

May 15, 1980

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today



The Chinese have an ideogram
for the word "crisis,"
which combines *danger* and *opportunity*.

In today's crisis, both
the will to survive and religious ethics
demand the abolition of war.



Contents

May 15, 1980
Vol. 26, No. 9

Memorial Day—1980	2
—Liane Ellison Norman	
Pilgrimage of a Conscience	5
—Maurice F. McCrackin	
Choose Life, Not Death	10
—Elizabeth Cattell	
A Clerk's Journal	12
—Joseph Havens	
Feeling Comfortable	17
—Jack Powelson	
Friends Around the World	18
Yearly Meeting Report	18
Letters to the Editors	19
Announcements	28
Classified Advertisements	30

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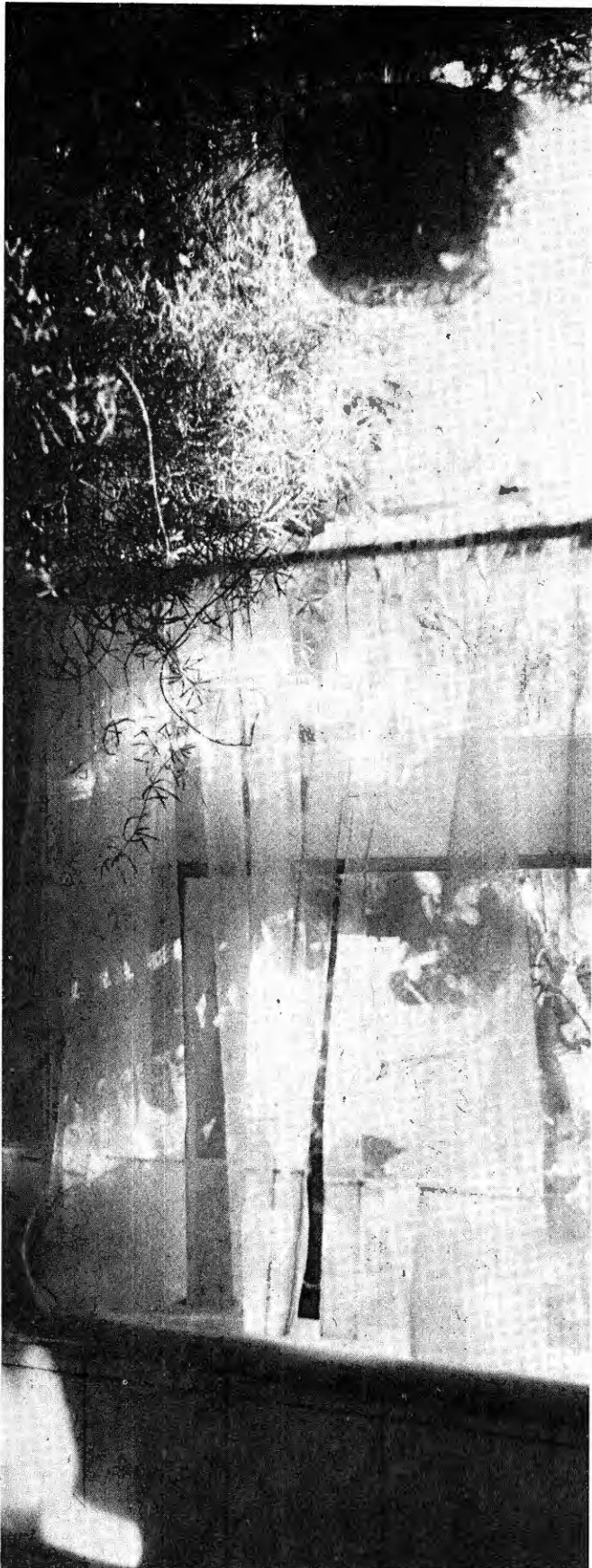
MEMORIAL DAY- 1980

by Liane Ellison Norman

Liane Ellison Norman is an essayist and assistant professor of English at the University of Pittsburgh. Author of articles published in numerous periodicals, she is a member of Pittsburgh (PA) Friends Meeting.

It's Memorial Day, five years since our involvement in the war in Indochina ended, our thirty-year war. It's also spring, and the windows have begun to bother me, as they always do in the spring. I came downstairs this morning to get breakfast, and felt winter-weary astonishment at the light that poured in the windows. At the same time, I felt my annual surge of impatience at the way the winter soot, mixed resinously with wind-driven rain and snow, has curtained the window glass.

Strange. All winter long I am unmindful of the dirty windows, maybe because the weather matches its residues. But now, outside, there are little ghosts of steam beginning to dance above the thick mulch of wet leaf mould, and warm light comes stripping through the barely-budded branches of the trees. There are tiny pea and lettuce plants up and already unfurling. There are strawberry saplings beginning to root. Across the street,



Janet Charles

azalea bushes flaunt their unlikely colors, stealing the thunder from the season's *avant garde* of crocuses and daffodils. A couple of my neighbors have hung out flags to celebrate Memorial Day, but I think I will commemorate the occasion by washing the windows—all but the one I can't reach, which will go on all summer long, runneled with one winter's sediment on top of another's.

I don't like the flags. They seem to me to fly not so much in behalf of memory of those killed in war, as in behalf of forgetfulness. I suppose it is thought a patriotic gesture to fly those flags, but it seems to me the point is that, in spite of war, in spite of the injuries and bereavements suffered in war, we are supposed to leap to attention, suspend critical judgment, rally 'round the flag, and send our children packing cheerfully into the next war.

I guess that someone established this day as an annual memorial to keep the young, killed in war, from being lost in the shuffle of eternity. But the reverse happens. The remembered dead, instead of suffering from grisly wounds, boredom, and moral confusion, line up in memory, gay in dress uniform, with high hearts and images of heroic action. They become recruiting posters, inviting the neighborhood kids to join them in glory.

Policy makers have advised us to forget our recent war in Indochina. Put it behind, they say, and my neighbors fly their flags. It is as if, by flying these flags, they give the government permission to go about their old habits, ordering men—husbands, sons, fathers, brothers, uncles and nephews—to leave their neighborhoods, their homes, their families, their work, in order to kill other peoples' husbands, sons, fathers, brothers, uncles and nephews. It won't be long before—as a tender to equality—wives, daughters, mothers, sisters, aunts and nieces will be allowed to join the fray (which, if we are determined to go on fighting wars, is as it should be). There aren't any real scores to settle, no real grudges to work out. None of the soldiers will have any personal quarrel with the soldiers he or she is sent to kill. While some soldiers have gone off to war with the thrill of adventure coursing through their veins, or with the certitude that manhood is to be found in the letting of blood, most go to war out of obedience, dutifulness, or lack of choice. To sweeten up the ugly task, the flags fly brightly before them, in lieu of real reasons for obedience.

One soldier in Vietnam recalled a friend who was later killed.

He said he had a daydream. It wasn't at night. A daydream that he and a Viet Cong were standing on the top of a hill. They were both just looking at the scenery on the top of a mountain, looking out over the land, looking at the other hills and the blue sky

and stuff. [He] was saying to the Viet Cong, "You have a really beautiful country here." And the V.C. said, "Well, thank you. I think it's pretty nice too." He said they both turned around and looked at each other and they both realized that they were enemies. He said, "We shot each other because we were enemies."

Why did they do that, these men of waking dreams? Why should women and men kill other women and men with whom they can admire the very ground their battle will roil and bloody? Hanging out flags doesn't help much to know the answer. The flags, bellying and snapping on the far side of my windows, tell a false story about the nature of warfare, which—however trumpeted and bannered—is state-organized murder, with accompaniments of rape, plunder, and other violations. There may sometimes be necessity in warfare—that is at least arguable—but there is no glory, no reason to idolize warriors nor to celebrate what they do.

All right, I will clean my windows and then step back to admire the way the vision of spring sharpens without all the air-borne mud. I can see and hear the neighborhood small fry. They are out in jackets and sneakers, rejoicing in their less cumbered bodies, free finally of winter's uniform of long underwear, boots, coats, mittens, hats and scarves. During the winter their arms and legs grew longer and restless. Now loose hair flies about their faces, which are intent with the joy of motion and strength in the opening weather. There are a couple of little ones on creaky tricycles, pulled out of dim basements. Up the street, the older kids are shrill in the season's first pick-up baseball game. Two girls are teetering on roller skates, stumped by the ruptured sidewalk.

I am indignant about the flags flying over these children. The kids contest the rules. They squabble over possessions and territory, whose ball it is, whether they have to ask to use the basketball court up the street. We mothers and fathers tell them they have to solve their problems and that they can't do it with warfare. They learn to act with restraint, to share, to protect one another. The stronger ones learn to help the younger and weaker ones. They weather betrayal and ganging-up. They guard their rights and recognize others'. They work hard at it and it's not always easy. And then, when they are barely adult—and even before—the government may simply order them to go away and kill people for reasons it may stamp *classified*.

I say NO. If I clean my windows on Memorial Day, it is to let in more light, to see out more clearly. I won't send my children from springtime into death. I won't celebrate war. I won't fly a flag. If Memorial Day means anything, it ought to be that war never works, not now, not ever before, and never again. □



Mimi Westbury

PILGRIMAGE OF A CONSCIENCE

by Maurice F. McCrackin

I was born into the Presbyterian church. Immediately following my father's death, when I was three, our family moved to Monmouth, Illinois. For four years we lived with my mother's parents and an unmarried sister. Every Sunday morning we went to Sunday school and church. From these early years of church-going I do not remember much of what the minister said, but I will never forget how I felt in the quiet and reverent atmosphere of the church sanctuary. I can still feel the solemn awe that came over me as our minister read the words of the institution of the Lord's Supper. His voice carried such tender compassion and love that the mood he inspired has never completely left me. In those days there were no communicant classes, but I remember well meeting the board of elders when I professed my faith in Christ and was received into the church. I was nine years old. It wasn't a soul-stirring experience, but was more like going to a higher grade in school.

Three facets of Jesus' life and teachings made an early impression on me. One was his indignation against those of the Pharisees who claimed such great piety and yet heaped so many injustices and burdens upon the poor and the disinherited. The second facet of Jesus' life that impressed me was his tender love for children and his compassionate ministry of healing to those sick in mind and body. The third facet was the Sermon on the Mount and particularly the verses dealing with the love of our enemies. This loving spirit he spelled out in his life, when, in the midst of his suffering on the Cross, he prayed for the forgiveness of those who were responsible for his cruel and agonizing death.

In my senior year in high school I attended a YMCA conference for older boys, which was held at Decatur, Illinois. Sherwood Eddy was the main speaker. He talked

Maurice F. McCrackin is pastor of the Community Church of Cincinnati. He writes, "I have no organizational affiliation with either the Quakers or the AFSC, but feel a closer kinship with them than with any other organizations."

to us about following Jesus, about what a difference it will make in all of our relationships if he is in control of our lives; it will make a difference at school, at home, at all times and wherever we are. When I was a freshman in college, Kirby Page spoke at a chapel service. What he said convinced me that following Jesus not only means doing his will and the practice of love in personal relationships, but that love and forgiveness must be practiced between nations. During college I became more deeply committed to nonviolence and pacifism and became a member of the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

Soon after enrolling in McCormick Theological Seminary in Chicago in 1927, I learned that one of my professors, George L. Robinson, was one of the few courageous and outspoken pacifists in Chicago during the First World War. Vivid in my memory is his telling us one day in class how he reached his pacifist convictions. At one point he stood with his arms extended like a cross and said, "I would stand with my back to the wall and be shot down before I would ever take anyone's life." It became my growing, deepening conviction that since God has given life, there is no conceivable circumstance that can justify killing another person. Jesus came into the world to heal and make whole, to restore life, not to kill and destroy.

From 1937 to 1942 I was pastor of a United Presbyterian Church at Hammond, Indiana. During these years I attended meetings in Chicago of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. Ernest Fremont Tittle was a prominent pacifist leader and I attended meetings of the Pacifist Ministers' Fellowship which were held at the Evanston, Illinois, First Methodist Church where Dr. Tittle was the minister.

I was inspired by the eight Union Theological Seminary students who refused to register on military registration day on October 16, 1940. I had serious doubts about my own registration, but decided to comply, and asked that a written protest to the war and the draft be filed with my registration blank. I became increasingly troubled that I had registered, since non-registration seemed to be the only clear way for a minister to act against the war, since he is automatically exempted from being drafted. I decided that it was hypocritical for me to urge young men to take the conscientious position when I would never be faced with such a decision. So in the spring after Pearl Harbor I decided to ask the draft board to waive my ministerial exemption and give me a conscientious objector classification. This request was granted. My sister and her husband were missionaries in the French Cameroons, West Africa, and some time before I had told them that if they wanted to send their older son home to go to school in this country I would take care of him until their furlough arrived. They wrote me that he was on his way to the United States. I then went to the draft

Following Jesus not only means the practice of love in personal relationships, but that love and forgiveness must be practiced between nations.

board and was given a 3A dependency classification.

