I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore, choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live.

Deuteronomy 30:19
### Contents

June 1, 1979  
Vol. 25, No. 11

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Article Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Doomsayer</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Is It Treason?</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy D Hedience and Human Survival</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Family Resemblance</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Confessions of a Quaker Vacillator</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Songs</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bloomington Meeting</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Invitation to the Dance</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friends Around the World</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Letters to the Editor</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calendar</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Classified Advertisements</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meeting Directory</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Front cover photo by Cully Miller, courtesy of the American Friends Service Committee

---

### FRIENDS JOURNAL

Friends Journal (USPS 210-620) was established in 1855 as the successor to The Friend (1827-1955) and Friends Intelligence (1844-1955). It is associated with the Religious Society of Friends.

**STAFF**

Ruth Kilpack, Editor  
Suzan Carson, Associate Editor  
Nina Sullivan, Advertising and Circulation  
Barbara Benton and Dorothy Jackson, Design  
Vision Deming and Rick Posman, Typesetting  
Elizabeth Cunningham, Accounting  
Ruth Laughlin, Administrative Assistant  
Volunteers: M.C. Morris (Friends Around the World), Marguerite L. Herfander and Donald G. Rose (Office Assistance), Lill Schleihinger (Index), and Virginia M. Steier (Poetry).

**BOARD OF MANAGERS**


**HONORARY MANAGERS**

Eleanor Stabler Clarke, Daniel D. Test, Jr., Mildred Biss Young.

**FORMER EDITORS**

James D. Lembert, Alfred Steffers, Frances Williams Brown, William Hopen.

*Friends Journal* is published the first and fifteenth of each month except July, August, and September, when it is published monthly by Friends Publishing Corporation, 152 A North 15th Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. Telephone (215) 364-6779. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, PA, and at additional mailing offices.

*Subscription: United States and "possessions": one year $5, two years $17.50, three years $26. Foreign countries (including Canada and Mexico): add $3 per year for postage. Single copies: 50 cents; samples sent on request.*

*Information on and assistance with advertising is available on request. Appearance of any advertisement does not imply endorsement by Friends Journal.*

Copyright © 1979 by Friends Publishing Corporation. Reprints of some articles available as periodical cost. Permission should be received before reprinting excerpts longer than 200 words.

Postmaster: send address changes to Friends Journal, 152 A N. 15th St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

---

### DOOMSAVER

"For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:"

For kings went down, and old triumphant things
Have crumbled, bone and stone, and lie unfound.
Ourselves foresee a world where no bird sings,
Yet fast and faster click our wheels in wheels,
(And one who used to kneel now hardly kneels),
While wide and ever wider swing the rings
Our orbits draw. Cracked are creation's seals.
Knowledge itself now menaces the knower,
The seed is violated by the sower,
And sapience dragged at technic's heels.
The knowing babe can tear apart the flower.
Will wisdom ever instruct power?

—Mildred Young

June 1, 1979 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Is It Treason?

Not long ago, I received a letter:

Last week I re-read a book called Day of Infamy. This is the story of the day that Pearl Harbor was the victim of the surprise Japanese attack.

A few hours later I picked up the August 1/15/78 copy of Friends Journal and read your article, “The Hiroshima Maidens.”

Your article was a very touching one and I suppose every writer for the Friends Journal is persuaded to write receptively to his readership audience. You have certainly responded admirably. Your article, of course, undertakes no objectivity and lacks broad perspective.

The Pearl Harbor incident, which was followed by all of the other incidents of the Japanese conduct of the war, continued the historic bestiality (sic) and treachery of the Japanese race.

I don’t really know what the word treason means in its present day context but I suppose one might even consider that some of your remarks in your article are treasonous; certainly they are revulsively anti-American.

I re-read my editorial of last August, written thirty-three years after the event. “Treasonous remarks?” I found only sorrow. Sorrow that has persisted a third of a century after the mushroom cloud subsided, leaving human agony in its wake. Is it treason to weep? To weep with sorrow and rage?

For it is rage I feel! Rage not only at this letter, which speaks of the “bestiality” of the whole “Japanese race,” but because all of us—all thinking, free adults, continue to allow the real treason against the human race to continue. (As for bestiality, the poor beasts, in their simplicity, are damned by comparison with us, the cunning of whose minds they can in no way conceive.)

The cunning that betrays our own young—that experiments with the secrets of creation; the “blind men” of technology, whose first victims prove to be pregnant women and babies. “Blind men” motivated primarily by greed and the lust for power, regardless of the risk of the eternal contamination of our own seed!

Every child born into this world comes at great cost—a heroic act on the part of the woman who gives birth. (I simply ignore those scoffers who claim that warriors take first place for heroism.) To experience the panting agony, the awful, relentless, inescapable push of creation itself—is the most down-played heroic act of history!

A friend of mine sang “The Battle Hymn of the Republic” while giving birth. “Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord!” half-sung, half-panted between the birth pangs of labor. A crazy, audacious woman! But a spirit I understand. A great prize—the Great Prize—has been won: the ultimate prize that must never be bought nor sold—no matter how craftily the sale has been disguised.

Is it treason to say that even now we are engaged in the sale of the future of fetuses presently in the womb and of the newborn for endless generations to come?

I am speaking of the Great Nuclear Fright that occurred in late March near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. The great fright that spread everywhere—like nuclear radiation, like the fallout from the Hiroshima bomb over thirty-three years ago.

Now a great fight rages in Washington on the whole question of nuclear power. Which forces will win? Does it matter whether we may continue to go forward on our irresponsible, wasteful way, leaving mountains of plutonium in our wake, murderous bequests to our descendents?

Are we as aloof to the outcome—as those who created the atomic gift to Hiroshima and Nagasaki a third of a century ago? Does our cool, intellectual “perspective” enable us to erase what’s under our very noses in broad daylight, to focus on the far horizon, no matter how clouded it becomes by nuclear fallout or radiation, while all creation withers at our feet?

The “blind men” continue anxiously to try to scan with their unseeing eyes the hydrogen “bubble” forming, the nuclear “leaks,” the low-level radiation-caused cancer lurking in the mists of the future. The “wise men,” the “seers,” the ushers of a future doom. Does this not concern us? Is it treason to cry out?

Thirty-three years from now, what memories shall we have of the Great Nuclear Fright? Shall we be called traitors (“revulsive,” “anti-American” for remembering it with pain? Lacking in “objectivity” and “perspective”)? Shall we be able to speak with pride and certainty of our own part in the present moment of history when the decision is being made for the generations of children sprung from our own loins?

In the meantime, along with the fear, the rage, the despair I have felt during the Great Fright, I shall have a song to remember. It is a song by eleven-year-old Julie, who, with her brother Carl, had come down from
Vermont to visit her grandmother at that very moment. I saw the look in their eyes when they read the glaring headlines or watched the TV reports of the near-disaster. I heard their questions; understood their fearful silence; felt with them their unease in a world where food and air may be polluted, and even sleep may bring no awakening if a disaster should occur.

But Julie, her curly, fair hair falling about her face, put the fear aside for a little while. Sitting on a high stool at my harmonium, she created a song. A song played on just the black keys, and in the minor mode. A plaintive song that reflected the great, evil, magic bubble that could explode and kill all the children; a great horror that children cannot see or hear or touch or smell or taste—a terrible thing they cannot hide from—ever.

Carl learned Julie's song too, and their high, reedy voices, blending with the “flute” stop of the harmonium, were almost indistinguishable from one another.

Love is in the world today.
All the people should be happy.
So why aren’t you?
I wish you were.
The world needs your love.
Why don’t you give it your love?
I love your love,
So the world must love it too!

Julie’s song for the nuclear age: it will long cling to my memory. It stiffens my spine, sharpens my mind, arouses my maternity, my love of children—American children, Japanese children—all the children born under the shadow of the mushrooming atomic cloud of Hiroshima, or the hidden terrors of the nuclear cooling towers of all the Three Mile Islands in the world.

And I ask my correspondent: is this treason? If so, then I am a traitor!

RK
HOLY OBEDIENCE
AND HUMAN SURVIVAL

by Margaret H. Bacon

In December of 1978 some 600 women, representing most of the major U.S. women's organizations, both black and white, came to Washington, D.C., for a State Department briefing on SALT II. On the following day the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom held a one-day conference titled "Arms and the Woman," to explore the connections between the concerns of women and the issue of peace in general.

Among the speakers at the conference was Dr. Helen Caldicott, a pediatrician who has made a special study of the relationship of the incidence of leukemia in children exposed to low-level radiation from nuclear wastes, and who made an impassioned plea for the banning of nuclear proliferation; and Dr. Eric Chivian, a psychiatrist from Harvard Medical School, who talked in a low-key manner about the psychological problems we all face living under the Damoclean sword of nuclear catastrophe. The computers, I understood Dr. Chivian to say, are now giving humankind less than a forty percent chance to survive the next twenty years without a major nuclear episode. One cannot get up in the morning, brush one's teeth, and go to work with that sort of knowledge. Therefore one practices denial, the psychological mechanism for shutting unpleasant facts from consciousness. Various persons practice various levels of denial, but none of us are free from it.

Following the conference, I thought further about denial and its widespread use, not only to obliterate from consciousness the nuclear threat, but also to turn deaf ears and blind eyes to the suffering of our fellow human beings; to refuse to listen to the cries of the peasant being tortured in a Chilean prison, or of a hungry child in Laos; to be dumb to the distress of a black unemployed youth in the big city, or of a Mexican father slipping across the border so that he can feed his family.

By living in the suburbs, by exposing ourselves only to pleasant sights and sounds, by reading about and discussing problems in abstract terms, it is possible to distance ourselves from the pain of others. But the price of that distancing is anomie for the individual, while the social structure of which he or she is a part becomes unresponsive, losing its capacity to adapt and survive.

The familiar story of brontosaurus, the dinosaurs whose armor became so heavy and unwieldy that they were unable to climb out of the tar pits of the Paleocene Age comes to mind. Just as they were perishing, small furry beasts, not unlike rats, with no protection but their wits, scurried among the giant ferns. It was they and their descendants who survived era after era, becoming the progenitors of the apes, then of the humanoids, and finally of the human race.

Like dinosaurs, social regimes have perished because of their lack of adaptability and responsiveness, their protective armor. When the starving French mob begged for bread, Marie Antoinette said, "Let them eat cake." Caste and class had entirely cut off the ruling class from experiencing the mounting pain of the people. The eruption of the French Revolution was an inevitable result.

