

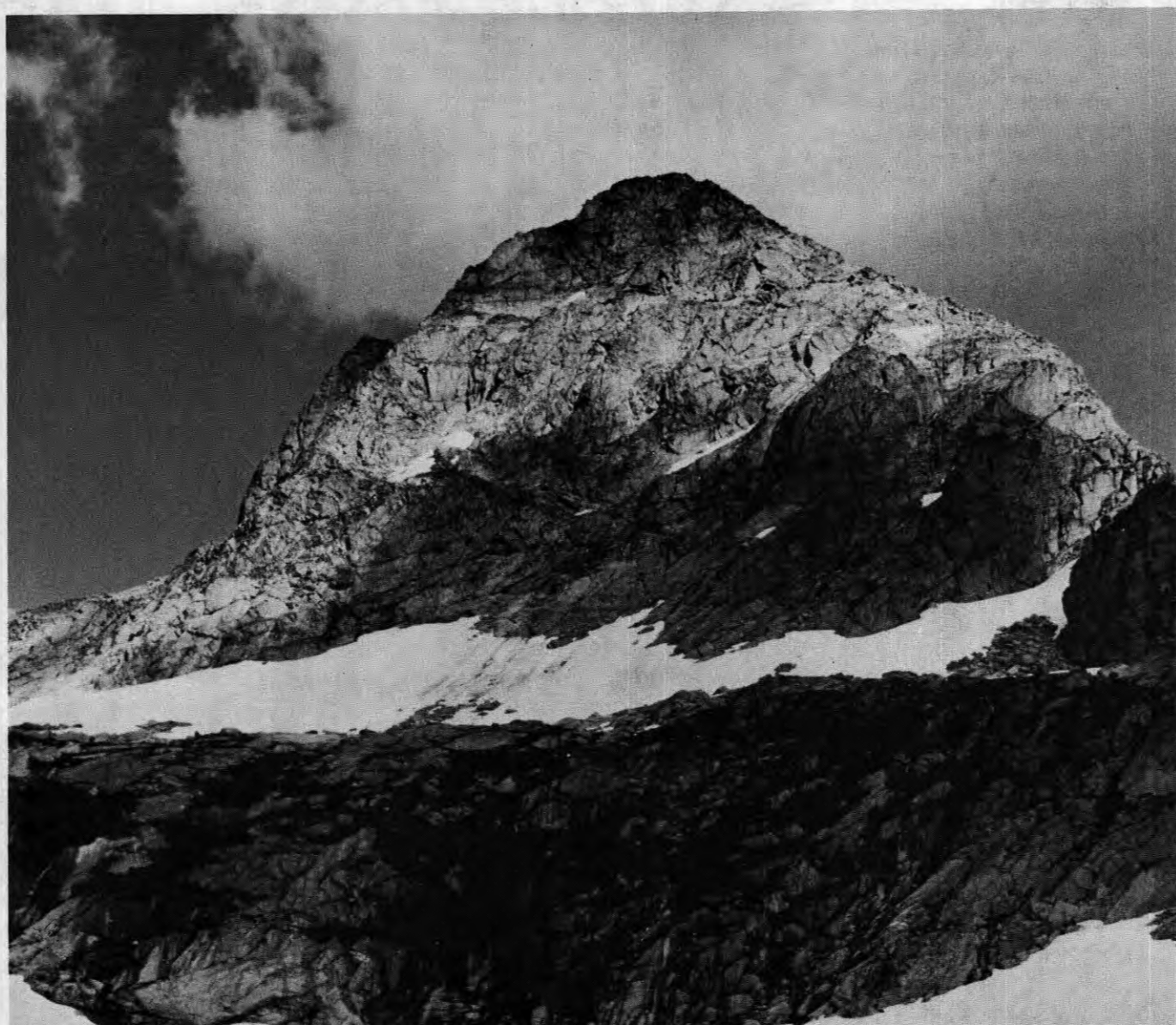
November 15, 1979

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker Thought and Life Today

"Affairs are now soul size.
The enterprise
Is exploration into God..."

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Martin Klaver

FRIENDS JOURNAL



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The Quaker Proposition

by Stephen G. Cary

In the year that King Uzziah died I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple.

Above it stood the seraphims: each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly.

And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory. And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke.

Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts.

Then flew one of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar:

And he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged.

Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.

I begin with these words from the sixth chapter of Isaiah because they fall, I think, with particular poignancy on Quaker ears and maybe especially on our ears as we enter this day into our fourth century in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. For we Friends, in perceiving that there is a Light that lighteth every person, lay on ourselves a special obligation to follow the Light that is given to us so directly. We are called to be God's instruments in service. Many of us, I think, remember from our earliest days those famous words of William Penn: "True godliness does not turn men out of the world, but enables them to live better in it, and excites their endeavours to mend it." That is the Quaker Proposition to which I want to speak this afternoon: our personal obligation to mend, and how we should try to carry it out.

It is not a new question in this yearly meeting, nor in any gathering where Friends meet to consider their faith and their responsibilities. Indeed I remember another yearly meeting in this room, a long time ago, when we were all very much exercised about a particular racial conflict, and someone rose in the body of the meeting and expressed the hope that Clarence Pickett might go to that particular scene and attempt to bring the angry parties together. The meeting responded warmly to this suggestion until Harold Evans, who was sitting way up in the balcony, in the far corner of the meetinghouse, almost in the last row, rose to speak, and in that beautiful voice, which so many of us can hear still, said, "Here am I, Lord, send Clarence." And after a pause. . . "Friends, have we nothing to say for ourselves?" That's all he said, and he sat down. I've never forgotten the impact of Harold's statement.

That's why, earlier this month, when those troubled young students from Haverford and Bryn Mawr came to

me and said they wanted to tell Friends about our failure to yet rid ourselves of all the elements of racism on our campus, my advice was:

Yes, of course, go and share your concerns, but don't ask the yearly meeting to solve our problems, because the answer is not going to be found at Fourth and Arch Streets, or even in the resources of the Chace Fund, however welcome they would be. Nor will they be solved merely by adding more students to live in our community in its present imperfect state. The answers will be found on our campus in dealing with our own curricular shortcomings, and with the attitudes—the thoughtless insensitivity, almost always unintentional, that still lingers in our community and makes our minority students feel less than full members of it. These are the problems. They are my problems. And all of you students whom I love and admire, they are also your problems. Only we can solve them.

So the first response to the proposition is what can I do, not what can be asked of others to do. But on the heels of the first question comes a second, and I think it is much more difficult: how shall I do it?

This is where I think we Friends are in the most trouble, not so much because we are unconcerned, but because our concern is imperfectly exercised. The world has always needed mending, but in other ages the main hurts we felt in our hearts were those we could see, whose mending was primarily a neighborhood assignment. Of course, we had our traveling Friends who ministered far from home, but theirs was a special instance in a special time. John Woolman rode his horse up and down the coast from Mount Holly because his soul was on fire with the injustice of the slavery that he saw all around him. Vietnam, the Middle East, Southern Africa, and Chile, Communism and Nazism, famine and revolution and poverty in the far corners of the world were not part of his life because he did not own a TV, and his newspaper, insofar as it recorded distant troubles and sufferings at all, did so weeks, months, and even years after the event.

Not so with us. The challenges and the sorrows of every continent pour in on us each day with the evening news. The vast winds of change that affect our world grip and excite us right in our own living rooms. As Private Meadows says in *A Sleep Of Prisoners*:

*... The frozen misery
Of centuries breaks, cracks, begins to move,
The thunder is the thunder of the floes,
The thaw, the flood, the upstart Spring. . . .
Affairs are now soul size.*

Stephen G. Cary is vice-president of Haverford College and chairman of the board of directors of the American Friends Service Committee. This article was given as a talk by Stephen Cary at Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in March, 1979.

*The enterprise
Is exploration into God...*

We Friends want to be involved in that change, in that rebirth. We long to ease the agony, to achieve the justice, to build the peace.

And because we are Quakers, people everywhere turn to us for help. Not, Friends, because of our special merit, but because our fathers and our grandfathers, and our mothers and our grandmothers bore their witness, in season and out, in good times and bad, with a consistency that—for all the individual backsliding—has for our Society been unbroken over the centuries, and has won for us a measure of the world's respect. We are only the inheritors, but our reputation as Friends still makes us wanted and needed. Small wonder, then, that we are pressured by our own conscience into more and more areas of concern. Our faith offers us no relief because it assures us that love overcomes and overcomes universally: its only limits are the imperfections of our own imagination and the inadequacies of our own will in its application.

So as I look at our service bodies, and at the concerned and active members of our monthly meetings, I see them increasingly pressured and harassed, on a kind of accelerating merry-go-round, pouring themselves into ever more disparate—and far flung—concerns, a far cry indeed from the singleminded passion of John Woolman. Indeed, I find myself on the merry-go-round. And in these circumstances time to nourish the roots is hard to find.

But time, Friends, is not really the problem. There is a much worse one, and it lies in the decline of our own felt need for nourishment. This is the age of organization. We join together for greater power and effectiveness, we assemble substantial funds, and, thus empowered with money and troops, we come to feel sufficient unto ourselves. The old approach to exercising our concerns, when a Friend asked to be liberated by the meeting, and the meeting through its worship and its prayers served as guide, counselor, and support, no longer operates in most of our service enterprises.

Fundamentally, conditions *are* different. We cannot and probably should not return to the old and simpler practices of a simpler age to conduct the tasks we have charted for ourselves. It is appropriate that we join together and assemble funds and organize work, but I think, Friends, that as we do so we need also to reflect deeply, and to pray earnestly, about another piece of Penn's wisdom: "Have a care, Friends, where there is more sail than ballast." And I would suggest that when we look at the history of our Society or at the contributions of those past Quaker leaders whose memories we most cherish, we will discover that they reflect that care:

that it has been when our sails and our ballast have been in balance that we have been at our best.

In all our fervor—in all my fervor—to be doing, have I paid too little attention to the power that lies in being? Do we remember that it is the spirit of our service, the aura that surrounds it, the gentleness and the patience that marks it, the love made visible that compels it, that is the truly distinctive quality that lifts Quaker service above lobbying, above pressure, above coercion, that inspires the doubtful, and reaches to the heart of the adversary?

All of us in our own lives, in our own day, everyone in this room, have seen truth spoken to power by men and women who radiated this spirit. Memories flood in on us at the very thought: Clarence... Rufus... Henry... and those two towers of wisdom and delight, Margarethe Lachmund and Anna Brinton. And in my own case, my beloved friend Robert DeWitt, who served so nobly as the Episcopal bishop here in southeastern Pennsylvania not long ago. I remember him especially on one occasion in Washington. We were vigiling and fasting for peace in Vietnam with a few other clerics when, all at once, as we stood quietly in worship in front of the White House, the Reverend Carl McIntyre—all six feet six of him—strode up and began to belabor Bob DeWitt. Glaring down at him, challenging in manner, harsh in judgment, angry in tone: "Bishop, you know, of course, that in doing this you are playing right into the hands of the Communists." The slight, little bishop looked up at the angry man towering over him. He smiled, and said sweetly, "Carl, our aim is to play into the hands of God." So simple, so gentle, so disarming, so uncomplicated, that the encounter ended right there. McIntyre, though surely unpersuaded, could think of nothing to say, and went quietly off about his business. This kind of spirit, this gentleness, this certainty of the immanence of God's love at work among people is not found in strategy meetings, in manuals, or organization charts, important as they may be.

We know in our hearts, but we don't very often translate into our lives, the perception that it is found, over time, only in worship—only in the quiet, never-ending search to discover the immediacy of God's love in our lives. And yet it is the heart of the matter, because it is only by drawing on God's strength that we can cling to the sense of compassion and forgiveness and patience that alone informs our Quaker service with the quality that truly persuades. Friends, if we would stand against the hurricane we need roots that run deep. And I know that for all of us, on those rare occasions when we *have* found the courage, the will, to put principle above convenience, there is a deep and profound gratitude for a faith that goes beyond knowing.

This is the spirit, Friends, that removes the dilemma that seems so often to vex us in our deliberations: the

apparent conflict between our call to confront and our call to reconcile. We were warned the other evening, in our consideration of divestiture, of the danger of coercive confrontation. And it is dangerous. But surely Friends must sometimes confront, candidly and directly. John Woolman did it all the time, and if coercion is making someone feel uncomfortable pressure, then Woolman was coercive as well. But he was also marvelously loving. The miracle of John Woolman is that he was at the same moment able to be both a coercive confronter and a loving reconciler. That is what we have to aim for, too, for without love confrontation produces anger; with it, it provokes self-searching. I think therefore that we torment ourselves unnecessarily in our preoccupation with the conflict between confronting and reconciling. There need be no conflict. Confrontation in love has within it the seeds of reconciliation.

This is the spirit, too, that answers for us the question of how far should I go in making my witness? The answer is: just so far as I can continue to feel the humanness of my adversary and exercise toward that person the same loving compassion and understanding that I want for myself. It is a spirit that sets limits, just as at the same time it is a spirit that compels, that turns back our timidity, that says "take a stand," when others say "wait, let's be careful, all the evidence isn't in." Thus it both drives and controls. And of the two, I think we Friends in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting are more in need of the drive.

It is the spirit, too, that holds us to a sense of responsibility to the human being who is opposite to us, whoever and wherever he or she may be. And for me, Friends, this sense of personal responsibility to the human being who stands opposite me, while it is limited ground on which to stand, is the only solid ground there is. Once we leave it, once we abandon our responsibility and break the human bond for any other loyalty, any other set of political or philosophical values, no matter how appealing or compelling, the descent into barbarism follows as the night the day.