In June of 1945 I was invited to become the co-pastor of the West Cincinnati-St. Barnabas Church. Since the new congregation was in a racially-mixed neighborhood and because of my deep interest in church cooperation and union, I gladly accepted this offer to share in this venture, undertaken by the Episcopal and Presbyterian denominations. In August of 1945 I began my pastorate in Cincinnati.

Sometime before this I had decided that I would never register again for the draft nor would I consent to being conscripted by the government in any other capacity. In contradiction to this position, each year on April 15 I was letting the government conscript my money. Thus I was voluntarily helping the government do what I vigorously declared was wrong. I would remove military playthings from the toys which supporting churches sent to our children at Christmastime. It dawned on me that this was nothing more than a pious gesture, when each year I was helping to buy live guns and other weapons which would be used to actually kill someone.

Realizing this inconsistency, I decided that in good conscience I could no longer make full payment of my federal taxes. At the same time, I did not want to stop supporting civilian services supported by the government. So, in my 1948 tax returns I continued to pay the small percentage allocated for civilian use. The amount that I formerly had given for war purposes I hoped now to give to such causes as the American Friends Service Committee and to support other works of mercy and reconciliation which help remove the roots of violence and war.

As time went on I realized, however, that this was not accomplishing what had been my hope; for year after year the IRS ordered my bank to release money from my account to pay the money I had held back. I then closed my bank account, and at this point it came to me with complete clarity that by so much as *filing* tax returns I

was giving the IRS assistance in the violation of my own conscience, because the very information I was giving on my tax forms was being used in finally making the collection. There is something else that those who withhold a portion of their tax on conscientious grounds should realize. The IRS does not practice line budgeting. All that it collects goes where the government wants it to go, which in ever-increasing proportion goes to finance wars, past, present and future. Since 1952 I have not filed any tax returns, nor since that year have I paid any federal income tax.

On December 12, 1958, on charges growing out of my refusal to pay this tax, I was given a six-month sentence, which I spent at Allenwood, Pennsylvania, which is run by the Lewisburg penitentiary.

Some two years after my release from Allenwood, in May of 1959, the Presbytery of Cincinnati, on charges quite unrelated to the real issues, suspended me as a minister. In May, 1962, this action was upheld by the General Assembly, the highest court of the denomination. In February of 1963 the presbytery declared my ordination to the ministry no longer valid, making a highly questionable presumption that they could cancel out whatever spiritual grace the Holy Spirit had bestowed on me when I was ordained at a meeting of Chicago Presbytery back in 1930.

For nearly eighteen years our congregation has been a member of the National Council of Community Churches. I have been accepted as a minister in full standing, and whatever validity my ordination had back in 1930, is, for them, still valid.

• • •

My six months in federal prison made clear to me that most prisoners are poor and victims of poverty and oppression. I visited prisoners occasionally after my release from Allenwood in 1959, but in 1970 made the acquaintance of two prisoners at Ohio Penitentiary. Since then I have visited and written dozens of men and women in state prisons and in the Cincinnati Workhouse and Hamilton County Jail. One of the prisoners I became acquainted with at Ohio Penitentiary in 1971 was John Conte. He became a good friend. He filed many suits in federal courts charging violation of his rights while a prisoner at OP. John was a leader in the counter-violence of prisoners in the summer of 1968 when a section of the prison was blasted away and a number of prisoners were killed.

John Conte was paroled in 1975 and soon afterward visited me at the church, where I also have my living quarters. Later he was charged with another offense and returned to Lucasville Prison.

On November 17, 1978, John came to the church with

William McKinney and David Pilkington. They held me hostage for about six hours. The three of them had been taken to testify at a court hearing. On their way back to Lucasville they overpowered a guard and took his gun. They did not harm me nor any of the other hostages that they had held in their escape attempt. Two days later John was killed by another hostage near Findlay, Ohio. Facing capture, his wish had been fulfilled when he said that he would rather die than be returned to Lucasville.

Billy McKinney turned himself in to the FBI, waiting for them in a phone booth in the Los Angeles airport. David Pilkington was captured at a friend's home near Cleveland. As soon as they were captured I knew that kidnapping charges would be brought against them and that no doubt I would be called on to testify against them. This proved to be the case, and I was issued a subpoena by Simon Leis, the Hamilton County prosecutor, to testify against Billy McKinney on January 19, 1979. At this time David Pilkington had not yet been taken into custody. Before January 19 he had been apprehended and I was now ordered to testify against both of them. I refused to honor the subpoena and was picked up by the police and taken before the grand jury. I refused to testify and had a prepared statement which read in part:

How can I go and testify against a prisoner on behalf of the state, or even seem to be doing so, by going before the grand jury, when it is the state of Ohio that is responsible for the vast injustice, degradation and horror that is Lucasville? Appearing would be a moral compromise that I am not prepared to make. Nor would I so betray the trust that prisoners like John Conte and William McKinney have placed in me.

Usually a person who refuses to testify before the grand jury is cited for contempt, goes to trial, and is given a ten-day sentence. But mine was a selective arrest. It is the practice in a police state where there are so many laws, that when it pleases those in power, a law can be invoked against someone whom they wish to intimidate and silence and is not invoked against those upon whom they depend to stay in power. This police state tactic was used against me and it was possible to keep me in jail indefinitely by holding me until "I purged myself of contempt" by obeying the prosecutor's orders. He called my refusal to testify an act of contempt. I would have felt myself guilty of a contemptuous act had I testified. These men had become my friends. They were not desperate criminals, they were desperate men trying to escape from the Lucasville concentration camp, euphemistically called a "Correctional Center." No one should be required to testify against a member of the family or against a friend. The right of silence should be granted as well as the right

Prison officials no more want the public to "break in" to prisons than they want the prisoners to break out.

of free speech. I did not claim a "priest-confessional" exemption from testifying. There was no such relationship between the escaped prisoners and me. We all confessed the sins of the Department of Rehabilitation and Correction; we did not confess our sins to each other.

During my nearly four months in jail, friends marched in the streets. They had rallies on Fountain Square and in all kinds of weather—usually it was either very rainy or very cold. With this solid basis of support of my right of conscience, with the repeated demand, through press releases and through many carrying signs reading "Free Mac," peer pressure began to build up against prosecutor Leis and Rupert Doan, the sentencing judge. It seems certain that I was finally released because influential Republicans told Judge Doan that my being held was a political liability and to let me out. He did so on May 10.

Related to my refusal to testify before the Hamilton County grand jury was the order issued by George F. Denton, the director of the Ohio Department of Rehabilitation and Correction. It was sent to all the prison superintendents and instructed them to remove my name from the visiting list of all prisoners. Mr. Denton gave two reasons for this action: First, I posed a threat to the institutions' security and their orderly operation, and secondly that I was "detrimental to the inmates' rehabilitation."

Last fall, on November 14, I wrote to Mr. Denton, asking him upon what he based these charges. He asked Harrison L. Morris, Chief of Division of Institutions, to reply to my letter. His letter includes this paragraph:

The belief that your presence in the institutions could reasonably pose a threat to the institutions' security or disrupt the order of the operation of the institutions and that your visit would be detrimental to the inmates' rehabilitation was based upon your behavior in non-cooperation with the grand jury investigating the case against certain prison

What has been accepted as morally wrong before war is declared does not become morally right because of a proclamation of war.

escapees who had been accused of taking you hostage. Various statements which you were heard to make on radio and which were quoted in the newspapers indicated a disrespect for the criminal justice system and the correctional system which would not be conducive to healthy attitudes on the part of inmates and may tend to encourage disruptive or illegal behavior on their part.

On the bulletin board at Chillicothe state prison is this notice: "If Rev. McCrackin is seen in any institution, notify Columbus at once." It is signed by George Denton. This notice and the letter which he authorized Mr. Morris to write point up the fact that prison officials no more want the public to "break in" to prisons than they want the prisoners to break out. If prison authorities would only do what is right, they wouldn't have to worry about "outsiders" getting inside and exposing all the things they are doing that are wrong.

Prisons are concentration camps. The time may well come when people in this country will be saying about U.S. prisons what the people in Germany later said about Hitler's concentration camps: "We had no idea they existed." But these prisons *do* exist, and because they are such evil institutions, they should be abolished.

I am sometimes asked, "But if we do away with prisons, what do you propose in their place? Society has to be protected." It is true that there are people who need institutional help, but if, after due process of law, it is determined such help is needed, they should then be given the psychological and medical assistance required, in a supporting and not in a destructive environment. They should be helped, not punished, mistreated and brutalized.

When will this change come? It will take place when enough people have a true love and compassion for humanity and when they believe in and act on this great affirmation of Eugene V. Debs:

*While there is a lower class I am in it.
While there is a criminal element I am of it,
While there is a soul in prison I am not free.*

...

Over the years, I have come to believe in certain moral absolutes by which I try to govern my life. If a ship, caught in a heavy gale at sea, is to survive the storm, it must have inside braces to withstand the outside pressures. We have no right to try to impose our moral absolutes on anyone else, but we all need inside braces to withstand the outside pressures of social conformity and to give us the stamina to stand up against the demand of the state for unquestioning obedience to civil law.

The first moral absolute by which I try to live is this: I believe in a moral *universe* and not in a moral *duoverse*. I believe there is one set of moral laws which we should obey, at all times and under all circumstances. What has been accepted as morally wrong before war is declared, does not become morally right because of a proclamation of war by a king or president or by a vote of Congress or of any other ruling body. We live in a moral universe and are granted no moratorium on doing what is right.

This is the second moral absolute which I try to make a controlling principle of my life: I believe that the means we use determines the end we reach. Goals, however noble and idealistic, are corrupted if we try to achieve them by the use of immoral means. I remember vividly the claim of the Allied forces in the First World War that they were "making the world safe for democracy." Instead, this war was making the world safe for the growth of totalitarianism, for the rise of Hitler and of Stalin. In turn, Russia and the United States made war against Hitler, and these countries have emerged with the capability of destroying the human race. We do not destroy the enemy when we use that person's methods. *We become the enemy.* The means we use determines the end we reach.

The third moral absolute to which I am committed is this: I believe that all people are of equal importance and worth. Any kind of caste system—ethnic, religious or political—is wrong. In more religious terms, I believe that every human being is sacred in the sight of God. Therefore, it is evil to downgrade, violate, ignore, abuse or kill anyone. An argument for dropping the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki was that in using them we saved U.S. soldiers' lives. Historians doubt that this was true, but true or not, on what moral or religious grounds can it ever be argued that the life of a U.S. citizen is of more value than a Japanese life or the life of anyone else?

This is the fourth principle which I accept as a moral

absolute: I believe that I owe my first loyalty to my conscience. Henry David Thoreau describes the demands of conscience in this way: "If a man does not keep pace with his companions perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

These four moral absolutes I find in Jesus' life and teaching. My belief in Jesus has not only reinforced my belief in these principles, but in large measure they have stemmed from my belief in him.

During my years of conflict with the church and state, no topic has come up for more discussion than that of conscience. Those who stand against the state or in conflict with established mores in church and society know the kinds of questions that are asked. "You say you follow your conscience. How can you be sure the voice you hear is authentic? What you call conscience may be nothing more than your own stubbornness. Conscience! What you need is a good psychiatrist!"

What about conscience? What about this voice from within, that distant drumbeat, that hound of heaven which has set women and men over against the church and state and which, because they would not compromise, has been responsible for the suffering martyrdom of countless numbers of people through the centuries?

Historically, there is probably no group that has more faithfully followed the voice of conscience than the Society of Friends. When I was in federal prison I read a book by Howard Brinton called *Friends For Three-Hundred Years*. It was published on the 300th anniversary of the dates accepted as the founding of the Religious Society of Friends. In his discussion of the Inner Light and of its relationship to conscience, Howard Brinton says,

The light within is not to be identified with conscience. Conscience is not the light in its fullness but the measure of light given us. The light illumines conscience and seeks to transform an impure conscience into its own pure likeness. Conscience is partly a product of the light which shines into it and partly a product of social environment. Therefore conscience is fallible. But conscience must always be obeyed because it reflects whatever measure of light we have by which to form our moral judgments.

There are times when truth can only be tested by action. To those who are forever holding themselves in a state of suspended moral animation, landing nowhere, unwilling to take the leap into the dark, Howard Brinton says, "It is better to be inconsistently good than it is to be consistently bad." Don't we owe it to God, to the Inner Light, to others, and to ourselves, to be as consistently good as we can, while at the same time humbly realizing

We are slaves if we place physical survival on a higher level of importance than uncompromising loyalty to spiritual and moral values.

that the light of truth needs to penetrate into more and more areas of our thinking and of our living?

While I was in the midst of my struggle with the IRS, A.J. Muste spoke at our church. He talked about hindrances to being true to conscience. He said that Jesus was a completely free person because he wasn't afraid of losing material possessions and he wasn't afraid of losing his life. We are not free persons if we are slaves of material things (money, job, prestige, power). And we are slaves if we place physical survival on a higher level of importance than uncompromising loyalty to spiritual and moral values.

