable; prayer that also listens, hears and acts?

The Lutheran congregation I met with had felt the dearth of meaningful prayer in their personal lives and their worship services. Together we reviewed the practice of family prayers and private devotions. When will Friends start to miss the power and vitality of Christian prayer? When will Friends want to return to a God-potential movement? Prayer just may be that first tug on the rope that will start the boat in God’s direction.
The sand colored starfish lies on my desk, a small five-pointed refugee from its rocky salt water home. I observe for the first time that it is covered with a design closely resembling that on a honeycomb. The fragility of the little creature made for difficult packing, but I am glad I brought it back from Maine. It will focus my mind's eye more sharply on the area where it was born—the harbor off the fishing village of Stonington, on Deer Isle. Piled with the working gear of
the lobster fisher, the dock above the waters of Penobscot Bay presents a fascinating picture all day long. The air is permeated with a clean, fishy smell. Departing several times daily from this point, the mail boat to Isle au Haut will also take a limited number of passengers along for the ride. Dark-coated seals with their light brown babies may be observed sunning themselves on rocks close by one of the many islands dotting the bay. Shags, as the boat pilot called them—cormorants to me—are almost as common as seagulls. With their long black necks and heads thrust forward in a rigid line, they look for all the world like a new type of aircraft making its regular run.

Next to my starfish lie tiny white, paired shells. I pick one up and am instantly taken back to the peaceful little cove where they were found at low tide. An old wagon road runs down to the water, a flowering meadow on one side, thickets of alder on the other. Along this enchanting way I jogged in the early morning through what Thoreau described as “the raspberry-scented air of Maine.” Familiar birds like robins and goldfinches were interspersed with intriguing unknowns. Bird song accompanied me, the notes of the white-throated sparrow the most unmistakable to my poorly attuned ear. I learned to recognize his high, sweet call of “Old Sam Peabody, Peabody, Peabody” when Dick, our inn host at Blue Hill, took my sister and me into the woods at dusk to hear the hermit thrushes. The white throats provided an extra added attraction that evening. Little pastel-tinted butterflies and black and white dragonflies flew across my path, and once a rabbit jogged just ahead of me.

There was no TV in the inns in Brooksville and Blue Hill and the local papers displayed a complete lack of interest in national or international news. It is good and essential to escape thus for a time. But now, home again, feeling and seeing the Baltimore heat and haze descend upon me, I recall the last day of school. The circle of five-year-old boys, many from our black ghetto, sat with their teachers and talked about the approaching summer vacation. How much further than a stifling room and a made dangerous by broken glass and heavy traffic, would any of them travel?

Starfish, seals and shells; butterflies and birds; and all of the wild flowers of the meadows, woods and shore; pure air and crystal clear water could have been, and perhaps still could become a part of the lives of our children. Anger rises in me as I contemplate the national budget for defense, abetted in its astronomical rise by an accompanying cutback in social programs. Funds for kill and overkill are available always; meaningful support for life-giving measures appears less and less attainable. An upside down world has been created, a world born out of our apathy and lack of concern, our inability to stand up and to speak out for the real needs of all of the peoples of this planet, Earth.

November Eleventh

The ghosts who broke the chains of death and burst into the night to find once more a body to live their unfulfilled design and goal are laid again and back within the graves where we keep what we do not wish to face as debt or duty, guilt or destiny.

The ghosts of our long history will leave with some of us their mark—a mark of waking, light, of purpose, prophecy we must obey.

It was on Halloween that Martin Luther had to nail his theses of conscience—crying on the door where all who came to worship had to face their faith.

Peace is not sleep; peace knows the aftermath of wars between the nations, of the battles we fight within ourselves; peace sees its work among the rubble and the fallen houses, the trampled gardens, devastated fields, where widows weep and children cry in hunger, screaming in nightmares, where all faith is lost.

Saint Martin’s Day—November the eleventh; he was a soldier, yet he shared his cloak—his only armor and protection—with the beggar, the naked.

Peace is vision, is obedience to what peace asks. Once, on Saint Martin’s Day the world pledged armistice.

Have we forgotten?

—Herta Rosenblatt

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Have we forgotten?

—Herta Rosenblatt
Forgive us our sins.
Forgive us our parents, and
Forgive us our sons.

In quilted robe, soft-
Yoked, I look beyond the pale
Stark-naked terror.

Do I too give the
Orders for death? Do I too
Bow and meekly die?

Here are the three sad
Ways of death: fighting, wilting,
And standing aside.

She whispers, “The way
Up is to step on toes and
Fingers and crushed skulls.”

Strong men fall neatly
Into ditches: blessed meek
Buried in the earth.

Killing another
Before he himself falls, each
Enemy dies twice.

Remember. Shudder.
Hope again, that love is not
Just a rose window.

—Janeal Turnbull Ravndal

The Teacher

A cold moon hangs
cold fire among the clouds,
and I remember colder nights
in hell when men died
in such pale light as this
of fire swift
and deadly as a heart of ice.

Hardly older then
than you are now,
I hunched down shaking
like an old man
alone in an empty cave
among the rocks of ignorance
and malice honorable men
call truth.

Out of that cave I carried
anger like a torch
to keep my heart from freezing,
and a strange new thing called
love
to keep me sane.

A dozen years ago,
before I ever knew you,
beneath a moon not unlike
this moon tonight,
I swore an oath to teach you
all I know—
and I know things
worth knowing.

It is a desperate future
I cling to,
and it is yours.
All that I have lived for
since that cold moon long ago
hangs in the balance—
and I keep fumbling for words,
but this clip-clapper tongue
won’t do.

I am afraid;
I do not want to fail.

I need your hands to steady me;
I need your hearts to give me
courage;
I need you to walk with me
until I find a voice
that speaks the language
that you speak.

—W.D. Ehrhart

Bill Ehrhart reflects on
his experiences as a
young enlisted Marine
in Vietnam (1967-68)
which turned him into a
staunch anti-waractivist.
He currently teaches
at Sandy Spring Friends
School, Maryland.

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Paradox

Who then dares reckon the winners or losers?
All are embalmed in the amber, time.

Though praising hands sometimes destroy, failure's chrysalid is quick with life.

Of rose and rifling hand, common denominator, this mutual dust may bring forth marvels still.