And finally it is this spirit, too, which sustains us when we are defeated. For we must not think that our Quaker witness is based on a success ethic. Life is too complex, the human response the result of such a variety of forces, that cause and effect predictions are quite impossible. All we can know is that love endures, while that which is gained by force crumbles. Again and again the human spirit has been ruthlessly suppressed, sometimes for centuries, only to emerge quite undiminished when the yoke is lifted. Even in our own country, where we cherish freedom, we all know in our own lives the emergence of that spirit. I recall, for example, David Lilienthal in the hearings before Senator McCarran—tormented, harassed, reminded of the perils of Communism: did he not

believe that this was a terrible problem, did he not believe that the State was in danger, did he not believe we must fight fire with fire? And finally Lilienthal, turning and facing his tormentors and saying, "Senator, *this* I do believe." And then followed that soaring witness to the freedom of the human spirit that shook the fearful men in Congress. Or, again, many of us remember, I'm sure, watching on television when Senator McCarthy and the lawyer from Boston, Mr. Welsh, were dueling, and McCarthy launched his vicious personal attack on Welsh's young assistant. Suddenly the articulate lawyer disappeared and in his place stood simply an anguished human being: "Senator, is there *no* limit to which you will not go to destroy a man?" That was the turning point: the human spirit rising up to augur the defeat of the Senator from Wisconsin in that oppressive trial. But the knowledge of those instances, the certainty of the triumph of the human spirit in history, has to be enough for us to make our witness: we cannot know the outcome of *our own* individual struggles.

Human vision of all this is partial; our ability to discover the way is limited, and we are faint-hearted. We make bad judgments. We spread ourselves too thin. We lose our tempers. We get tangled up in structures. Our list of failures is long. But, Friends, we have to remember, too, that we *have* had our triumphs. We have sometimes seen hatred exorcised, the estranged reconciled, the depraved reborn, the violent made peaceable, and sometimes in most hateful and unlikely places. And when this miracle has happened it seems to me that the key ingredient has not been sound planning or scientific knowledge, or other special expertise, indispensable as these things are, but the quality of life of the human instrument who has tended to the ballast even as she or he filled the sails. These witnesses to truth have put first things first.

And if we would speak to our moment of history as others have spoken before us, I think our first responsibility is to "Be still, and know that I am God."

Lord, we know that when a person breaks his or her heart before Thee, that person can enter into the gate. Thou wilt lift such a one up and give strength to her or his arm and make that one mighty.

Lord, bend us to Thy will, renew us, give us the will to stand for peace, to act for justice.

Give us the strength to persevere, the courage to hope.

And, Lord, make us know the sacredness of all life.

And, finally, give us the faith to believe.

"Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief." □

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Do Quakers Need Forgiving?

by Gardiner Stillwell

If there was one thing which Jesus urged and the early Friends unquestionably had, it was a lively awareness of sin—of that which modern Friends, as I know them, hardly ever mention. If there was one thing which Jesus unquestionably preached, and early Friends rejoiced in, it was forgiveness of sin—something for which twentieth-century Quakers seem to feel no particular need. (They are doing all right, and perform many good works.) Early Friends—and Jesus—were clear that one should ask God for help in freeing oneself of sin ("Lead us not into temptation"—that is, help us not to succumb to the power of temptation). Modern Friends, as I know them, seem not much persuaded that our virtues, if we possess any, are the work of the Holy Spirit, and that the Spirit's work is best furthered by our asking for the strength and the obedience to put our lives under new management.

It is perhaps unfair to suggest that complacency is the cause of the present-day indifference to the great, central, traditional themes. Perhaps people are merely too shy, too inhibited to converse about anything relating to sin. There is a rhetorical difficulty: any rhetoric is the more convincing for being supplied with specific illustrations; and we shrink from the thought of parading before a cringing public those misdeeds for which we ought to be—one knows not what—those not-to-be-undone deeds which we can scarcely bring ourselves to acknowledge to ourselves or before our Creator yet must acknowledge, else all is hollow. Perhaps we are influenced by religious fashion—for there is trendiness in religion as in anything else—and we move in circles in which one would rather lose a month's pay, or membership on a favorite committee, than be suspected of harboring an evangelical tendency. Perhaps we mistakenly equate the sense of sin with mere remorse, with the feeling—of which one can be inordinately proud—that one ought to kick oneself around the block; and, quite rightly regarding this state as morbid, and failing to realize that Jesus points to the only perfect Forgiver, we may betake ourselves to some version of "I'm OK, you're OK."

Despite all the ambiguities with which our topic is shrouded, it is quite certain, I think, that just like the devotees of mutual OK-ness, Friends experience, if not a sense of sin, then at least a vague unease, a feeling of self-dissatisfaction, and a resultant need for reassurance. At a recent quarterly meeting, the attenders were asked what kind of help they wanted from their meetings. Small groups were formed for worship-sharing, and the group leaders later reported back to the assembly as a whole. Group after group said (in the main) that what they wanted, above all, was for their fellow-Quakers to *accept* them—just as they were, no strings attached. The pathos of it! No strings! And it was only a minor theme in the discussion if anyone suggested that mere human beings could not confer the acceptance so universally and so poignantly desired—that there is only one perfect Acceptor, who has called the divinely ordained society a kingdom and who (speaking of strings) has laid down, as the astonishing condition of citizenship, that one should be perfect, that is, as impartial in one's loving as God is when sending the rain upon the just and unjust alike (Mt. 5:43-48).

It follows, for many Friends, and might someday follow for all Friends and all Christians, that one opposes the use of carnal weapons by any military establishment in any cause whatsoever, including defense of the homeland. This and much else follows from getting Jesus' message clear—one's own relation to God, the testimonies, the whole Christian-Quaker outlook and way of life!

I am the more convinced of this because I have recently

been letting certain New Testament scholars help me to understand Jesus better. What did he really say (can one tell?), and how are his sayings to be understood? Did the early Friends have the same outlook? Is Quakerism all about what Jesus is all about?

For example, did he indeed, like the early Friends and some modern ones, advise the cultivation of an intimate, first-hand relationship with God? How does one *know* that there is a forgiver? What is the forgiver like? That Jesus was himself in constant communion with God there can be no reasonable doubt; but how about the rest of us? Should we aspire to a similar state? The answer, for me, is to be found in what Joachim Jeremias points to (in *The Central Message of the New Testament*, chapter I; and *The Prayers of Jesus*, chapter I) as Jesus' favorite metaphor for God: the Aramaic word *abba* (accent on the second syllable, says Jeremias), which is practically untranslatable, but is an affectionate word for "father," used within the intimacy of the family circle, especially by children. One knows Daddy very well; and he provides sustenance, support, and guidance. The companionship is not a companionship of equals (a point which, in a patriarchal society like that of first-century Palestine, is best made by the use of the father metaphor), but it is very close. One is full of love and trust; when one walks with *abba*, one puts one's hand in his, because he knows best where to go.

Thus the one word sums up all, in a way, *Yahweh* as father of the Jewish people was a familiar concept; *abba* was not, and indeed would have seemed "irreverent" and "unthinkable" to the Jewish mind of that period. Yet, says Jeremias, the Lord's Prayer begins with *abba*: "Our Father who art in heaven" exhibits, it would seem, a later, dignifying, liturgical elaboration; "Plain *abba*" was the original form of the address (*Prayers*, p. 91). And in all this

...we see who the historical Jesus was: the man who had the power to address God as *Abba* and who included the sinners [outcasts] and the publicans [tax-collectors, Quislings] in the kingdom [the state of at-one-ment with God] by authorizing them to repeat this one word, "Abba, dear Father" (Message, p. 30).

Much of scholarship, as everybody knows, is dryasdust; but Jeremias on *abba*!—like one's favorite psalms: manna, daily bread, water from the well.

But we have, after all, while delighting in our closeness to the heavenly parent, been somewhat neglecting sin, to which topic let us presently return, still with our eye on the Lord's Prayer, and still with Jeremias (*Prayers*) as our helper, though with the addition of Norman Perrin (*The Kingdom of God in the Teaching of Jesus*, pp. 192 ff.).

We see that if we join the family circle, as Jesus advised, there are indeed strings attached. Though, like the original disciples for whom the prayer was composed, we too are already accepted in the kingdom (which is therefore a present reality), we are to pray that it arrive in ever greater fullness. It would seem to follow, quite inescapably, that we must be willing to be instruments for the furtherance of God's will. And if anyone asks what *that* is, we can perhaps reply that just like Jesus, we have the Spirit's inner guidance; and we can certainly reply that we have exterior guidance also, as for example in the Lord's Prayer itself—which now brings us where we've been going, back to sin.

We are to ask that our sins, "debts," or trespasses be forgiven; and we are to do our own part in the forgiving, imitating God in this respect. Jeremias paraphrases, with Perrin concurring: "Forgive us our debts [or sins; in Aramaic, the language of Jesus, *sin* and *debt* are rendered by one word, punningly] as we also herewith forgive our debtors." We are in no condition to receive forgiveness unless we are of a forgiving temper ourselves; but in any case we are not truly of the kingdom unless we can forgive. Finally, we are not to rest content with our "imperfections," as we like to call them nowadays, but are to ask for divine empowerment in overcoming them: "And let us not succumb to temptation," reads Jeremias. We fully expect to be delivered from evil, otherwise we would not ask God to bring the deliverance to pass. If we cannot forgive, for example, we are victims of the evil called resentment, and we must ask God for an antidote to that poison.

We may possibly prefer, as I remember Tillich does in one of his sermons, to take "sin" in a general and philosophical sense: alienation, the state of feeling separated from God and from human society. The existentialist concept of despair may, however, let us out of our difficulties too easily, by causing us to nestle comfortably in the bosom of mere abstractions. For the truth is that we do things, say things, and feel things that cause the separation from God to occur. We need to face up to these things. We could do worse, then, than examine our behavior in the light of "The Seven Deadly Sins," the catalog so cherished by medieval thinkers. The names of those ills (if anybody is still with me) are Pride (the unprogrammed meetings in college towns, where intellect is the supreme value, are crawling with it), Envy (rejoicing in the misfortunes of others, or bemoaning what good befalls them), Wrath, Avarice, Gluttony, Lechery, and Sloth (spiritual laziness); and it is rumored that all of them are still making occasional appearances

Gardiner Stillwell, a member of Urbana-Champaign (IL) Meeting, is a retired associate professor of English, University of Illinois. During the Vietnam war, he served as a draft counsellor. Visiting the lonely is one of his concerns.

amongst us.

Yet the picture is not gloomy. Despite the heavy responsibilities that go with possession of the kingdom, it is still the pearl of great price. It gives rise to unbounded joy. "Strings" just come with the territory; but nonetheless the yoke of the ruler is easy, because, when the Spirit of Christ is at work in us, what we ought to do and what we want to do are the same.

The theme of joy is nowhere in Scripture more evident than in the "Parable of the Prodigal Son" (Luke 15:11-32). One would think that by this time nothing fresh could be written about this story; yet even here, Jeremias and Perrin (*Rediscovering the Message of Jesus*) are helpful, enabling us to experience the tale somewhat as Jesus' contemporaries did, in which case it takes on new resonances, and new power. We need to realize how low the prodigal sinks when he becomes a herder of that animal so foul that its flesh cannot be eaten: the pig; or how truly desperate is his situation when he would be willing to eat the pods which are fed to the swine, if anyone were to give him any. It is good to understand the parable in relation to Jesus' whole career and teaching about the kingdom; and it is therefore very relevant to know that in first-century Palestine certain occupations put people beyond hope—made them, in effect, Gentiles, and therefore ineligible for entrance *post mortem* into Paradise. Swineherding was one of these callings, to be sure, but so also were the occupations of dice player, usurer, and tax collector. The prodigal, then, is comparable to outcasts in general, to "publicans" (tax collectors for the hated Roman occupiers) and sinners ("other Jews who have made themselves as Gentiles"—Perrin, *Rediscovering*, p. 94). It was scandalous that Jesus should have eaten dinner with such people, as was his habit, because eating with anyone betokened deep fellowship, profound trust, complete acceptance, rock-fast loyalty. Insofar as Jesus was the proclaimer of the kingdom—the proclaimer whose exorcisms showed that the kingdom had indeed already begun—the shared meals symbolized the "table fellowship of the kingdom," the Messianic banquet. How idiotic to imply that the likes of the publican Zacchaeus (Luke 19:1-10) could be saved!

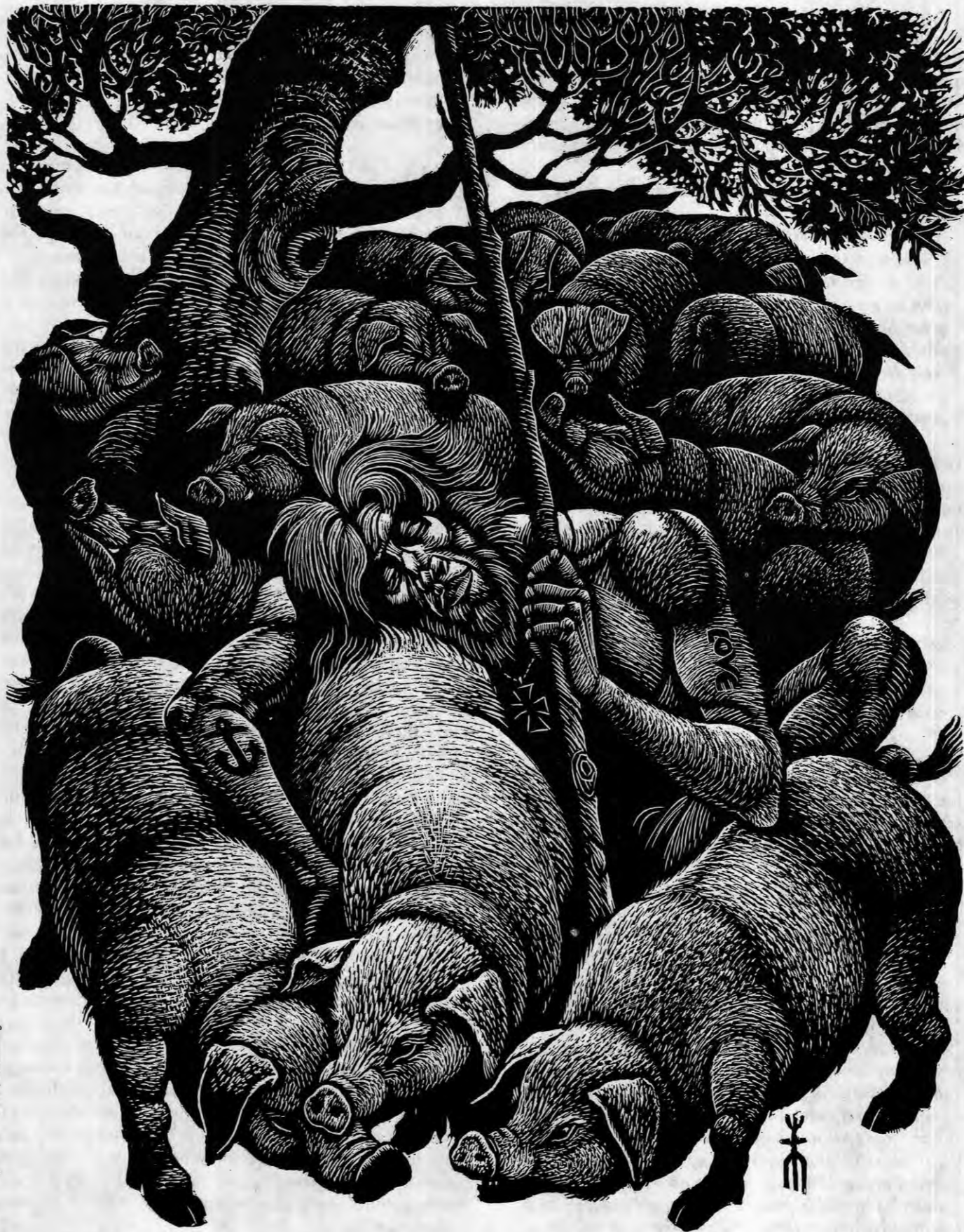
Similarly, in the parable, how totally emotional, how irrationally loving is the behavior of the father! When he sees the wastrel approaching, he *runs* to meet him; and running was "a most unusual and undignified procedure for an aged oriental" (Perrin, p. 96, citing Jeremias). How the old man goes overboard! What hugging and kissing! The robe does the prodigal honor; the shoes distinguish him from the slaves. The elder son with his grumbling is put there, surely, to show what Reason, with her prosaic concern for mere fairness, would say about the whole business. Utter folly, then, is the main characteristic of God's love.