The nations seem unable to agree on any negotiated disarmament and certainly there is little hope that in the foreseeable future any will do so unilaterally. Therefore, at no time in human history has there been such an acute necessity for individuals to disarm unilaterally, to behave like moral and responsible human beings, and to do what they know is right, beginning now.

The evil chain of violence and death must be broken, and it will be broken when enough individuals say to the state, "You may order me to do something I believe wrong, but I will not execute your command. You may order me to kill, but I will not kill, nor will I give money to buy weapons, so that others may engage in fratricidal wars." There are other voices that I must obey. I must obey the voice of humanity which cries out for peace and for relief from the intolerable burden of armaments and conscription. I must obey the voice of conscience, made sensitive by the inner light of truth. I must obey the voice heard across the centuries, "Love your enemies and pray for those who spitefully use you and persecute you." As humankind obeys these voices, it will be freed from the curse of war, and the nations of the Earth, convinced that there cannot be peace without justice, will in that day let justice roll down like waters and righteousness as a mighty stream. Nation will not lift up sword against nation, neither will they learn war anymore. □



Choose Life, Not Death

by Elizabeth Cattell

Friends, where are we? We are facing the greatest danger humanity ever faced, and yet we are not sounding a clarion call for peacemaking and disarmament. Of course the New Call to Peacemaking, which includes the three Historic Peace Churches, Friends, Mennonites, the Church of the Brethren, now joined by Unitarians, is a revival of the peace testimony. But do we need a biblically based initiative for peace when for everyone in our country—and, in fact, the world at large—the will to survive can itself provide a dynamic thrust for abolishing war? In the nuclear age, the choice is peace or perish. Yet in spite of the New Call, and the fact that the survival of life on Earth demands disarmament, there seems to be a kind of apathy and passivity among many Friends in respect to the war/peace issue:

For instance, my meeting, Fifteenth Street Meeting in New York, voted in April 1979 to support a vigil in front

of the recruiting station at Times Square which is still continuing, although not more than four or five Friends ever take part. Recently I attended a Friends' dinner after which the subject of discussion was, "How do you see the next two to four years?" Of eleven people, eight were concerned only with personal problems, such as changing their jobs, moving, traveling, having a child, while three mentioned social issues. The Pendle Hill spring bulletin lists five weekend conferences, not one of which has to do with war/peace. Within a month, I have spoken with several Friends who belong to meetings in other areas, all of whom told me that in their meetings the subject of peace was for the most part a dormant issue.

As Friend Kenneth Boulding has said, "Our precious little planet... is in one of the most critical stages, perhaps in the most critical stage of its whole existence. It is in a position of immense danger and immense potentiality." The species plus the environment is the unit of survival—and of evolution. We have added to our environment the destructive power to end life on Earth. The Chinese have an ideogram for the word "crisis," which combines danger and opportunity. In today's crisis, both the will to survive and religious ethics demand the abolition of war.

Life as usual, with national security based on nuclear armament, is the greatest danger on Earth. As Albert Einstein observed, "When the first atomic bomb exploded, everything changed except our way of thinking." One hundred and forty-nine nations at the

Elizabeth Cattell is a semi-retired psychoanalyst who is working on writing a book. On the Steering Committee of the Peace and Social Action Program and the Ad Hoc Peace Committee of Fifteenth Street (N.Y.C.) Meeting, she believes, with Einstein, "One world or none."

United Nations Special Session on Disarmament agreed in their final document: "Mankind is confronted with a choice: we must halt the arms race and proceed to disarmament or face annihilation." Before that, President Kennedy warned, "We must put an end to war, or war will put an end to us." Albert Einstein and his group of scientists had as their slogan, "One world or none." Soviet leader Khrushchev warned, "In the case of nuclear war, any survivors will envy the dead." Former generals have pointed out that we and the USSR face co-existence or co-annihilation. As one of them said, "We and the Russians have to learn to live together or we will die together. I choose life."

The arms race to oblivion continues and there is a war fever, and the hawks are in control. Yet journalists and other thinking people are sounding the alarm. The editors of the *New Yorker* (2/4/80) in their "Notes and Comments" pointed out that "...during the weekend preceding the President's State of the Union Message, viewers of television had the experience of being told by at least five normally sensible and reliable political commentators that, under certain far-from-inconceivable circumstances, the United States might shortly open nuclear hostilities with the Soviet Union." And, in reference to the *Washington Post's* claim that World War III had perhaps already begun, the editors wrote:

Since future generations—assuming their existence for the moment—will probably take a lively interest in how we, as gatekeepers of the human future, handled our nuclear responsibilities, it might be helpful... to set down a few observations on what it was like... thinking about the proverbially unthinkable "World War III"... "World" was misleading, because by implication it left the impression that after World War III there would necessarily still be a world. "War" was inappropriate, because historically wars have been fought for war "aims," but all imaginable "aims" would be nullified in a nuclear outbreak; for example, the United States, it was suggested, might wage war to obtain supplies of oil, but of what use would be the oil without a nation to consume it? The numeral "III" was misleading, because it falsely suggested some similarity between nuclear "war"—a convulsion of meaningless destruction that would be over in half an hour—and World War I and World War II, which were actual wars... lasting several years each: The numeral "III" also carried the same unfounded implication as the word "world," for it suggested a continuing numerical series... whereas in actuality the series, together with the world itself, might end at III. It is this likelihood, weighing unceasingly on the minds of all responsible statesmen, that makes

the nuclear age so different from any other. The phrase "go to war" was also used on television and in the press that weekend, and it, too, sounded wrong. In a nuclear clash, no one would go to war; war would come to us, in a twinkling, finding us at our breakfast tables, or in the bath, or on our way to work.

Why are we relatively inactive in peace work in comparison with the period of the Vietnam War? It may be that we tend to feel something of what the editors of the *New Yorker* admitted having felt:

...some of us found that we were afraid, but ultimately we found that our thoughts and feelings were hopelessly inadequate to the occasion. The incommensurability between the weakness of our faculties and the boundlessness of what they were being asked to apprehend simply could not be bridged.

I myself realize I would rather feel my oneness with the universe, cultivate cosmic consciousness, and meditate on the joy of being alive than think about nuclear war. And moving under the mantle of the Peace Churches also may serve to protect us from facing the fact that a nuclear war is far different from any previous war. Also, in the period of the Vietnam War, all we had to do was to say *No* to war. The abolition of war essential today, on the other hand, calls for active experimentation in making positive contacts with any so-called enemy, supporting and perhaps altering the United Nations, and really devising a whole new agenda of refraining from threats, and making overtures for mutual understanding. This presents an unprecedented challenge. We need a new and pragmatic vision of moving toward creative unity.

The present war furor may die down, but we are in the grip of the political-military-industrial complex, and of the five thousand-year-old habit of war, a grip that must be broken. "Danger summons the rescuing power," as Goethe said. Consciousness is power, and the power of consciousness must use love and hope and vision to take us in the direction of creative interdependence. In the nuclear age, conflicts must be resolved by dialogue, by understanding the consequence of what we do, by building bridges, by give and take, and by negotiations. And by our giving up many of what Colin Bell calls our "sacred cows," such as President Carter's "We must be Number One" mentality, and the self-righteousness of material power.

Religion can provide much of the motive force of peacemaking. The Riverside Church this year again held a convocation on peace, attended by almost a thousand people, with follow-ups all over the country. Jonah

House, founded by the Berrigan brothers, is holding a year-round presence at the Pentagon. Mobilization for Survival, which has a religious task force, is planning marches and interfaith meetings in Washington. The Church of the Savior founded a nationwide movement of dedicated World Peacemakers. At the Interfaith Convocation for Peace and Life-Affirming Communion, held at the Fifteenth Street Meetinghouse in 1978, leaders of the Buddhist, Jain, Islamic, Jewish, Protestant, Catholic and Quaker faiths all expressed their commitment to peace on Earth. However, the major resurgence of the peace movement has come recently from people opposing registration and the draft. The Coalition Against Registration and the Draft held a rally in New York on February 9th, attended by around five thousand. The New Call to Peacemaking can inspire Quaker collaboration with all religious groups and many others working for peace and justice. And also inspire us to build bridges across opposing ideologies, and from the present chaos to a future kingdom of God on Earth.

What can each of us do? We must try to educate the public in respect to the hazards of nuclear war. The February, 1980, issue of *The Bulletin of Atomic Scientists* points out that

There are more than 50,000 nuclear warheads now deployed and ready. . . . An unintentional accidental detonation of a nuclear weapon is much more probable, and it would cause many more immediate and long-term fatalities than the most catastrophic reactor accident. . . . The overwhelming priority to reduce nuclear arms has not penetrated into the collective conscience of the general public."

We can try to educate people on our block, or in our neighborhood. (The Fellowship of Reconciliation has excellent printed material.) We can encourage refusal to register and resistance to the draft. Of course we must refuse to work for, or invest in, war industries. We can refuse to pay war taxes. We can help make the peace movement visible by taking part in vigils, rallies, demonstrations. We can continue to phone and write to the president, congresspeople, the press. We can be active in raising consciousness and inspiring hope.

At the Peace Institute last year, Alan Geyer advised more and more people to make peacemaking a vocation—although of course it will not be as financially rewarding as warmaking! For centuries, the great religions, especially Christianity, have called for "Peace on earth, goodwill to men." Now the time of the Peaceable Kingdom, for the elimination of war and all injustice, has come! As William Sloane Coffin says, we must not be "frightened to death," but "frightened to life." □



The world in which we live is a giant classroom. As learners, our task is to attend to those particular scripts and mentors most relevant and ready to reveal their truths to us. The life of a Friends meeting is a precious corner of that cosmic seminar, rich in insights when we approach it with a student's curiosity and attentiveness.

The raw material for this article comes from a "Clerk's Journal," which I kept through the two years (1976-78) of my clerkship of Mt. Toby Meeting in Massachusetts. The reworking of this material in this essay represents an intermingling of *personal learnings* from the clerkship experience; reflection on *the role of the clerk* in these days; and some new understandings about *the Society of Friends* in general.

During a period of tension and conflict in our Meeting, the meeting for business invited a team of outside facilitators to spend a weekend with us on "Conflict Resolution and Community Building." (When I refer to a particular *event* I will designate it as for worship, for business, or monthly, or I will use a lower case "m." "Meeting" when used alone, as here, refers to the community of Friends in our locality.) I had become discouraged about our Meeting's life and had been critical of it. But I was challenged by this expression of openness on the part of Meeting members; so I attended the weekend.

During that gathering, I discovered how wrong I could be in my judgments of Friends.

My philosophy had been that the Spirit works through conflict and change, and that our task was to open

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A Clerk's Journal

by Joseph Havens

ourselves to listen carefully to what a particular issue or tension in our Meeting was saying to us spiritually. When, during that weekend, Friends rejected my proposal that we do an enactment around the "real" issues that divided us instead of the "practice" one suggested by our facilitators, I lamented, in my journal, "as usual, the Meeting is backing away from conflict." But I was wrong. At the beginning of the next session the Meeting overrode the planned program and we role-played our differing perspectives on Quakerism and the Meeting community. I was surprised at how much progress we made on this.

So I began to attend the meetings for business; and having made one misjudgment, I tried to listen hard and say little. Here is an entry from my journal of that time:

I have a sense of our being an "unredeemed" community; struggles for power and control, much wrestling with trivia, some avoidance of confrontation and thus of the real issue. Much pressure to "get the job done"—hence sweeping differences under the rug, finding an easy compromise.... Aware of my own superiority feelings. Much impatience, highlighted by the clerk's great patience...

In the Spring of 1976 my name was placed in nomination for clerk, and after a clearness committee with some former clerks and others, I decided to accept. The first shifts in my inner perceptions of the clerk's role came in the first meeting for worship following that decision.

During the pre-meeting discussion, I was angry at two women for apparently smoothing over the differences among us—I was in a "prophetic" mood, battering against the Meeting's "defences against

the Truth." But in the meeting for worship I became aware that each of us is scared of the new and the not-yet-experienced; and that growth toward greater inclusion of Truth can occur only as we become unfrightened enough to receive that new Truth. "Battering" for some could only lead to retreat or battle; what was needed was nurture. Seeing that, and beginning then to think how to nurture felt like a pastoral role taking over the prophetic one.

My first monthly meetings as clerk, during the summer and fall of 1976, were difficult. I was new and inexperienced. I tried to institute some new procedures, such as a break in the middle of the evening, and an evaluation of the meeting at the end. The Meeting was more receptive (or at least humoring!) than I had anticipated.

But the tensions in the doing of business continued. I still had high expectations tugging at me, as the following entries suggest:

I want to be able to drop the expectation that the Meeting will coalesce and get behind a single project together. The Meeting is an arena for learning. Period.

And...

...a sense of the wastage of precious time. So many of us in that room want or need to share our deep yearnings with one another—have so much to give each other in that sharing; are together as a whole group only at that time—and we spend our time in what seems to me trivial business!

But there were "highs" also, which kept me open to the unexpected: "During the December monthly meeting the particular gifts of each of us were called forth by the searching and fruitful discussion about the future of day care in the building. We have many dedicated Friends here!"