—Ann Ruth Schabacker
No Need
To Wait
Any Longer,
Lydia!

by Maurine Parker

"Sometimes, when I think of it, I can hardly wait!"

So said Lydia Cadbury some ten years ago when she was talking about death. As she contemplated it, her curiosity about the final human experience was very great. Death and eternity were favorite subjects, but her interest had nothing of the morbid in it. Death is an exciting adventure, she felt, a long-awaited trip into a strange land, a far away, unexplored territory.

Curiosity and love were her two dominating passions. She had a burning curiosity to know about everything, and there isn't a creature, too great or too small, too erring or too sinful to be outside the realm of her love. It was not in Lydia to judge, blame, or condemn any human being for faults; she felt only for their suffering. She did not excuse Richard Nixon, for example, but she suffered with him. A friend said to her one day,

"I believe you would feel sorry for Judas Iscariot."

Maurine Parker lived with Henry and Lydia Cadbury and served as companion, cook and chauffeur for them in 1972-73. Currently resident director of World Friendship Center in Hiroshima, Japan, she writes, "the worst part of my leaving was knowing I would not see Lydia again."

"Oh, I do. Poor man," was her reply.

Lydia never lost one iota of her basic humanity. In most of us, the quality of our humanity is diluted as we grow up, threatened by a seemingly evil world. Our egos become damaged and, at times, we resort to defensive behavior. But not Lydia.

In her, the simplicity of an unspoiled child was combined with the profound insights of one who meets life on its own terms and is never silenced in probing its depths. Her humanity—curious zestful and loving—remained intact.

There must have been people who did not understand her questioning. She wanted to know about you, about the state of your heart and soul, because she cared. She was not interested in—not satisfied with—surface answers about anything. She was eager to get at the fundamental truth, the reality.

She was a rare person—original, refreshing, full of the unexpected.

"Lydia, you're more fun than a barrel of monkeys," a young friend once said to her. And it was true.

One time I interrupted a conversation she was having with a friend. I excused myself and was about to withdraw, when her friend said to me,

"Oh, please don't go away! She's on the subject of Eternity and it's too deep for me!"

Once I reminded her of what she had said about not being able to wait to see what death was like.

"Oh yes, I did say that," she answered. "But what if, once we get up there, we find we'd rather be back down here?"

I once told Lydia that I wanted—her and me—to establish some code—some way of communicating with each other, if she should die before I did.

Lydia, who loved cats, answered my question by saying, "Well, if you hear a cat yowling somewhere, that will be me."

There was no subject outside the range of her curiosity. The commonplace little details of life ranked on a level with the profoundest intellectual pursuit. Once a distinguished British Friend spent an afternoon with her. Later, somebody asked her if she'd had a good visit with him.

"Oh yes," she said. "We spent the afternoon talking about men's underwear."

Once some mutual friends and I went camping, promising to telephone Lydia from the first place we camped. When I called, her first question was, "Have you had a bath?" She knew we had been concerned about being able to take a bath. Her first thought was about our comfort.

It is my theory that only that part of us that is loving survives after death. I think Lydia's personality in its entirety will survive, just as she is.
North Pacific

NORTH PACIFIC YEARLY MEETING gathered for the second year at Camp Adams, a wooded site in the hills between Molalla and Estacada, Oregon, on July 20-22. When we heard the reading of the epistle from the 306th gathering of Baltimore Yearly Meeting we were reminded of our youth. Only a few little ones have grown up in our yearly-old meeting, but we felt a part of the body of Friends across time and space through the epistles, through the varied backgrounds of our members, and through the presence of visiting Friends. Among these were Mike and Margaret Yarrow who shared their insights from living awhile in Belfast. Several Friends from South Africa, travelling under the auspices of the Friends World Committee, enriched our life together. In our near ideal situation—ecumenical friends, fine weather, beautiful surroundings—it was good to be made more aware of two of the world’s areas of extreme conflict. Having among us people who live in the situation as well as people in our country working on its ramifications, seeing their disagreements and watching them wrestle with words and attitudes, pointed up the complexity of the problems. We saw a film on South Africa which disturbed many because it left us angry and frustrated, wanting to strike out, but with no suggestions of anything we could do. A message out of worship that helped told a story as though a group of Jews were denouncing the Samaritans, when one of the Jews said, “No, they aren’t all a bad lot. I was on a journey and thieves fell upon me and left me for dead…” He told his story and ended, “Once you have looked into their faces, once you have known them…” So it has been with us. We have looked into the faces of five deeply caring white people from South Africa, one of them an Afrikaner. An interest group on Southern Africa drew large attendance as expected. It came as a surprise to have large attendance at one entitled, “Varieties of Christian Thought.” Within the group itself was enough variety to share with each other without drawing on literature or outside sources. There was a wish to see it repeated/continued in quarterly and yearly meetings.

Another dimension of the South Africans’ influence was their suggestion that in the ninety-degree weather the hospitality tea given for them be held in the shelter beside the swimming hole. Most of the 220 Friends present, of all ages, found their way to the cider and cookies and on into the refreshing water followed by falls and rapids at the confluence of two streams in the woods.

For the third year, our own members were in charge of food, a move that has resulted in lower cost, more nutritious food, ease for vegetarians, and for some an education in new food patterns. It is hard work for a few but a real service just as is clerking or serving on committees, caring for children or moving chairs. Those who wanted, volunteered to bring bread, jam, vegetables, fruits, etc., which supplemented what must be bought. We served nine meals to a minimum of 160, maximum 224, for $1695, which included cooks’ pay and $22.50 per meal to Camp Adams for supervision. We served family style so there was no standing in line. Volunteers set up and cleaned up, which fit very well our yearly meeting’s emphasis on small group interaction.

Our general sessions were opportunities for worship, for introductions, for messages from other Friends organizations and gatherings, from our steering committees, and from interest groups at this yearly meeting. In one session we approved a letter to go to the President, the head of the Olympics Committee, and others deplored the conversion of an athletes’ training center now under construction at Lake Saranac into a youth detention center after the Olympics are over. We urged that this facility be kept as a place for recreation and athletics. Instead of building new detention centers, we encouraged reduction in the number of youths deemed necessary to be locked up.