As for us, if we would really enter deeply into our Christianity and our Quakerism, and if we would become fools, like God, we need to be able to experience "Prodigal Son" from the point of view of the prodigal. Whatever experience we have had under the seven deadly headings—experience so full, perhaps, so intolerably rich!—we were wasting our spiritual substance in a foreign land while the Christ-repelling activity was in progress. All of life is supposed to be sacramental? Oh, then, in how many ways we have failed as worshipers! Perhaps we have done time in the pig-yard of humanism, supposing that human beings inhabit an unfriendly universe, or at least one in which whatever god exists pays them no mind; and that in this setting (*absurdly* placed there) they should stand proudly alone, fiercely convinced that whatever alleviating good is accomplished will be the result of *their* braininess and *their* innate goodness. What a great day it is when we come to ourselves, and decide to go home again! Or perhaps, rather, we are *called* home, and, wretches though we are, are given grace to respond.

At the concluding meeting for worship at the Friends General Conference gathering at Earlham College, 1979, the assemblage burst into song, and tunefully exclaimed over the wholly surprising circumstance that grace had seen fit to save such a pack of wretches. Like the prodigal, they had been lost, but now were found (Luke 15:24,32). Some awareness of sin might seem, then, to be hovering vaguely in our atmosphere. Even so, it may be that on such occasions, some of the singers do not mean the words; and so the question arises whether all of this about sin, forgiveness, and beloved Forgiver is really Quakerly. Is it too personal, too self-centered, or—worst of all, no doubt—too quaintly antique?

This last point suggests an outlook so alien that I cannot really deal with it. I try to live, spiritually, in the first and the seventeenth centuries. I treat with reverence the teachings of our two main founders (one in each of those centuries)—the first of whom I honor, along with the rest of Christendom, by saying *Anno Domini*, in this or that *year of Our Lord*. As for hugging one's salvation selfishly to one's own person, I suppose that this is possible, but know nothing about it experientially. Experience shows, rather, that it is precisely when one feels most keenly that grace is *amazing* that one is most apt so to be, and so to do, that one tries to share one's riches. One becomes downright evangelical. It is in the dry spells that one is apt to be self-absorbed.

In the writings of the early Friends there is plenty of support, I think, for one who regards the "Good News" as Quakerly—the news that we can know God/Christ personally, that he will teach and lead his people again, and that he will give us the power to rise above sin, so that in truth he is savior. The forgiveness is at least implied.



"The Prodigal Son," © Fritz Eichenberg

But there are problems of interpretation, too; and the literature is vast, and I am not one of those who have spent a lifetime on it. As an amateur, I have turned to Arthur Roberts and Hugh Barbour, *Early Quaker Writings* (hereafter, R + B), in the hope—not thwarted—that there I would find what I needed for at least tentative conclusions.

Fox, as it seems to me, sums it all up for us in Epistle Number 10 (1652):

Whatever ye are addicted to, the tempter will come in that thing; and when he can trouble you, then he gets advantage over you, and then ye are gone. Stand still in that which is pure, after ye see yourselves; and then mercy comes in. After thou seest thy thoughts, and the temptations, do not think, but submit; and then power comes. (R + B, p. 487)

The awareness of sin is taken for granted as a necessary part of everybody's spiritual equipment; and "mercy" suggests forgiveness, I should think; and the empowerment, coming after submission to God, crowns all.

Roberts and Barbour, to be sure, point out that Fox and his fellow missionaries did not really emphasize forgiveness; they preached judgment, mainly; but they:

assumed that love between the brethren, and grateful awareness of God's love given in Jesus, would be discovered by their hearers for themselves once they had wholly submitted to the judgment. (R + B, p. 52).

Still, such mere assuming does not always prevail; jubilation about mercy and forgiveness is quite explicitly set forth from time to time—very clearly, and very beautifully, in Fox's Epistle Number 16 (1652):

To you all I say, Wait upon God in that which is pure. Though you see little, and know little, and have little, and see your emptiness, and see your nakedness, and barrenness, and unfruitfulness, and see the hardness of your hearts, and your own unworthiness; it is the Light, that discovers [makes evident] all this, and the love of God to you, and it is that which is immediate, but the dark understanding cannot comprehend it. So, wait upon God in that which is pure, in your measure, and stand still in it every one, to see your savior, to make you free from that which the Light doth discover to you [to be evil]. For the voice of the bridegroom is heard in our land [i.e., we are now invited to a big party, a wedding feast in the king's palace]; and Christ is come amongst the prisoners, to visit them

in the prison-houses; they have all hopes of release-ment and free pardon, and come out freely, for the debt is paid; wait for the manifestation of it, and he that comes out of prison shall reign. (R + B, p. 488; emphasis added)

The Light of Christ sheds a painfully bright illumination upon our unworthiness, our sinfulness; but that same Word "discovers" God's love for us, which can exist only if God forgives us the hardness of our hearts. As for the empowerment, the passage rises to a crescendo of grandeur on this subject, at the height of which the phrase "free pardon" plainly brings in forgiveness as a motif of equal importance.

James Nayler, in his famous "There is a spirit which I feel . . .," says that the "ground and spring" of that spirit "is the mercies and forgiveness of God." (R + B, p. 103) "I found it alone, being forsaken," says he. The disgraced Nayler, pretty much an outcast even from the Society of Friends after his "fall," could still live in the Life—accepted, forgiven.

One knows experientially (if one has had enough experience, and if one has an ounce of common sense) that the second birth does not put one beyond danger of all manner of backslidings and continuing infirmities. Isaac Penington expresses this truth (R + B, pp. 233-34) in his *Account of His Spiritual Travel* [Travail]. He tells us how he came to be born again under the influence of the Quakers: "I have met with the true birth, with the birth which is heir of the kingdom, and inherits the kingdom." He has learned what true prayer is. But he says these things not boastingly; rather, he would be speaking of his "nothingness," his "emptiness," his "weakness," and his "manifold infirmities," which he now feels more than ever. He is but a worm before the Lord; he has in himself no strength with which to serve; but because he feels God's arm stretched out for him, his weakness is an advantage. Lucky Penington! The Light has discovered to him his weakness. And because he knows he is weak, he is gloriously aware of the available help.

With Penington's sweetness let us conclude—moved, I would hope, to ever deeper meditations upon our scarlet sins and upon that which alone can make them white as snow; also convinced, I would hope, that the great, central, Christian themes are the great, central, Quaker themes; but above all lifted, I would hope, with a strange sort of trembling, inner merriment, into that which Jesus gave to us and Fox sought to recover for us: the joy of that Life and that Power which are ours when we open our doors (Rev. 3:20), and the Word comes in, and once again the table fellowship, with its Alice-in-Wonderland improbability, tells us how fast is the friendship, how lasting the love. □

POETRY

Glimpses Only

Actually
it was the glory
of another autumn sunset
in which I intended
to steep my soul,
calling on
the constant wind
for evensong choir
and the blazing trees
as priestly vestiture...

But the reality
of children in and out,
dinner preparations
and attendant minutes conspired
to allow me only glimpses
of that paletted hour—
so goes forever
the Mary-Martha tension
of my life.

I am grateful for
the ability
to be grateful for
these glimpses only.

—Pollyanna Sedziol

Gently Homeward

I feel the circle
Closing.
Many doors never
to be passed thru again.
Multiple doors
Closing behind me,
Quietly.
Like lace curtains
Barely stirring.
The long hall narrowing
Where it ends,
Dimly lit.
Yearnings to be with
My son
Where love forever is,
Sweetly sad.

—Wilfred Reynolds



Janet Charles



Belief or Faith?

by J. Richard Reid

"I don't consider myself a Christian, since I don't believe in a God of love. I can't believe in a God of love any more, when I see how much suffering there is in the world." This statement, in a recent letter from a fine literary scholar to her former professor of theology, is not an aberration but rather an expression of the feelings of intelligent, sensitive and often anguished people who are a considerable segment of the "naturally Christian" modern world.

What can one say in response to her evidence that God really is "dead"? Is there nothing more constructive than to say that many believe despite the evidence that she finds overwhelming? I think there is, and that it involves closer examination of this God that was, but no longer is, the object of her belief.

Modern society has for the past few centuries been groping its way out of the world of myth and into the world of science; out of a world that had the capacity to believe the myths and to guide its life by them, into the world where nearly all knowledge is theory, and conclusions provisional, depending on subsequent evi-

dence. Whether this change is for the better is debatable, but its existence is not. It is far from completed, however. Different societies, different individuals, and indeed different facets within the same individual, show themselves to be at different stages along the road. The language we use inevitably reflects this lack of uniformity and precision.

One result of the imprecision is confusion in the areas referred to as *faith* and *belief*. In mythical, prescientific thinking no such distinction is needed. The myth works and makes things work. It represents knowledge, belief, wisdom and faith about all that matters most. It isn't either true or false, good or bad; it just is. But as we leave behind that Garden of Eden in search of scientific knowledge we take on new burdens. One of the greatest of these is skepticism, the insistence on choosing what to believe. In looking for reliable guides to our choice, we discover that we have faith that is deeper than the beliefs, since we base our beliefs on it. One item of such faith that characterizes the scientific way of thinking is faith in evidence. It would make no sense to speak of evidence to support our faith in evidence; the reasoning would be completely circular. There is need, then, for distinguishing between a concept called faith and one called belief. Though the vocabulary is there for us to use, this distinction is commonly ignored. Despite the common usage, however, the terms will be sharply distinguished

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here. It requires no elaborate reasoning. We believe what we have evidence for; we have faith in that for which evidence is irrelevant. We may believe that the world is round or that the Red Sox will win the series. We may have faith that love is better than hate, or that playing the game hard and well is more important than winning or losing. Our beliefs of course make a difference in our actions, but it is our faith that matters. *Having faith in* and *being faithful to* are two sides of a single coin. Each implies the other. Belief has nothing so automatically associated with it.

It would be hard to overemphasize this difference. If our attitude toward love or honesty is one of *belief* that one who demonstrates them will prosper more than one who does not, the belief depends on evidence and will be abandoned if the evidence contradicts it. On the other hand, if one has *faith* in love or honesty then the outcome does not affect the faith; they are values in their own right, and not means to some other end. Faith abandoned because of experience may not have been faith at all but some sort of belief.

Much mischief can be traced to a failure to make the distinction, on the part of most of us, and most unfortunately on the part of the Church. Nowhere is the confusion between faith and belief more evident than in the *credos* that form official doctrine. "I believe in God, the Father..." No disparagement is intended, and indeed it seems to enhance the virtue of those words to point out, first, that they are inherited from a day when thought was still essentially mythical and when belief and faith were all of a piece; and, second, that many of us all of the time, and all of us some of the time, live still in that world where myth works. But when we step out of that world we need to make a distinction; and then, although the creeds may make no sense as belief, many people find them to be excellent guides to faith—the proper realm of religion.

Hand in hand with this distinction goes the distinction between the spiritual and the supernatural, also commonly and unfortunately confused. The supernatural contrasts with the natural. The spiritual does not; in fact it is a basic element in the natural. We may believe or disbelieve in supernatural entities or phenomena, depending on what we see as evidence. If God is some supernatural being, then we are right to believe or disbelieve in its existence according to the best evidence we can get. But what if the nature of God is spiritual rather than supernatural? There is much in our tradition that says so. And the spiritual is neither in contrast with the natural nor is it an object of belief. It is what we experience most directly, most naturally. It is neither hypothetical nor inferential as scientific knowledge is. It requires no evidence because it is its own evidence. And it is associated with faith, as I hope to show.

There have been countless attempts to define what we mean by God, partly because the word indeed means

different things to different people. Yet there seems to be a common thread, the nature of which is spirituality. One helpful and suggestive statement comes from Paul Tillich: our God is the ultimate object of our ultimate concern. Though the ramifications may be difficult, the central meaning is not. If you are concerned about A because of B, then A cannot be your ultimate concern, although B may be; and if so, B is your god. It means that when "all the chips are down," what you stand by is your ultimate concern and therefore your god. And it means that if a national government insists that *all* other considerations must give way (as in time of war) to serving the dictates of the nation, it is saying that the nation is our god.

If we adopt Tillich's view, then, to distinguish worship of the "True God" from idolatry means ascertaining what is worthy of being the ultimate object of our ultimate concern, and we can think of this quest as being the essential spiritual or religious duty of humankind.

God is Love. That is another attempt at definition, and is by no means in conflict with Tillich's. If we accept both, it means that we support all that expresses love and oppose all that denies it. It means that expressing love is not a means to any other end—not a way to prosper or to make others prosper; not even a means of preventing suffering, except as suffering may be seen as the denial of love. It also implies that this God is an object of faith, not of belief, since no evidence could be brought for or against it. In addition, it implies that this God is manifested in the human "heart" or spirit, for concern and love are precisely that kind of phenomenon. None of this proves that we have achieved our spiritual quest by concluding that God is Love; but there is wide agreement that at least it is an advanced milestone in that quest. It also seems clear that if we are divided on the issue of whether to express love or to do violence in defending what is seen to be the particular interest of the state, we are divided not by a difference in belief but by a difference in faith.