Today, with the advent of the potential for nuclear holocaust, what is at stake is not a single regime, good or bad, but the human race itself. In the event of an all-out escalating nuclear war, the socialist Cubans will suffer the same fate as the retired millionaires of Miami Beach; the traditionalist Hopi in their stone age villages in Arizona as the denizens of the gambling casinos of Nevada. As Tom Lehrer sang, "We will all go together when we go," and as Dr. Chivian reminds us, the odds that this will happen are getting better every day.

If we are to survive, we must have women and men with the courage to face the unfaceable, think the unthinkable; people who are willing to expose themselves to the present pain of their fellow human beings, and to envision future suffering of unimaginable proportions. We need men and women who do not practice denial, who do not adopt insulating life styles, who are willing to act as the sensitive consciences of society, and to speak for humanity as a whole.

Throughout history a few courageous individuals have played such roles, taking upon themselves the suffering of the world. Without exception such persons have been rooted in a deep and abiding faith that there is a creative force at work in history pulling humanity toward a higher level of development, as Pierre Teilhard de Chardin has
By living in the suburbs, exposing ourselves only to pleasant sights and sounds, reading about and discussing problems in abstract terms, it is possible to distance ourselves from the pain of others.

put it. For some, that higher level is nothing less than the Kingdom—or Queendom—of God.

I am continually heartened in my work for the American Friends Service Committee by the discovery of how many of my colleagues seem to base their lives on such a faith, though they may use different words to describe it. And I see in their continual efforts to affect the comfortable—sometimes the comfortable within our own Society of Friends—the tradition of the age-old role of prophet: the demand that we drop the rosy colored glasses from our eyes and see the world as it really is, sure in the knowledge that it can be made better.

Not all of us who work for or support the AFSC are members of the Religious Society of Friends, but we are all heirs to Quaker traditions. I think it is important for us to understand the historic roots of the beliefs and attitudes which have brought us together and bind us into a present-day fellowship.

The Society of Friends arose directly out of the Christian tradition, and many of its beliefs and practices are shared by other Christian persuasions. If I write now about Quaker religious thought, this does not suggest that others do not share the same grounding. Nevertheless, the combination of beliefs within the Society of Friends has produced some unique features which affect all of us as we try to translate ancient testimonies into present action.

For one thing, Friends were from the first perfectionists. They were, as George Fox frequently said, “Children of the New Covenant.” If humankind had been condemned to sin by Adam’s fall, then it had been reprieved by the new covenant that Christ has made with his Maker. It was possible, therefore, for a woman or a man to live as though the Kingdom had already come; to be not a slave or servant, but a Friend of the Divine Spirit.

When George Fox was asked to take up arms for the commonwealth against Charles Stuart he refused, speaking directly from his sense of the New Covenant: “I told them I knew whence all wars arose, even from lust, according to James’ doctrine; and that I lived in the virtue of that life and power that took away the occasion of all wars.”

The perfectionism of the Quakers was an irritant to their Puritan contemporaries, just as it is an irritant to many today. Early Friends refused to believe that sin and suffering were the necessary conditions of people. Poverty and plague were not regarded as God’s judgment on sinful men and women. Rather, they resulted from humanity’s refusal to obey the wise laws of the universe. Wars, as Fox said, were not God-created; they arose from human greed.

The full implications of this perfectionism were not realized by the first few generations of the Society of Friends. Indeed, they cannot be said to have been realized today. But, slowly, Friends became more and more “tender” as they put it; more open to the leadings of the Spirit and more and more sensitive to the suffering of others.

Thus, in the eighteenth century, Friends became aware that the holding of slaves was a sin, although they lived in a society that practiced denial by teaching that women and men of color were born to be servants, that they did not experience the same feelings as others, that they needed firm direction in their lives. Having finally realized with the help of the prodding of many pioneers including John Woolman, Anthony Benezet, and Benjamin Lay, that they must rid themselves of slave-keeping, Friends began to see that it was necessary to take a second step, and work to rid the society in which they lived of the “peculiar institution.” Again, it was a few inspired pioneers who did the prodding and led the way.

Friends have a phrase which describes this slow unfolding of a concern. They speak of a “continuous revelation.” God has not spoken only once to the wise persons and scribes of old; God speaks to men and women today. Those who are willing to act in the Light they see, are given more Light to follow.

Another element in the Quaker tradition has been their spiritual empiricism. When George Fox had come to the end of his search for true religion, he recorded in his journal:

When all my hopes in them and in all men were gone, so that I had nothing outwardly to help me, nor could tell me what to do; then, oh! then I heard a voice which said, “there is one even Jesus Christ, that can speak to thy condition” and when I heard
Today, with the advent of the potential for nuclear holocaust, what is at stake is not a single regime, good or bad, but the human race itself.

Friends have never been content with a religion of obedience to rules laid down by wise teachers nor recorded in the Bible, unless it agrees with present inspiration. They have insisted that the living Spirit of Christ can speak to women and men today as much as in ages past. They acted, at their best, on the inspiration of immediate leading.

There can be dangers in such a religion. One can mistake the voice of self-interest, ignorance, or prejudice for the voice of genuine inspiration. To protect themselves against such errors, early Friends—under the leadership of George Fox—evolved a system of checks and balances. The individual who feels he or she has a concern presents it to the meeting. Meeting members then jointly seek the Light. Only when the meeting unites with the concern is the person released to follow the leading.

This combination of experimentalism and perfectionism has helped to produce an emphasis on human sensitivity which, at times, has marked the Society of Friends. Most of the great reform movements in which Quakers have taken leadership have grown as the result of the concern of a single individual, or a small group of individuals, who were open to the sufferings of people with whom they were in contact, and willing to believe that such suffering could be prevented.

There are many examples that might be given. Elizabeth Fry's first visit to Newgate Prison touched her deeply, and made her feel it necessary to do something about the women prisoners. Her resulting experience in the prisons convinced her futher that she ought to do something about all prisoners.

At the time of the Underground Railroad, it was the country Quakers—who had daily contact with black farm laborers, and who saw the results of slave kidnappings—who became willing to disobey the Fugitive Slave Law and aid the escapees. With a few exceptions, the city Quakers were wealthy and insulated from the problem. Today it might be noted that in the continual battle against racial discrimination, it is the center-city Quakers, who have the most experience with minorities, who are the most concerned.

The tradition continues. During World War II many conscientious objectors were assigned to mental hospitals. Out of their concern for the treatment of the mentally ill came the modern mental health movement. Women and men who work with the American Indians, the farm workers, the Chicanos, become their allies and advocates.

American Friends Service Committee overseas workers who experience repression in Chile or Argentina or Korea become our leading spokespersons for human rights.

Finally, Friends have always been committed to the practice of holy obedience. If one reads the Quaker journals of old, one is struck by how central in the lives of individual Quakers has been the concept of finding and doing God's will, of acting upon the Light that one is given, of a search for more Light, and a fresh leading. This searching and finding is so much a part of the daily life of a dedicated Friend that it is almost taken for granted.

Three Friends whom I admire, and whose journals and lives I have studied, are Thomas B. Kelly, the teacher and writer, Lucretia Mott, the abolitionist and leader of the women's rights movement, and Clarence Pickett, for many years executive director of the AFSC. Each of them stated that they had never had an overwhelming mystical experience. Rather, they lived in a state of continuous touch with the Divine Impulse and continuous obedience to it. All three were simple, modest people who served, it seems to me, as pure channels for the Holy Spirit.

Obedience is a hard concept for men and women of our age. It conjures up a stern father who makes certain implacable demands upon his offspring, and who threatens to punish disobedience. Obeying God's will sounds like playing one's small and predestined part in a great master plan. It suggests a mechanistic view of the universe, and a masculine view of God the Father.

But Friends have always treasured the intuitive, creative side of the Divine. One of our great scholars, Howard Brinton, wrote that Friends stressed the feminine side of God, long before the present women's movement had arisen. To view the universe from the inside out, to feel with it as well as think about it, to approach it experimentally, is to be open to a concept of continual
God has not spoken only once to the wise persons and scribes of old. Those who are willing to act in the Light they see, are given more Light to follow.

growth and continual evolution. God is a growing, living, organic force, struggling to create a Holy Community and those who are in touch with and obedient to their deepest spiritual impulses are partners in that creation. The image is less that of obedience to a stern father, as openness to the nurturing of a loving mother who yearns to see us evolve to our highest potential.

The Quaker respect for the intuitive, sensitive side of humans has been coupled with a regard for the equal role of women: first in worship and ministry, then in business, and finally in the affairs of the world. As we all know it, it was Quaker women in the nineteenth century who gave leadership to the emerging women’s rights movement. The deep spiritual roots of that movement have yet to be noted. As Lucretia Mott, the spiritual force at the women’s conference at Seneca Falls, made clear in speech after speech, it was not rights as such, but human liberation, the liberation of every person to follow her or his Divine leading, unchecked by human-made obstacles of racism or sexism (to use the modern terms), that was the goal of the demand for change. Such liberation, in turn, was only a means to an end; progress toward the Holy Community:

It has sometimes been said that if women were associated with men in their efforts, there would be not as much immorality as now exists in Congress, for instance, and other places. But we ought, I think, to claim no more for woman than for man, we ought to put woman on a par with man, not invest her with power or call for her superiority over her brother. If we do, she is just as likely to become a tyrant as man is, as with Catherine the Second. It is always unsafe to invest man with power over his fellow being. “Call no man master...” is a true doctrine. But be sure that there would be a better rule than now; the elements which belong to woman as such and to man as such would be beautifully and harmoniously blended. It is to be hoped that there would be less war, less injustice, and less intolerance in the world than now.

The concept of human liberation, which Lucretia Mott was advancing, marks a new plateau in social evolution which she glimpsed, and which women and men today are trying to make a reality. Biological evolution, as we now know, does not progress by slow adaptation, so much as by radical mutations. New fishes are born with a mysterious urge to try to use their fins to walk upon the beach; new apes, with an overwhelming need to stand upright. So in social evolution we have men and women who have stepped beyond the bonds of the knowledge or wisdom of the society into which they were born to create something new. Often they have been outcast and despaired. It is only looking back down the long vistas of history that we see what we owe today to their acts of obedience.