Out of tissue paper and paste and a fire in a garbage can, Talbot Elliott lifted our spirits early First-day morning with a hot air balloon. As we left breakfast and gathered on the grass of the playing field, it rose into the air about 200 feet and just stayed there. Then it came gently down and was carried back for another ascent several times so all could see and many hands help, and we went to the last worship-sharing groups with lifted hearts.

Alice Miles

New York

THE 283RD SESSION OF NEW YORK YEARLY MEETING met at the Silver Bay Association Conference Center on Lake George, July 22-28, 1978. This report is adapted from the summary presentation on the last evening of the yearly meeting.

A Psalm for Silver Bay
(with apologies to David)

I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go to New York Yearly Meeting.
Our feet shall stand within thy gates,
O Silver Bay.

I will lift up mine eyes once more unto
the hills surrounding Lake George.

The sun shall not smite thee by day,
after the first two days of thy yearly meeting.
Neither shall the rain smite thee, except on the day of thy Sharing Fund Fair.

Make a joyful noise, all ye Friends.
Lift your voices to the accompaniment of stringed instruments, recorders, and the pianoforte. Make a joyful noise, all ye children. Lift your clear young voices in grace before our meals. Make a joyful noise, all ye high school friends at the coffee house. And what a joyful noise! Let the rest of us clap our hands in delight.

Silver Bay is builded as a city that is compact together, whither the Friends go up. And there are set the committees of the yearly meeting, gathered this year into sections.

I will lift up mine eyes. Whence cometh our help?

Our help cometh from waiting in silent worship for the moving of the Spirit among us.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem. Pray also for the peace of Cairo, of Belfast, of Johannesburg, of all the world’s cities. Let them prosper who love peace and labor long for it.

Peace be within these walls, and right sharing of our resources.

For my sisters’ sake, and for my brothers’, I say, Peace be with you.

Let us go forth to seek peace for all our brothers and sisters. And the Eternal God preserve our going out and our coming in.

Already alerted by the United Nations Special Session, Friends were challenged to work actively for disarmament by the
awesome knowledge, experience, and dedication of Raymond Wilson. Issues of nuclear power found us still divided, and a special year-long study program for the yearly meeting was projected.

We were exercised about the decision of the Friends General Conference Executive Committee to hold the October Central Committee meeting in Atlanta, in a state which has not ratified the Equal Rights Amendment. Wise and for the year meeting was projected. Acceptable and coherent minute. We have set our feet on a long and difficult path in the search for true principles for the investment of the yearly meeting's endowment, a search deeply connected to our testimonies against war, racism, economic exploitation, and the inequitable sharing of resources.

The major work of the yearly meeting business sessions was the process of transition to a new organizational structure. Committees and sections are learning to wait for others to speak to their written advance reports. New formats, and patterns of response emerged. We are learning to consider policies and practices in worshipful waiting for true leadings and this experience is drawing us together. Of course, clearer structure and careful planning will not make much difference without continued dedication to the search for truth.

Other actions reflected this dedication. In response to a widespread concern about the rising operating budget, the coming year will see a special effort to inform Friends about programs and costs. There will also be a systematic review of concerns involving public witness looking to clarification of what concerns are appropriate for action at the local, quarterly, and yearly meeting level. Out of this may come a clear sense in the yearly meeting of what we are called to do.

Two Friends not present in the flesh this year were very much with us. A memorial minute was read for Anna Curtis, who will always be a remembered presence—the story-teller in plain Quaker garb, enchanting younger Friends. Barrington Dunbar recently passed away, but we will not forget his prophetic voice challenging middle class white Friends to be aware of their black brothers and sisters. We were glad to rename the Black Development Fund the Barrington Dunbar Fund. About one-third of those at yearly meeting were children of all ages. Their activities are not as interwoven with adult ones as we would like. They were blessed this year, as in other years, with enthusiastic, imaginative, challenging, hard-working, caring adult leadership. We missed these able Friends from most of the adult business sessions, but we are grateful for their gifts to our children.

In their threshold sessions, to which we are sometimes lucky enough to be invited, the young people can be creative in “younergery” us, challenging our values and accustomed ways of doing things and looking at things. They are the hope of the future of the yearly meeting, and of the human race.

George and Elizabeth Watson

South Central

North Carolina

THE 281st ANNUAL SESSION of the North Carolina Yearly Meeting of Friends met on the campus of Guilford College in Greensboro, North Carolina on August 9-13, 1978. Our clerk, Clifford Winslow, compared our gathering to a table laden with harvested fruits and vegetables which everyone had brought to share. The hope is that what we share with others and receive from God will enable us to discern “Our Calling to Fulfill,” the theme of this year’s yearly meeting.

Jack L. Willcuts, senior minister in Reedwood Friends Meeting, Portland, Oregon, gave an intriguing keynote message, “What Does the Lord Require of Thee?” The remainder of the week, he enlightened us with “One Fixed Trust,” challenged us with our heritage in “On Being Children of the Light” and inspired us with “Our Calling to Fulfill.”

A study of the Book of James was interestingly and ably presented each morning by Allen Bowman, professor of Biblical Literature at William Penn College, Oskaloosa, Iowa. The theme could be expressed as “Let faith be expressed in action.”

Reports from the various committees and commissions during our business sessions showed that a great deal of dedicated work is being done and that there seems to be a growing urgency and concern in seeing the work of our yearly meeting go forward.

Elsa Haworth, in reviewing Seth Hinshaw’s new book, Walk Cheerfully, Friends, called it a modern-day Barclay’s Apology. In Quaker simplicity, quotes and anecdotes reveal serious underlying thought and theology.

On Saturday morning, five young ministers received their certificates of recording. They are: Robert VanAn-

twerp, Paula Jean Teague, Thomas Spainhour, Harold Salmons, and C.M. Wilson, Sr.

Many Friends believed the message of Billy Britt, our executive secretary, to be the highlight of the entire yearly meeting. He presented ways we might measure our progress toward the realization of our goals.

Nancy R. Holt

Athens, Texas, Was the Site of the Memorial Day weekend gathering of the South Central Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends. This was our first springtime meeting, and was comparatively small, since many “regulars” were not able to attend. Since much time was spent during the two-and-a-half-day meeting discussing the other times, sites, and methods of meeting, it might be said that we are going through an identity crisis, reacting to the unvoiced question, “Why have a yearly meeting?” (Our main item of “internal” business was a discussion of the nature of membership in the meetings.)