What, then, of the God of love rejected by our distressed correspondent quoted at the start? Two possibilities emerge from our considerations. One is that it was no God at all, since it was a matter of belief in a supernatural being who would act in certain ways, rather than a matter of faith. It is quite proper to reject beliefs when the evidence does not support them. The second is that the very basis of her rejecting the belief appears to be her faith in love as something higher than the ends for which suffering has been inflicted. It would be unacceptably presumptuous to say that she therefore has faith in a God of love. There is no way to know whether love is really the *ultimate* object of her *ultimate* concern, but nothing she says suggests that it is not. And if it is, it would be trivial to quarrel over whether to invoke the word God. She is being faithful. Her belief is dead. Her faith is alive and vigorous. □



FAITH, SCIENCE, AND THE FUTURE

by Paul Mangelsdorf

World Council of Churches



Upper left: Paul Mangelsdorf (right) exchanging views with two Swiss physicists. Upper right: (L to R): D. Enilo Ajakaiye (Nigeria), one of the six presidents of the conference; Paul Albrecht, conference organizer and director of the WCC's Church and Society; Carlos Chagas of Brazil. Above: Muta Maathai of the University of Nairobi commenting on a paper delivered at the conference.

Never before in all the history of Christendom had there been anything to compare with it: hundreds of clergy, scientists, and theologians from all over the world. It was the 1979 World Conference of the World Council of Churches held at Massachusetts Institute of Technology for two sweltering weeks in mid-July. The conference subject was "Faith, Science, and the Future," and as conference attendees we were supposed to be discussing "the contributions of faith, science, and technology in the struggle for a just,

participatory, and sustainable society," a title quickly abbreviated to JPSS.

Most of the participants invited by the WCC had been chosen from lists of nominees submitted by the member churches, the rest having been invited by reason of general eminence, as representatives from non-Christian groups, or for geographical representation. I was there as a representative of the Friends General Conference, having been one of the nominees put forward by the Christian and Interfaith Relations Committee.

Even though I was an eager participant, it took me a long time to grasp the overall purpose of the conference. I came to MIT with the naive assumption that we scientists were there in our capacity as scientists and technologists to supply technical opinions relating to technical questions. Slowly it dawned on me that what we were dealing with was not science as an information source but rather science and technology as the dominant social and cultural force in today's world.

It was a totally new experience for me to try to stand outside science and view it as a potent social force, not always welcomed. I had always assumed that science was just like literacy, the more of it the better. My re-education began with the opening address by Philip Potter, general secretary of the WCC, who concluded:

Science and technology are not neutral or value-free, but are instruments of power, and that means political power. How, then, can science and technology become the vehicles, not for legitimizing and perpetuating the structures of injustice, but for opening up the possibilities for structures of social control, which include all the people? To my mind this is the central issue before this conference.

I was somewhat cheered by a subsequent paper by Robert Hanbury-Brown, the noted Australian radio-astronomer, who put the case beautifully for science as a discipline and as an information source. However, the first invited commentator on this paper, Rubem Alves, a sardonic Brazilian sociologist, told a pungent little fable about the unfortunate inquiries of a scholarly lamb, the moral of this fable being, "if you want to learn about wolves, do not ask *them* to say what they are." *Wolves*, for heaven's sake!

Somewhat less abrasive, but no more comforting, was the analysis offered by Jerome Ravetz of the University of Leeds, an historian of science (and a graduate of Swarthmore College). Jerry Ravetz urged us to abandon the traditional image of the scientist as "dedicated, otherworldly, interested only in truth." Instead, he said,

We do best to conceive science first simply as a part of the white-collar, bureaucratic world of work; and

then to consider the special features that make it particularly interesting and valuable.

During the early days of the conference we gathered twice each day in the large ultra-modern Kresge Auditorium to hear major position papers presented by invited speakers. These would be discussed or rebutted by other speakers, and then the floor would be open to questions. All of this, including the questions from the floor, was carried on simultaneously in five different languages (Spanish, French, German, English, and Russian), so that our proceedings depended heavily on an overworked crew of interpreters whose simultaneous translations could be received on the appropriate channels of pocket-size headset receivers anywhere in the hall.

The actual business of the conference was carried on in ten working sections which met once a day during the first week of the conference, twice a day during most of the second week. The last three days of the conference were devoted to all-day plenary sessions receiving the reports of these working sections, so the pace of most sections became quite hectic and frenzied as those report deadlines approached.

The documents which emerge from such a process are not great literature. Each section drafting committee was obliged to incorporate the diverse, and sometimes inconsistent, recommendations of a number of sub-section reports, which in turn reflected mainly the most sharply articulated views of some sub-section members. I was amazed that most of the section reports turned out to be reasonably coherent and readable—a tribute to the compositional skills of a few very gifted people on the drafting committees.

The ten working sections covered all conceivable problems involving faith and science. For many of the participants—most of the theologians, I think—the conference represented an opportunity to re-examine old disputes in a new setting. The working section on "The Nature of Science and the Nature of Faith" was greatly oversubscribed, while "Humanity, Nature, and God" came a close second. I was not especially tempted by either of these, nor do I think most Friends would be, since the conflict between science and religion has not troubled Friends very much. Much more troubling to me is the conflict between the Old Testament considerations of prudence and stewardship (as embodied by such considerations as "sustainability") and the New Testament injunctions to respond unreservedly to immediate human misery. Indeed, I avoided this conflict as much as possible by choosing a working section on "Planning the

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Industrial and Urban Environment of the Future," which seemed to me an optimistic and upbeat topic. I suspect many other participants felt the same way—the working section on the potentially gloomy and difficult "Economics of the JPSS" drew the smallest group of all. Also, the concept of sustainability received no other discussion. Partly, this was because we had few economists among us, but mainly because it was humanly impossible to discuss the question face-to-face with people from countries worried about immediate survival. I tried once or twice and quickly backed off.

There was no working session on military technology in the original conference plans, although more than half of the world's scientists are involved in weapons development. This oversight was quickly corrected by a group of us, led mainly by Rustum Roy of Penn State College and Jonathan King of MIT, who designated ourselves a working section on "Nuclear Disarmament." We arranged to have a very effective plenary session devoted to this topic, including talks by Philip Morrison of MIT and George Kistiakowsky of Harvard (presidential science advisor to Eisenhower). Archbishop Kirill of the Leningrad Theological Academy somewhat spoiled the atmosphere by presenting a rather pedantic and extensive restatement of the official USSR position on nuclear disarmament, but I suppose his choices were limited. Fortunately the Archbishop was followed by Muta Maathai of Kenya, a woman scientist, one of the most thoughtful of the Third World participants. She spoke very simply and briefly of the undeserved dangers of the potential nuclear holocaust to poor peoples in developing countries, who have such a great need for time and for the technical resources now devoted to nuclear armament.

Our "Nuclear Disarmament" working section also prepared a resolution in the form of a manifesto, calling for an end to the production of nuclear weapons and a stepwise reduction in stockpiles. We shared the urgency of Jonathan King, who closed his invited paper on genetic engineering with the appeal:

I appeal to you as a scientist and biologist: do not allow this conference to close without speaking out as strongly as you can on the need for reversing the nuclear arms race that so deeply threatens future generations. Without the removal of this gravest of threats to human society, there will be no possibility of achieving the just, participatory, and sustainable society that we all deeply desire.

As first formulated, our resolution ran into objections when it came before the whole conference, not on matters of substance, but rather because of interesting manifestations of territoriality: people associated with

the WCC who had worked on other aspects of disarmament, or on previous statements, wanted such things mentioned; some church people felt the statement was too much a statement by scientists, for scientists; the Japanese delegation wanted mention of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

The document was turned over to an *ad hoc* committee headed by John Habgood, Bishop of Durham, a very able and thoughtful person. Under his leadership, all objections were skillfully dealt with and the document was significantly improved. I am pleased to report that when it was resubmitted it became the *very first* position paper to be formally adopted by the conference.

The only other Quakers at the conference were Maurice Raiford of North Carolina, nominated by Friends United Meeting, and Ian Barbour of Carleton College, a Swarthmore graduate. David Miller, a nuclear engineer from Illinois, represented the Church of the Brethren. Our small "peace church" presence was powerfully helped by the presence of K.V. Mathew of India, a member of the very ancient (52 A.D.!) Mar Thoma Church and secretary of the India Fellowship of Reconciliation (now known as Shanti Seva Samithi—"Fellowship in the Service of Peace"). Strong support also came from the "Plowshare Listening Post" organized by the American Friends Service Committee and the Fellowship of Reconciliation, in which televised coverage of the conference was accompanied by a lively program of speakers, films and discussions—all of this helping to bring the conference and its concerns to the attention of the wider MIT and Boston community.

During the first week of the conference, before committee work overwhelmed me, I visited "Plowshare" frequently, and carried away some powerful impressions. There was the earnest, immensely wise, and gnomelike Philip Morrison, quietly sharing his dream of a few specific things that a decent world could afford to provide for all its people. There was the equally earnest, charming, and eloquent Helen Caldicott, gently badgering a hapless nuclear engineer: "You *know* plutonium is so poisonous: why do you keep on making it?" And at just that point she was ambushed by Rustum Roy who, though vigorously opposed to nuclear weapons, is still hopeful about nuclear power. Roy confronted Caldicott, a pediatrician, with the fact that medical X-rays are far and away the major source of human-made radiation to which people are now exposed: "You *know* those X-rays are harming people; why do you keep on doing it?"

In this connection, I might mention that the working section of "Energy for the Future" did bring forth a position paper urging a global five-year moratorium on the construction of nuclear power plants. Despite the objections of Rustum Roy, of David Rose of MIT, and of many other thoughtful and conscientious proponents of

nuclear power, the conference adopted this recommendation. I was one of those favoring the moratorium, for an unusual reason—as an erstwhile GPU stockholder I had recently lost \$1200 on the Three-Mile Island fiasco. I also have grave reservations about the present state of nuclear waste disposal technology.

One other opportunity for a peace witness presented itself: in the lobby outside the auditorium a large paper-covered bulletin board was provided for graffiti, cartoons, comments, etc. Using the statistics from Ruth Sivard's book, *World Military and Social Expenditures*, I prepared and posted a table showing for each of the nations of the world the ratio of expenditures for educational purposes to expenditures for military purposes. This attracted quite a lot of attention and comment.

One of the dominant themes of the conference, not yet mentioned, was the urgent need of the Third World countries for more and better technology. There were strong feelings repeatedly expressed that the technology now being imported into these countries is exploitative, inappropriate, and useful only to a small, privileged elite. It was claimed that industries often dump inferior or obsolete technical products on the Third World, and even use the Third World for testing of dangerous chemical products outlawed in the U.S. or Europe. The transnational corporations were especially blamed for all these actions.

This Third World rhetoric is generally strident and intemperate, which often makes it hard to bear. Eventually I became more accustomed to it, even rather fond of the spicy flavor it lent to many otherwise tedious proceedings.

A strong claim was put forward from many quarters that elementary Christian principles of social justice require us of the industrial countries to share our wealth, our resources, and our technology with the poor peoples of the Third World. This is surely a valid claim, deserving our full support. It is clear, though, that real thought and effort will be needed to make such sharing useful and effective. No one knows how to share technology with countries where support systems don't already exist. Moreover, many Third World governments are not now capable of ensuring the equitable distribution of wealth and resources presently available.

Despite their unpleasant experiences on the receiving-end of some of our technology, most of the Third World countries continue to look to industrial technology, big technology, as their main hope for the future. They regard "appropriate" or "alternative" technologies as a poor substitute. This came out clearly on our one afternoon off, when the conferees were driven down to Cape Cod in buses to visit Woods Hole, which happens to be the place where I spend my summers doing

oceanography. To enhance the visit, I helped to arrange a couple of local bus tours—one to a salt marsh research project, the other to the New Alchemy Institute, a world-famous, independent research center dedicated to appropriate technology and alternative energy sources. I was interested to observe that the crowd that went to New Alchemy included people from the U.S., Canada, Australia, the European countries on both sides of the "iron curtain," and Japan. There was practically no one from the Third World!

The conference included a total of 350 official participants, with 158 from Western Europe and North America, sixty-one from the Soviet bloc, and 131 from the Third World (including thirty from Africa). Added to these were sixty-nine student participants, 210 accredited visitors, 145 press people, and 138 staff members. Even with conscientious efforts to mingle, I was able to have significant conversations with only about ninety of the participants—about ten percent of the total attendance—although I had a passing acquaintance with many more.

Part of the difficulty was simply the language barrier. Conversations over lunch or dinner tended to dry up in a hurry, unless there was a common language fluently spoken. One other interesting consequence of the language barrier was a strong tendency for inaccurate reports and rumors to spring up randomly, clogging the informal information channels. If you wanted to know something for sure you had to see it in print or ask the person formally in charge.

It was interesting to see the little ways in which this conference was like a gathering of Friends General Conference or Friends United Meeting, and the other little ways in which it was different. In ordinary conversation, most of the attenders could have passed for Quakers, except perhaps, for a greater tendency to prefer polite conversation to thoughtful silence. In the formal proceedings, of course, titles were lavishly flourished, and hard votes were taken. Nonetheless I think the most significant difference came during the hymn singing. The voices around me were strong, polished, confident—quite unlike any Friends' gathering I have ever heard. On one occasion, six members of the Russian delegation came forward and sang several traditional Russian hymns in close harmony, *a capella*, with such skill that I broke out in goose bumps all over.

A conference of this sort calls for a lot of sitting around, so I was very lucky to be staying at the Beacon Hill Friends House, involving a pleasant one-and-one-half mile walk each way along the scenic Charles River Basin. I can heartily recommend Friends House to all visitors to Boston as a comfortable Quaker sanctuary in the loveliest part of the city, and as a place to meet and worship with young people, many of whom are Friends. □

YEARLY MEETING REPORTS

North Carolina

North Carolina Yearly Meeting of Friends opened its 282nd annual session on August 8, 1979, with over 700 in attendance. Sessions were held daily through Sunday, August 12 on the campus of Guilford College in Greensboro, North Carolina. Clifford Winslow from the Up River Meeting served as clerk.