It was after I had been clerk for more than a year that I felt we were beginning to come to grips with the question of the sincere objector: the member who holds out on an issue even after a clear sense of general direction is evident. This has been, for us, one of the big stumbling blocks of sense-of-the-meeting decision-making. It is an area in which the Quaker idea of consensus, my own personal strengths and failings, and some characterological weaknesses of Friends converged.

I wrote the following after a meeting for business in which I experienced some rough moments, trying to respond lovingly to Friends who pressed their strongly-held views on the group:

Of central importance in Quaker method is the recognition that sometimes one or two persons have a grasp of Truth which is lacked by the Meeting as a whole. That is why it is necessary to listen carefully when a thoughtful objection is raised—and perhaps to wait. But ultimately, the Meeting-as-a-whole has the obligation of making a spiritual judgment as to the weight of the objection—and the objector has the obligation to step aside if the “sense” is in another direction.

What I didn’t record at the time was my growing conviction that it was not inconsistent with divine guidance for the Meeting to act on the basis of this corporate sense, this direction of movement, even if the objector refuses to step aside. But as we actually moved toward this action I began to feel in myself some of the difficulties Friends have in “doing the Truth” in our meetings:

I was aware last night of the strength of the pull in the meeting for Friends to keep on talking after S had expressed her strong opposition to J on the nominating committee. When I finally cut off this discussion and led us on to the next item, I could feel the heavy tension in the air. I interpreted this as a disapproval by some of my action: “After all, S was still angry, and we didn’t do anything about it.” Plus my own acute uncomfortableness at not appeasing S and “making it all better.” I have felt this uncomfortableness in other situations, when I leave friends still angry. Where does it come from?



It is a key to the power that individual Friends in some Meetings exercise over the whole group. Its root may be our generalized WASPish uncomfortableness with any anger or disapproval—which are the weapons our parents used more than spanking to enforce conformity. It signals withdrawal of love, which we cannot do without....

And later on, toward the end of my clerkship, a related incident is recorded:

Feeling very uncomfortable during an extended and tense discussion over a committee appointment, I proposed that the committee invite the Friend in question to be a member-at-large. This was not supported, and was probably inappropriate. It reflected the enormous pressure (inner and outer) on me as the clerk to resolve things amicably, ergo compromise!

In my second year, our committee on ministry and worship, long concerned with the spirit of our meetings for business, worked closely with me in an attempt to achieve more “discipline” in our business meetings. One aspect of this was a decision to ask that Friends leave more time between each contribution, which the clerk was to try to implement with the active support of the committee. I found the role of the clerk in such “disciplining” extremely difficult to define or delimit. How far one goes in such a task depends upon the degree of conflict and/or lack of discipline within the Meeting as a whole, and upon the personality and spiritual acumen of the clerk. For example, it has been hard for me to separate the need of the Meeting for the clerk’s disciplining and my own personal proclivities toward a

tighter and more expeditious flow of business. The following item illustrates that dilemma:

Aware, just barely, of the "hardness of heart" which creeps into me in dealing with A, and sometimes L—as if it were necessary to have worked up in me some cousin of righteous indignation to have the strength to withstand the pushing of one or another member's passionate will. Very clearly aware that this is on a continuum with physical violence, ie. that the same inner hardening against seeing it from the other person's point of view is necessary to oppose him/her effectively. And that this is necessary if things are to get done. There's the rub. Is it necessary in this life to have things happen, even if it means trampling on others' sensitivities? Friends seem to think not, and my preference would be not. But I suspect that it is set up in such a way that things must happen, and the ultimate which proves this is physical survival, first of the race, secondarily of the individual.

There was implied in these episodes a minor "fall from innocence"—a further chapter in what has been a life-long process of my facing up to human nature "as it is." In certain situations, e.g., when a group is paralyzed in its ability to act, I believe that the Spirit works through the strength and decisiveness of particular individuals. The danger and yet the necessity of decisive action by a clerk has not received enough attention—at least in those Friends' writings with which I am acquainted. We are reluctant to face the realities and the dilemmas of power, preferring too often to rest with the formulae of *Faith and Practice* about how meetings ought to be.

Simultaneous with these inner struggles about power within the Meeting, I began to confront consciously my image of the meeting as a *special community with a high spiritual vocation*. For a long time I had held and shaped in my head a vision of contemporary Friends as new "Publishers of Truth." Inspired by the personal testimony of early Friends, I had hoped that we too would be given inner conversion experiences of the Light, and go to live and proclaim the reality of that Light. But I hadn't realized how these expectations—which I now see as quite unrealistic—had made me over-critical and judgmental.

In the worship period of a clearness committee about this time, the underside of these dreams became evident:

I saw that I was holding on to a particular image of what I was against, e.g., a lukewarm Friends Meeting. Could I not see that that picture was in part something I needed for my self-justification? Could I let that go also?

Soon after that I wrote:

Reading accounts of "serviceable" Friends in the London Yearly Meeting book of Church Government. Very impressive—a true spiritual community, enduring through the centuries. A far cry from our practice at times, especially the strong spiritual faith and undergirding, overarching all sociological-naturalistic interpretations and solutions. . .

Suddenly, during my second year, I did indeed "let go" some of my expectations:

Gradually I am seeing our Meeting as a "representative society" rather than a "special" or a particularly "spiritual" community—we inhabit the lowlands, not the alpine heights.

This thought was partly stimulated by a quotation from Thomas Merton given me by a Friend:



It becomes overwhelmingly important for us to become detached from our everyday conception of ourselves as potential subjects for special and unique experiences, or as candidates for realization, attainment and fulfillment.

We must beware, he says, of "aiming to establish the ego in spiritual glory." There is danger, for me at least, in

wanting our Meeting or our Society to be one which has had and now possesses "special and unique experiences." Is it, perhaps, a part of our spiritual karma in these days to learn fully to appreciate "ordinary experiences" before wanting more?

There really was a kind of resolution here. I decided that I wanted to accept the meeting as a group of seekers, not set apart from the multitude of other seekers all around us: Christians, Buddhist, Yogic, New Age, humanistic. Whether I have the guts to do this and still stick by the Meeting in my own search remains to be seen.

Spiritual expectations are ones very difficult to express; yet they stir deep longings, and their frustration causes deep disappointments. Expectancies around worship come from a deep place in me, and I have had more struggle with them than any other.

At the outset of my clerkship I wanted very much that our business sessions should be experienced, if not explicitly labelled, as meetings for worship through business. We instituted a longer quiet period before the business agenda began; and, as I have indicated, the committee on ministry and worship helped to implement a worshipful space between each contribution during business. But many questions remained. Here are some puzzlings about it in my second year:

A most gratifying monthly meeting last night... No acrimony, much business transacted, and an enjoyable exploration of children in worship. Yet N, who felt there was "something missing," saw it more as a "discussion group" than worship, and asked that we reinstitute spaces between comments in monthly meeting.... But I am not convinced that making it more obviously like worship actually makes what happens in the silences worshipful. For me a flowing interaction that moves and lifts us to new insights and high feelings about one another is more "spiritual" than a heavy-disciplined pace.

The most important experiences are unplanned and unexpected. The following incident was a confirmation of my feelings that as we are able to allow old hurts and differences to come to expression in a loving atmosphere, new depths of worship will occur.

Following the recess midway in one monthly meeting, two members stayed to converse in the hallway. As their voices rose and became a little tense, many in the meeting realized that an important attempt at reconciliation was proceeding on the other side of the closed doors. First one member in the meeting, and then another rose to say they felt we could not continue with business, and we fell into a spontaneous quiet worship. It was as if the tensions usually hidden beneath outward behaviors had surfaced, as if a truth were being revealed, though not in a way we

would have chosen. But there it was. The result was a meeting for worship—for me, deeper in its silence and its messages than most. In my journal I wrote, "It was almost the first time of worship within the context of business which has not felt contrived; it tapped deeper places."

It is a puzzle to me to what extent the clerk's role and attitude are significant in such happenings. My best judgment is that *a trusting spirit* on the clerk's part is more crucial than any particular skill or intervention. ("Trusting whom, what?" some will ask. At this point in time I do not distinguish between trusting this community of friends sitting before me and trusting God. The one is the instrument of the other, and perhaps *vice versa*.)

During the last meeting in which I was clerk, there were two instances of what some would call Spirit-leading. One came in regard to a lack of volunteers for our quarterly meeting. Someone (not the clerk) proposed a period of worship; and out of that came an offer from an unexpected quarter, and the problem was resolved. The other resolution—over a difference of opinion about the appointment of a Friend to a committee—came after several persons expressed with feeling their reservations, and we had acknowledged the spiritual implications of the issue. Somehow the *hearing* of objections and the awareness of a wider context allowed a clearing of the air, and a minute was not long in coming. *For the first time* in my clerkship I was able to sit in relative calm and not try to think or intuit a way out! At last I was learning not to get uptight when we came to an impasse. I was coming to know that there is always a "way through," even in "impossible" situations.

These events and reflections illuminate for me one aspect of the question, "What is worship?" I believe that the meeting for business is the place *above all others* where we must learn the meaning of worship—for that's where the reality of our human situation and our radical dependence on one another comes decisively into view.

In sum, I personally have felt a meeting for business worshipful when it felt as though we had experienced together the depth of past hurt and misunderstanding, and made some attempt to communicate through and beyond those; and when I felt in myself—and presumably others felt—a spiritual confidence that there was a "higher way" through an immediate impasse.

Risking the sharing of hurts in a *caring* atmosphere; *trusting* that there is a Way transcending all our individual egos. As I write these phrases I am surprised that I feel the "risking" is less a stumbling block than the mutual respect and love and the spiritual letting-go and believing. How deeply we—and Friends in general—are able to meet and *acknowledge our common need for help*, and believe truly that powers beyond our own are at work among us, I still do not know. □

FEELING COMFORTABLE

by Jack Powelson

When our Friends business meeting makes a decision, someone will say, "I'm comfortable with that." Someone else will say, "I'm comfortable, too," and everyone else will either say it or nod approval. As clerk, I look around to see if everyone is comfortable. If so, a sense of the meeting has been reached. Then comes the vision. I imagine everyone zipped-up in a down sleeping bag, drawstrings tight, and only the nose protruding.

I was a conscientious objector in World War II. But I was not comfortable about all the Jews in the concentration camps; others were doing something about them, and I was not. I would not have been comfortable killing Germans either, for I had concluded that it was not right for me to kill, just to prevent others from killing. But it was not an all-clear thing.

Some years ago, I visited South Africa at the invitation of the Black Federation of Chambers of Commerce. For a week, I was taken to black townships and homelands, and I talked with black people. At the end, I was invited to address the annual banquet of the (white) Johannesburg Chamber of Commerce. My black friends urged me to accept, so I did. I sat at the head table, in a rented tuxedo, but I felt so uncomfortable that I told the audience I was there only because of my black friends, and that in my home country I would never accept an invitation if my fellow citizens had been excluded because of their ethnic origin. My words were received politely but not at all warmly. Several remonstrated with me afterwards, and again I felt uncomfortable.

A week later, after a certain amount of newspaper publicity, I was called in by the Permanent Secretary for

whom I was working in Kenya. He told me bluntly that as a Kenyan civil servant I had no right to visit South Africa. Were it not for further adverse publicity, I would be sent home immediately. I had been scolded by both the whites and the blacks, and I felt very uncomfortable indeed.

I want to join Friends in boycotting South Africa because of the evils I have seen there. But then I think of all the children of black miners—not only in South Africa but also from Botswana, Malawi, and Mozambique—who would starve to death if our boycott put the mines out of business. I just can't do it, and I feel as uncomfortable as I did about the Jews in Germany.

I want to join Friends in boycotting Nestle because it is wrong for companies to persuade Third World mothers to give up breast-feeding to use their artificial food, and I want to be part of the movement against it. But then I think of the cocoa farmer in Ghana, whose child might starve because of the cocoa we are not buying from him. Until someone studies the matter to know that other chocolate producers have the necessary equipment to process his cocoa, or that the farmer could produce something else on his land, I cannot bring myself to boycott. The boycotters do not seem to care enough about this question to study it. So we go our separate ways, I feeling uncomfortable.

I am uncomfortable about picketing the Rocky Flats nuclear weapons plant. All others picketing it seem to be against *nuclear* war, and some of the signs are about socialism and nuclear energy, which to me are separate issues. As a Quaker pacifist, I am against *war*, and for peaceful solutions. I am not against any particular kind of war as opposed to another. While Friends are concentrating on nuclear war, a conventional war might sneak up on us in Afghanistan, because both superpowers are afraid to use the nuclear weapon. I would feel more comfortable if Friends would also picket the companies making tanks and gunpowder.

I am uncomfortable about confrontation. We speak of confrontation with love, yet I sense some exhilaration in the thought of bringing a multinational corporation to its knees. I hear Friends talk about mobilizing our massive purchasing power in order to bend others to our will, as they have bent us to theirs. But I would not feel comfortable telling the president not to confront the Soviet Union in Afghanistan or not to confront the Ayatollah over the hostages, if I myself pull out confrontation as my first line of attack.