Because of our limited time for gathering, no outside resource people were invited, and visitors from Quaker organizations had more than the usual time for presentations, which I found to be helpful and enjoyable. Nick Block, especially, gave an impassioned, personal, and very clear overview of the activities of FCNL, and Wayne Kamin of the AFSC spoke about his trip to South Africa and stirred our consciences with the “Last Grave at Dimbaza” film. The U.N. disarmament sessions, South African repression, and the New Call to Peacemaking were discussed in business sessions, and some concerns were minutred.

There was a widespread feeling that we needed to have more time to share with each other, since the tight timetable precluded worship-sharing groups. Next year’s meeting, at Easter, may be forced to change the date back to Thanksgiving (the only guaranteed four-day weekend in the calendar) despite weather considerations and conflicts with family celebrations.

Also, there was much evident interest in having regional (perhaps “half-yearly”) conferences in our vast area, and we dealt, as usual, with the yearly meeting's relationship to the younger attenders.

Dennis Dick
Abington Junior Friends

"I was being asked to gather the children.

Alice Wetherill had a concern. Quaker children like her own daughter often do not know other Friends of their own age. Small meetings, dwindling First-day school membership, and a culture where Quaker values are alien, make it sometimes lonesome, sometimes confusing to growing up a Friend. Alice's concern eventually resulted in the extraordinary Friends Junior Conference in the summers of 1977 and 1978. Like many other parents whose children have grown by attending the conference, I am enthusiastic about it and appreciative of Alice's work.

Protesting that she does not want personal credit for the conference, Alice Wetherill explains that all along she felt clearly led to do what she did. "It was an act of faith," she says. "It was a struggle, but it always felt right."

What emerged from Alice's struggle was a five-day, residential, rather small conference for Abington Quarter's young people aged seven to twelve. It is important, she feels, for young people to have an experience away from parents yet surrounded by caring adults. The numbers—forty last year, fifty-two this year—reflect Alice's desire to know each conferee personally. Abington Quarter and this year a grant from the Yearly Meeting Bequest Committee gave financial support, and many individuals gave their time. A central purpose was for the young people to learn about their Quaker heritage and to build a religious foundation for their lives. The George School, with its acres of green fields, provided a peaceful setting for activities that ranged from serious to exuberant.

Like many summer camps, the Friends Junior Conference offered crafts, swimming, games, and singing around a campfire. But here each young person attended daily classes or workshops in Quakerism, religion, caring, and Native culture. Meeting for worship took place daily, too. A very special extra in 1978 was the presence of the Papineau family, Native people of the Onondoga tribe of the Iroquois nation. Ronnie Papineau taught classes in Native culture each day, and Kent, Kelly, and Michelle Papineau helped her give an evening program of song, dance, and drum music. The children learned to paint each other's faces, using authentic symbols. Robert Dawson, a friend of Friends with some Lenape heritage, built a grand teepee for everyone to decorate, and at the final program, he gave each boy and girl, in the spirit of fun, a Native name: New Moon, Squash Blossom, Running Deer.

What is most important to me about the conference is its respect for children. "This was definitely not seen as a way for parents to get rid of their children for a few days," Alice Wetherill insists. "It was a time set aside just for them. This is the first conference just for children." Penni Eldredge-Martin, who facilitated the Caring workshop, found it "a really nice experience" because children were seen as important and capable. The conference format, with topics of substance, the meeting for worship, and the general tone indicated that children were being taken seriously, both intellectually and spiritually. "Everyone there respected those children,"
observed Penni. "They were seen as equal partners in the venture." Perhaps this is what conferee Chris Hackett meant when he said, "This isn't like school; it's like 'Welcome Back, Kotter.'"

Taken seriously, the young people responded in kind. "Let's talk about serious things, not silly stuff," suggested David Leeser, another conferee. The children were involved, excited, positive. At mealtime, cafeteria service meant that everyone sat down at a different time, so a silent time at the beginning was impossible. Instead, a gong mid-meal signified time for silence. Those who had finished waited for the others. This is what conferee Chris Hackett observed.

"It meant that they were being seen as Quakers," observen Penni Eldredge-Martin.

In fact, children who remembered a special meeting for worship at the 1977 conference were disappointed not to recreate it in 1978. In 1977 the children asked to have meeting for worship without adults. As Alice Wetherill tells the story, she had hoped all week that such a meeting would be possible. By the end of the week, she and the counselors agreed that the young people were ready. Part way through meeting for worship on the last day, Alice rose and said that the staff would leave for their own meeting. "When will we know when meeting is over?" someone asked.

"You'll know," said Alice. The adults went out to meet on the porch, closing the door behind them. Fifty-five minutes went by. On the porch during that time, only one adult spoke, and then only two words: "It's unbelievable."

Finally the doors burst open and children flew out. Some were so excited that they ran to telephone their parents and tell them about it. Perhaps not surprisingly, the Children's Meeting this year was a letdown. "Let's not have a popcorn meeting," one conferee urged the others.

Clearly the conference experience was spiritual at center. In a letter of appreciation, parent Sandra Moberg writes, "The unifying framework of this camp experience was a profound and explicit commitment to the Light." But there was lightness, too, and lots of play. "It was a work of love," writes counselor Patti Seip.

Love and personal caring came through in many ways. I encountered it when Ronnie Papineau made friends with my son Eric. On the morning of registration, after Eric had unpacked his suitcase, he was not ready for me to leave. After all the other parents had left, as everyone else went in to lunch, Eric still clung to me. "I want to stay and do the fun things," he said, "but I don't have a friend yet." Several counselors and older children had tried unsuccessfully to get Eric to join in. I sat beside him on the grass, wishing I could make new things easier for him, wondering what to do now. Then Ronnie Papineau sat down beside Eric. He said she would like to be his friend, to know all about him. She promised to tell him all about life on the reservation. She would tell him stories every night and take care of him like a mother, if he wanted. She, too, had felt as he was feeling, wondering if she would be comfortable here. Would he go to lunch with her? He would. As I drove home on the turnpike, I cried all the way. Soon after I got home I received a collect call: "Mom? It's more funner than I thought."