Billy M. Britt, executive secretary of the yearly meeting since 1975, challenged those present in his report to rekindle the fires of first generation Quakerism when he said:

If in our hearts we could yield to the living Christ and succeed in figuratively climbing the Pendle Hill with George Fox and see through his eyes the vision of what the total Quaker understanding of the Christian message and mission is, I am convinced that the spiritual fires that energized the first generation of Friends could be rekindled in us.

Leading the yearly meeting in worship and study were Dr. Lowell E. Roberts, former president of Friends University, Wichita, Kansas, and retired professor of religion at Asbury College, Wilmore, Kentucky, and David Augsburg, associate professor of pastoral care and counseling at the Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminary in Elkhart, Indiana.

Using the yearly meeting theme, "The Greatest of These—Love," as a springboard, Lowell Roberts based his four messages on the book of Hebrews. He helped us to reaffirm our belief that Jesus Christ is the center of all love.

David Augsburg, the author of twelve books and noted specialist in family counseling, used visual, as well as verbal illustrations, to speak on love and communication, love and anger, and love and conflict in the Bible study sessions.

The morning worship gatherings at seven o'clock started each day with inspiration and enthusiasm. Capably led by a team of Viola Britt, Brady Morrison and Ann Smisor these times of meditation and devotion centered on our theme for the day. A record number attended these gatherings.

Special music arranged by Lloyd Pugh, pastor of the Bethesda Meeting, was heard at each session. Groups from Glenwood Meeting, Greensboro, Cedar Square Meeting, Marlboro Meeting, a senior citizens choir made up from members of yearly meeting and a Young Friends group sang. Also, outstanding music was provided by soloists, Sam Allred, Steve Wood, Sue Routh and Nan Eaton.

In the area of outreach, the Church Extension Committee announced that four new meetings were now holding worship. These include meetings in King, Carthage, Thomasville, and in Southeast Guilford County, North Carolina. This means seven new meetings have entered North Carolina Yearly Meeting in the past two years.

We were reminded several times that there is no conflict in the term of Quaker Christian and that to be a real Quaker is to be a real Christian. With this in mind we were called to face such issues as prison reform, capital punishment, race relations, the refugee problem, total abstinence from alcoholic beverages, drugs, cohabitation of unmarried people, homosexuality, and abortion. We were encouraged to have a strong commitment to the New Call to Peacemaking.

As we look forward to a Conference on Evangelism and Church Growth in March 1980, to new meetings being organized, and to the challenge presented to us throughout our sessions we know that "love is the medicine of the sickness of the world," and that "love is God's greatest weapon."

Harold N. Smisor

North Pacific

North Pacific Yearly Meeting gathered at St. Martin's College near Olympia, Washington, July 19-22, 1979. Attendance totaled around 300 persons, of whom approximately fifty were children.

The Friend in Residence who gave our Friday evening lecture was John Yung-

blut. His topic, skillfully handled and a "quicken" experience for many Friends, was "Jesus and the Evolving Christ Myth."

The reports from sixteen worship groups, preparative monthly meetings associated with this yearly meeting imparted a lively sense of growth and vitality. Three preparative meetings and five worship groups, widely scattered and isolated from more established meetings, spoke of the same yearning for our visitation by traveling Friends.

NPYM's routine business is conducted by a steering committee which meets approximately every two months and is made up of representatives from the monthly meetings. The thorny question of how best to maintain communication and representation with these new groups of Friends in our midst who are not yet officially constituted bodies prompted a threshing session during one plenary session. Both the financial responsibility for bringing representatives from great distances to steering committee meetings and the question of where decision-making power lies are important aspects of this problem.

It was brought out that the practice of Friends, as outlined in our *Book of Discipline* was developed a long time ago in a different geographic setting, and that great distances in the West may require revised practices. We also recognized that "ministry" between established meetings and new and growing groups is not all one way. Often the new meetings radiate an eager enthusiasm which invigorates their "parent" bodies. Our task is to build the Kingdom of God on Earth and our meetings are vehicles for this work.

Our yearly meeting program included daily worship-sharing groups, interest groups and a family night as well as the plenary sessions. One of the interest groups this year was titled Practicing the Presence, and offered the closeness and spiritual blessing usually found in the worship-sharing experience. Other interest groups dealt with New Call to Peacemaking, Varieties of Christian Thought Among Friends, Becoming a Preparative Meeting, Family Sexual Patterns, and a Drama Workshop.

The family night followed a slightly different pattern than usual. Rather than individual and group offerings on a random basis, each monthly meeting was asked to prepare something which would tell other Friends something about the meeting. A high point of the program was the delightful spoof on a

meeting for business, offered by Multnomah Friends. Also greatly enjoyed was a musical drama presented by the elementary age children. Two young Friends told of an origami crane folding project which enabled them to send 1,000 folded paper cranes to Hiroshima with a meeting attender who would be there August 6th for the Hiroshima Day observance.

The melding process which takes place as Friends share joy and a search for things of the Spirit brought us to our final worship together with a special feeling of unity and care for each other. Leavetaking was hard.

Lois Barton

Ohio Valley

Just after a windstorm blew down several trees and the school sign, Friends of the Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting gathered at Olney Friends School, Barnesville, Ohio, for their 159th annual sessions, August 8-12, 1979. Young Friends, with some adult helpers, had already spent three days work-camping at nearby Raven Rocks. From the first "get-acquainted" session through the closing meeting with Stillwater Friends, yearly meeting abounded with occasions for fellowship, sharing, learning, work and worship.

Epistles from other Friends gatherings, and the presence of Friends from meetings in California, Florida, Pennsylvania and Ireland, reminded us of our ties with Friends everywhere. Early morning worship and worship-sharing groups strengthened our ties with each other.

Members of our group reported programs and concerns of Friends General Conference, Friends World Committee, the American Friends Service Committee, and Young Friends of North America. Young Friends participated in a panel on the military draft, shared a film on South Africa with other groups, and took time to play with "young Young Friends."

William Rushby, of Ohio Conservative Meeting, challenged us to search for, and live by, "Quaker Roots" of prophetic religion and communities of love. Warren Stetzel, of Raven Rocks, challenges us to a faith (behavior) consistent with the understandings of the post-Newtonian world. (Several

Friends visited Raven Rocks to see the development of the way of living in that community.) Isaac Wiley, of Ireland Yearly Meeting, challenged us to "Mind the Light," letting it speak (or preach) a clearer, truer message through our lives.

Business sessions approved the report of the actions of the executive committee during the year, and the assignments to committees and responsibilities for the coming year. A welcoming minute and letter were approved for North Meadow Circle of Friends. Yearly meeting statistics now show sixteen meetings and 871 members, with some 150 attending yearly meeting this year.

Copies of the revised *Book of Discipline*, as approved in 1978, were available for distribution, with special appreciation to many Friends for compiling the revision, and the Ken Champney family for a fine and economical printing. Issuance of a new Yearly Meeting Directory was approved.

Reports were received from many projects with which Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting is directly concerned: Laura-more Home, Friends Home Corporation/Quaker Heights, Indiana Friends Committee on Legislation, University Church (Purdue), Fayette-Haywood County Project, Indian Affairs, and Friends Music Institute (to be held at Barnesville in 1980). The budget committee attempted to reflect these concerns and responsibilities in the budget for the coming year. The modest yearly meeting investments will be reviewed in the light of Quaker concerns.

Mildred Mahoney

Pacific

The thirty-third Pacific Yearly Meeting renewed its association at Chico, California, August 6-11, 1979. Thoughts were given to us that gained depth as the worship and work of yearly meeting began. It was a time to be aware of personal development while observing ourselves as a community.

"Leap Forward Into Our Past" evolved as a theme. What seemed to be innovations reflected experience from our Quaker past. A silent retreat of two-and-one-half hours was scheduled through lunch at mid-week. Many

concerns had to be reconciled for those wanting silence and those wishing otherwise. Time after the session and before the final meeting for worship was given to sharing and concerns. Social order presented a way of responding to concerns. Action resulted in approving a special fund to which a monthly meeting, having labored together in good order, may request assistance so an individual or meeting can attend to the concern. This minute was not approved easily, but we knew from our plenary that gifts from among us release Friends to use their gifts.

One plenary session met and then became three discussion groups centering on unity, business, and advices and queries. These discussions were timely. The discipline committee is responsible for gaining a sense of these areas, as well as others, for revision of *Faith and Practice* is due in 1982.

Almost 500 attended yearly meeting, representing fifty monthly meetings and worship groups. At least five other yearly meeting representatives shared in our worship.

Awareness of threats to peace permeated our time together. PYM meets each year during the anniversary of the Hiroshima-Nagasaki atomic bombings. We were asked, "Where is the peace movement and where do Friends fit in? Where is our Peace Testimony when, while praying for peace, we pay for war?" At least fifteen of the more than fifty interest groups sought effective ways of engaging ourselves and others in peacemaking. Conscription, War Tax, SALT II and Nuclear Moratorium provided opportunities for active dedication.

Ministry and Oversight gave us a look at where we are in our monthly meetings. A sense of vitality was apparent. Difficulties were acknowledged. We looked for ways to help our children understand what being a Friend should mean. Concern for right use of money was expressed frequently in this year's reports. Recognition of the need to bring more understanding of the Religious Society of Friends to monthly meetings became clear.

We were told on opening day that it was hoped we would go home recognizing we are the Religious Society of Friends. Out of seeking in the past may we leap forward to fulfill the hopes of the yesterdays, the todays, and the tomorrows.

Wilma Gurney

Wilmington

Wilmington College was again the location of the annual sessions of Wilmington Yearly Meeting gathering for the eighty-eighth time. Held July 22-26, all sessions were very well attended.

Earl Redding of the Wilmington College faculty, sobered us as he introduced three of his friends from the Old Testament—Amos, Hosea and Jeremiah—and pointed out their calls to justice, mercy, and hope. He concluded by saying:

We don't know the future—our inflation and energy crises are very minor in comparison to the crises which are to come. The potential for destruction of our world by nuclear annihilation could fill us with despair. . . . No matter what happens, God is still there and still constantly trying to win us back into a new covenant relationship.

Robin Tetzloff of the Ohio Council of Churches pleaded with us to sponsor families of Vietnamese boat people.

Indications of growth were present—membership totals are up; for the first time in memory we have raised our total yearly meeting budget; attendance at youth camps were up; the young adult camp and attendance of children at yearly meeting showed a large increase; the banquet attendance was at an all time high.

Ed Snyder, executive secretary of the Friends Committee on National Legislation, spent two days with us—meeting with youth, giving the FCNL report—presenting the Peace Memorial Lecture, "Peace: Process or Goal?", and bringing us up to date on legislation, especially in regard to the draft renewal proposals. A statement opposing draft registration proposals was made and communicated to members, the press, and members of Congress.

Jack Kirk, field secretary of Friends United Meeting and editor of *Quaker Life*, challenges us to be much in prayer:

The mild religious life that many of us live is a stark contradiction to the dynamic power we read about in the early church of the book of Acts. Early Friends experienced Christ not only as one who died for them in Jerusalem long ago, but as a present power.

Later in the week Jack shared with us the intimations of visitation, citing examples of new life and visitation of

the power of God among Friends. In the worship following, we were lifted to a new experience of love for one another in the Lord as we heard God's call to unity, obedience, vision, outreach and discernment.

Robert E. Beck

FRIENDS AROUND THE WORLD

Walkers for CROP, the fund-raising arm of Church World Service hunger relief projects, braved blustery winds and rain gusts for ten miles in Moorestown (NJ) on Sunday, October seventh. Three hundred and fifteen walkers finished the course, raising \$9,300 in pledges. Crop walk coordinators pledged themselves in a meeting following the walk to raise the remaining funds necessary to meet the \$15,000 goal before Thanksgiving.

M.C. Morris, who edits the "Friends Around the World" section of *Friends Journal*, is shown here (wearing sign) with other walkers, David Richie, Robert Cross, and Carl Nyatt.

Church World Service, which sponsors the CROP walks nationwide for relief of world hunger on a help-people-to-help-themselves basis, working always through indigenous organizations, is making a special appeal for the Haitian refugees ("boat people") seeking political asylum in Florida from the repressive Duvalier regime.

CWS stresses the fact that many of these refugees have drowned in attempting to make the 800-mile voyage to southern Florida, but that some 7,000 have survived and are in urgent need of support in pressing their claims through the courts, particularly versus the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service which, after issuing some 4,000 work permits, summarily revoked these employment authorizations in 1978 and commenced deportation proceedings.

Despite temporary injunctions issued by Federal judges, there is still need of support, for deportation would endanger the lives of these refugees, and the legal machinery is intricate. There is also discrimination against black Haitians fleeing a right wing regime as compared with white Cubans fleeing a left wing regime.

We are asked to write President Carter and our Congressional representatives and/or make personal or group financial contributions to Church World Service, Immigration and Refugee Program, Room 666, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027, from whom more detailed information may also be obtained.



John Bourne

Under the heading "A Fairy Tale," the St. Louis Monthly Meeting *Newsletter* recounts in dramatic terms how some sixteen Quakers and one Catholic "heard about some people in another part of the world who were without homes or country"—and what they did about it. The story is told of how father Koa, mother Nu, and children Phong, Houn and Nam (8, 7, and 6 years old respectively), coming to them through the International Institute, were settled in an apartment, furniture found for them, and groceries obtained; how this was done, at first without, and finally with, the aid of an interpreter who had all of two weeks' English instruction under his belt; how the arrival was delayed for medical reasons and the family (still on medication) was finally given a warm welcome and, on the first Sunday, attended Quaker meeting at its own request. "This fairy tale is not yet done," the account concludes, "because there is yet much to do for and with the Family Giong."

Other monthly meetings across the country—including Harrisburg and Wrightstown (PA)—are engaged in working out the same fairy tale—again with Catholic (and Lutheran) help.

The reintroduction into the 96th Congress on July 20, by Representative Ronald Dellums, of the World Peace Tax Fund Bill (H.R. 4897) may increase the possibility of congressional enactment, according to the WPTF Newsletter, if enough people can urge their representatives to sponsor it. Support seems to be growing since the bill was first introduced in 1972. What seems to be needed is the involvement of more religious (and non-religious) peace activists and groups other than those in the traditional "peace churches."