For a long time, I have not felt comfortable within Friends because of the emerging confrontation ethic. Yet I do not feel comfortable without Friends either, because I need their support, their warmth, their fellowship, and their love.

I guess I wasn't cut out to be comfortable—except, of course, in a sleeping bag. □

Jack Powelson is clerk of the Boulder (CO) Meeting and professor of economics at the University of Colorado. Author of the forthcoming book The Economics of Development and Distribution, he enjoys skiing and hiking.

FRIENDS AROUND THE WORLD

Scarsdale (NY) Friends Meeting has taken the initiative in suggesting to FCNL, QUNO, AFSC and other peace organizations that a delegation be formed to call upon President Carter and also upon Secretary Brezhnev with a proposal for direct negotiations—these negotiations to be mediated by a representative of a non-aligned country, either chosen by the participants or by the United Nations.

In their statement, Scarsdale Friends voiced their opposition to increasing the military budget, arming Pakistan and insurgent forces in Afghanistan, concentrating naval forces in the Persian Gulf, and reinstituting registration for the draft. They welcomed, however, President Carter's action in negotiating between Egypt and Israel, citing it as an example of what might be accomplished directly between heads of state.

Summarizing the action of two conferences on religious freedom (Santa Clara University, November to December, 1979 and Bangkok, December, 1979) for the American Jewish Committee, Sidney Liskofsky, director of that committee's Division of International Organizations, concludes that rising interest in the subject gives "some hope" that the United Nations General Assembly may finally adopt a declaration listing freedom of religion as a basic human right. This would also include a statement on freedom from discrimination on grounds of religion or belief, as adopted by the Santa Clara colloquium.

Three operative articles of the proposed declaration were approved by the U.N. Human Rights Commission in 1979, but "squabbling between different national groupings" of the U.N. has thus far prevented a comprehensive declaration.

Under the title "Disappearing in Argentina," *The Northern Light* of Minneapolis Friends Meeting carries a horrible and horrifying account of the arrest and torture of two women in Buenos Aires. For what reason? "Nothing much," as one officer put it, "only ideology."

In his "Response to the Power of Death in the World," in the same number, Jim Amundsen, co-director of ministry, writes: "Some readers... may wonder why such a gruesome story... has been included in this holiday season issue." His answer is, first, to help people keep in mind the reality of suffering and oppression; beyond that, to help people counter the ominous impression "that there is not the moral leadership available to indicate that anything of any significance is being done to alleviate these problems: death through torture, starvation, nuclear holocaust or slow radiation poisoning of the environment."

To the fatalistic, despairing attitude "What difference does it make whether I get 'involved'; we're just going to blow ourselves up anyway," he answers "Faith," defined as living in "a state of hopeful being that says 'yes' to life in spite of the presence of death."

"Let us go into the new year," he concludes, "with a sense of hope and a renewed commitment to bring about a reconciliation amongst ourselves and between God and the world."

Pax World Fund recently paid out its highest semi-annual dividend in the history of its operations. On January 15, Pax paid forty-seven cents per share in income and capital gains dividends to investors of record on January 2, 1980. As the year of 1979 closed, Pax World once more out-performed the market averages. The Fund has done so in six out of the eight years of its existence.

Initiated in 1971 as a "social responsibility" fund, Pax does not invest in weapons production. Instead, the Fund places its investments in companies representing "life-supportive products and services." Pax World seeks out investment in firms with fair employment practices regarding minorities and women. The Fund also invests in some international development, namely World Bank bonds. For information, write to Pax World Fund, 224 State Street, Portsmouth, NH 03801.

YEARLY MEETING REPORT

Philadelphia

Philadelphia Yearly Meeting this year met in a more condensed time span, beginning on March 29 and adjourning the evening of April 2. A residential dimension was incorporated which resulted in nearly 200 rooms being occupied by Friends at the Holiday Inn across the street over Saturday night—which meant that some 500 people were served breakfast on Sunday at Arch Street Meeting House, another "first." All gathered for a worshipful hymn sing later in the morning as prelude to the meeting for worship. Every reaction heard thus far indicates that these experiments met with wide approval.

Involvement of our youth was particularly evident this year. Over Friday and Saturday nights some fifty Young Friends slept on the gym floor at nearby Friends Select School and, with some forty additional, participated in the sessions at Arch Street on Saturday. Seldom, if ever, in recent memory, was the West Room more filled than Saturday afternoon—with Friends of all ages gathered. A panel of elementary school age children discussed their view of things Quaker prior to the entire assembly's moving into small group discussions, using the rooms Friends had reserved at the Holiday Inn.

The first two days were devoted to the spiritual aspects of our being a "Family of Friends." What is our vision for our Society for the future? What does membership mean—in the monthly, quarterly and yearly meeting? What is the will of God for us—now and in the future? Under the Committee on Worship and Ministry we were encouraged toward Bible study and Quaker thought; to share our faith with others; to nurture our gifts in ministry.

The work of representative meeting—which functions for the yearly meeting during the year—was reported. The resources available to Friends through

committees such as Family Relations and Aging Friends were shared. We heard from our Friends schools and appreciated anew the dedication of their staff and the channels for the spread of Quaker values which the schools provide. We assessed our finances and labored with our seeming inability to match inflation in our quota and combined appeal contributions. We considered in depth the religious roots of our social concerns—particularly our testimony for peace, with special focus on our stance on registration and conscription, should these be reinstated.

We considered investment holdings in companies doing business in South Africa in light of a year's study by the task force on South Africa. We were told of its visits to corporations and of its guidelines for assessing whether or not such corporations were rendering a positive influence to offset the system of racial apartheid in South Africa—and thus whether Quaker investments in these companies were appropriate.

As the yearly meeting approached adjournment we were lifted up for our concluding worship by Anne Wood, of Westtown Monthly Meeting, who quoted a Catholic nun to whom she recently attempted to explain Quaker beliefs: "It must take great faith to be a Quaker!" To believe, as we claim, that we can know God's will and then do it; to acknowledge that all our actions are sacramental in that they stem from religious faith—these demand our best and require a commitment that is not easy—and we often fail. "As Easter reminds us, even from failures, humiliation and death itself can come rebirth of the Holy Spirit."

In this spirit our gathering for 1980 closed and the yearly meeting adjourned to meet again Third Month 28, 1981, "if consistent with the Divine will."

Francis G. Brown

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 EDITORS

Christians Try to Follow Jesus

I liked Wilbur Kamp's article in the 2/15/80 *Journal* and think, further, that to "elevate" Jesus into a different order of personhood than our own is to diminish him as an example to follow. Kingdon Swayne's article in the same issue in great part speaks to my condition also. Still, it bothers me that he—like so many others today—seems to find little to stir him in Jesus' teaching.

True, Jesus' nonviolence can be found earlier in Lao-tse and the Buddha, and in the Buddha some of Jesus' intensity. Before Jesus, Socrates said it is better to suffer than to inflict suffering. And long before Jesus, Aesop and Amos and others described religious experience as "water" or "bread" or "wine."

But, surely, much of Jesus' teaching was new and special:

- His respect for women.
- His strong emphasis on forgiveness; God's seeking after and yearning for the prodigal and the "lost"—no matter how wrong we have been, no matter how "late in the day" it is for us.
- His description of God's communion with us as bliss, a "wedding!"
- His humor, his wisdom, his wonderful poetic images (the "blind," the "deaf," the "dead," the "asleep").
- Above all, the immense demands he makes upon us as his "friends." Our task is to be nothing less than building the kingdom of heaven on Earth!

This means not just enjoying the pleasanter aspects of charity, such as giving milk to babies, but dealing with all the *hard* problems: population, weapons, ecology, government, etc. In building the kingdom each of us is to take on the biggest possible job suited to our talents—carrying a little hot soup to a neighbor is not enough! Whatever we undertake, we are to be "fruitful," "finish the building" (accomplish!). We

are to "act with faith" (take risks!). And we are not to dig into proud and "noble" stands, but to advance humbly, like the serpent in the dust, continually moving ahead, finding each big or little "opening."

Whatever her or his beliefs, anyone who follows or, slipping and sliding, *tries* to follow Jesus' commands is, as I see it, a Christian, a "friend" of Jesus.

Betty Stone
Supply, NC

Best Yet

Your February 15th issue was the very best in an ascending series of good, better, bests.

I most appreciated the first two articles by Wilbur Kamp and by Kingdon Swayne. They made me wish I could sit down with them and discuss our respective openings toward the Light, face-to-face. We need more Friends moved to be completely honest about their possibly unorthodox religious convictions.

I don't know how to thank you for letting such people write for the *Journal*.

Dorothy Hutchinson
Sewanee, TN

"I Call it God"

The articles in *Friends Journal* (2/15/80) by Wilbur Kamp and Kingdon Swayne have stimulated me to try to put on paper my thoughts about the relationship between God and God's children, you and me and all the rest of humanity.

I think of the long road that has been traveled from brute savagery, through families, tribal groups and nations, while people have learned more and more about themselves and their surroundings, until we have evolved the present complex civilization. I am convinced that none of this progress could have been possible except for a foundation principle that lies in the human heart, namely the tendency to care about what happens to other people. This is the starting point for every constructive advancement in the human situation. It led to greater and greater cooperative efforts toward improvement. Without it there would have been no occasion for a government, a school, a hospital, a religion, a Society

of Friends, or any organized life.

As I contemplate this human trait, I see it present in greater or less degree in just about every person, but I also see that those who have contributed most to civilization have been people in which it was so strong that it motivated almost all their thoughts and actions. Such people were Lao-tse, Schweitzer, Buddha, Fox, John Woolman, and most of all, Jesus of Nazareth. Because Jesus exemplified this so completely that it dominated his every thought and deed, we are justified in calling him "Jesus the Christ." To me his loving concern for all people, his spirit of understanding, of compassion, of forgiveness, is what made him the most constructively influential person of all human history to date. This spirit, this Christ who struggles to find expression in the life of each person, is the ultimate basis of all that is good, but when it is limited to only a few others, or to those of the same group or nation, the result is conflict, hatred, war and destruction.

I am content to remain a Quaker because I think that Friends are more dominated by this inner Christ than many other religious groups.

Now I must try to tell my conception of my relationship to the God who made us this way. Here I speak of conceptions which cannot be proved by research, but rather are based on inner emotional feelings and personal experiences. I am now in my eighty-eighth year and I find my greatest satisfaction and joy comes when I can find some little way to let the Christ spirit manifest itself in me. It may be in the leading to speak in meeting, to let a friend tell me about her or his problems, to share my abundance, to enjoy fun, beauty, music with others, to make friendly conversation with strangers, or to visit the sick.

I cannot prove that my efforts to let the Christ spirit come in have any relation to God's guidance. I only know that the guidance often comes at the same time. Sometimes the guidance comes in the form of an inner urge, and when I heed such an urge, the results are usually happy ones. More often the guidance comes in the form of seemingly accidental coincidences. I just happen to meet someone or read something or hear something that meets a current need. You can call this just luck, but if this is so, I am lucky clear beyond the realms of likelihood. For instance, I have been rescued from a seemingly impossible accidental situation by the meshing together of ten coincidences, when the lack of any one of these would have left

the others valueless. Was it luck? I call it God. God and I love each other and God cares for me. God helps me often in less spectacular ways, and if I think maybe I was merely lucky, I thank God anyway. I am a happy person.

Arthur J. Vail
Fallbrook, CA

A Treasure

Thank you indeed for the Wilbur Kamp article in the February 15th issue, titled "Who Is a Quaker?"

The writer has put into clear language what I sincerely feel to be my own beliefs about Jesus. I'd love to have been able to put it down on paper with the beauty and conviction that he did; the real and the true story of the life of Jesus, with God.

The quotation at the end, which becomes the writer's prayer is now mine also. It bears repeating.

*Oh God, into my shallow pools thy
infinite oceans pour, until thy
boundlessness has swallowed all
my shores.*

(by a man named Bradley)

After reading this first article, I decided to renew my subscription, lest I miss such a future treasure!

Grace Mitchell
Freeport, IL

The Search for Truth

I was very disappointed by the article in the *Friends Journal* (2/15/80) entitled "Who Is a Quaker?" It is not especially troubling to me that there are sincere seekers who have real reservations about Jesus and what his relation to God might be. What was really disturbing about the article was its appeal to be a witness to the truth and its consequent lack of compatibility to the truth. Truth demands honesty, consistency, reality and coherence; or as they say in court, the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. The failures and errors in this article make me wonder if we are seeking after the truth or producing rationalizations to satisfy what we already believe.

The first glaring inconsistency was the writer's obvious stereotyping of the biblical writers and of scholars. On the

one hand, he asserts that since the authors of the Gospels did not write anything down until at least sixty years after the events had happened, the truth of the record is in doubt. On the other hand, scholars who study these events 1,800 years later are never doubted. This seems peculiar to me. Why are scholars as a group more trustworthy than the original authors? Isn't this a stereotype? By sheer mathematics, if there is reason to be skeptical because of the sixty-year gap between the event and the record, shouldn't there be thirty times as much skepticism because of the 1,800 year gap between the event and the scholars' criticism? This question may not be entirely fair, but it does deserve some consideration. Why does time affect the authors, but not the scholars? Or why are scholars any more truthful than the original witnesses?