Kenneth Boulding has spoken, in a very provocative and helpful pamphlet, The Evolutionary Potential of Quakerism, of the Society of Friends as a mutation of Christianity, and George Fox as the pioneer, whose obedience to Divine Impulse led to the birth of this new form of religious worship and expression which has had an impact on the English-speaking world far beyond the proportion of its small numbers. Within the Society of Friends, in turn, women and men have played pioneering roles in its evolution: John Woolman, who made us see we could not keep slaves; Lucretia Mott, who taught that we could not give woman a second place in the struggle for the abolition of slavery; Elizabeth Fry, who worked for prisoners; Emily Greene Balch, who believed modern war could be eliminated if men and women pressed for arbitration. There have been many others. All the Quaker reform movements—including the commitment to bring peace to the world—emerged one by one from the inspiration of individuals who felt a deep conviction that they must act, and were obedient to that urging.

Studying the lives of some of these creative individuals I have been struck with certain common themes. For most of them, their concerns met with a surprising amount of hostility from the society at large and, unhappily, also from the Society of Friends. How could as mild and loving a woman as Lucretia Mott be called “a Modern Lucretia Borgia” by the public press, and “a wily, conniving woman” by one of her fellow Quaker ministers?

If we understand the process of denial, I think we understand why this is so. To ask, as social pioneers do, that we look at the true condition of slaves, or the
Most of the great reform movements in which Quakers have taken leadership have grown as the result of the concern of a single individual who was open to the sufferings of others and willing to believe they could be prevented.

enslavement of women, or the state of prisoners, or the full horrors of war, or the fact that our abundant life is at the expense of most of the rest of the world, is to ask that we remove our blinders. But most of us have come to feel that such blinders are necessary for our happiness, perhaps our very survival. So we strike out in anger at anyone who touches the delicate fabric of custom with which we have enmeshed our denials.

Often the pioneers find arrayed against them the conventional wisdom of their age. It is all very well to talk about the horrors of slavery, the abolitionists were told. But how was the economy of the South to operate without a slave base? Did they want to destroy the economy of a whole section of the country for the sake of their concern for the slaves? Learned professors wrote books defending slavery as a necessary human institution, explaining that the blacks came from a lower level of evolution than the white race, and had been evolved to be slaves.

The pioneers often find themselves on the very margin of society, unable at times to deal with all the learned arguments as well as social custom arrayed against them, but obedient to an urge deeper than reason can explain. It is only in retrospect that humanity sees the meaning of their lives, and they become the proper object of study.

A common element in the lives of the men and women who have lived in a constant state of holy obedience is a deep and abiding joy, based on faith. Among the ones I have learned the most about, this faith is not so much in the life after death, but rather a life on a different plane of being, in which it is possible to live day by day. Lucretia Mott wrote toward the end of her life that she did not need to set aside a special time for worship; she worshipped always, rejoicing in the good she was able to see in the women and men about her, as well as the wise laws of the universe she observed. For such a woman death held no terrors. She had no need to deny; she could be open to the whole of human experience and human suffering, and still stand fast in the implicit faith that a creative force works through the universe.

When I listened to Dr. Chivian talking about denial, my thoughts went to the AFSC staff in Denver, to Pam Solo and Judy Danielson and others who have dared to ask the citizens of Denver—and indeed of the whole country—to face the threat that a plant like Rocky Flats poses to our human survival. I know also that in the programs to make people conscious of the struggle for human rights, and their need for protection against police surveillance, we are in fact asking many people to stop denying things, to face matters that they would rather not face. It is a role that demands great courage, great faith, and—to be effective—much love of one's fellow humans.

In these programs, and in others like them, I see threads of the historic Quaker beliefs: that perfectability is possible, that individual experience counts, and that obedience to the deepest spiritual urgings of our natures is the highest calling of our lives. Whether or not we identify with the Religious Society of Friends, these are the great common threads of our fellowship, the roots of our modern social action.

The first Friends were missionaries, "Publishers of the Truth," going up and down the land with the message that Christ had come to teach his people; that it was possible to live today "in that life and power that taketh away the occasion for war."

In the course of time we have moved away from making our faith explicit. Rather, we have tried to speak of it with our lives. It occurs to me, however, that if we are asking men and women to give up the comforting blanket of denial (asking them in fact to face the very real possibility of the end of human existence), we must offer them something in its place. Can we find fresh ways in our very actions to share with them our own deep faith in the creativity of the universe on which we ourselves are betting our lives? As we confront people, asking them to face what they would prefer not to face, must we not find fresh ways of expressing both faith and love?

For it is from the very people whom we wish to confront that must come the force for change. To quote Teilhard de Chardin:

*In the depths of the human multitude there slumbers an immense spiritual power which will manifest itself only when we have learnt how to break through the dividing walls of our egoism and raise ourselves up to an entirely new perspective, so that habitually and in a practical fashion we fix our gaze on the universal realities.*
When Paul wrote from his farm in Kansas and included some complimentary remarks about *Friends Journal*, he probably did not suspect that these would be shared with the editor or that she would ask me to set down for its readers the circumstances of when and where we first met.

When? In 1931. Where? In the restaurant of the Savoy Hotel in Moscow. From across the room he had noticed a certain family resemblance and came over to ask whether, by any chance, I was related to my brother whom he had known in 1917 during Quaker war relief work in France. Thus began a friendship which has been a lasting one. Paul and his wife, Floy, later left their hotel to live at the former Quaker relief headquarters in Moscow, Borisoglebsky Per. 15. Still later, when my wife also arrived in Moscow, we, too, were invited to leave our hotel room and join them there. The only other occupants of No. 15 were the *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent William Henry Chamberlin and his Russian wife, Nadya, who rented a small apartment there.

So here were two American Quaker families thrown together by chance and living under the same roof in friendly “competition,” since the husbands were representing rival American farm machine companies. Paul and I spent most of our time (usually alone) travelling to the state or collective farms in the Ukraine, the Caucasus, the Urals or north to Karelia where the machines were said to be operating. “Said to be,” since they had often been transferred elsewhere, which meant a search journey of several weeks more. We would start by train from Moscow, sometimes in the luxury of an old-fashioned first class car, only to ride “soft” (but no bedding) after the first junction point, “hard” after the next change of trains, on a fourth class “shelf” among the peasants after that, then perhaps a stretch by river boat, subsequently over rough roads by peasant wagon, and finally by bicycle, on horseback, or on foot in order to reach the isolated locations.

Whenever we returned from one of these trips, how eagerly the foreign correspondents pounced on us for news from the back country! Bottled up in Moscow, they were issued no permits to travel at that time unless a new factory or hydroelectric plant was being inaugurated somewhere and could be made the excuse for favorable international publicity. On such occasions they were herded onto special trains, accompanied by almost as many “interpreters” as there were journalists. Thus we came to meet a number of interesting people in the relatively small foreign community in Moscow at a time when the U.S. was not represented diplomatically in the USSR.

Between trips, just to live in Moscow was somewhat of an adventure in itself. I will not attempt here to describe conditions which have been more adequately dealt with elsewhere by others who were there at the time. I shall mention only two small incidents which rise before my mind’s eye whenever I think back to those two years. The first: Paul and Floy’s four-year-old daughter running up the stairs full of something to tell her mother; rattling it off in Russian because she had been playing with the neighboring kids in the courtyard; then switching to French (in which she conversed with her Russian nurse) when she saw she was not making herself understood;
finally stammering it out with difficulty in her own language after her mother appealed in exasperation: “For goodness’ sake, speak English. I just can’t understand you!” And the second: helping Floy (after she had sprained an ankle rather seriously) and her daughter across the broad Vorovskovo Street, not because the (then sparse) motor traffic constituted a menace but because Russian drivers depended more on horn than brake to get them past any potential obstacle. I have never forgotten the feel of the little girl’s small, warm hand grasping mine so tightly and trustingly......

But Borisoglebsky 15 was not to house its three families very long. We were soon notified that the government needed the premises for the Greek Trade Commission and that we must vacate our rooms in four weeks’ time. This would have posed no problem had it not been for the fact that the representative of the Friends Service Council (London), who was expected to arrive and take charge of the exodus, was denied a visa at the last moment. So it devolved upon four very unofficial Friends to dispose somehow of the large accumulation of personal property which many different types of Russians had entrusted to the Quakers for safekeeping over the years. We managed to return some of these possessions to their owners or friends via people who knew or had known them. But for many things, including letters and documents which might have been construed as “incriminating,” we could find no owners, and time was getting short. We saw no alternative but to burn the papers in the big stove which, built into the wall, heated several rooms. Throughout some of the hottest days of that Moscow summer we stoked the stove and sweated in front of it and wondered how soon so much unseasonable smoke issuing from the chimney day and night was going to attract official attention—and suspicion.

After we left Russia the following year, our paths took different directions, but we saw to it that they also crossed as often as possible. Our friendship has been an enduring one, meaning much to both families—and still does, though Floy died more than a year ago now on the way to the hospital, after many months of recurrent and often painful indisposition. Paul is alone on the farm now, but that vivacious little daughter of Moscow days—now a most attractive middle-aged woman with children (and even a grandchild) of her own—comes to visit him often, as do his other married children. Paul carries on bravely, upholding his family’s reputation for hospitality—offering friends, family, and guests his delicious home-baked rolls and full meals including puddings and pies, and even (for breakfast) fish caught in his own pond.

I have never been one to put much stock in family resemblances, especially where I believed they hardly existed, but I can never be thankful enough that back in 1931 Paul looked across the hotel dining room and thought he recognized one.
Where the taking of human life is concerned, I have now a consistent testimony against war, against the death penalty, and against nontherapeutic abortions. But it has not always been so; and thereby hangs a tale which I should like to tell, partly because I should like to see the Society of Friends move in the same direction, partly because the story may be helpful to others who have been wrestling with similar angels and demons, and partly because, as I fell out of harmony with the Society and then was lifted back, a good deal of religious experience was involved. It seems proper to share this tale not only with those who are similarly troubled about the testimonies and themselves, but also with those who are not. When others share what they know of the things of the spirit, I am always lifted up. I believe fervently in that sharing. As others have so often helped me to worship—by explaining, for example, how God has made them war refusers, or by coming right out and praying that God might empower the meeting in its ministry—so I now want to make some return.