Friends Journal has received a request for at least six subscriptions to the *Journal* for the Friends meeting for worship held at the Green Haven Prison in Stormville (NY), at which there are as many as twenty-five men in attendance. Are there Friends who would like to share in this effort? If so, please get in touch with *Friends Journal*, 152A N. 15th St., Phila., PA 19102. Phone: 215-564-4779.

San Francisco Friends Meeting is doing its bit in helping the Bay Area Program for resettling Argentine refugees, 500 of whom the U.S. government now permits to enter this country for an indefinite period. These are political prisoners who were able to choose political exile rather than indeterminate prison sentences. Amnesty International, which received the 1977 Nobel Peace Prize, estimates that since the military coup in 1976, 10,000 people have been killed by the armed forces in Argentina and 15,000 held as political prisoners. Another 15,000 have disappeared.

In Washington, D.C., Friends are participating in the Amnesty International human rights letter-writing campaign.

Lansdowne (PA) Friends Newsletter carries a brief article about the Lansdowne Mediation Program, which is an expansion of the Community Dispute Settlement program of Friends Suburban Project.

Mediation is used in this program as an alternative to the court system for settling disputes in families and between neighbors. "Trained volunteers meet with the disputants in a neutral setting at a time convenient for both parties. This practice often saves people a day's pay, in addition to the savings in court and a lawyer's fees. The mediators listen to both sides. By clarifying issues and points of view and keeping people focused on solutions, they help the disputants work towards a contract. This contract, agreed to by consensus, is a compromise—a promise about future behavior. It is important, when people live near one another, to make lasting agreements that are mutually satisfying, rather than to have a temporary, total victory for either side."

Beth Bussiere, author of the article, admits to skepticism when she first started training as a mediator. Theoretically convincing, would it work with "real people"? Experience convinced her that it would.

Speaking to the June General Meeting in Glasgow, Scotland, Stanley Keeble raised important questions in regard to the proposed diversion of forty percent of income tax payments (representing the proportion spent by government on war and "defense" preparation) to a Peace Tax Fund. If this were permitted, would not government simply raise military estimates to compensate for expected shortfall? Would not people,

not conscientiously opposed to military "defense," take advantage of such legislation? Would the procedure be destructive of democracy and majority rule? Should not individuals rather reduce their earnings to a non-taxable level, or would that deprive useful projects of legitimate funds? Other such questions were raised, relating to possible effects on national "defense" policy. For his part, however, Stanley Keeble felt that it was important to "bring a peace decision right to the level of the individual," and added that of fifteen replies so far received from monthly meetings on the subject of a Peace Tax Fund, only one was completely negative, two uncertain, and "the rest endorsed the proposal whilst acknowledging certain difficulties."

A "Day of Remembrance" last fall brought hundreds of people to the site of debarkation for the Japanese-American internment camps of World War II. This year, according to the (Seattle) University Friends Meeting *Bulletin*, the Japanese-American community asked for the AFSC to apply for and administer a grant (which was received June 18) from the Commission on Humanities.

"This," writes the *Bulletin*, "will permit a series of forums on the internment experience and will circulate photographs. The forums will bring to public discussion the history, law, and ethics of this event, as well as what it meant in personal terms. The photographs will focus the discussions, and the grant will enable videotapes and audiotapes of the forums to be circulated to all parts of the state."

In addition, current policy alternatives will be examined, specifically in regard to a) establishing a federal study commission, b) establishing a federal fund for financial redress to those who were incarcerated, and c) a no-action policy, with representatives of all views speaking.



PLEASE NOTE: The "Meeting Directory" in which the locations and times of worship of many local meetings are listed will appear *once a month only*, on the first of the month. Look for it then in our back pages.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Thrust in Pseudo-Quakerism

We have read John A. Sullivan's address, "The Hope That Is In Us," which you reprinted in the July 1/15 issue of the *Friends Journal* and would like to suggest that perhaps the reason he has found unsatisfactory, frustrating answers to his question on pseudo-Quakerism is that he has asked the wrong questions. He starts out strongly, quoting George Fox's message that the Lord God opened several truths to him about the divine light of Christ shining in each person, and the infinite love of God. But then he seems not to understand what that means, for he goes on to pose queries about Quakerism and social issues which entirely leave out God. How do Quakers respond to the injustices in the world? And he implies it should be through social action. We would reply that this approach to the world's ills is pseudo-Quakerism.

Real Quakerism, as revealed by God through the ministry of George Fox, asks a different question. Real Quakerism starts with God, and the personal relationship with God made possible by Christ. This is not a narcissistic "self fulfillment" nor is it a blind adherence to a possibly demented human leader. It is a deliberate mature choice to turn one's life over to God and be guided by Him. He knows the solution to the bewildering complexity of problems we humans have brought into the world and to our species. He alone can solve them with love. Only if we let ourselves be guided by Him can we really solve human problems, not just apply soothing band-aids.

The greatest threat to Quakerism is indeed pseudo-Quakerism. But the mark of pseudo-Quakerism is this, that it seeks to find and act on solutions to the world's problems within its own self rather than seeking God and letting Him use us as His tools to solve the problems in His own ways.

Martha P. Grundy
Cleveland Heights, OH
Carol Ann Castle
Ridgewood, NJ



Jean Price Norman

Art as a Way-of-Life

May I, as an artist, offer still another slant to Friend Lisa Kuenning's viewpoint (*FJ*, 7/1-15/79)? May I suggest that John Woolman was, truly, literally, an artist of the finest sort; his way of life was his art. This art, his lifelong discipline of holiness/wholeness, he practiced with such resolution that his splendid *Journal* became one of its by-products.

True, we see no John Woolman within our limited horizons, nor do we see any more Bachs, Shakespeares, Rembrandts, Julians of Norwich, Martin Luther Kings, Ghandis, Saint Teresas, or even Mary Magdelene's (that archetype of those of us who make "superfluities"—so Judas thought—an act of worship). But could it be that we don't see for looking? To me, it seems sometimes that we are surrounded by "mute inglorious Miltons," for the potential is *always* there. If we have eyes to recognize it, in spite of our world-jaded discouragement which blinds us to so much, we can still thrill to the recognition; and in so doing, we can—it is part of my Quaker faith and within my experiences as an artist—we can galvanize those Miltons into *trying* for articulation. Perhaps, as it is said, "it takes a genius to recognize a genius," but I think not; rather, it takes an open eye and a Christ-hopeful heart—a heart hopeful of meeting "that of God."

With this heart and this eye, then, it will be seen that art is neither a luxury, a mere decoration, nor a superfluity. (Who could bear to suggest such a thing

to Bach?) True, there is—as there has always been—a glut of the superficial, the inconsequential, the ill-conditioned, in "the arts" today, as indeed there is and has always been in the art of becoming a good Quaker, or a good anything else. But in the essence of it, art is no more a superfluity than is breathing or seeing. For art is a way-of-seeing God's creation; and in its finest, its true and *living* form, art can be, *is*, a way of life, worshipfully directed, one continuous devotion, a dialogue with the Origin, the First Artist of All. A life so dedicated, so disciplined, may well be, as Friend Lisa Kuenning rightly put it, the "austere moral beauty, singleness to Truth," which, I submit, all *serious* Quakers *still* do seek. We don't all succeed, either in the seeking or in the discipline; yet it is *there*, and inasmuch as anyone approaches it, the art and the artist's life are transformed, transfigured, as Jesus recognised in his warm appreciation of Mary Magdelene's gesture.

As Somerset Maugham once wrote:
I have an idea that the only thing that makes it possible to regard the world without disgust, is the beauty which now and then men [sic] create out of chaos, the pictures they paint, the music they compose, the books they write, and the lives they lead. Of all these, the richest beauty is the beautiful life. That is the perfect work of art.

Betty Gilson
Danbury, VT

CORRECTIONS: In our September 1/15 issue, the authors of the article, "Visit to Pulau Bidong Refugee Camp" (p. 9), are Julie Forsythe and Tom Hoskins. Our apologies to the latter for his misspelled name.

Cushman D. Anthony is the author of the article in our October 15 issue entitled "A Quaker-Unitarian Dialogue" (p. 3). Inadvertently, his name was reversed. Our apologies.

In the review of the book, *The Quaker Heritage in Medicine*, by Robert Clark, M.D. and J. Russell Elkinton, M.D. (p. 28 in the same issue), the following correction is made: Dr. William P. Camp is the retiring director of Friends Hospital in Philadelphia. Robert Clark was medical director of the Northeast Community Center for Mental Health on the hospital's grounds.

Disaster in Pairs?

I am surer than I was that when disaster is going to strike it cometh in pairs—?

Anyway, how the *FJ* would happen on two articles for one issue that, for different reasons, are so terrible, one can only guess. Take first John Sullivan's article, "The Hope That Is In Us," which to my dottering [sic] old ear was saying, "Quakerism is far ahead of Christianity." He turned this idea around and around—and, for me, ended up feeble, forlorn and nowhere. Amen.

Then take "Some Queries on Christianity." My comment: the article is so vacuous, lacking in any shred of scholarship, it should not have been published in the first place. To reprint it gives credence to the idea that the *FJ* is entirely non-Christian—perhaps non-religious, like Sullivan's article does. How sad are both articles.

Charles Schwieso
Menlo Park, CA

The Maverick-style Quakers

Your issue of July 1/15, 1979 touched me in two different ways.

Your obituary on John Graves

Barrow of the Austin Texas meeting (which I sometimes attend as a non-member) gave me some happy thoughts. I liked him and I like his widow. One time he defined God to some of us as, "God is love." I can live with that.

But then on the cover of the same issue you proclaim, "The Christian Mind Is Holistic..." Why can't any mind be holistic? That is, any decent and good mind? Why is it in your magazine you seem to make Christ a condition precedent to being a Quaker? Why do you insist on driving people away?

The irony of it is, if I may use the term, I have met more maverick religionists in the Quaker church than I ever did in any other church, with the exception of the Unitarians. When I ask Quakers about this Jesus fixation you seem to have in your publication, more than half smile, look the other way, and change the subject.

Three cheers for the maverick style Quakers.

Maury, Maverick, Jr.
San Antonio, TX

Article Considered Heretical

I would like to comment as succinctly as possible on the article by Gene Hoffman, "Some Queries on Christianity," in the July 1-15 issue.

The article is openly and obviously heretical, denying the Godhead of Christ and exalting the human ego in its place. Also the denigration of the Cross of Christ to an every day material happening is appalling in its ignorance and spiritual insensitivity. As a Christian who loves God in all three persons, I feel enraged at this piece.

Phyllis Gabriel Grady
Gaithersburg, MD

Thanks For Your Response

I just want to thank you for your response to an amazing letter to you in *FJ* 6/1/79; amazing because I cannot believe a member of the Society of Friends or an attender of our meetings or even a subscriber or occasional reader of *Friends Journal* could have beliefs as stated in the letter.

If all the days "Of Infamy" could be listed, I believe we, the United States,

would be right there along with the others. Pearl Harbor would not even be in the same class with our dropping the first horrible experimental atomic bomb on a whole city made up of babies, children, women and old people in large part. And our President said he slept well that night.

Pearl Harbor was military against military, which, without making any excuses for such a destructive act, still puts it in another class from Hiroshima, Nagasaki, My Lai, napalm, defoliation of forests and rice paddies, thus crimes against people.

If the words "historic beastiality" are to be used against one race—now our friends—they must be just as fitting for all nations which engage in war, or even plan it, as we now are in our nuclear program.

Eileen B. Waring
New York, NY

Singing to the Child Within

Thanks for the songs by Mary Dart (*FJ* 6/1/79), especially "My Little Girl." I love singing it to the little girl within me to remind myself that the ways of the delightful child I once was are still accessible to me. Even though they are often buried under layers of adulthood, I am starting to reclaim them.

Connie Collett
St. Louis, MO

BOOK REVIEWS

The Metaphysics of Modern Existence, by Vine Deloria. *Harper and Row, New York, 1979. 233 pages. \$8.95*

A comprehensive view of the universe, into which all phenomena fit as pieces of a puzzle, is a time-honored ideal. The ancient Hindu world view offered such a pattern, as did the classic Greeks, as well as medieval Christianity. The modern West, due to the separate paths religion, science and philosophy have taken, has

lost its unified image, which is of a more intuitive nature. The search is now for a world view which does not contradict science. And this is indeed possible as some of our most advanced thinkers have realized—Einstein, Schroedinger, DeNouy, Jung, Tillich, Chardin, among others. In other words, they have realized that the universe is not dualistic (the opposition of energy or spirit and matter) but monistic (the interchangeability between these alleged opposites). Unfortunately, this very recent view has not yet filtered down to the general public; hence, the need for this book.

It is no less than an attempt to write a modern philosophy of history based upon a critique of the separation of humankind from contact with a unified, or so-called holistic view of the world, as found in primitive societies. The model for such a view Deloria finds in the myths of the American Indian, who lives in harmony with himself and his immediate world, as well as with the universe. The author is extremely well read in the theological, philosophical, anthropological and sociological keywords of our time, and defends his thesis with learning, understanding, and enthusiasm.

We should indeed admire, if not envy, the American Indian's harmonious relationship to his entire universe; yet how can we reverse the irreversibility of science, technology and history? Still, it is a noble ideal which may help many to heal the schizophrenia of our society and time. As pointed out above, this is not only possible, it is imperative to pay feelings, intuition and empathy their due without maligning the positive aspects of science (medicine, for instance) and vice versa. This is an ambitious, optimistic and inspiring book. The bibliography and notes are imposing, while the appendix of cognate literature is disappointing, because it is based upon extremist and fringe sources.

Peter Fingesten

Travellers' Directory, Published by Friends General Conference, 1520-B Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102, 1979. 108 pages. \$4.00

In 1978, Friends General Conference issued a *Travellers' Directory* to facilitate intervisitation among Friends. The 1979 edition is expanded and improved in many ways, and should prove useful and welcome to traveling Friends.

Listings give name and address of the individual or family offering hospitality and such information as the maximum length of stay, number of beds, type of parking space available, and whether meals are offered. Those Friends who prefer that their guests refrain from smoking may so indicate. Particularly helpful are the specific directions for finding the homes which are distant from well-traveled routes or otherwise difficult to locate.