Another obvious inconsistency is that even though the writer appeals to scholars for support, he does not document his source and the veracity is questionable. According to his article, "scholars say that it was at least sixty years after his death before his teachings were recorded.... The Gospel of Mark is the oldest record." In volume three of the *Interpreter's Dictionary of the Bible*, page 268, after a discussion of the problems involved, it states, "We may date the Gospel (Mark) between 65 and 70, and probably within the narrower period 65-67." If Jesus' ministry covered the period between 30-33, the Gospel of Mark was written within thirty-five to forty years after Jesus' death, not sixty. I realize not everyone agrees as to when the Gospels were written, but in all the sources I am acquainted with, none of them allows for a sixty-year interval before Mark was written. Without documentation, one wonders about the integrity of the facts or whether they were stretched to make a point.*

This same propensity to play fast and loose with the truth appears in a key argument when the writer deals with Jesus' reply to Peter in Mark 8:30. It is asserted that scholars translate the

**Wilbur Kamp's manuscript originally set the time of writing down of the Gospels as nearly twenty years after the death of Christ. Due to a misunderstanding, this was changed to sixty years, without prior consultation with the author, because of the rush of deadlines, and contrary to our usual editorial procedures. Our apologies to both author and readers.*

Editors

passage, "Stop saying that about me." I know of no reputable scholar whatever who makes such a claim. The grammar of the Greek language makes such an interpretation very unlikely. The use of the accusative case for the word translated "no one" or "nothing" would have to be ignored completely. Without the verification of the source, it makes one suspicious that the writer has invented his own translation to fulfill his own desires. If this is the case, how can we claim to be witnesses to the truth? It is very disturbing to me to have someone appeal to me as a seeker of the truth and then not be truthful himself.

Since the New Testament record is somewhat ambiguous, there are plenty of passages one could appeal to in a perfectly legitimate way to raise questions about Jesus' relation to God without having to manufacture something from your imagination. In Mark, chapter ten, Jesus' rebuke to the rich young ruler for calling him good, when "No one is good except God" could very well be used to establish distance between God and Jesus. But at the same time, since the record is not clear in order to deal with the whole truth, some explanation must be given of Jesus' confession to the high priest in Mark 14:62 that he is the Christ. Some balance must be found between Jesus' reluctance to call himself the Messiah and his own picture of himself as the Son of Man. However strongly I may feel about one side of the question or the other, honesty dictates that I give full weight to all statements and not build my argument around one isolated verse without some explanation of why that assertion has more truth value than other conflicting statements.

Compared with the original documents, the historical development of Christianity presents a more consistent picture. If Jesus intended that his disciples *not* declare him to be the Christ, it seems that message never got through to them. If, as some would suggest, Jesus strongly commanded Peter to "Stop saying that about me" (that he was the Messiah), how is it that less than two years later on the day of Pentecost, Peter is preaching that God has made Jesus both Lord and Christ (Acts 2:36)? If Jesus really intended that he be remembered as something other than the Messiah, it is remarkable there is no record of any historical group among his Apostles maintaining that tradition, for there is such a group among the followers of Buddha. There was one splinter group in early Christi-

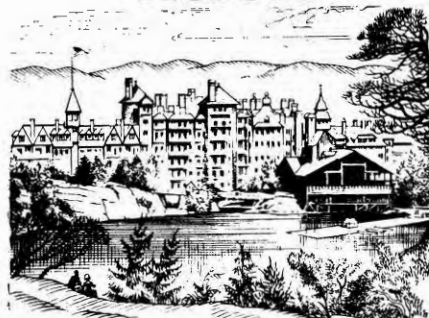
anity called Gnostics, but they taught that Jesus was divine and not really human. There is no historical evidence whatsoever that I know of, of any group of early disciples saying that Jesus was not the Christ.

This brings us to a crucial distinction that is ignored by the author of the article. There is a difference between a witness to the truth and a critic of the witness. Like myself, the author is a critic of the issue involved and not a witness. He confuses the matter by claiming to be a witness, but all he is witness to is his reading of other critics. There are a lot of critics, but very few witnesses. If we fail to discriminate between a firsthand witness and a secondhand critic, there is very little hope of arriving at the truth.

Where does all of this lead? It may be we are asking the wrong question. The problem is not whether or not Jesus is the Christ. The problem is what is meant by this title: Christ. Comparing Jesus' answer to Peter in Mark 8:30 with other similar statements, and adding to this Jesus' teaching concerning the Son of Man, the clear implication seems to be that Jesus is saying, "Don't talk to anyone until you know what you are talking about." There is nothing wrong with saying that Jesus is the Messiah, but we cannot read into that what does not belong there. The disciples were disappointed because their expectations of what the Messiah should be were not fulfilled. Jesus had to talk about himself as the Son of Man because the word Messiah raised too many false hopes in them. It may be we are in a similar position. There is nothing wrong with calling Jesus the Christ, but to do so raises mental pictures in each of us, many of which may be untrue. We need to be careful that we know what we are talking about. It does more harm than good if my witness is my own opinion and not based on facts.

This is the unspoken assumption of the article that distressed me. There seems to be no criteria for truth and everyone's opinion is as good as any other; therefore we live in a world where the only reality is subjective. But this is not truth; it is chaos. Truth is not my opinion or the way I see things. Truth is honesty, the declaration of things as they are. If I am not sure of things as they are, according to Jesus' instructions, I had better not say anything at all. Truth is consistency, a witness to the harmony of God's creation. If my opinion fails to take into account conflicting data, according to Jesus'

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teaching, I will be doing more harm than good. If I cannot see the value of differing perspectives, I will be a disruptive influence rather than a source of reconciliation. Truth is reality, the recognition of one's limitations. If I cannot see myself in perspective, the only result is confusion. If I take opinions too seriously, I cannot take the life and work of Jesus seriously for he would not exalt himself even when others tried to do it for him. Our failure to live by these truths leads to the disarray we find in this article.

Charles W. Heavilin
Lynn, IN

"Are We Watered-Down?"

I read with considerable interest (and concern!) the two articles: "Who Is a Quaker?" and "Confessions of a Post-Christian Agnostic" (FJ 2/15/80). Bearing witness to the "truth," as these two authors, Kamp and Swayne, are attempting to do, is certainly commendable. I can fully empathize with the questioning nature of their search and find myself in agreement with much of their individual convictions. Nevertheless, while not wishing to deny membership to either Friend, I trust that they both must realize that the positions they espouse (particularly Friend Swayne) is much more in line with modern Unitarian Universalism (which includes as members a number of deists) than with Quakerism, of whichever branch.

When I came to a "fork in the road" several years ago in my own search for a denominational home, one of the deciding factors influencing my primary choice of the Religious Society of Friends over Unitarian Universalism involved the solid Christian foundation of Quakerism. And that foundation remains as a non-creedal, ethical liberal Christianity, as contrasted to what has become, unfortunately, an often nebulous, sentimental, humanistic, ecumenical "universalism" in many denominations. I know of what I speak because I hold a "secondary" membership in the larger fellowship of Unitarian Universalists. There is now an organization in the U.U. Church known as the U.U. Christian Fellowship (both in the U.S. and England) which was organized specifically to continue to promote the liberal Christian witness in that denomination as an antidote to the "watering-

down" process many felt had taken place in that religious body. God forbid that such will ever be the necessity in the Religious Society of Friends!

As thought-provoking as both articles are (and may I kindly suggest to both Friends that they are not the only ones who have asked the very questions contained in their articles), I continue to trust that over 300 years of faithful and inspirational Christian witness, as recorded in Friends' journals and lives, will continue to ensure that Quakerism will firmly remain anchored in the best of liberal Christian tradition and not be carried off into a subjectivist, philosophical society. Now I shall re-read the work of another great (and philosophical!) Friend, Thomas Kelly, who was not afraid of honest doubt and skepticism, but found his answer in the same Voice, even Jesus Christ, which came to George Fox so many centuries ago!

James B. Passer
Rome, NY

A Delight

I continue to be your loyal fan. Each issue of the *Journal* is a delight, or a challenge. I have just read the articles by Wilbur Kamp and Kingdon Swayne in the February 15th issue. They are both to be congratulated on their intellectual and spiritual honesty and courage, and you also for publishing them. Thank you, and hang in there!

Elizabeth Watson
Huntington, NY

Expresses Many In Our Meeting

Several members of our meeting suggested that the two articles in the February 15th issue ought to be available for our attenders, prospective members and Quaker students at Syracuse University. May we have permission to duplicate up to 200 copies of Wilbur Kamp's "Who Is a Quaker?" and Kingdon Swayne's "Confessions of a Post-Christian Agnostic"? These two articles probably express the general sense of most of our active members.

Alfred H. Cope
Syracuse, NY

Jesus Intended To Be King

I would like to echo one of the paragraphs in Wilbur Kamp's fine article "Who Is a Quaker?" (FJ 2/15/80) in which he writes:

I know George Fox had an experience: "There is one, even Christ Jesus, who can speak to thy condition." But, I too have had an experience: there is one, even God, in whom I live and move and have my being, who speaks to my condition. There is no mediator between me and God.

Here is a testimony that all Friends can and should consider very thoughtfully. George Fox is not the last word of truth.

Wilbur Kamp states that Jesus' vision of God's kingdom was different from that of his fellow Jews, that it was not a political entity, but that it was "the rule of God within you." I do not agree.

Let me suggest to him and to others to read the volume *Jesus and the Zealots* by Dr. S.G.F. Brandon (Scribners, 1967). Brandon, until his death in the early 1970s, was for many years professor of comparative religion at Manchester University in England, one of the greatest scholars of all time in the field of Christian origins.

Brandon shows that Jesus, in his campaign to bring about the kingdom of God in Israel, was determined, as a precondition for this, to break the power of the Jewish sacerdotal aristocracy (Sadducees), who controlled the Temple under the protection of the Roman emperor. (The chief priest was Roman-appointed). Thus Jesus' goal was both religious and political. The two strands could not be kept separate; they were united in one reality. The kingdom of God for Jesus was a kingdom of Israel, of which he would be the king (Messiah). He openly proclaimed this purpose, when he rode into Jerusalem on an ass, with the crowds hailing him as king of Israel.

Robert Heckert
Ardmore, PA

A Genuine Leading, or Simply "A Bit of Undigested Beef?"

I would like to respond to the articles in the FJ 2/15/80 issue by Walter Kamp and Kingdon Swayne. It seems to me that these writers—and perhaps the

editors of your magazine—have made a grave mistake in mapping out the course of their spiritual lives.

When sailors in mid-ocean want to know where they are and how they ought to proceed, they measure the position of at least three stars. In order to do this accurately, they must be able to say for sure which star is which, as well as to operate properly the instruments they use and the aids to calculation they have. But even (especially) the most experienced sailors use three stars, the third used only to check the accuracy of the other two—really unnecessary if one can be sure with the first two.

In no case are any sailors worth their salt satisfied with only one reading. This will only tell them that their position is along a certain line, and might establish them two thousand miles or two miles from the shore.

Now it seems to me that the writers mentioned above are sighting by only one star in a world where the stars themselves are far harder to identify. They are following the inner witness to the exclusion of all others. But the inner witness is far harder to identify than the stars of the night sky. What one takes to be a genuine leading might often be (to quote Ebenezer Scrooge and mix a metaphor) "a bit of undigested beef!" The human is not a purely spiritual being. We are physical as well, and a human's physical and spiritual bodies *both* send messages which will seem to come from within.

In order to avoid problems of this sort, we have been given two other witnesses: that of community (the sailor can ask someone else to calculate the position in order to double check) and the landmarks set forth in the biblical witness. It must be noted that either of these additional witnesses can also be misinterpreted, and on certain issues—such as that of abortion—the Bible is of particularly little help, and the community speaks with a mixed voice.

We need all three indicators to plot a sure course, not just one. To throw away the witness of our Christian forebears, simply on the witness of "a bit of beef," would be a grave mistake. Quakers often describe themselves as seekers of truth, but in many cases, it seems that the act of seeking is viewed as the ultimate truth. This is comparable to a sailor setting herself or himself adrift in mid-ocean in order to engage in the act of finding London.