Another way in which caring was evident was the detail in which Alice Wetherill and others had planned. One example was the surprise arrival of Joseph Penrose, like Alice a member of Horsham Meeting, in his antique fire truck. The movie was not just any movie but Anne and the Old One, a film about a Navajo family. Instead of name tags the children wore Native headbands with their names printed across the front. At the final ceremony each person received a feather for the headband. But the caring went deeper than just planning. "I really learned a lot about caring," reflects Terry Briody, a counselor. "It was all around me that week."

Terry and the other counselors were a vital part of the success of the Friends Junior Conference, Alice believes. "The children learned to love, adore, to hang in one of Alice's favorite memories of the conference. The counselors had the idea that on the last night, after all the children were asleep, they would awaken them with music. "Only a nonmother would think of it," comments Alice. The counselors went to each hall, sat down, and sang. One by one, children would come out and crawl in counselors' laps. 'After that, at 11:30 at night, we were singing 'Amazing Grace' and 'Kum Ba Ya.' We were adding verses—all of us were exhausted—like 'One more day, Lord, Kum Ba Ya.'"

The conference was undoubtedly a time of personal growth for many. Eric Toensmeier is glad to know that he can be happy away from home. His father and I see him acting warmer, friendlier, more outgoing, and Eric believes that the experience at George School is partly responsible. Terry Briody, after his experience as counselor, writes of feeling "so connected again."

Inspired by a Quaker concern, structured by meticulous planning, carried out by loving staff, the Friends Junior Conference was also shaped by another factor: Alice Wetherill's thinking about young people. She believes that at least until they are teenagers, young people need answers to their questions about religion. Vagueness, she feels, does not help them. They need to build their faith. Quaker children, she says, need to learn about the teachings of Jesus. At the Junior Friends Conference, knowing why they are there, she says, young people are very willing to talk about religion. Alice also believes that some Friends' children carry an unfair burden of guilt and worry about social problems. Social concerns as well as sexuality, she feels, should be introduced as topics at a later age.

Of course, many of us hope there will be more Friends Junior Conferences. We would like to take them for granted—as our children's inalienable right come June every year. Already a waiting list of young people did not get to attend in 1978, not to mention children in other quarters and yearly meetings. But just what will happen about Friends Junior Conference in the future is not clear to Alice Wetherill or to anyone at present. For now what we know is that our children have been gathered and can be gathered.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Christianity and Economics

Parade magazine recently ran an article on Will and Ariel Durant, which in essence “distilled more than 2000 years of history into three simple words: Love one another.” We Friends couldn’t agree more. But having said that, where do we go from there? Durant says of Jesus, “He undoubtedly was the most permanent influence on our thoughts, but not on our actions.” Why is that the case?

I think we are getting at part of the answer in the recent issue of Friends Journal on the topic of Peacemaking (FJ 6/15/78) when the point was made that we are laboring under an economic system based on selfishness and competition rather than on the Christian principles of cooperation and concern for others.

An illustration of the malfunctioning of our economic system was the spectacle of the farmers’ strike which was in the news last year. Some of our western farmers said they could not plant seed for this year’s crops without going into debt because the prices being offered them for last year’s produce were too low. And this at a time when consumer retail prices had never been higher. Obviously there is too much profiteering between the farmer and the consumer.

I believe the Christian churches should be saying much more about something so fundamental as the way in which we obtain our daily bread.

On the problem of agriculture, perhaps we can learn much from the Chinese. Our small farmers have been and are being forced out of business at an alarming rate. Big corporate interests, and now also some oil-rich Arabs, are buying up our farmland. The only viable alternative seems to be farmers cooperatives or collectives. As with the Chinese, these farm organizations might do well to market more things directly to consumer organizations instead of through big processors like General Mills. I also believe our health suffers from eating too much refined and chemically treated food.

But industry and other businesses, where most in the U.S. earn their living, need to be democratized also. Of primary concern are our natural resources, coal, oil, minerals, and electricity generating equipment. These should certainly be the property of all the people, as are our national forests. How are we to achieve such a transfer of power as this would represent? Friends have always maintained that violent seizure is the opposite of the Christian approach. The attempts at violent takeover of power have often been counterproductive because either the entrenched authorities have an overwhelming superiority in military might or the revolutionary forces, if initially successful, have later been betrayed by power-hungry leaders—and the dream of cooperation, equality, freedom, and peace has not been achieved.

The slow methods of education and moral persuasion are what we must rely on, followed up with political action through the elective process and economic action by forming more and more cooperative enterprises of many types.

As an important first step in political action to bring greater democracy to our existing economic institutions, I would suggest making the principle of “one member one vote,” which governs credit unions and cooperatives, become the universal law of the land. Corporations would become really public if each shareholder was equal in voting power to every other shareholder. This is just basic democracy and, I think, would find a welcome response from most Americans.

Until we all come to thinking and talking and acting upon such specific economic proposals as outlined above, I see little chance for the Christian dream of justice for all and peace in the world.

Joseph S. Carter
Glen Mills, PA

The Human Touch

I suggest another “feather in the cap” for the food staff of Ithaca College, site of our 1978 General Conference of Friends. Due, I imagine, to the remembered boycotting by Friends of certain lettuce and grape producers in recent years, the delegation from our Friends Committee for Gay Concerns, upon requesting a tour of the kitchen supply of citrus products which were to be served at the conference, were cordially

November 15, 1978 FRIENDS JOURNAL
and proudly shown the crates clearly stamped California—all of them!

The food staff at Ithaca College had witnessed for full human rights even before sight and good knowledge of proudly shown the crates clearly this bill (allowing conscientious objectors an alternative, peace-promoting use for the military portion of the federal tax dollar) does not call for any sacrificial act on the part of pacifists willing to "go the second mile."

Others might want to argue with David Scull as to whether a tax bill is an appropriate vehicle for pacifists' self-sacrificial giving—i.e., offering to pay more than others owe the federal government for the same liability.

But I wish to put forward a plea for immediate self-sacrificial labor and giving, on behalf of passage of a WPTF bill. The National Council for a WPTF (211 Florida Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008) needs funds badly. Members of Congress need to hear from us in support of the bill.

Furthermore, I would like to remind those who, like David Scull, have "difficulty with the World Peace Tax Fund as presently offered," that there is nothing sacred and immutable about the present wording. We can be quite certain that, when Congress takes a serious scrutiny of provisions for an alternative fund for C.O.s, much rewriting will be done. The final bill, when passed, may look very different from the WPTF bill as now published.