For awhile, alarmed by the escalating crime rate, I was in favor of the imposition of the death penalty in some instances. Unsurprisingly, this made for a time of trouble in my relation to the meeting. Before that time, however, some very good things had happened, and they also are to the point here, for the general point is contrast: a moving into that home in gloryland that outshines the sun; then considerably out of it; then back into it—with worship, Bible, and the testimonies interrelated all the way.

In the winter of 1974-75, my meeting’s study group turned to the Bible—first to the Gospel of Mark for one evening (far too much, of course), and then to the Sermon on the Mount for several months, one evening every other week. Sometimes we covered only a couple of beatitudes in one evening. My wife and I participated in this with gusto. If a little explanation or background seemed needed, we supplied it from the Interpreter’s Bible or elsewhere. Otherwise, the time was mostly spent on bringing the material to life with illustrations from everyday experiences. For example, two of us who have a problem with anger and resentment (myself and one other) compared notes from time to time, apropos of not calling one’s brother “Fool!” when one should instead be

Gardiner Stillwell is a retired associate professor of English, University of Illinois. “Sometime clerk, also chair and member of various committees,” of the Urbana-Champaign (IL) Meeting, he is especially interested in the study of Jesus and George Fox.
seeking reconciliation. We were at last taking the material seriously—the old, familiar, beloved verses; our spiritual roots were being inundated.

My wife and I were astonished and delighted; never before, to our knowledge, had Quakers paid such close attention to their religious heritage; never had Bible study been so vital—nor, for that matter, had any of the literary study in which over the decades we had been professionally engaged. Quite the high point in a lifetime of experiencing literature turned out to be Quakers studying the Sermon on the Mount! I became increasingly convinced that the Spirit was deeply involved in our proceedings. It seemed that the group was inching a little toward the spiritual perfection of the Creator, and that in the process we were doing what we had been made for.

At about the same time my wife, browsing in the city library, happened upon a book by a writer whom she had known in college: Marjorie Holmes' *How Can I Find You, God?* It made a strong impression on us, mainly because the author says that if you want to know God, you must simply start by talking to God. Away with sophistication, then! Just talk to God—and listen. For a decade or so, as a Quaker, I had been attempting a more mind-stilling mode of prayer or meditation, without much result—occasional faint glimpses, not the inner communion that I kept reading about in Thomas Kelly's writings and elsewhere.

Now, however, I did as Marjorie Holmes suggested; and when I began my meditations with inwardly spoken prayer-words (of praise, or thanksgiving, confession, repentance, petition, intercession), and attempted no mind-stilling whatsoever, the communion started to happen of its own accord, as a gift, a cessation—or near-cessation—of words and images, an inflooding awareness of the Other, and a being held for a time in the mystery. And of course there came impulses to find ways of sharing such blessings.

The peak came one afternoon when I was doing the dishes. I had been in a worship-state already for most of that day; and now, as I worked, a wonder came over me: see what it had fallen to me to do as part of the joint enterprise in home economics! The sense of Presence was very strong; and I found myself happily weeping into the dishwasher. Later when I was trying to tell the group about this and was having difficulty, my wife remarked, "It just means that you love me, and I love you; and we both love God, and God loves us." As it is said, there is no real distinction between the sacred and the secular!

Then came summer, and the annual scattering of half the meeting. That summer I read Howard Brinton's *Introduction to Quaker Religious Philosophy*, and the *Gospel according to St. Thomas*, which I began to understand much better than hitherto. Back home in the fall, however, Bible study was not resumed. Instead we took up a study of Buddhism. But we got nowhere with it—we simply gave up, in my opinion, because we lacked the stamina, or the seriousness, to cope with Teresina Havens' excellent questions in her study-guide on Quakerism and Buddhism. (*Buddhist and Quaker Experiments with Truth*, Religious Education Committee FGC.) Something was lacking. For me, a dry spell was beginning.

The trouble of which I have spoken came suddenly in the meeting for business in January of 1976, in the form of a proposal about lobbying against the re-institution of the death penalty in Illinois. For some time I had been thinking that the compassion of Friends is lopsided, since we pay far too little attention to the victims of crime, or to the survivors. And I believed, as I still believe, that the penalty in question, consistently and fairly applied, would act as a deterrent. (I now say "no" to it even so.) But as I then heard the minute being introduced, a chasm opened between me and the meeting, and I was perturbed on my own account, because I had been intending to build this whole last part of my life, in retirement, upon my relationship with the Society of Friends. At that point, however, I had to decide on the spur of the moment what to do: keep quiet; or speak my opinion but immediately lay the objection aside; or block consensus. I blocked it, I think, out of a feeling that I had to follow my conviction where it led; that it would be somehow dishonorable to do otherwise, merely for the sake of keeping in good with the meeting. Was this a form of pride? It was certainly not the serene unselfishness of a complete citizen of the Kingdom, not the perfect practice of the Sermon on the Mount.

"Pride, obstinancy, self-will!" one Friend long afterward wisely commented, with perfect cordiality, on the episode and its aftermath. My daughter, at any rate,
had something very sensible to say when I told her my troubles: "But Daddy, what can you expect?—of the Quakers of all people!" So presently, at another meeting for business, I laid my objection aside.

Then I didn’t go to monthly meeting at all for a long time. I informed everyone in a rather grumpy letter (FJ 5/15/78) that I did not see why Quakers were so adamantly opposed to the death penalty, as long as they were so enthusiastic about abortion; I also thought—correctly—that the modern Quaker testimony against war is far from clear, because so many of us are devotees of situation ethics, and say, as to non-support for any war whatsoever, “Well...er...I don’t know; it all depends.”

Somewhere in all of this I began to yearn for something besides the Quaker muddle—for the embrace of an organization openly, steadily, consistently Christocentric. I started to attend the United Methodist Church, and finally rejoined the congregation of which I had been a member before becoming a Quaker thirteen years ago.

The Methodists were not much for mysticism, but were indeed unapologetically Christian; and this was a comfort. But I am not made to be a mainliner—dignified, reticent, objective. The Methodists were friendly, of course, but they do have a hierarchy topped by bishops, and it was increasingly apparent that I had made a mistake. I was discovering that there is no substitute for the Quaker meeting for worship, and all the participation and interchange in the life of the meeting. And my friends, after all, are mostly meeting people. They are the ones I belong with, come hell or high water. So I did not cancel my Quaker membership; nor did the meeting cancel it for me. (Dual membership is possible in Illinois.)

Meanwhile, I was still attending Quaker meeting for worship with some frequency. And during this whole episode the Friends were on the whole very pleasant and accepting. This was a fact of considerable importance—to me, at any rate—because I could later do some misunderstanding without seeming to ask for favor; favor aplenty I already had.

At about that time I wrote about my troubles to a friend who had participated in our Bible discussions. In his reply, he said that I should lay all these things before the Lord to see what the Lord would have me do, because Christ’s having come to teach his people again was what Friends were all about. I was touched, but laid the letter aside, and laid nothing before the Lord. Then, in September of 1978, one day as I was reading, I suddenly had special words in my mind—my words to God, but not, seemingly, willed by me: “This state of things has gone on long enough. Can’t we, at last, please do something about it?” The answer was immediate: “Instead of merely hurling the charge of inconsistency at Quakers, why not go to work on removing the inconsistencies in your own peace testimony?”

“Very well,” said I, now in gloryland again, and proceeded to rough out a fairly consistent peace testimony: no “terminations” in wars, none in abortion clinics except the medically advisable, and no executions (because pragmatic considerations are irrelevant; executions mediate the ultimate in rejection, when we are supposed to be about the business of mediating grace, nurturing the Seed).

Certainly the wish to be again in harmony with the congenial religious group entered in, and certainly there was a degree of creatureliness in the goings-on. Yes: so it must be when the Spirit is working with creatures. The main thing, from my point of view, was the re-establishment of the inner communion, the inner prayer of wordlessness, which had pretty much dwindled away. Worship and testimonies were again one. The heart sang praises to the Lord. A rebirth had occurred (the third, I think), after a gestation period of thirty-two months counting from the crucial meeting for business.

At the end of September, back in Illinois for fall, winter, and spring, I asked God for the gift of steadiness, and exuberantly resumed full participation in the Quaker meeting with an intent to try to live the religion of Jesus and George Fox.

But of course this effort requires a willingness to live with controversy. The opinion on abortion, in particular, brings me into conflict with many in the Society of Friends. But I shall just have to be as Woolmanesque as I can, and try not to get huffy; and go on pointing to that of God in the million or more U.S. unborns terminated annually; and wax prophetic over my view that when unborns are hurt while being untimely forced from their mothers’ wombs, their pain is a fitting subject for Amnesty International; and remind Friends of their own distress when tax money is used for those military and judicial terminations of which they themselves so thoroughly disapprove. I shall have to call for an emphasis upon the popularizing of adoption; and I shall have to be very radical, and come out for Christian chastity and monogamy. And I may be in for some rocky meetings for business.

My own present leading, at all events, is this: as a Quaker, I am required to work away at my peace testimony, eschewing the thin pap of situation ethics so far as possible, and arriving if I can at the consistently just merciful actions and policies which the Lord requires of us.

The desire to make the effort, it seems to me, arises from worship. Perhaps that is what people mean to say when they say, “Take care of worship, and the testimonies will take care of themselves.” Worshiping together, seeking together to experience life-as-worship, and exchanging views without wrath, we may ultimately find Truth together.
The songs on the following pages struck our fancy—as did the accompanying photographs of the composer’s
daughter, Leah. They are printed here on the center spread of the magazine so that, should individual Friends or
groups wish to have a songsheet, the staples which held the pages together can be opened, and the pages with the
music can be removed all in one piece.

Mary Dart, composer of the music and writer of the lyrics, is currently clerk of Celo [NC] Meeting. She teaches
all the mathematics at the Arthur Morgan School and is bookkeeper for both the school and Celo Press. A student
of Chinese, she has written songs and translated songs from Chinese. She plays numerous instruments, most
recently the fiddle.

Trust Me

Words and Music by Mary Dart
© 1975 Mary Feyney (Dart)

CHORUS: Trust me, won’t you, trust me, trust me to help you grow, For I
love you and I’ll care for you where ever you may go.

1. Sometimes I’ll hurt you, sometimes I’ll make you cry, But I’ll
hold you and I’ll love you, You’ll hurt less as time goes by.

[CHORUS]

2. Sometimes I’ll scare you
And you’ll hold me with all your might
Remember that I love you
You don’t have to hold so tight.