Let us not be idolaters worshipping the search. Let us not handicap our-

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

GOD'S WORK IN HISTORY

Jesus Christ
The Disciple Church
Israel Before Christ
The False Church
Ancient Writings of God's People

WAITING ON THE LORD

The Voice of Christ
Discernment
Prayer
Worship in Spirit and Truth
Corporate Worship

THE CHURCH

The Church that God Intends
Why Publishers of Truth exists as a distinct community
Our relationship to other Christians
The Church's Task of Publishing Truth

The Church as a Social Structure

Spiritual gifts
Prophetic authority
Eldership
Pastoral care
Community decision-making
Reaching unity
Conduct of meetings for business
How the church learns its practical testimony
Church discipline
Disownment
Some obligations of membership
Sharing life decisions
Attendance
Communication
Intervisitation
Financial sharing
Historical study

Membership in Publishers of Truth

Membership defined
Procedure for receiving new members

CHRISTIAN LIFE STYLE

Simple Living
Work and livelihood
Money
Economic simplicity
State welfare
Insurance
Interest
Use of time
Opinions
Plain speech

Oaths
Conventional insinuations

Man, Woman and the Family

Christian liberty of both sexes
Chastity
Marriage
Weddings
Divorce
Abortion
Education of children

Worldly Culture

Higher education
The arts
Experts
The legal profession
The medical profession
Psychotherapy
Religions
Public holidays

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selves in that search. Let us follow diligently *all* the witnesses we have been given in order that the search might be a means rather than an end in itself. If we truly are seekers, we have a promise that we *will* find. (Mt. 7:7)

Daniel W. Treadway
Earlham, IA

The Testimonies Are What Matter

Some Quakers welcome not only heathens and agnostics but atheists, pantheists and those who reject all these concepts as superstitious, unnecessary, out-dated and dangerous—also dualistic, schizophrenic, fictional and tiresome. Other similar concepts are God, mind, spirit and soul. We prefer such biological concepts of nature as ecology, natural selection, conditioning, determinism and oneness.

What is important to Quakers are the testimonies about caring for one's fellow human beings, seeking alternatives to violence and the use of meditation, simplicity and tolerance.

Os Cresson
Monteverde, Costa Rica

Not a Christian

In your February fifteenth, Wilbur W. Kamp asks "Who Is a Quaker: Must One Believe in Jesus as the 'Christ'?"

A Jesus who is a "mythical Christ" is a "jello Jesus"—a Jesus poured into anyone's individual creedal, humanistic mold, but not the Jesus Christ of Christianity.

One can certainly be a Quaker or anything else one wishes, and not believe that Jesus is the Christ—one can be anything, that is, except a Christian.

M. Webb
Chester, PA

Thanks

Having read Wilbur Kamp's "Who Is a Quaker?" in the February 15th issue, I can only say, "That Friend speaks my mind." My thanks to him, and to you.

Elizabeth Moger
Roslyn, NY

"...To bear witness to the truth as we see it."

The first two articles in the 2/15 issue of the *Journal* stimulated my musings. I dare to borrow Wilbur Kamp's quote: "The greatest service we can render each other is to bear witness to the truth as we see it."

Many years ago I came across Sidney Lucas' *The Quaker Message*, a 1948 Pendle Hill publication. A compendium of quotations from Quaker worthies and conferences from beginning days to the date of publication, it has fostered my maturing concepts in many ways. Much of what I think of as peace of mind can be found in that long reference book of spirit. Early Friends had their troubles with Church and other authority, but they wisely understood that to recognize no check on personal reading of the Inward Light would lead to futile anarchy and they chose to accept the corporate wisdom of the meeting in many matters. I take it that such is still basic polity, in spite of all the variety of standards spawned by the fragmenting of the Society over the years.

The 1920 Conference of All Friends noted:

In its original form and power, Christianity was a way of living. The fresh new interest in [humanity] is one of the wonders of the Gospel; the full life of love is the full story of the Gospel. It points inevitably to a transformed social world dominated, controlled by love.

Theologians turned away from this revelation of life for the world here and constructed instead a substitute system built out of Bible texts and logic... a scheme of salvation for another world than this.

The business of the Church became the mediation of salvation with reference to a world somewhere else than here... Turning to another world made [people] acquiesce in the evils of this one. It made a compromise Church with artificial functions instead of a dynamic one bent on overcoming the world.

Early Friends were simply interested in returning to the interpersonal relations of the early times. Their concept of the Inward Light was certainly not new to them. It was their effort to live together by its dictates on a large scale

that seemed a scandal to their times, for out of it grew the unwelcome "testimonies," crowding the jails of the land.

Problems of interpreting the term "Christ" have been indigenous to Christianity clear back to Gnostic times; never settled and probably never will be, human minds being finite. Early Friends used various terms in speaking of the Universal Light which they insisted was vouchsafed to all as a fundamental principle. They came into being in an era when the revelation of God in the life of Jesus was generally accepted, and doubtless the common use of the title "Jesus Christ" was subject to little questioning then or for long thereafter. Terms such as the "Light of Christ" are common in their early literature. Specifically, what was then implied? We cannot know, nor can I believe it should trouble us. As the authors of the two articles infer, it is for us to arrive at a concept with which our spiritual selves can live. The term "agnostic" should have essentially no unfortunate implication, for all its pejorative sound to some persons. Who, if one thinks for oneself, has not known many times of uncertainty calling for deep and earnest self-searching among all discoverable evidence? It is only when we give up and settle into contented atheism that we separate ourselves from the bulk of humanity, whether civilized or not by our standards.

Wilbur Kamp notes that the word "Christ" comes from the Greek rendition of the Old Testament Messiah, or Deliverer. We have next to ask, delivered from what? Jews of Jesus' time read that to mean from their oppressors, Roman or otherwise, and we can gather from the New Testament that the early Christians had much the same interpretation, only in an eschatologic sense of a "second coming" and the whole world made new. Paul appears to have begun with this view but to have moved from it in later writings—if my rusting memory

does not fail me. Quaker literalists can readily have trouble with Paul; remembering the period when he lived can help.

How, then, do I climb my Jacob's Ladder? What of the Universal Light which George Fox saw "overflowing the ocean of darkness"? That, to me, in its mysterious sharing by all individuals and from whatever source, is the essential Deliverer, and it is from my lesser self that I shall need deliverance to the end of my days. That is the motivating force or power to which I would ascribe the term Deliverer, the Christ-spirit, if you will. We should remember that the term "Christ" was not used in Jesus' day, only the "Messiah," and when his followers became convinced that the nature of God had been revealed to the utmost in the humble pastoral teacher, the term readily took on an imperative. Granting the perception of the word in that day, it is easy to understand Jesus' intemperate disclaimer, as reported in one account of a reply to Peter. The fact that the Church proceeded to read into it a philosophical increment of Trinitarian authority is another story, but of no problem to my inner journey. But neither have I any trouble thinking or speaking of Jesus Christ, since to me it epitomizes the culmination of the Christ-spirit in human experience so far as we can understand.

Therefore, to the posed question, "Can one be a Quaker and not believe in Jesus as the Christ?" much depends on what one reads into the word. As is true of all but the most authoritarian patterns, a host of varying interpretations will travel under the same banner. May we remember Rufus Jones' observation, in his *Spiritual Message of the Society of Friends*, that early Friends carefully avoiding calling themselves a church, and were content to be a Society of Friends. They did not think of the Light as a separating one, but illuminating all persons, irrespective of denom-

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inations and not incompatible with any then current. May we have the grace to merit our heritage and live in love with our interpretations.

And this matter of love, is it only an instrument of human relations? What commands the poetic "mother starved for her brood," workers, caught in the extremities of the moment, to risk their lives for fellow workers to whom they are only acquaintances, or in the last analysis, Jesus to the Cross? Nothing in it for any of them, only the imperative to give of themselves for the sake of others. There is a vast difference between our verbs "to like" and "to love." We like persons who make us feel comfortable, give us pleasure, bring out the best in us. We cannot truly love someone without a basic desire, and willingness, to give in spite of the cost of the gesture. Herein lies one burden of the faltering "family" in this hedonistic time. Too many partners are primarily takers, for all their affirmations.

As to worship, the leading definition in my dictionary calls it, "Reverent honor or homage paid to any concept held as sacred." To me the Quaker faith has one particular distinguishing characteristic: the practical endeavor to believe in the central truth of the Universal Light and to act upon it as a personal guide. The chosen form of worship is one which places emphasis on the importance of continually monitoring one's faithfulness to this principle.

The lodestar of a never-lessening call to one's best will be always somewhere out ahead. I presume that I have sat through as many hours of silent meeting as have most people: pretty much weekly since I was first taken by my parents over seventy years ago, until the last decade, when circumstances altered the opportunity. I would be the last to speculate on what proportion of those meetings have been rewarding, but they have seemed to afford a connecting thread to my stewardship, often a real sense of recharging the batteries. I earnestly believe that the quality of our living is "our Father's business," and many have been the times when I have wished I could make a better report. One may wonder whether any more worshipful will be the experience of sharing a fully-scheduled, impersonal, conventional, service. I have listened to inspiring messages under both patterns; the burden is mine when I do not achieve something without them, and my opportunity seems somewhat enhanced by the Quaker mode.

However, it is comforting to know that one is still in good company, in spite of all the failures. The journals of early Friends frequently speak of "brittle," "dry" times in their travels in the ministry. I remember one in particular who had gone to a special meeting, very likely gathered to give him an "opportunity," and sat silent to its end, as he could feel no call to speak. Must have been frustrating. No, the sailing is not all fair weather, but the occasional landfalls can be comforting.

Thomas Merton, in his *Seven Storey Mountain*, expresses appreciation for all the "special graces" which had been granted him in some dire strait, as though they were quantitative gifts for the occasion. To me the genius of our Judeo-Christian understanding of the Divine is its acceptance of the "I AM" concept enunciated in the Mosaic dialogue. Flooding over all creation lies the essence of that postulate, call it Being, God, Nature, or whatever personal inclination dictates. Thus, to each new life a sufficient portion of that essence is granted, sufficient to all its potential needs.

This, incidentally, is my best understanding of my soul. That original grace was not a quantitative matter; there is not a supply off somewhere to be doled out by dispensation. We live surrounded by it, calling to be grasped and made alive by thought and deed. My prayer should not be that I can reach back for a specific grant from the pool, but that I may find the wisdom to develop all the forces available to my very finite competence. Whether I should count on supernatural intervention is an enigma I am not prepared to assess.

The end of life has no terrors in my understanding. That portion granted me at my beginning will not be tarnished or worn out by any of my unfaithfulness and will return to the Over-Soul when my physical years have closed. What then? I leave that in utmost faith to the "I AM," of which it partakes.

J. Russell Edgerton
Taunton, PA

Which Beliefs Are Necessary?

After reading and rereading "Who Is a Quaker" by Wilbur Kamp (FJ 2/15/80), I feel this response a must.

I, too, have been taught that to be a

"Christian" one must believe certain things that are written in the Bible without a question being asked; no doubts and no second thoughts. I was taught that the Bible was God's word and to question was to bring me the fate of eternal damnation. There would be no hope of salvation or forgiveness; one doubting Thomas was enough. Through all of this fundamental theology I saw one large flaw. A loving God would not, could not create the hell I was told about for any of us children, no matter what we might have done. With this "revelation" I began my search for a faith that would help me understand just who God is, my relationship to God and just what are my responsibilities to God and my fellow people.

My search has not ended, for, one hopes, we learn and grow toward a oneness with God as long as we live. My striving for a "new" faith eventually brought me face to face with Friends. Here I found a challenge to think for myself, to listen for that "still small voice" and respond. I did not have to agree with a fixed creed, only to believe that "there is that of God in every one" and to try and find it. I have finally come to the conclusion that I must answer "yes" to the first real question found in the Bible, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Other questions are found in that book also, but many are raised because of what is written, when and by whom it was written and by interpretation of those that read it. I find myself being comfortable with the label of a "liberal fundamentalist." To me it means that the Bible is true in spirit but not always in fact. The ark may have sailed for forty days, but the cargo is a bit exaggerated; Adam and Eve are a discussion by themselves; Jonah and the whale require a good imagination. But the question at hand is not about these things. The question is, "Is or was Christ Divine, and if I say 'no' can I be a Quaker?" To which I answer "no" and "yes." The whole teaching of Jesus was to free us from the bondage of "creed religion." The letter of the law was to be replaced by the spirit of the law as exemplified by "Love thy God and love thy neighbor." The "thou shalt not's" were replaced by the "you should," which has an inherent freedom of choice! With this freedom I may choose not to believe in the Divine Christ and with this same freedom of choice call myself a Quaker. As to his divinity, are we not overlooking that he, too, had "that of God" in him? This is

not to say that his human side could not have failed, but to remind us that he was flesh and blood. One of the twelve did turn; Satan, we are told, was a "fallen angel"; it could have had a different ending. The fact, as recorded, is that he did not have this change of heart. He may have doubted his relationship with God (why have you forsaken me?) but never that with his fellow persons (Father forgive them). Was Jesus Divine? Certainly, he earned it, and when he died he received the reward of divinity.

Am I a Quaker? I believe so. I formalized my standing in the Society of Friends many years ago. I became "convinced" that my searching could and would be better nurtured and encouraged with these (F)riends, more so than with any other group. I take heart in the fact that I am with seekers of truth and that of God in me. I am thankful that while I may differ with others in interpreting the meaning of Scripture I am not beyond their love and care. Wilbur sums this up better than I when he concludes, "But I keep hearing the word, 'The greatest service we render each other is to bear witness to the truth as we see it.'"