H.R.4997/S.880 will surely remain a pure product of Ann Arbor conscientious objector thinking and a "museum piece," unless there is a greater commitment to the idea of some alternative fund for our battered consciences in the face of great government commitment to war machinery.

Should we "soft pedal" the arguments with each other over the details of WPTF and pull out the stops in our argument with all branches of government for a change in the income tax laws that will allow "free exercise of religion" and give us the opportunity to build institutions for nonviolent solutions to international conflict with our present war tax dollars?

Ross Roby
Philadelphia, PA

Economics and Violence

I was appalled by Howard E. Kershner's letter entitled "Capitalism is Nonviolent" in FJ 9/1-15/78. One can go round and round on which of the modern industrialized systems of government and economics is more violent than the others, but to claim as he does that "Free market economics are nonviolent" is simply not supported by history.

Perhaps the only historical period where one could claim a full-fledged manifestation of such a system is the nineteenth century. And even a superficial reading of the lives of J.J. Astor, J.D. Rockefeller, the novels of Dickens, and so forth (none of them writings by radicals) shows clearly the violence done to working people by the economic system.

But more than anything else, I miss in Howard Kershner's letter any effort to move beyond rhetoric to a workable, human-oriented "system"—away from materialism, either Communist or capitalist.

Stephen M. Gulick
Philadelphia, PA

In the October 15, 1978 issue, Friends Journal incorrectly printed a statistic in the Hess' article, "A Question of Stewardship." On page seven, column one, the eighteenth line should read: "ninety-five percent of the homes were without electricity or gas" instead of "ninety-five of the homes..." Our apologies to the authors, and to readers for any confusion caused by this error.
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Caddy—On August 7, Lydia Caroline Brown of Caldwell, Home in Newtown, PA, her residence for the past three years. She was born at Westtown, PA, where her father, Thomas Kite Brown, was mathematics teacher and later headmaster. She graduated from Wellesley College in 1912, and four years later married Henry Joel Cadbury, who was a cousin on her mother's side, and who had also been her Latin teacher. Lydia Cadbury is survived by her husband, his five children, his eight grandchildren, two sisters, and four stepchildren. Her Latin teacher took them from Haverford, PA, to Cambridge, MA, twice, and back again to Haverford, after a couple of years in residence at Peasle Hill, for an active agreement. Henry Cadbury died in 1974. The Cadbury's shared a deep concern for the new-coming Friends Meeting at Cambridge, as well as a love and loyalty to their community meeting of Twelfth Street, which continued supportively to the new Philadelphia Monthly Meeting. Lydia's organization of the Quaker Round Table and Fellowship of Recognition super meetings in Cambridge were attended by many seekers to these groups, and she was active in the Boston branch of women's International League for Peace and Freedom, serving as president for several years.

Henry and Lydia and their four children shared the pleasures and responsibilities of managing Back Long Camp with other members of the Brown family, and this made this a memorable experience for all who joined them for a summer vacation. Lydia took an active interest in their trips to England, the Holy Land, Europe, and the West Indies, where Henry persued New Testament studies, Quaker research, or they served as AFSC representatives. Her wide range of literary and historical interests and sympathetic interest in people made her a valuable companion for all ages.

Lydia Cadbury is survived by her daughter Elizabeth C. Musgrave, Ann Arbor, MI; her son, C. Beer, Haddonfield, NJ; sons Christopher Joel Cadbury, Clinton Corners, NY, Wardle Henry Cadbury of Albany, NY; sister-in-law, Anna Hartshorne Brown, of Sandy Spring, MD; a first cousin, Leah C. Westfall of such children; and fifteen nieces and nephews.

Paxson—On September 9 of a heart ailment after a long illness at the Hospital of Pennsylvania, Thomas D. Paxson, aged seventy-one. He was born in Philadelphia, and graduated from Germantown High School and Penn State University. He joined Bryn Gweled Homesteads in 1941, and took an active part in that community. He also served on the Southampton School Board and later on the Southampton School Authority. He had been president of the board of Directors of Chandler Hall in Newtown, and later chairman of the board of Trustees Boarding School at Bryn Mawr, PA. He was president of the Paxson Mfg. Co. of Andalusia until 1977. The company had been founded by his father, Charles S. Paxson. He is survived by his wife, Lydia Schoepfer Paxson, four children by his deceased wife, Ann Edmunds Paxson; Sue Humphries of Palo Alto, CA, Martha J. Grundy of Cleveland, OH, Thomas Paxson, Jr., of Edwardsville, IL, and Franklin E. Paxson of Harvard, MA; three stepchildren, John and Mark Rahill, of Albany, VT, and Faith Rahill of Eugene, OR; eight grandchildren; two sisters, Helen Herr of Wallingford, PA, and Dr. Margaret Brian of Baltimore, and a brother, Charles Paxson of Lansdowne, PA.

Births

Palmer—On July 15, Bethany Anne Palmer to Alice and Wilson Palmer of Cincinnati, OH. She is the granddaughter of Russell and Ruth C. Palmer. The parents and her brother, Christopher, attend Clifton (OH) Friends Meeting.

Woodruff—On September 7, Sarah Abigail Woodruff to Pamela and Nathan Woodruff. The parents are members of Sandy Spring (MD) Meeting.

Marriages

Greenwold-Palmer—On July 22 at Gwynedd (PA) Meeting, Patricia Palmer to Carl Greenwold. The bride is the daughter of Russell and Ruth Coppock Palmer, members of Gwynedd Meeting.

Goetge-Faux—On June 11, Patricia Faux and Chris Goetge, under the care of Clifton (OH) Friends Meeting. The bride is the daughter of Kathleen and Richard Faux of Cincinnati, and the bridegroom is the son of Ronald Goetge of Seattle, WA, and Eileen Goetge of Gradenhuijzen, OH. Chris and Patricia now live in Seattle, where they are working as landscape architects.

Jones-Beeghly—On September 23 at the home of the bride's parents in Youngstown, OH, in a blending of the Methodist and Friends ceremonies, Selina Beeghly and David Gordon Jones. David, his parents, G. Pownall and Margaret Breslius Jones, and his grandparents, Gordon F. and Katherine Y. Jones are members of New Garden Meeting.
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Birmingham—Unprogrammed Friends Meeting worship 10 a.m. Sunday. For information phone Becky Whitt, clerk, 205-823-3637.