[CHORUS]

3. Sometimes I’ll be strong
When I’m taking care of you
But remember that I need you
For I am growing too.
My Little Girl

Words and Music by Mary Dart
© 1975 Mary Feeney [Dart]

My little girl, teach me how to laugh again,
Run in the wind and tumble in the grass again.
When you're so alive and running by my side
Then you teach me to laugh, little girl.

2. My little girl, teach me how to cry again
To feel my pain and to stop and wonder why again.
When you bow your head from something I have said,
Then you teach me to cry, little girl.

3. My little girl, teach me how to love again
Put your arms around me and teach me how to hug again.
When you know I'm sad and you touch me with your hand
Then you teach me to love, little girl.

4. My little girl, teach me how to live again
Let me be near you, and teach me how to give again.
Life is fresh and new in everything you do
When you teach me to live, little girl.
Little Stone

Words and Music by Mary Dart

© 1975 Mary Feeney (Dart)

Little round stone in the big stone wall, Looks to me like you never fall. The little stone smiled and he told me, "yup"

All the stones around me are holding me up.

2. Little round stone you're very small Seems like you hardly can move at all. The little stone said with a laugh so gay, "Yes, but all together we go a long way."

3. Hey, little stone, are you sad and blue 'Cause all your neighbors are different from you? "We're all different," he said to me, "But we fit together just beautifully."

4. Little round stone will you come with me, Roll down the hill and splash in the sea? The little round stone said, "It would not be wise To leave a hole that is just my size."
How Do We Use Silence?

by Russell Bradshaw

After listening to a tape recording of Douglas Steere speaking to the new Northern monthly meeting in Minnesota, I was moved by a particular concern of his: "How do we use silence in our lives?" In particular, how do we use silence in our meetings for worship and in our listening to others?

Stated in other terms, we can also ask: How do we listen? How do we listen to our own Inner Voice and how do we listen to our neighbors? Listening is always based in silence and silence is always based in listening, so the two are difficult to separate!

It is my feeling, and also that of Douglas Steere as expressed on the tape, that Friends have neglected the art of "structuring" their silence in an effective way—and even if certain individuals have developed (or stumbled onto) a method of their own for structuring their silence and enabling them to listen both to the Voice within and to the voice of their neighbor next to them—they have been reticent in sharing their "method" or instructing or giving advice to newcomers.

It seems to me that the central problem of Quakerism today, at least in the Swedish meeting, is precisely our inability to articulate or even utilize effectively our inner silence. To me this silent searching, this meditation, this listening, is the core and base of Quakerism.

In the difficult task of balancing the traditional Quaker emphasis of active social participation and (often, unfortunately, versus) silent meditation/listening, it has become social activism that has usually taken the upper hand today. This is quite understandable in the light of the current cultural emphasis on historical materialism, science, positivism; it is a rather comfortable, respectable stance to be actively engaged in concrete social action. Unfortunately, it has often been forgotten that Quaker social action must flow naturally from, and first be based on, the individual's inner transcendent experience.

Worthy social concerns can always be worked for in secular organizations as effectively, or more effectively, than from within the Society of Friends. Friends can and have traditionally been active in other social and political groups. Thus, our active social engagement does not stand or fall depending on whether the Society itself is involved.

On the other hand, the basis of Quaker belief, the inward, silent searching and listening for the guidance of the Inner Light—supported by the meeting's silence and social support—cannot be satisfied in other places out in our either secularized or rigidly ecclesiastical world. Our belief in a "vertical" dimension to existence, of the possibility of intimate personal contact with a transcendent reality is not readily accepted by our culture today. Words such as mystic, idealism, (Platonic), metaphysical, spiritual have negative connotations today, whereas words concerned with the "horizontal" dimension—such as historical, sociological, scientific (Aristotelian), verifiable, positivism, historical materialism—usually have positive. Thus our society is even affected by the enormous pressure of cultural norms to give priority to the horizontal dimension of existence and—at best—neglect, but usually depreciate the vertical dimension.

I do not mean that we should stop social undertakings and concerns, but I do feel that all such actions must first be grounded in the realizations and spiritual direction of the Inner Light, which can only be effectively reached by the regular use of a method of meditation/silence/prayer (whatever name one wants to use). We must learn to walk before we learn to run; we must be at home in silence and inactivity before we should undertake active, outer participation. Unless we begin our outer actions from an inner silence and understanding, our actions will inevitably begin to go awry. Activity and rest complement each other and are based in each other. When we walk, one foot is always in action, yet it must be complemented and based in the other foot which is stable, unmoving, "rooted to the ground." All activity must have a stable and secure base. As Lao-Tsu says: "Gravity is the root of all motion." Or, as we all have experienced, sleep is the basis of our waking activity.

To me, this topic of how we as Friends structure our silence is not just an interesting topic. Rather, it is at the center of the crucial question of the continued existence of the Society of Friends.

If we are primarily interested in vying for existence with many other philanthropical, social, and political action groups, we will die out—since we will not be serving any real, otherwise-unmet need. Other secular organizations can probably undertake these tasks more successfully than we can. For example, one sees in Sweden, a relatively enlightened and progressive country,
that these other groups will probably continue to "steal our thunder" in terms of our concerns for human rights, equality, and international independence. In contrast to the U.S., for example, where Quakers were highly visible and gained many supporters for their stands against the Vietnam War and for racial and sexual equality—in Sweden these issues were and are so widely championed by other groups that the Quaker stand is nearly invisible.

In the same way, I feel our Society is becoming more and more anonymous, more and more like other horizontal dimension-fixated groups in the largely secular or rigidly ecclesiastical world we now live in. We will soon cease to exist if we do not concentrate on the unique and infinitely valuable base we have within Christianity:

For the Bloomington Meeting
Sitting in this quiet place
Of white-washed walls and rafters and of meeting,
Thee and me
I and Thou
We and The Other and one another
Come together.

Time pauses with each breath. The silence stirs.
I hear
You poured out like grace and I the cup.

Sitting in this uncluttered place, wholeness
Rises to the surface like a Poem.

—Kathleen Purnell

Invitation to the Dance

Hiding in the silence,
Deep in the mind,
Before history, was rhythm
And the rhythm was God.

(Nudge me in the ribs, elbow . . . .)

Who is that man with the glint of humor in his face
Having risen to the spirit?
I am waiting for the message.

That is no message,
That's a dance . . . . !

(Toe, stop poking me in the calf . . . .)
He is asking the children to dance.
They smile and bow their heads.

He asks a lady to dance
And she declines graciously.
He berates us for our unwillingness:
We cannot dance, therefore we cannot live.
He departs in despair.

There is the silence of embarrassment,
of awe, of puzzlement, of exasperation . . . .

Then the Meeting rises to the occasion, as usual:
Philosophically, arcane, unrhythmic—
We stumble over our own feet,
We think straight, and speak with grace.

But we decline the invitation.

God danced in the beginning,
Clapping hands at the creation,
Saying, "See what I have made!"
Clicking tongue and snapping heels;
Gli ding from here to Orion.

We are a still life of yesterday,
Stuck in the niche of "now";
Mosses in amber, medallions in plastic:
Eternally dead to the rhythms of life;

Never to do a two-step of the mind,
Or a waltz of the spirit,
Or a hustle of the heart.

How is it that the spirit moves us?

—Ann Deschanel
“It’s much easier to be a pilgrim who works for peace than an owner who does,” said Perry Yoder of Bethel College, North Newton, KS, addressing the annual College/Career Seminar held at Camp Squeak, B.C. in late December. He stressed that although affluence may well come as a result of hard work, it also results from rapidly increasing land values. Thus when nations, like individuals, turn their attention from living peacefully with their neighbors to defending their boundaries and possessions, conflict is less likely to be avoided. “Your ability to be a peacemaker,” he stated, “is directly related to your capacity to hold material possessions lightly.”

According to the newsletter of the Morningside [NYC] Meeting, “Mary Dyer” is now an opera and has been presented recently by the New York Lyric Opera Company at the New York University Theater. The author of the three-act opera is Richard Owen.

“If you say don’t let the church get into politics,” quotes the Wellesley (MA) Monthly Meeting Newsletter from a recent meeting on Friends and their relationship with government, “you are saying ‘Don’t let the church get into the world, let’s be another distraction from reality.’ The world is political. Politics has to do with the decisions men make which determine how they shall live and how they shall die. They are not living very well, and they are not going to die very well either. Politics is the locale of morality, of evil and good. If you do not get the church into the moral issues of politics, you will not confront evil and you cannot work for good. You will be a subordinate amusement—the great Christian joke.”

The San Francisco Friends Meeting newsletter carries a quotation about the corrupting influence of power taken from Josephine Duveneck’s autobiography Life on Two Levels. The final paragraph reads: “It was concern for motivation that made me prefer to work with Quakers on social problems. I found that Friends were very sensitive to the basis for action and that the group reduced the danger of domination by any one person. There was no question of majority or minority vote. The necessity to think through a proposition with those in disagreement was an excellent discipline for me. I used to get pretty impatient with the time it took to arrive at decisions, but in the end I had to admit that the final result was better than what I had hoped for in the first place.”

Hartford [CT] Meeting’s monthly bulletin notes that the Swedish Parliament and Swedish toy manufacturers have jointly decided to ban the sale of toy soldiers and toy pistols after this year (1979).

In facing the problem of the facing benches, one meeting (Gwynedd, PA) makes an appeal for more Friends to occupy the benches at the front of the meeting. Their reasons have been heard (if not acted upon) many times before: “The separation of the few who usually sit there from the rest . . . decreases unity which is a most desirable quality in meeting for worship. Being closer together physically can contribute to being closer spiritually.”

Gwynedd denies the “mistaken impression” that those who occupy the so-called “facing bench” are appointed to do so. All, that is, except those responsible for “breaking” meeting. Gwynedd’s advice is: “Don’t wait to be asked. Take the initiative. Ask another friend, couple or family to sit there with you.”
The Pennington
215 East Fifteenth Street
New York 10005
The Quaker residence in a desirable location. Limited transient space available for short periods. Write or telephone the manager for reservations.
Phone: 212 475-9198

PRESIDENT
FRIENDS WORLD COLLEGE,
Huntington, New York
(Read no further if you are not enthusiastic about experiential world education and committed to peaceful methods of social change—because this is the heart of our venture. And don't expect to get rich either. The salary, while adequate, is not luxurious).