Overseas listings are included, though this section is brief and will probably be expanded in subsequent editions, as Friends become more familiar with the directory. Also listed are Quaker centers that provide accommodations at nominal rates. Here there are some puzzling omissions, most notably the Casa de los Amigos in Mexico City, a haven for traveling Friends for many years.

For U.S. entries, the nearest city is given after the state, though this is sometimes confusing, as the home offering hospitality may be in another community. At the end of each entry the nearest meeting for worship is listed, and this is frequently at still another location. Entries within each state are not alphabetized by city but placed in zip code order, not a particularly logical arrangement.

These are minor flaws, which suggest only that those consulting the directory should study it carefully before leaving home in order to put it to maximum use. Publishers of the directory also recommend that Friends carry with them letters of introduction from their own meetings. Persons using the directory are asked to report on their experiences with it and to publicize its availability, thus helping in the preparation of future editions. Included with the pamphlet (which is in a convenient size for tucking into the glove compartment) are information forms for those Friends wishing to be listed in the next directory.

Now that travel and communication have become so swift, we are out of the habit of visiting along the way. We take the nearest interstate and roar across the miles, depending on those standardized green and white signs to tell us where we are. A trip planned to include stops in small towns and rural areas, to meet and become acquainted with fellow Quakers, would be a welcome and significant change. Those who prepared this directory have provided a service for which all Friends should be grateful.

Lenna Mae Gara

Good Company—Poets at Michigan, edited by Jeanne Rockwell, *Noon Rock*, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1977. 70 pages. \$5.00

Take the title seriously, all who enjoy poetry. Spend an hour or so with this anthology in a secret, quiet place. Read. Observe. Meditate. It is indeed good company, thanks to the insight of its editor, Jeanne Rockwell. There are four benefits: contemporary poetry, not too well-known; fine photographs of the poets; biographical notes; and reader response to old truths.

Jeanne Rockwell, herself a contributor to *Friends Journal*, has used geography as her focal point, editing from the milieu of the University of Michigan, long famous for its poetry readings. She knows about focal points because she is also a photographer, and her own photographs of each poet are a major part of the book's value. We note here a revival of bartering—poem for photo/photo for poem—which is also good stewardship of one's gifts.

Journal readers will be interested to note that "nearly all the poets are on-the-record anti-war voices," a point to keep in mind when digesting the poems.

As to the literary impact, since each poem is an entity and separate authors are speaking, reactions must be mixed and eminently personal. Readers have the freedom to like or not-like, to dip and skim, and then perhaps submerge into poetic waters. It is improbable not to come up refreshed.

Subject matter includes pleasure, despair, looking backward and beyond, prophecy, comparison with other cultures, and considerable nostalgia. The chief value of the volume is its holism.

Naomi H. Yarnall

Gandhi as a Political Strategist by Gene Sharp, *Porter Sargent Publishers*, Boston, MA, 1979. 357 pages. \$14.95

Gandhi as a Political Strategist is a collection of essays by Gene Sharp published in various parts of the world prior to the appearance of the author's monumental and brilliant three-volume *The Politics of Nonviolent Action*, also published by Porter Sargent.

Dr. Sharp is an activist-scholar whose message to the pacifist community is singularly clear. He wishes to persuade

that those who subscribe to the philosophy of nonviolence must "become the leaders in an effort to replace violent sanctions with nonviolent ones in society," rather than merely continuing efforts to gain individual converts to a personal pacifism. Having been rebuffed, as he sees it, in this address to pacifists, he has turned his attention to others, of revolutionary, liberal, and/or military stripe, to open up and expand their understanding of the nonviolent options available to them.

The picture we get of Mohandas Gandhi in the current volume is that of a practical utopian like the author himself. Believing ultimately in a thoroughgoing *ahimsa* (nonviolence) based on moral/spiritual values, Gandhi is first and foremost a political "experimenter with truth." To those who perceive themselves as weak and helpless, he offers a practical alternative to oppression, based on mass noncooperation. To the violent revolutionary, Gandhi shares his own fervor but offers a wide-ranging sociopolitical program of *satyagraha* ("truth-force"). To the pacifist, Gandhi firmly offers the reminder that a true ethic of nonviolence must work itself out in the concrete world of conflict. To the newly formed Indian government, Gandhi advocates a program of non-violent civilian defense based on principles similar to those through which the nation successfully secured its independence.

Gandhi the pragmatist could not wait until India might recognize the practicality of the spiritual life in the political world. Hence, as Sharp notes, the nonviolence that he was to preach, was, generally speaking, a "nonviolence of policy," rather than of principle. Unfortunately what is easily lost sight of here is Gandhi the utopian. Gandhi the political strategist preached what his audience could likely hear, and even still, taxed them sorely. But underneath this was an *ethical* strategy which Sharp never comments on and about which Gandhi toward the end of his life was increasingly ambivalent: namely, that through the use of "nonviolence as a policy," large numbers of its practitioners would advance to a full appreciation of its personal, moral and spiritual implications.

I suspect that underlying Sharp's life work is a similar ethical strategy. And here lies the current volume's weakness. Sharp's earlier published volume *The Politics of Nonviolent Action* is an encyclopedic handbook of the "non-violence of policy." It, more than any

other single work in English, has presented the options available to those seeking alternative modes of social struggle. It poses the theses only hinted at in the current volume in full force—that there is available a socially adequate functional substitute for violent conflict. Without *The Politics of Nonviolent Action* as background, except for the already initiated, *Gandhi as a Political Strategist* is like a relish without the main course.

David A. Albert

John Jay Janney's Virginia, An American Farm Lad's Life in the Early 19th Century edited by Asa Moore Janney and Werner L. Janney EPM Publications, Inc., McLean, Virginia, 1978. 141 pages. \$5.95

This is history of the kind one seldom gets from academe or in scattered pieces, by First Families of Virginia plantation owners. Here we learn how, plain farmers lived in a semi-wilderness.

John Jay Janney (1812-1907) was the cousin of the editors who, a hundred years after John, grew up in similar circumstances in the Quaker, rural, simple, pleasant environs of Lincoln, Virginia. John Jay Janney, the third generation of his family born in Loudoun County, left for Ohio in 1831, as did many another Loudoun young person, and had there a productive life. In his final year of life he wrote out his boyhood memories.

It's not easy to give even a small sampling of them. He walked through scary woods to the small schoolhouse, which still stands opposite the Goose Creek Meetinghouse. He tells about making sausage with scant equipment, and cracklin bread and corn dodger and hogshead cheese.

Going to market to sell flour or pork with a four-horse team was a three-to-four day journey to Georgetown or Alexandria. (That's maybe forty minutes today.)

"In the fall when acorns were ripe, immense flocks of the wild, or passenger, pigeon would make their appearance, so large as to cover the whole farm of two-hundred-and-sixty-three acres." They had ingenious ways to catch some of them.

Janney's education was mostly along the lines of Friendly precepts and what we would now call basics of geography, reading, spelling, arithmetic. Games

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included marbles, an early form of baseball, quoits, and "Antony Over"—which surely many of us older ones recall under similar names, like "anty-eye-over."

Their only household lights were the kitchen fire, lard lamps, and candles. The meetinghouse was two miles off, and nearly all the family went to meeting every first-day. There were those who were "read out of meeting."

There is much more about an interesting life. Oldsters will have pangs of nostalgia. Youngsters will marvel that people lived happily then—without TV and such.

Alfred Stefferud

Rachel and Obadiah by Brinton Turkle, E.P. Dutton, New York, 1978. 32 pages. \$7.95

The fourth Obadiah book has appeared and in it Brinton Turkle—artist, author, Quaker—tells another in his series of stories about Friends of the past living on the island of Nantucket.

In 1965 the first book introduced us to the Starbuck family—father, mother, Moses, Asa Rebecca, Obadiah and Rachel. Its title, *Obadiah The Bold* was from his announcement after meeting on first day that he wanted to be a pirate when he grew up. *Thy Friend, Obadiah*, 1969, told of his strange relationship with a sea gull. Then, *The Adventures of Obadiah*, in 1972, is about the family trip to the fair. Of course Obadiah had the real adventures.

Rachel and Obadiah continues the delightful illustrations of old Nantucket houses and people, ships and the sea. An old custom is the basis of the story. Jacob Slade, miller, sighting a returning ship from his vantage point by the windmill sends the nearest boy on a run to carry the good news to the captain's home. A coin is his reward. But small Rachel becomes an early women's libber as this bit from the book shows.

Obadiah said, "Next week the speedwell's coming in. I'm going up to the mill every day until Jacob Slade sights her."

"So am I," said Rachel.

"Thee!" Obadiah laughed. "He'd never send thee. Girls can't run. Not as fast as boys."

"We can too!" said Rachel.

All ages can enjoy these books—although they are to be given to children!

Eileen B. Waring

Ourselves and Our Children by The Boston Women's Health Book Collective, Random House, New York. \$12.95 hardcover, \$6.95 softcover.

In the tradition of *Our Bodies, Ourselves*, this book represents the collective work of many more than the ten women who wrote it; it is an honest probing and deeply moving examination of parenthood as experienced in all stages of the family cycle by men and women of all classes and conditions. Written with great compassion, it is a book that will nurture its readers. The authors sensed in themselves and in others a great "hunger to talk and to hear about being parents." Everyone is addressed: the childless who long to have children and those who fear it; the childless, single and coupled, man and woman, parent and grandparent, adopter, and stepparent. By taking the lifespan perspective, the book clarifies what is often mystified in child-rearing literature—that any parent at any age is still growing, changing, an alternately conflicted and integrated person. There is no such thing as a "grown-up," only those who are growing up.

I particularly appreciated the sensitivity of the authors to the uncertainties of young couples who are not sure they want children, and the tenderness with which *all* family forms are treated, including singles and communes. Perhaps the best feature of all is the "equal treatment" given to men as parents. The book is unique in the way it speaks to the personhood of parents in all their human variety, including the variety of sexual preferences. The frightened, out-of-control abusing parent, the anxious stepparent in a recombined family, the shocked parent of grown children who come out gay, the proud but worried parents whose children go to prison for their beliefs—all are lovingly dealt with.

The power of the book lies in its vision of parenting as a humanizing experience, a vision carefully framed by the social reality that often makes parenting dehumanizing in practice. Here is the vision:

We as women-mothers would suggest that certain so-called feminine strengths, such as compassion, intuition, patience, endurance, humaneness, have over the centuries taken root in parent-soil—called forth, sometimes with great pain, by the daily parenting experience. We wonder whether the humbling, humanizing work of daily parenting might not be an effective antidote to the cruel efficiency of the "best and the

brightest," of those people, often men, who run our country from board rooms and offices, who tend too often to sacrifice human values to goals of profit, defense, competition and winning.

An important section is devoted to the difficulties women have in sharing parenting with men, and to how men become more fully parents. The most effective message the book gives about men as parents is through the numerous photographs scattered through each chapter, showing parenting men as often as parenting women.

Inevitably, the book has some weaknesses. Perhaps because so much has already been written and thought about parenting in the teen years, the chapter on that family stage has less that is new to say than the others. The chapter on society's impact on families, excellently conceived, is somewhat marred by the "pro-parent" stance which, through its emphasis on the rights of parents as primary caregivers, unintentionally becomes something of a put-down of children. What is missing from the book is material on how children help parents perform their parenting, and how children nurture and support their parents through rough times. A bit of this shows in the section on the single parent, but only in the context of fear of exploration of the child. This represents too limited a view of the child's capacities. I would suggest that the Boston Collective, so successful in their own joint authorship, encourage a children's collective to do a book, *Ourselves And Our Parents*.

Another topic undealt with is incest, which for troubled parents gets embedded in a complex of issues ranging from paedophilia to child abuse at the extremes, with comfortable child-adult affectional relationships in the middle. This a much more far-reaching issue than that covered by the careful passage about avoiding sexual arousal by one's teenage children.

These points do not detract from the major achievement of the book itself. I loved reading it, and loved feeling how the authors in turn reached out to all the different kinds of parenting communities they could imagine. Why shouldn't authors nurture readers more? I hope there are more books like this on family life. Families, as the authors accurately perceive, are hungry for them.

Elise Boulding

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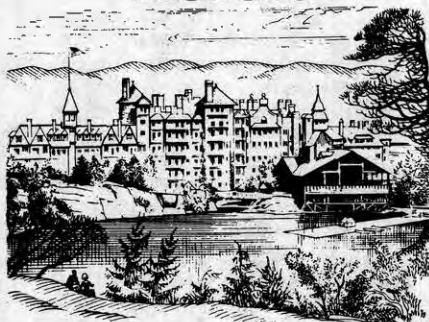
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ANNOUNCEMENTS

Births

Howes—On September 4, 1979, *Travis Jason Howes* to James and Susan Howes of Warriors' Mark, PA. The child's father is a member of Wrightstown (PA) Meeting, as are his grandmother, Eugenia Howes, and his great grandfather, Homer Tomlinson.

Tretheway—On September 4, 1979, *Phillip David Diltmar Tretheway* was born to Raymond and Judy Tretheway. Raymond and Judy attend the Sacramento (CA) Meeting.

Marriages

Abbey-Stanton—On June 10, 1979, *Linda G. Stanton* and *Elliot Efrem Abbey*, in the Meeting House and under the care of Middletown Monthly Meeting, Lima, PA. The bride is the daughter of William M. and Lois V. Stanton of Swarthmore, PA, all members of Middletown Monthly Meeting. The bridegroom is the son of Bella Abbey of Larchmont, NY, and the late Hyman Abbey.

Coolman-Ng—On August 11, 1979, at the farm home of the groom's parents, near Valparaiso, IN, *Ida NG* and *Richard Coolman*, both of San Francisco. Richard is a member of San Francisco (CA) Meeting.

Finnerty-Corson—On October 20, 1979, in a small, family-centered ceremony, *Susan Corson* and *Adam Daniel Finnerty*. Adam is a staff member of AFSC's International Division; Susan is a staff member of the *Friends Journal*. They are taking the surname "Corson-Finnerty."

Fox-Plank—On September 1, 1979, in the garden of the bride's parents, *Margaret Hopkins Plank* and *Thomas Charles Fox* of New Haven, CT. The ceremony was held under the care of the Storrs Friends Meeting, where the bride is a member.

Furnas-Dabe—On August 17, 1979, *Kimberly Jo Dabe* and *Andrew Daryl Furnas* were married in the Miami Meetinghouse in Waynesville, OH. Andrew, son of Roy and Arizona Furnas, is a member of Miami Meeting.