Arizona
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San Diego—Unprogrammed worship, First-day school 10 a.m. 4848 Seminole Dr. 295-2264.

San Fernando—Family sharing 10 a.m. Unprogrammed worship, 10:20 a.m. 15006 Bledsoe St. Phone: 367-5286.

San Francisco—Meeting for worship, First-days 10 a.m. 4848 Seminole Dr. 295-2264.

San Jose—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. Singing 10 a.m. 1041 Morse St.

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: 408-426-5962.

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Camden—2 miles south of Dover. First-day school 10 a.m.; worship 11 a.m. Phone: 284-9636; 697-7725.

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Newark—Worship, Sunday, 10 a.m., United Campus Ministry, 20 Orchard Rd. Phone: 366-1041.

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Friends Journal, 152-A N. 15th St., Philadelphia, PA 19102
District of Columbia

WASHINGTON—Meeting, Sunday, 11 a.m.; worship group, 9 a.m.; adult discussion, 10 a.m.-11 a.m., bald cypress; 11:30-noon; First-day school, 11 a.m.-12 noon. Worship group. Thursday evening at 7 p.m. 2111 Florida Ave., N.W., near Connecticut Ave.

Florida

McHENRY COUNTY—Worship 10:30 a.m. 1st and 3rd Sundays. 511 Garden Rd. Phone: 472-9235.

Iowa

AMES—Meetings for worship 11:15 a.m., 715 Grand Ave. Phone: 274-4851.

Kentucky

LEXINGTON—Worship and First-day school, 4 p.m. For information, call 265-2653.

Louisiana

BATON ROUGE—Unprogrammed meeting for worship, in Baton Rouge call Quintin Jenkins, clerk, 343-0019.

New Orleans

Worship Sundays, 10 a.m.; Presbyterian Style Center, 1122 Broadway. Phone: 822-3411 or 861-8022.

Maine

BAR HARBOR—Acadia meeting for worship in evening. Phone 228-5419 or 044-7113.

Mid-COAST AREA—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 10 a.m. at Damarcosta library. Phone: 293-3484 or 862-8635.

Orono—Unprogrammed meeting, MCA Bldg. Phone: 966-2198.

Maryland

ADELPHI—Near University of Maryland, 2300 Mietzstr Rd. First-day school, 10:30 a.m.; worship, 10 a.m. Deborah James, clerk. Phone: 422-9290.

ANNAPOLIS—Worship, 11 a.m., former St. Paul's Quaker, 201 S. Charles St. Phone: 623-3773; Potomac, 307 N. Charles St., 234-4438.

BETHESDA—Sidewall Friends School, Edgebrook Lane & Belvedere Rd. Classes 10:15; worship 11 a.m. Phone: 979-1156.

CHESTERTOWN—Chester River Meeting, Worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. 127 High St. George Gerberick, clerk, 639-2156.

EASTON—Third Haven Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m. 406 South Washington St. Frank Zieger, clerk, 634-2491; Lorraine Claggert, 622-0569.

SANDY SPRING—Meetinghouse Road, at Rt. 108. Worship, 9:30 and 11 a.m.; first Sundays, 9:30 only. Classes, 10:30 a.m.

SPARKS—Gunpowder Meeting, First-day school, 11 a.m. For information call 472-2551.

Massachusetts

ACTON—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Harvey Wheeler Style Center, corner Main and Church Sts., W. Concord. (During summer in homes.) Clerk, John S. Barlow. Phone: 369-0899/369-5509.

AMHERST-NORTHAMPTON-GREEKFIELD—Meetings for worship 9 a.m. and 11 a.m. First-day school at 10 a.m. Summer months: worship at 10 a.m. only. Mt. Toby Schoolhouse, Route 8 in Laverett. Phone 253-9427.


CAMBRIDGE—4 Longfellow Park (near Harvard Square, just off Brattle St.). Two meetings for worship each First-day, 9:30 a.m. and 11 a.m. Phone 876-6863.

DORCHESTER—JAMAICA PLAIN—Sunday evenings 5 p.m. in homes. Worship, FDS, soup, and discussion. Phone 252-3745.

FRAMINGHAM—7 St. Edmonds Rd. (2 mi. W. of Nobscot). Worship 10 a.m. First-day school, Visitors welcome. Phone 677-0481.

SOUTH YARMOUTH, CAPE COD—North Main St. Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Phone: 439-1131.

WELLESLEY—Meeting for worship at 10 a.m. 1500 W. Arlington Rd. Phone 876-8897.

West Falmouth, Cape Cod—Pl. 28A, meeting for worship, Sunday 11 a.m.

Westport—Meeting Sunday, 10:45 a.m. Central Village. Clerk: J.K. Stewart Kirkaldy, Phone 636-4711.

Philadelphia - 10th and Race Sts., 10:30 a.m. unless otherwise noted; phone: 215-422-7211 for information about first-day schools.

Byberry, one mile east of Roosevelt Boulevard at Upper Darby, Pa. Phone: 610-260 S. Mermaid Lane.

Philadelphia - 510 E. Mermaid Lane.

North and Arch Sts., First- and Fifth-days.

Frankford, Penn and Orthodox Sts., 11 a.m.

Frankford, Unity and Wall Sts., 11 a.m.

Germantown Meeting, Coultier St. and Germantown Ave.

Green Street Meeting, 45 W. School House Lane.

Indian Valley - Schuykill Meeting. East of Rydal and north of junction of Whitehorse Pike and Rt. 23. Worship, 10 a.m. Forum, 11:15 a.m.

Pittsburgh - Meeting for worship and first-day school 10:30 a.m.; adult class 9:30 a.m., 4636 South Ave.

Flemington Meeting, 4th and Mill Sts. First-day school for worship. 10:30 a.m.

North - Conestoga and Squirrel Rds., Ithan, meeting for worship and first-day school, 10:30 a.m. Forum, 11:15 a.m.

Reading - First-day school, 10 a.m., meeting 11 a.m. 108 North Sixth St.

Sellersville - 16 S. Broad, 2 miles NW of New Hope. Worship, 10 a.m. First-day school, 10:45 a.m. Phone: 297-5065.

Southampton (Bucks County) - Street and Main Sts. First-day school 6:45 a.m., worship 8:30 a.m. Clerk's phone: 357-3857.