FRIENDS WORLD COLLEGE is a four-year liberal arts institution based in Huntington, Long Island, with year-round study centers in Guatemala City, London, Jerusalem, Machakos (Kenya) and Kyoto (Japan). Founded by Quakers, it has always had a non-sectarian program, faculty and student body.

As chief executive, the President should possess the broad intellectual and administrative ability needed for the leadership of an innovative college with a decentralized program. High among these skills should be the ability to raise funds and broaden the current base of support. Exercise of leadership must take into account a practice of participation in decision-making by members from many cultural backgrounds.

Please address all inquiries to:
Presidential Search Committee
Friends World College
Plover Lane
Huntington, New York 11743

An Equal Opportunity Affirmative Action Employer

The problem is not economic but spiritual. The problem is how do we adjust ourselves to this understanding, that Earth has been systematically raped over the centuries? Its treasures have been wasted. We don't seem to understand that the cornucopia no longer overflows with blessings. We must find another harmony with each other to share what is left while there is yet time.

R. Vance Dowell
Salem, OR

Scrape Isn't Terrific Either

Ruth Kilpack's article (FJ 1/15/79) was certainly offensive to Scottish readers. How do you suppose a Scot feels when she is faced with that Philadelphia delicacy, "Scrappe," at breakfast?

"Jane Pepper"
Scotland

Hiroshima Book Prices

We wonder if, as a follow-up to Lynne Shivers' excellent reviews of several books we carry (FJ 2/1/79), your readers can be informed that all

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Life Is For Living

Friend Gene K. Hoffman said it so well in FJ 2/1/79: "We are in the holocaust." We have squandered Earth's gifts not only to surfeit our greed but for profit and power. We give no thought for our posterity. We have destroyed those cultures which were mindful of the limited resource of their tiny world as being "backward." They had struck a balance and harmony with their habitat. Or we have taken over other cultures which had limited understandings, but which had achieved some adjustment to their habitat, and have converted them into resources to be used to increase our own wealth, power, and comfort until they have rebelled and become determined to share in what they see as the world's treasures and comforts.

The problem is not economic but spiritual. The problem is how do we adjust ourselves to this understanding, that Earth has been systematically raped over the centuries? Its treasures have been wasted. We don't seem to understand that the cornucopia no longer overflows with blessings. We must find another harmony with each other to share what is left while there is yet time.
four of the books she reviewed are available from the Wilmington College Peace Resource Center, and that the prices are: Unforgettable Fire, $10; In the Sky Over Nagasaki, $3.50; Summer Cloud, $3.50; Annotated Bibliography, $6.50.

Helen Redding
Wilmington, OH

Step One In Tax Resistance

Thanks to Alan Eccleston for writing and to you for publishing his article ("War Tax Resistance as a Witness to Peace," FJ 2/15/79), and to a deeply concerned member of my meeting who called it to my attention. I have been helped to make a token Quaker Peace Witness by withholding a very small portion of my income tax. So Step One has been taken, I shall wait to see what will happen next and how I shall be able to meet it.

Accomplishment of Step One came about only after much prayerful inner searching, discussion with my meeting, and explanation to my employer, and these parts combined into a deeply enriching spiritual experience.

Dorothy Ann Ware
Largo, FL

'TIS
"THE YEAR
OF THE CHILD"

And We Recommend:
RACHEL AND OBADIAH by Brinton Turkle. The latest and most delightful of his Obadiah series. Priced at $7.95, plus 75¢ postage and handling, sales tax where applicable.

THE SEVENTH ONE by Elizabeth Yates. A story for ALL AGES of the devotion and trust between man and dog over a lifetime. Priced at $6.95, plus 75¢ postage and handling, sales tax where applicable.

FRIENDS BOOK STORE
156 NO. 15TH STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA 19102
(215) 241-7225

For a deeper Christian life

THE VIOLENCE WITHIN
Paul Tournier

One of Christianity's most widely read authors confronts the powerful emotion of violence that is alive within every person. With characteristic psychological understanding and biblical insight, Tournier reminds us that the same violence that destroys can be channelled into a force for good rather than evil. $6.95

CELEBRATION OF DISCIPLINE
Paths to Spiritual Growth
Richard J. Foster

Foreword by Elton Trueblood. "Fascinating and discerning...Written from a Biblical and Christian perspective, this book provides practical guidance to persons seeking to deepen the life of the spirit...bears reading again and again."—Wilmer Cooper $7.95

Harper & Row
SAN FRANCISCO
1700 Montgomery St., CA 94111

At bookstores
Guests of My Life

A VITAL NEW BOOK BY

Elizabeth Watson

Stunned and bereaved by the death of her eldest daughter in an automobile accident, Elizabeth Watson found life-renewing inspiration in the writings and personal lives of Emily Dickinson, Rainer Maria Rilke, Katherine Mansfield, Rabindranath Tagore, Alan Paton and Walt Whitman. Guests of My Life is Elizabeth Watson's account of how she transformed tragedy and grief into creative opportunity, spiritual revitalization, and a deeper, abiding faith.

You are invited to help finance the book by ordering and paying for copies now, in advance of publication, for delivery in late June, 1979.

Celo Press
Route S
Burnsville, NC 28714

Please send me copies of Guests of My Life for $5.50 each (hardcover). My check is enclosed.

Name
Street
City/State/Zip

August At

POWELL HOUSE

NY Yearly Meeting Conference and Retreat Center

July 27-Aug. 2 Friendly Sojourn-ing—unprogrammed, many near by attractions.

Aug. 3-5 Media Meditations—a weekend on movement, poetry and water colors.

Aug. 10-12 Spiritual Healing—a weekend workshop.

Aug. 16-19 Music is Music is Music—appreciation, symphony concert, making our own music too! experts and non-exerts!


Sojourn ing in our buildings and family camping on our grounds available at various times June 25-August 31.

Write for details mentioning your particular interest:

Director: Powell House
RD 1, Box 101
Old Chatham, NY 12136
Tel: 518-794-6811

CALENDAR

June

2—“Developing a Positive Atmosphere in Classrooms, Children’s Groups or Camp” will be the theme of a Saturday workshop for educators at Friends Meeting House, 15 Rutherford Place, New York, NY. Register one week before workshop at: CCRC/FOR, Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960 (914) 358-4501. Cost: $20 (some scholarship help may be available). Bring a bag lunch.

3—Open House at Yearly Meeting Friends Home (The McCutchen), 71 Rockview Avenue, North Plainfield, NJ 07060, 2:30 p.m. to 4:00 p.m.

3—Middletown Day at Middletown Meeting, Lima, PA. Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. Covered dish luncheon served. All are welcome.

14-17—Intermountain Yearly Meeting at Ghost Ranch, NM. Contact: Frances B. McAllister, P.O. Box 922, Flagstaff, AZ 86002.

17-21—Junior Friends Conference at George School, Newtown, PA 18940. Open to children in grades one to six, preference will be given to staff children and those from Abington Quarter, though there may be room for others. Children should bring play clothes, swim suits, towels, sweaters, raincoats, sneakers and one nice outfit for evening program. Also toiletries, blankets and sports equipment. All must be willing to cooperate with conference staff. Cost: $85.

22-24—China Concerns Conference at Powell House, Old Chatham, NY. Call (518) 794-8811. Minimal fee.

27-30—“The Everlasting Gospel and John 15” will be the theme of the annual summer conference of the Quaker Theological Discussion Group, meeting at Malone College, Canton, OH. Speakers will be Dean Freiday of Mansaquan (NJ) Meeting and Douglas Gwyn of Noblesville (IN) Meeting. Information and reservations through: Viola E. Purvis, 316 Marks St., Orlando, FL 32804.

July

1—A special celebration in honor of Edith Harriet Jones' 100th birthday (7/3/79) will be held by Minneapolis Friends Meeting, West 44th Street and York Avenue South. Edith Jones is the only recorded minister within Minneapolis Meeting. Unprogrammed worship at 9:00 a.m.; luncheon will be served at the meetinghouse with a program to follow. Messages may be sent to Edith Jones c/o Louise White, 9028 Kel Circle, Minneapolis, MN 55437.

June 1, 1979 FRIENDS JOURNAL
TRAIL'S END
KEENE VALLEY, NEW YORK 12943
A SMALL FAMILY INN
IN THE HEART OF THE ADIRONDACKS
The joys of nature, the comforts of home,
Hiking, bird-watching, skiing, snow shoeing, in season.
Children welcomed and cared for—Send for folder
ELIZABETH G. LEHMANN, Owner (518) 576-4392

Oakwood School
America’s Oldest Coeducational Boarding
and Day School

*Oakwood is a Quaker educational community with a college preparatory academic program. The unique senior program, “Adventure in Quaker education,” combines intensive academic work with manual skills and community service projects.

Grades 9-12—Tuition Reduction for Friends—100 Students
Henry O. Nadig, Jr., Director of Admissions
Oakwood School, Poughkeepsie, NY 12601 • (914) 462-4200

WESTTOWN SCHOOL
1799
C. Thomas KAESEMEYER, Headmaster
1979
A Friends’ coeducational country
boarding and day school

BOARDING 9-12
DAYS-PRE-FIRST-10

Scholarships available for Friends and Alumni Children
For further information or a catalogue, please write:
J. Kirk Russell, Director of Admissions
Westtown School, Westtown, Pa. 19395
Telephone: (215) 399-0123

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

CLASSIFIED RATES
MINIMUM CHARGE $5.00, 25¢ per word.
Please send payment with order. (A Friends Journal box number counts as three words.)
Add 10% if boxed, 10% discount for 3 consecutive insertions, 25% for 6. Appearance of any advertisement does not imply endorsement by Friends Journal.
Copy deadline 30 days before publication.

Accommodations

Mexico City Friends Center. Pleasant, reasonable accommodations. Reservations, Casa de los Amigos, Ignacio Mariscal 132, Mexico 1, D.F. Friends Meeting, Sundays 11 a.m. Phone 535-2752.
Beacon Hill Friends House. Residential community for students and others, under care of Friends. Summer fall openings, up to 2 years. Apply 6 Chestnut Street, Boston, MA 02108.
Personal

Single Booklovers enables cultured, marriage-oriented single, widowed or divorced persons to get acquainted. Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081.