Hadden-Fawcett—On June 30, 1979, *Deborah E. Fawcett* and *Guy C. Hadden*, at the home of the bride's parents, under the care of Middletown Monthly Meeting, Lima, PA. The bride is the daughter of Edward C. and Elizabeth P. Fawcett of Honey Brook, PA, all members of Middletown Monthly Meeting. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Guy T. Hadden of Morgantown, PA.

Luzzi-Dunkin—On March 31, 1979, *Donna Dunkin* and *Barry Luzzi* were married in Miami Meetinghouse in Waynesville, OH, under the care of the meeting. The bride is a member of Miami Meeting.

Nadeau-Clandon—On December 29, 1978, in Liverpool, England, *Janis Clandon* and *Dana Garrett Nadeau*, both of the faculty of the American School in Lugano, Switzerland. Janis is the daughter of Arnold and Phyllis Clandon of Liverpool. Dana is the son of Earl and Ena June Nadeau of Lancaster, PA. The bridegroom and his mother are members of Lancaster (PA) Meeting.

Nadeau-Schulman—On September 2, 1979, under the care of Lancaster (PA) Meeting, *Johanna Schulman* and *Randall Laird Nadeau*. Johanna, on the staff of Firestone Library, Princeton University, is the daughter of Irwin and Helene Schulman of Pittsburgh, PA. Randall, a student in the Department of Religion, Princeton University, is the son of Earl and Ena June Nadeau of Lancaster, PA, where he and his mother are members of the Lancaster Meeting. The couple are taking the surname "Schulman-Nadeau."

Deaths

Chapman—On May 22, 1979, *Mary Bailey Chapman*, aged ninety-seven, in Quaker Heights Health Center, Waynesville, OH. She was a birthright member of the Miami (OH) Meeting. The daughter of Emmor and Elizabeth Bailey, she was born in Springfield, OH, in 1882. With her family she moved to Waynesville in 1885 to occupy the house built by her grandfather. She was graduated from Waynesville High School in 1900. In 1904 she married Joseph B. Chapman who preceded her in death. She is survived by two sons, Charles, St. Petersburg, FL, and Robert, Dayton, OH; one grandson, Byron, OR; and one brother, Emmor, Lebanon, OH.

Coles—On September 8, 1979, *Edwin C. Coles*, aged seventy-six, in the General Division of Wilmington (DE) Medical Center after a long illness. A member of the Woodstown Society of Friends, Edwin was a lifetime resident and dairy farmer in Salem County, NJ.

Surviving are his wife, Eleanor; two sons, Edwin C. Jr., and Merton M., both of Woodstown; a sister, Mrs. Frank Petit of Woodstown; a brother, Hammond, of Furlong, PA; thirteen grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Edmondson—On May 20, 1979, in Columbus, OH, *Vivian Underwood Edmondson*, aged sixty-seven. She was a member of Miami Meeting, Waynesville, and a member of Yokefellows International. Preceded in death by a son, Joseph Earl Edmondson, she is survived by her husband, Earl J. Edmondson; a daughter, Joy Curran of Minneapolis, MN; four sons, Frank, John, George and David; thirteen grandchildren; and a brother, Joseph Underwood of Chesterfield, IN.

Flitcraft—On August 16, 1979, *Norman M. Flitcraft*, aged sixty-nine, in Nicholas Nursing Home, following a short illness. Norman was a son of the late Bumont and Mary Moore, and was a member of the Woodstown (NJ) Monthly Meeting. He worked for thirty years as a sales supervisor of oil heating at the Exxon corporation, retiring fifteen years ago.

Surviving are his wife, Marian Fogg Flitcraft; two sons, Frank F. of Pennsville and N. Wayne of Salem; two sisters, Edith Conrad and Agnes Schwertly, both of Woodstown; and four grandchildren. Contributions can be made to the Friends Home at Woodstown or the charity of the donor's choice.

Goodwin—On September 18, 1979, *N. Werner Goodwin*, aged seventy-six, of a heart attack while he was on vacation in Cooperstown, NY. He retired a few years ago as an industrial photographer. He also did excellent photography as a hobby, taking beautiful pictures on his many travels with his wife, Sally.

Werner was a trustee of Wrightstown (PA) Meeting for many years. Survivors include his wife, Sarah, a son, Peter, and his family.

Keighton—Suddenly, on May 3, 1979, *Walter B. Keighton, Jr.*, aged seventy-eight. Emeritus professor of chemistry at Swarthmore College, he graduated from Swarthmore in 1923 and received his Ph.D. from Princeton University in 1933. He joined the Swarthmore faculty in 1931 and was chairman of the department of chemistry from 1955 until his retirement in 1971. An authority in the field of water quality and resources, he was a consultant to the U.S. Geological Survey and author of many publications. He was a member of Swarthmore (PA) Meeting, which he joined in 1926.

He is survived by his wife, the former Eleanor M. Paxson; five children, Charles E. of Dover, DE, Robert L. of Randolph, MA, June Keighton Furlow of Conestoga, PA, James D. of Durham, NC, and Walter Leslie of Swarthmore, PA; two sisters, Martha H. and Irma C. Keighton of Swarthmore, PA; and seven grandchildren.

LeFevre—On September 2, 1979, *Richard Gregg LeFevre (Richard S. Sterne)*, unexpectedly in Norton, OH, aged fifty-eight. A founding member of the Akron Friends Meeting, Richard was a lifelong Friend. A conscientious objector during WW II, the concerns and philosophy of the Society were central to his thinking and his life. Richard taught in several colleges and universities and achieved eminence throughout the country for his accomplishments in the field of urban sociology and sociological research. He was the author of numerous articles and wrote three books on social problems. He also served as consultant with several organizations, including the U.S. Civil Rights Commission.

He is preceded in death by his son, Christopher, in 1978. Surviving are his wife, Mary, and children Emmy and John; a father, Leon Stern, and a brother, T. Noel Stern.

Contributions may be made to Akron Friends Meeting or to the AFSC, care of John Looney.

Nicholas—On June 2, 1979, aged eighty-one, *Wilson Nicholas*, at Quaker Heights Medical Health Care Center, Waynesville, OH. He was a member of Miami (OH) Meeting. He was a former Lebanon City councilman. He operated a number of groceries and was a farmer at one time. He is

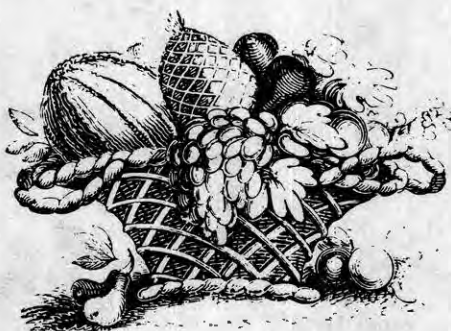
survived by one son, Dale Nicholas of Lebanon, OH; one granddaughter and one great-granddaughter.

Nisley—On August 26, 1979, *Rosalie M. Nisley*, aged forty-nine, of Wrightstown, PA died from injuries received in a car-bicycle accident. Rosalie was a member of Wrightstown (PA) Meeting and gave her time generously for this meeting, as well as other local organizations. She was a graduate nurse of Lankenau Hospital School of Nursing in Philadelphia. At the time of her death, she was a R.N. at Clearview Nursing Home, Richboro, PA. Monies earned from nursing were being saved for her children's college education. She truly gave of herself for others.

Survivors include her husband, Gary W. Nisley; two daughters, Laura and Jennifer; a son, Gary W., Jr.; and her mother, Mildred Moyer of Wrightstown, PA.

Park—Suddenly, on August 30, 1979, *Athalia Evans Park*, at her home in St. Davids, PA. Wife of the late George R. Park, Jr., Athalia was an active member of Valley (PA) Meeting. For more than forty years, she was an organizer and industrious member of Valley Meeting's sewing and knitting group, working for the AFSC.

Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Thomas J. Claggett of Wayne, PA and Mrs. Wilson E. Hunt of San Diego, CA; two sons, G. Rodney Park III of King of Prussia, PA, and Charles E. Park of Wayne, PA; eighteen grandchildren and fifteen great-grandchildren.



Patton—On September 13, 1979, after two months of hospitalization, *Genieann Parker Patton, M.D.* died at the age of sixty. She was a member of Homewood Meeting in Baltimore. She had been in private practice of general psychiatry and psychoanalysis in the Baltimore-Washington area since 1947, and most recently had worked as a consulting psychiatrist at the Harbel Community Mental Health Clinic. A graduate of Bryn Mawr College and the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine, she served as a pediatrician with the Baltimore County Health Department and as a psychiatric consultant for the Baltimore schools. She was supervising psychiatrist at Sheppard Pratt Hospital in Baltimore for some time and organized the first child psychiatry services of the hospital. She was later on the faculty of the Baltimore District of Columbia Institute for psychoanalysis.

Genieann Patton's childhood was spent in China and Egypt, where her parents were doing missionary work. She is survived by her

husband, Harry J. Patton; three sons, Christopher, Derek, and Kevin; five grandchildren; her brother, Joseph Parker of Atlanta; and her step-mother, Marie Parker of San Diego.

Memorial services for Genieann Patton were held at the Gunpowder Meeting in Sparks, Maryland and at the Homewood Friends Meeting in Baltimore. It is suggested that memorial donations be sent to the American Friends Service Committee offices in Baltimore (317 E. 25th Street 21218).

Stabler—On September 18, 1979, *Genie Stabler* in a multiple auto accident on the Santa Monica Freeway.

A graduate of Earlham College, Genie transferred from the Sandy Spring (MD) Meeting to the Santa Monica (CA) Meeting in 1971. She served on various committees and was clerk in 1975.

During the last few years of her life, she embarked on a program of intense spiritual self-development, involving the purification of all systems—mental, emotional, perceptual and physical. This included training in the healing arts and the laying on of hands. She also developed her creative abilities through writing and photography.

Survivors include her mother, Pauline Stabler, Silver Spring, MD, and a brother, Fred, of Los Angeles, CA.

Tinker—On December 15, 1978, after five months illness with cancer, *Leonard E. Tinker*, aged fifty-nine. He was executive secretary of the AFSC Dayton Regional Office. An ordained minister in the Iowa Conference of the Methodist Church, he devoted many years of faithful service to peace, civil rights and social justice. He served twenty-three years as a minister in New York, Chicago and Iowa before accepting a position as a peace secretary in the North Central Region of AFSC, Des Moines. He was well known in the Midwest as a lecturer and organizer.

He is survived by his wife, Lorena Jeanne; six children, L. Edward, Bonnie, John, Mary Beth, Hope, Paul; and one grandchild, Bonnie Tinker-Keeler. He was preceded in death by his parents and one infant daughter, Darlene.

Memorials for peace in the name of Leonard E. Tinker, Jr. have been established at Dayton Region AFSC, National AFSC, Dayton (OH) Meeting, St. Louis (MO) Meeting and Des Moines (IA) Meeting.

Urien—At Wilmington Medical Center in Wilmington, DE, *Alice Buzby Urien*, aged sixty-four, of Woodstown, NJ. A native of Woodstown, she was the daughter of Maxwell and Anna Pancoast Buzby. For twenty years she worked as a secretary for Warren E. Hitchner Lumber Company, and following her retirement, she operated an antique shop from her home. She was a member of Salem County Historical Society, the Pilesgrove-Woodstown Historical Society and the Woodstown (NJ) Meeting.

She is survived by her husband, Howard K.; three sons, Howard K. Jr., Earl C. II, both of Woodstown, and Richard K. of Juneau, AK; three brothers, Albert Buzby, Sr., Maxwell Buzby II, both of Woodstown, Claude Buzby of Jacksonville, FL; seven sisters, Elizabeth Brill, Cornelia Van Meter, Ella Richman, Helen Haaf, Emily Holmes, all of Woodstown, Mary Cox of North Palm Beach, FL, Marguerite Kapus of Westville, NJ.

Memorial contributions may be made to the Friends Home at Woodstown, Memorial Fund, Box 249, Woodstown, NJ 08098.

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For sale near Paullina, Iowa: Comfortable, well-built, one bedroom (725 sq. ft. floor space) house in small, rural Friends community with unprogrammed worship. Lot approximately 82 by 132 feet. \$10,000. Contact Walter Henderson, Paullina, IA 51046. Phone 712-448-2290.

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Positions Vacant

Media Friends School seeks a new Head, to begin July 1, 1980. MFS is a coeducational, suburban Philadelphia day school, 120 students K-8. Write: Search Committee, Media Friends School, 125 W. 3rd St., Media, PA 19063.

Caretaker and handyman for West Chester Meeting and Friends Boarding Home. Live with his family in 3 bedroom house on property, all utilities included. Groundskeeping using equipment for moving and snow removal. Handyman in home for retired persons. Apply to: Friends Boarding Home, 400 North Walnut Street, West Chester, PA 19380.

House manager: International Student House requires experienced person to supervise maintenance, meal planning for 60, 40 hour week, paid vacation. Apartment, utilities, meals included. Write: Director, International Student House, 1825 R. St., N.W. Washington, DC 20009.

Position available beginning in summer of 1980. Live-in staff for Quaker House in Fayetteville, North Carolina, to provide military counseling, peace education, and coordination of Quaker concerns. Fayetteville is contiguous with Fort Bragg, a comprehensive military complex. An understanding of and appreciation for Quakerism and nonviolence is indicated. Contact Judy

Hamrick Dixon, 1551 Polo Road, Winston-Salem NC 27106.

Executive Secretary—National Office American Friends Service Committee (Philadelphia) by February 1980. Responsible to Board of Directors; general oversight all phases committee and staff consultative process, personnel, program development, interpretation, financial development. Qualifications include ability to interpret goals AFSC, administrative experience, member of Society of Friends.

Send suggestions or resume to: Margaret Rumsey, Chairperson Search Committee, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102

Greene Street Friends School (K-6) is looking for a principal to begin duties as of 7/1/80. Please send resume and references to: G.S.F.S. Search Committee, 5511 Greene Street, Philadelphia, PA 19144.

Wanted: Business manager/comptroller: with business management experience; knowledge of Friends practices and concerns; familiarity with Pendle Hill. Prefer she/he live on campus. Apply Ed Sanders, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, PA 19086. Phone 215-566-4507. To begin not later than 8/1/80.

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