Springfield - N. Springfield Rd. and Old Squirrel Pk. Meeting. 11 a.m. Sundays. Council, 314 S. West St.

State College - 316 South Atherton St. First-day school, 9:30 a.m.; meeting for worship, 10:45 a.m.

Stillwater - Penns Valley, 301 Center Rd., 10:30 a.m. Phone: 797-9412.

Brandywine - Whitler Place, College Campus. First-day school, 10 a.m. Forum, 11 a.m.

Chew - R.D. 4, New Salem Rd., off Rt. 40. First meeting, 11 a.m. Phone: 437-6946.

Upper Dublin - Rt. 202, Washington Ave. and College Rd., near Ambler. Worship and first-day school, 1 p.m.

Valley - West of King of Prussia, on old Rt. 202 and Old Eagle 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, 10:45 a.m.

West Grove - Harmony Rd. Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., followed by adult class 2nd and 4th First-days.

Wyomissing - Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m.; Westwood School Campus, Wyomissing, PA 19610.

Wyomissing - Upper Main St. Meeting. 11 a.m. Phone: 610-376-0596.

Wyomissing - Summerland, 1560 Wyoming Rd., Summerland, PA 18986. First-day school, 10 a.m.; meeting 11 a.m., through May.

Wyomissing - Glassboro Rd., New South Rd., R.D. 1, Meeting for worship and first-day school, 10 a.m.

Wyomissing - First-day school, 9:30 a.m.; meeting, 11 a.m. 413.

Wyomissing - North Main St. Meeting for worship 10 a.m.

York - 135 W. Philadelphia St. Meeting for worship 11 a.m. First-days.

Rhode Island

Newport - In the restored meetinghouse, Marlborough St. Unprogrammed meeting for worship on first and third first-days at 10 a.m. Phone: 849-7345.

Providence - 9-19 Morse Ave., corner of Orne 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 - 5 Elm St. Unprogrammed worship, 11 a.m., except June through Sept., 10:30 a.m. Sunday school, 11 a.m.

South Carolina

Columbia - Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. at Children's Church, 2506 Garnet St., 799-8471.

South Dakota

Sioux Falls - Unprogrammed meeting 11 a.m., 2307 S. Center, 516-3153. Phone: 805-334-7894.

Tennessee

Chattanooga - Worship, 10:30, forum 11:30, Second Mile, 516 Vine St. Larry Ingle, 620-5914.

Nashville - Meeting and first-day school, Sundays, 10 a.m., 2804 Acklen Ave. Clerk, J. Richard Houghton. Phone: 615-292-7486.

West Knoxville - Worship and first-day school, 10 a.m. D.W. Newton, 693-6540.

Texas

Austin - Worship and first-day school, 10:30 a.m. Forum 12:00 noon, 3014 Washington Square, 452-1841. Ethel Barrow, clerk, 697-6378.


El Paso - Worship, 10 a.m., 1100 Cliff St. Clerk: William Cornel, 564-7259.

Houston - First-day school, 10 a.m. Phone: 713-736-2587.

Midland - Worship 10 a.m., Trinity School Library, 3500 West Wadley Ave. Clerks, Peter D. Clark, 383-8030.


Texarcana - (Unprogrammed) meeting, 1114 Mary's School, 683-8093.

Utah

Logan - Meetings irregular June-Sept. Contact Mary Roberts 735-2786 or Cathy Webb 752-0692.

Salt Lake City - Unprogrammed meeting and first-day school, 10 a.m., 220 University Street. Phone: 687-4189.

Vermont

Bennington - Worship, Sundays, Library, 10:30 a.m. Monument Elm School, W. Main St. Opp. museum, Mall P.O. Box 221, Bennington, 05201.

Burlington - Worship, 11 a.m. Sunday, back of 179 No. Prospect, Phone: 802-862-8449.

Middlebury - Meeting for worship, Sunday, 11 a.m., 1st, Mary's School, Shannon St.

Plainfield - Worship, 10 a.m. Sunday, Phone Gilson, Danville, 802-684-2261, or Lowe, Montpelier, 802-223-442.

Plymouth - Wilderness Meeting, 10 a.m. Sunday, Farm and Wilderness Camp near Plymouth; entrance, Rt. 100. Kate Brinton, 228-8942.

Putney - Worship, Sunday, 10 a.m. The Grammar School, Hickory Ridge Rd.

South Starksboro - Hymn sing 10:30, silent meeting 11, potluck 12, 2nd Sunday each month, June through October. Special Thanksgiving and Christmas meetings. For information phone Baker, 802-877-3032.

Washington

Seattle - University Friends Meeting, 4001 9th Ave., silent worship and first-day school classes at 11 a.m. Phone: ME 2-7000.

Spokane - Silent meeting. Phone: 327-4096. Wayne Bensinger.

Tacom - Tacoma Friends Meeting, 3019 N. 21st St. Unprogrammed worship 10:30 a.m., first-day discussion 11:30 a.m. Phone: 759-1910.

West Virginia

Charleston - Worship, Sundays 10-11 a.m., Cenacle Retreat, 1114 Virginia St. E., Steve Mininger, clerk. Phone: 342-6888 for information.

Wisconsin

Beloit - Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. Sundays, 511 Sary St. Phone: 608-385-8585.

Eau Claire - Meeting for worship and first-day school, 11 a.m. Call 535-9748 or 642-0150. For schedule, or write to Box 502, Colfax, WI 54730.

Green Bay - Meeting for worship and first-day school, 12 noon. Phone: Sheila Thomas, 336-0988.

Kickapoo Valley - Friends Worship Group, 10:30 a.m., Sunday. Write DuViviers, R.D. 1, Readstown, WI 54962, or call 629-5132.

Madison - Sunday 9 and 11 a.m., Friends House, 2002 Monroe St., 256-2649, and 11:15 a.m. Yahara Afforded Meeting, 2201 Center Ave., 249-7255.

Milwaukee - 10 a.m., YWCA, 510 N. Jackson (Rm. 406). Phone: 278-0850 or 862-2100.

Oshkosh - Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m., Sundays. Call 414-233-5064 or write P.O. Box 403.

Wausau - Meeting in members' homes. Write 3326 N. 11th or phone 842-1130.

Wyoming

Sheridan - Silent worship Sundays. 10 a.m. For information call 672-5368 or 672-5004.
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