Martell's offers you friendliness and warmth as well as fine foods and beverages. Oldest restaurant in Yorkville. Fireplace—sidewalk cafe. Serving lunch daily. Saturday and Sunday brunch. American-continental cuisine. Open seven days a week until 2 a.m. 3rd Ave., corner of 83rd St., New York City. 212-861-6110. “Peace.”

Positions Vacant

Caring individuals needed for a community specializing in the care and rehabilitation of individuals with psychiatric difficulties. Program now includes an urban residential program near Boston. Community is Christian-oriented but ecumenical. Long-term commitments are desired. Housing, utilities, food, and major medical provided in addition to cash salaries depending on level of responsibility. Contact: Kent Smith, Gould Farm, Monterey, Massachusetts 01245. 413-528-1804.

William Penn College is seeking a person to assume the position of Associate Director of Development for annual giving and alumni relations. A qualified person will have a major role in an expanding development program at Quaker Liberal Arts College. Please send inquiries or resume to: John Wagoner, William Penn College, Oskaloosa, Iowa 52577, or phone 515-673-8311 Ext. 273.

Guilford College, Greensboro, North Carolina, a liberal arts coeducational Quaker affiliated institution with approximately 1,500 students invites nominations and applications for the position of President. The President is the chief executive officer and reports to the Board of Trustees. We are seeking a person with a distinguished academic career and extensive administrative experience. Send applications with current resume and salary expectations to Chairman, Search Committee, P.O. Box 8125, Greensboro, NC 27410. An Equal Opportunity Affirmative Action Employer.

Teacher/director and assistant to help establish a Quaker care center for children 2-4 years old. R.A./M.A. in child development, also some knowledge of Quaker beliefs. Write: Quaker House, 2121 Decatur Place, Washington, DC 20008.

A Challenge to creative living and learning. The Meeting School, a Quaker high school, encourages individual growth through strong academics and an equally demanding emphasis on community cooperation and shared decision-making. Students live in faculty homes. Art and farm programs. Co-ed, boarding, grades 9-12 and post-guard, college prep. Founded in 1877. The Meeting School, Ringrose, NH 03401. 603-899-3366.

Applied Peace Studies. Wilmington College of Ohio (Quakers) enables students to combine Peace Studies with fields such as agriculture, communication, economics, management, religion or other areas as appropriate for careers in co-makemaking or for leadership in church, meeting or community. Peace Resources Center (Hiroshima/Nagasaki Memorial Collection); Human Relations Laboratory; internships related to individual goals. Write Peace Studies, Box 1243, Wilmington College, Wilmington, Ohio 45177.

Health Enrichment Programs: residential semesters of spirit-mind-body education through nutrition, meditation, exercise, organic gardening, stress reduction, spiritual healing, more. Spiritual power that heals is within! Develop your healthful lifestyle. Write: Kainonia, 1400 Greenspring Valley Road, Stevenson, Maryland 21153.

Services Offered

General Contractor. Repairs or alterations on old or historical buildings. Storm and fire damage restored. John File, 1147 Bloomdale Road, Philadelphia, PA 19115. 464-2207.

Summer Rentals

On Long Beach Island, Surf City, NJ. Two bedroom apartment available by the week, 2 blocks to ocean or bay. Walk to stores. Call Neil Hartman 609-235-4507 or Warren Sawyer 609-235-7400 evenings.

For Sale

Printers' types, type cases, and accessories for hobbyist or serious craftsman. Contact Harry S. Scott, Inc., 414 Water Street, Baltimore, MD 21202.
District of Columbia
WASHINGTON—Meeting, Sunday, 11 a.m.; worship group, 9 a.m.; worship, 10 a.m.-11 a.m.; baby sitting 11 a.m.-noon; First-day school, 11 a.m.-12 noon. Worship group, Thursday evening. 77 11 Florida Ave., N.W., near Connecticut Ave.

Florida
CLEARWATER—Meeting 10:30 a.m., YWCA, 222 S. Lincoln Ave. Phone: 864-1262 evenings.
DAYTONA BEACH—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., 291 San Juan Ave. Phone: 677-0457.
GAINEsville—1621 N.W. 2nd Ave., Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m.
JACKSONVILLE—Meeting 10 a.m., YWCA. Phone contact 389-4345.
LAKE WORTH—Palm Beach Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 923 North A St. Phone: 956-8080 or 948-3148.
MIAMI—Meeting, 10 a.m., 1185 Sunset Road. Heather C. Moir, clerk, 381-2889. APSF Peace Center, 443-9636.
ORLANDO—Meeting 10:30 a.m., 316 E. Marks St., Orlando. Phone: 389-2632.
SARASOTA—Worship 11 a.m., American Red Cross Amex, 307 S. Orange Ave., Mary Margaret McKee, clerk, 245-2552.
ST. PETERSBURG—Meeting 10:30 a.m., 130 19th St., S.E., Phone: 813-896-0310.
WINTER PARK—Meeting 10 a.m. Alumni House, Rollins College. Phone: 544-7402.

Georgia
ATLANTA—Worship and First-day school. 10 a.m., 1384 Fairview Rd., H.E. 30306. Sue Williams, clerk. Quaker House phone 733-7966.
AUGUSTA—Worship 10 a.m. 540 Telfair St., marguerite Race, clerk. Phone: 738-6529 or 735-1478.
SAVANNAH—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. 110 E. Taylor. Phone 236-4703 or 236-2066.

Hawaii
HONOLULU—Sundays, 2406 Oahu Avenue. 9:45, hymn sing; 10, worship and First-day school. Over-night inquiries welcomed. Phone: 998-2714.
MAUI—Friends Worship Group. Please call Mr. and Mrs. Brian Treeway, 876-1208. 231 Koloa Place, Kula, H 96790.

Illinois
BLOOMINGTON-NORMAL—Unprogrammed. Call 309-628-2702 for time and location.
CARBONDALE—Unprogrammed worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m. Phone 457-6542.
CHICAGO—57th Street. Worship 10:30 a.m., 5615 Woodland. Monthly Meeting every first Friday, 7:30 p.m. Phone: BU 8-3066.
CHICAGO—Chicago Monthly Meeting, 10749 S. Archer Ave. Phone: H5-6949 or BE 3-2715. Worship, 11 a.m.
CHICAGO—Northside (unprogrammed). Worship 10:30 a.m. For information and meeting location, phone Gretchen Ashley, clerk, 864-1923 or 743-0944.
DECATUR—Worship 10 a.m. Phone Charles Wright, clerk, 217-897-2914, for meeting location.
DEKALB—Meeting in Friends homes. Phone: 758-1385, 758-0784.
DOWNS GROVE (west suburban Chicago)—worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m., 5710 Lomong Ave. (3 blocks west of Belmont, 1 block south of Maple). Phone: 989-3601 or 652-5612.
EVANSTON—1010 Greenleaf, UN 4-8511. Worship on First-day, 10 a.m.
LAKE FOREST—Worship 10:30 a.m. at Meeting House, West Old Elm and Ridge Rds. Mail: Box 95, Lake Forest 60045. Phone: 544-5033 or 234-4645.

Kentucky
LEXINGTON—Unprogrammed worship and First-day school, 4 p.m. For information, call 266-2853. LOUISVILLE—Meeting, 10 a.m. 3080 Bon Air Ave., 40205. Phone: 452-6612.

Louisiana
BATON ROUGE—Unprogrammed meeting for worship. In Baton Rouge call Quentin Jenkins, clerk, 343-0018.
NEW ORLEANS—Worship Sundays, 10 a.m. 3003 Louisiana Avenue Parkway. Phone: 822-3411 or 861-8222.

Maine
BAR HARBOR—Acadia meeting for worship in evening. Phone 288-4519 or 244-7113.

Mid-Coast area
MID-COAST AREA—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 10 a.m. at Damariscotta library. Phone: 563-3406 or 563-8285.

Maryland
ADELPHI—Near University of Maryland. 2303 Metzrott Rd. First-day school, 10:30 a.m.; worship, 10 a.m. Deborah James, clerk. Phone: 422-9280.
ANNE ARBOR—Worship 10 a.m. at YWCA, 40 State Circle. Mail address Box 3142, Annapolis 21403. Contact Edward Riley, 301-263-2083.
BALTIMORE—Kolonia Quaker Meeting for worship, 9:30-10:15 a.m. Most Sundays. Check with Dick Falkenstein or Dorothy Blom. Phone: 301-485-6262.
BETHESDA—Sidewell Friends Lower School, Edge Moore Lane & Beverly Rd. Classes, 10:15; worship 11 a.m. Phone: 332-1196.
CHESTERTOWN—Chester River Meeting. Worship and First-day school. 11 a.m. 127 High St. George Gerenbeck, clerk, 639-2156.
EASTON—Third Haven Meeting and First-day school 10 a.m. 405 S. Washington St. Carl Boyer, clerk. 725-2108; Lorraine Gigliotti, 622-6609.
SANDY SPRING—Meetinghouse Road, at Rt. 106. Worship, 8:30 and 11:00 a.m.; First Sundays, 9:30 only. Classes, 10:30 a.m.
SPARKS—Gunpowder Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. For information call 472-2931.
UNION BRIDGE—Pipe Creek Meeting. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

Massachusetts
ACTON—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Harvey Wheeler Community Center, corner Main and Church Sts., W. Concord. (During summer in homes.) Clerk, John S. Barlow. Phone: 389-3029 or 396-9399.
AMHERST-NORTHAMPTON-GREENFIELD—Meeting for worship and First-day school 11 a.m. Summer worship 10 a.m. Mt. Toby Meetinghouse, Rte. 63, Leverett. Phone 253-9247 or 267-7508.
BOSTON—Worship 11 a.m. (summer 10 a.m.). First-day, Beacon Hill Friends House, Chestnut St., Boston 02108. Phone: 227-9118.
CAMBRIDGE—529 brattle St. (near Harvard Sq., off Brattle St.). Meetings Sunday 9:30 & 11 a.m. From 3rd Sun. in June through 2nd Sun. in Sept. 10 a.m. Phone 929-7002.
DORCHESTER—JAMAICA PLAIN—Sunday evenings 5 p.m. in homes. Worship, FDS, soup, and discussion. Phone 552-3745.
FRAMINGHAM—947 Southboro Rd. (2 mil W. of Natick). Worship 10 a.m. First-day school. Visitor welcome. Phone: 677-0481.
SOUTH YARMOUTH, CAPE COD—N. Main St. Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Phone: 398-3773.
WELLESLEY—Meeting for worship and Sunday school, 10:30 a.m. at 26 Sowden Street. Phone: 237-0268.
WEST FALMOUTH, CAPE COD—Rt. 28A, meeting for worship, Sunday 11 a.m.
WESTPORT—Meeting/Day, 10:45 a.m. Central Village, Clerk. J.K. Stewart Kinkade, Phone: 638-4711.
WORCESTER—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 11 a.m. 901 Pleasant St. Phone: 754-3887. If no answer call 758-0278.

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: Bruce Graves, Phone: 313-483-5068.
BIRMINGHAM—Phone: 313-646-7022.
**New York**

**ALBANY**—Worship and First-day school, 11 a.m., 727 Madison Ave. Phone: 518-9004.

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

**AUBURN**—Unprogrammed meeting, 1 p.m., 7th-day worship. By appointment. Auburn Prison, 135 State St., Auburn, NY 13021. Requests must be processed through Rhylls Rantanen Girard, Human Rights, Union Springs, NY 13160. Phone: 315-869-5927.

**BROOKLYN**—110 Schermerhorn St. Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m.; meeting for discussion 10 a.m.; coffee hour noon. Child care provided. Information: 212-772-9886 (Mon.-Fri., 9-5). Meeting address: Box 7985, Brooklyn, NY 11201.

**BUFFALO**—Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m., 72 N. Parade. Phone 729-7145.


**CHAPPAQUA**—Quaker Road (Route 120). Meeting for worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. Phone 914-283-9664. Clerk: 914-786-6410.

**CLINTON**—Meeting, Sundays: 10:30 a.m., Kirkland Art Center, On-the-Park. Phone: 671-2243.

**CORNWALL**—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., Rt. 307, off 9W, Quaker Cove Rd. Phone: 914-534-2217.

**ELMIRA**—10:30 a.m. Sundays, 155 West 6th St. Phone: 607-733-7787.

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

**HICKSVILLE**—Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. first and third Sundays, 343 Union St. Marcia G. Moeschi, clerk. Phone: 516-943-4105 or 516-818-9302.

**ITHACA**—10 a.m., worship, First-day school, nursery; Anabel Taylor Hall, Sept.-May. Phone: 258-4714.

**LONG ISLAND (QUEENS, NASSAU, SUFFOLK COUNTIES)**—Unprogrammed meetings for worship, 11 a.m. First-days, unless otherwise noted.

**FARINGDOLE-BETHPAGE/animate**—Meeting, 10 a.m. First-day school 11 a.m. Open house 2-4 p.m. 1st and 3rd First-days except 1st 2nd, 8th, and 12th months.

**HUNTINGTON-LLOYD HARBOR**—Meeting followed by discussion and simple lunch. France World College, Plover Lane. Phone: 516-423-3872.

**JERSEY CITY**—Old Jericho Tpke., off Rt. 25, just east of intersection with Rts. 106 and 107.

**LOCUST VALLEY - MATINECOCK**—Duck Pond and Piping Rock Rd.

**MANHASSET**—Northern Blvd. at Shelter Rock Rd. First-day school 9:45 a.m.

**ST. JAMES-CONSECUTIVE BAY**—Moorhead Rd. Adult discussion, 10:30 a.m. Phone: 516-261-6000 or 516-414-6573.

**SHELTER ISLAND**—10:30 a.m., Quaker Graveyard, Sylvester Manor. (Rainy first-days and winter: Shelter Island Public Library). Phone: 516-749-0055.

**SOUTHPART - EASTERN L.I.**—Administrative Bldg., Southampton College, 1st and 3rd First-days.

**SOUTHOLD**—Colonial Village Recreation Room, Main St., June through Aug. 10 a.m. House Rd., opposite Bethpage State Park Clubhouse.

**FLUSHING**—137-19 Northern Blvd. Discussion group 10 a.m.; First-day school 11 a.m. Open house 2-4 p.m. 1st and 3rd First-days except 1st, 2nd, 8th, and 12th months.

**WORSHIP**—12 to 1:30 at 5th Ave. at 48th St. Phone: 212-785-7885.

**Wright House Rd., opposite Bethpage State Park Clubhouse.

**FLUSHING**—137-19 Northern Blvd. Discussion group 10 a.m.; First-day school 11 a.m. Open house 2-4 p.m. 1st and 3rd First-days except 1st, 2nd, 8th, and 12th months.

**HUNTINGTON-LLOYD HARBOR**—Meeting followed by discussion and simple lunch. France World College, Plover Lane. Phone: 516-423-3872.

**LONG ISLAND (QUEENS, NASSAU, SUFFOLK COUNTIES)**—Unprogrammed meetings for worship, 11 a.m. First-days, unless otherwise noted.

**FARINGDOLE-BETHPAGE/animate**—Meeting, 10 a.m. First-day school 11 a.m. Open house 2-4 p.m. 1st and 3rd First-days except 1st 2nd, 8th, and 12th months.

**HUNTINGTON-LLOYD HARBOR**—Meeting followed by discussion and simple lunch. France World College, Plover Lane. Phone: 516-423-3872.

**JERSEY CITY**—Old Jericho Tpke., off Rt. 25, just east of intersection with Rts. 106 and 107.

**LOCUST VALLEY - MATINECOCK**—Duck Pond and Piping Rock Rd.

**MANHASSET**—Northern Blvd. at Shelter Rock Rd. First-day school 9:45 a.m.

**ST. JAMES-CONSECUTIVE BAY**—Moorhead Rd. Adult discussion, 10:30 a.m. Phone: 516-261-6000 or 516-414-6573.

**SHELTER ISLAND**—10:30 a.m., Quaker Graveyard, Sylvester Manor. (Rainy first-days and winter: Shelter Island Public Library). Phone: 516-749-0055.

**SOUTHPART - EASTERN L.I.**—Administrative Bldg., Southampton College, 1st and 3rd First-days.

**SOUTHOLD**—Colonial Village Recreation Room, Main St., June through Aug. 10 a.m. House Rd., opposite Bethpage State Park Clubhouse.

**WORSHIP**—12 to 1:30 at 5th Ave. at 48th St. Phone: 212-785-7885.

**NEW YORK**—First-day school, 11 a.m., 916 Madison Ave.; phone: 212-727-2244.

**NEW YORK**—First-day school, 11 a.m., 916 Madison Ave.; phone: 212-727-2244.

**NEW YORK**—First-day school, 11 a.m., 916 Madison Ave.; phone: 212-727-2244.

**NEW YORK**—First-day school, 11 a.m., 916 Madison Ave.; phone: 212-727-2244.
Byberry, one mile east of Roosevelt Boulevard at Southampton Rd., 11 a.m.

Central Philadelphia, 15th and Race Sts.

Chesterbrook, 1139 Upland Rd., Fox Chase, 11 a.m.; July & August 10:30 a.m.

Chesnut Hill, 100 E. Mermaid Lane.

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

Frankford, 11 South Orthodox Sts., 11 a.m.

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

Germantown Meeting, Coulter St. and Germantown Ave.

Green Street Meeting, 45 W. School House Lane.

PHOENIXVILLE—Schuykill Mill Meeting. East of Phoenixville and north of junction of Whitehorse Rd. 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 8:30 a.m., 4836 Ellsworthe Ave.

PLYMOUTH MEETING—Germantown Pike & Butler Pike. Adult class 10:15 a.m. Meeting for worship and First-day school 11:15 a.m.

QUAKERTOWN—Richland Monthly Meeting, Main and Mill Sts. First-day school and meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m.

RADOR—Conestoga and Sproul 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. 106 North Sixth St.

SOLLETER—Sangamon Rd. 2 miles NW of New Hope. Worship, 10 a.m.; First-day school, 10:45 a.m. Phone: 297-0054.

SOUTHPHNANT (Bucks County)—Street and Gravel Hill Rd. First-day school 9:45, worship 10:30 a.m. Clark's phone: 357-3857.

SPRINGFIELD—N. Springfield Rd. and Old Sproul Rd. Meeting 11 a.m. Sundays.

STATE COLLEGE—318 South Atherton St. First-day school, 9:30 a.m.; meeting for worship, 10:45 a.m.

SUMMERTOWN—Penns Valley Area—Unami Monthly Meeting meets 1st, 3rd and 5th Firsts at 11 a.m., 2nd and 4th Firsts at 5 p.m. Meetinghouse at 9th and Maleby Sts., Penns Valley. Phone: 679-7842.

SWARTHMORE—Whittier Place, College Campus. Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m. Forum, 11 a.m.


UPPER DUBLIN—Rt. Washington Ave. and Meetinghouse Rd., near Ambler. Worship and First-day school, 11 a.m.

VALLEY—West of King of Prussia, on old Rt. 202 and Dale Rd. Meeting for worship and First-day school and forum, 10 a.m. (except summer); meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m. (summer), 10:00 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 Sundays.

WESTTOWN—Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. Sunday, Westtown School Campus, Westtown, PA 19095.

WILKES-BARRE—North Branch Monthly Meeting. Wyoming Seminary Day School, 1960 Wyoming Ave., Flushing, PA 18702. Meeting, 10 a.m., meeting, 11 a.m., through May.

WILLISTOWN—Goshen and Warren Rds., Newtown Square. First- and Fourth-day school and forum, 10 a.m. Forum, 11 a.m.

Wrightstown—First-day school, 9:30 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m. Rt. 413.

YARDLEY—North Main St. Meeting for worship 10 a.m. First-day school follows meeting during winter months.

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

Rhode Island

NEWPORT—In the restored meetinghouse, Marit.
Not only are children menaced by the nuclear threat, he said, but many of the world's children are struggling for survival without adequate nutrition, medical care, or protection from exploitation.

Helping children has been an AFSC goal since 1917. We fed the hungry children of Germany after World War I; aided the "nobody's nothings"—the refugee children of World War II; came to the rescue of small victims of the Korean, Algerian, and Vietnamese struggles. Currently we have programs on every continent designed to assist children in their struggle to survive.

1979 Is The Year of The Child.

Join AFSC in Helping To Make The World Safer for Children.

American Friends Service Committee
1501 Cherry Street
Philadelphia, PA 19102

Here is my contribution for AFSC's work with children.

Please send me more information about AFSC's work with children.

NAME _______________________________________

ADDRESS ___________________________________

CITY ___________________ STATE _____ ZIP ______