Glenn H. Corney
Norwood, OH

Let's Have More

The article "Who Is a Quaker?" in FJ 2/15/80 is the type of scholarly writing I enjoy reading in *Friends Journal*. Every now and then we "liberal" Quakers need our theological views presented and Friend Kamp did it rather nicely.

Indeed one can be a Quaker without believing in Jesus as the Christ. Quakerism is a religious way of life and Jesus taught a way of life—not doctrines and dogmas.

I would like to see more articles of such splendor and clarity in the *Journal* in the future. Keep up the good work.

Jimmy Clifton
Richmond, IN

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

Births

McClintic—On November 21, 1979, *Ben-
jamin Ridge McClintic* to William and Anne
McClintic. They live in Gillett, PA. Both are
members of the Elmira (NY) Meeting.

Adoption

Simpson—Born March 27, 1968, *Lorena
Grace Simpson*, was adopted February 2,
1979, at San Jose, Costa Rica. Her mother,
Mary Jane Simpson, is a member of the
Florida Avenue Meeting, Washington D.C.

Marriage

Leonard-Fager—On January 26, 1980,
Charles Eugene Fager and *MaryLou
Leonard*, at Langley Hill Friends Meeting in
McLean, VA, where both are members. The
bride's parents, Rowland and Mary Jane
Leonard, are members of Central Philadel-
phia meeting.

Deaths

Bond—On January 11, 1980, *Hazel K.
Bond*, aged sixty-eight. A member of
Mickleton (NJ) Meeting, she was born in
Surrey, England, and attended Woodbrooke
Quaker Study Center in Birmingham,
England. She served on the Worship and
Ministry Committee of Mickleton Meeting
and on the boards of Woodstown Friends
Home and Jeanes Hospital. At the time of
her death, she was a member of the East
Greenwich Ambulance Association, the Con-
tact Gloucester County and the Cancer
Adjustment Program.

She is preceded in death by her husband,
G. Peaslee Bond. Surviving is a daughter,
Katie Bond, of Seattle, WA.

Burr—on September 18, 1979, *Mabel
Trafford Burr*, aged seventy-two. Mabel's
entire family joined Manasquan (NJ) Meeting
together in 1916. She attended George School
and made many friends there. She was, from
an early age, a vivid and unique person. She
had a strong love for her family and felt
herself a member of the meeting family, too.
In the last few years, Mabel had been
especially and vitally interested in the adult
class of the meeting and in the activities of the
very young group which included her
granddaughter.

She taught art in the local school for
eighteen years before she retired. She was
also active in the Manasquan River Group of
Artists and her interest in Allaire Village
involved her in its restoration.

In some of her activities outside the
meeting she was able to bring a balance, a
sense of fairness and an ability to reconcile
differing views that was highly valued
and was felt to have its roots in her Quaker
life. Her warmth and vigor will be missed in
many places.

She left behind her husband, Harry Burr; a son, Tom; and a granddaughter, Alison.

Butler—Annette Butler, on February 7, 1980, two weeks short of her ninety-third birthday. Annette was born and reared at Jamaica, New York, where she graduated from school in 1907. She later received a B.A. degree from the University of Connecticut and a masters degree from Columbia University. She taught school on Long Island and later in Connecticut.

In 1915 she and George Butler were married by her grandfather, a Baptist minister. In 1920 they came to Delaware and in 1922 joined Camden Friends Meeting. Over the years, both George and Annette gave of themselves physically, spiritually and financially for many causes, but most especially for this little meeting. They served on committees; Annette was for many years our delegate to representative meeting in Philadelphia; both taught First-day School, collected clothes for the American Friends Service Committee and made tons of soap. The land where the parking lot and annex are located were donated by George and Annette in the late 1950s. The Butlers, serving as overseers for many years, provided wise counsel not only to meeting members, but to anyone in the community at large regardless of race, creed or condition.

Carter—On March 22, 1980, at Underwood Memorial Hospital, Marion P. Carter, aged seventy-nine. Marion was born in Philadelphia and lived in Mickleton, NJ, the past fifty-six years, where she was a member of Mickleton (NJ) Monthly Meeting. She was a member of the Mullica Hill Grange, Pomona State and National Granges and a member of Swedesboro Chapter 115 OES.

She is survived by her husband, Harold; a son, Carlton, and a daughter, Elizabeth C. Crispin, both of Mickleton, NJ. Also surviving are two brothers, three sisters and five grandchildren.

Davis—on March 2, 1980, Frank Davis, Jr., aged eighty-one, in Salem County Memorial Hospital. Frank was a member of the Woodstown (NJ) Friends Meeting. The son of the late Elwood and Elizabeth Davis, he was an active farmer and along with his wife, Hilda R., owned Davis Nursing Home, Salem, NJ.

He is survived by his wife, Hilda; two daughters, Anne Pfeffer and Betty Chestnut, both of Woodstown, NJ; two sons, Elwood F., of Pennsville, NJ, and Frank, of Alloway, NJ. Also surviving are a brother, ten grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren.

Gordon—Mildred Norris Morse Gordon, aged seventy-nine, died April 4, 1980, at the Hanterton (NJ) Medical Center. She lived in New Hope, PA, and was the wife of the late Carlton R. Gordon, formerly of Easton, PA. She was a member of Solebury (PA) Friends Meeting, Chandler Hall Personnel Committee, the Wednesday Morning Bible Study group, and the League of Women Voters. She had served on the Newton Friends Boarding Home Committee. She also belonged to the Handweavers of Bucks County and the Philadelphia Guild of Handweavers.

Born in Stroudsburg, PA, Mildred was graduated in social work from the Baptist Institute of Philadelphia. In 1939, she took a position on the staff of the Woods School in Langhorne, PA, and joined the Society of Friends as a member of Middletown (PA) Monthly Meeting. Later, she became assis-

tant director of the Claymont (DE) School for Delinquent Girls and then superintendent Stapely Hall, Germantown, Philadelphia.

Mildred and Carlton were married in 1950 under the care of Wilmington (DE) Meeting. Well known throughout the county for their handweaving, they spent many summers at Greenbriar Hotel, White Sulphur Springs, WV, where they developed a highly successful line of handwoven fabrics.

Mildred is survived by her daughter, Marian Morse Swan, New Hope, PA; two step-daughters, Mrs. Philip Gilbert, Stowe, OH, and Mrs. James Radcliffe, Mattapoisett, MA; ten other grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. She is also survived by five sisters and two brothers.

Kantor—On March 7, 1980, William M. Kantor, aged eighty-six, Crozer Chester Medical Center, Chester, PA. He was born in Philadelphia, PA, was a graduate of Camden (NJ) High School and Temple University, where he earned his M.A. degree. Since 1923 he has been a member of Central Philadelphia (PA) Friends Meeting.

In 1930 Bill married Gladys M. Scott who died in 1934, and in 1937 he and Mabel S. Thomas were married.

He began early to raise his voice for social causes; first for socialism whose ideals led him to become a conscientious objector, and later for Quaker concerns. During WWI he began his protest against war by refusing to wear a uniform in Camp Meade. For his stand he suffered imprisonment from November 1917 to October 1919. He was sent first to Fort Jay on Governor's Island, NY, then to Fort Leavenworth, KS, and finally to Alcatraz.

After joining the Society of Friends, he became an enthusiastic supporter, serving on committees of his meeting, as a meeting visitor with Friends General Conference, on Community Relations of AFSC, and on Friends Neighborhood Guild Committee. For thirty-five years he was teacher of commercial subjects in the Philadelphia school system.

Survivors include his wife, Mabel; a daughter, Joyce; a brother and a sister.

Meador—Patience R. Ludlam Meador, a beloved and distinguished member of Seaville (NJ) Monthly Meeting, on January 17, 1980.

Through the efforts of Patience and a small group of devoted Friends, Seaville Monthly Meeting was chartered in 1957, as a member meeting of Salem Quarter. The reactivating of this historic meeting marked a new awakening of Quakerism in Cape May County, since for many years the Seaville Meeting has only been open for worship during the summer months. Patience was one of the charter members of the meeting and faithfully represented Seaville in the activities of the Salem Quarterly and Philadelphia Yearly Meetings.

At the time of her death, Patience was clerk emeritus of the meeting, having served fifteen years as clerk from 1957 to 1972. Her accurate and well-written minutes are to be noted in the early records of Seaville Meeting.

Patience will be remembered for her faithful presence at meetings for worship, her personal warmth and loving concern for every member and attendee.

She is survived by her son, John Ludlam, and his family.

Neece—On August 2, 1979, at the age of ninety, Estelle Neece. In spite of a loss of hearing, Estelle had had an unquenchable thirst for keeping up with current events,

sharing her storehouse of knowledge with any who came her way, and showing concern for the welfare of others.

Teaching children was her life work. She believed that if you teach a child to read and love it, he or she can become educated even if they are not financially able to obtain a formal education. Each child was special to her.

Most of her life was spent in northern Randolph and southern Guilford County, but Washington D.C., was home for her for the many summers she worked for the federal government. She was educated at Providence Academy, with a year of Guilford College.

Her church, Providence Friends, was a very special part of her life. For many years she taught a Sunday School class of adults. After several years the class honored her by naming the class the Estelle Neece Class. She worked in Vacation Bible School, in the Woman's Missionary Society, and in many official positions in the monthly meeting.

Estelle was the oldest of eight children of William Rufus and Emma Caroline Neece. Two sisters and a brother survive her.

Stubbs—On March 6, 1980, Horace Reissler Stubbs, aged ninety-two, a member of Rahway and Plainfield Monthly Meeting, died at The McCutchen, the New York Yearly Meeting home. A descendant of Thomas Stubbs, whose brother, John, accompanied George Fox to the U.S., Horace Stubbs was born in Oxford, PA, September 7, 1887, and became a member of the Nottingham Meeting there. Graduating from Lehigh University in 1910, he worked for what is now the Mobil Oil Corporation as a structural engineer until his retirement in 1952. Married in 1913 to his high school classmate, Laurette Williamson, he and Laurette made their home in Brooklyn, NY, attending the Schermerhorn Street Meeting until they moved twelve years ago to The McCutchen. Active in the Religious Society of Friends, Horace Stubbs served at various times as clerk of the New York (Fifteenth Street) Monthly, the New York-Westbury Quarterly and the New York Yearly Meetings. It was during this latter clerkship that the two separate yearly meetings then existing were successfully reunited. He served as a school trustee of Friends Seminary and Brooklyn Friends School and helped to found the New York Friends Group, Inc., a peace education organization. Before moving to The McCutchen in 1968, Horace Stubbs served as chairman of its board for nine years and from its inception had guided the effort to establish a home for elderly Friends. A long-time, faithful member of the Central Committee of the Friends General Conference, he attended the biennial sessions of the conference for more than half a century. He also served on the boards of the American Friends Service Committee and the Friends World Committee for Consultation.

Horace Stubbs is survived by his wife, Laurette; and four daughters, Louise S. Williams of Hilton Head, SC, Edith S. Chinsley of Ballwin, MO, Elizabeth S. Cooper of Waynesboro, VA, and Jean S. Sterrett of Brooklyn, NY; fourteen grandchildren and thirty-four great-grandchildren; a brother, Dr. Evan L. Stubbs of Kendal at Longwood; and a sister, Elma S. Mason of the Friends Home, Kennett Square, PA. Memorial gifts may be made to The McCutchen, 21 Rockview Avenue, North Plainfield, NJ 07060.

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Announcements

EVENING WORSHIP

Philadelphia Area
At 5 p.m.

Unami Meeting

See FJ Meeting Directory under Sumneytown, PA for location and phone number.

The AFSC and the Friends Peace Committee are co-sponsoring a seminar on the Caribbean on

Saturday, June 7. The seminar will examine US political and economic strategy in the region. For further information call 215-241-7159.

Books and Publications

Magazine and Newsletter samples! Only 50¢ each. Over 145 publications to choose from. For a free list send stamped envelope to Publishers Exchange, P.O. Box 1368, Dept. 216 A, Plainfield, NJ 07061

Looking for a book? Free Research Service. Please Write: Peter Sperling—Books, Dept. F, Box 300, Old Chelsea Sta., New York, NY 10011.

For Sale

Downeast Maine. 1-2 acre wooded shore lots. Sandy, rocky beaches. Magnificent views. Last reasonable American shore-front left for grandchildren and/or protection against inflation. Selling only 2 lots per year. From \$14,000. Box 183, RFD 1, Milbridge, ME 04658. 215-649-7037 or 207-546-2650.

Lake Embden, central Maine, beautiful five mile lake. Quiet, non-commercialized lake front cottages, completely furnished, for sale at \$32,000, 75% financing available at 12½%. Also, large camp complex good for user or investor. 78 buildings in good condition; 20 acres, 1750 ft. shore front. Ready for immediate use. Sale price \$395,000. 75% financing available. Call Hank Evans—Pennsylvania, 215-644-0622; Maine, after June 1, 207-566-7281. Box E-744, Friends Journal.

Lot with view of harbor and mountains on remote San Juan Island in Puget Sound, Washington. Close to town, all utilities in, plus foundation and garden spot. Small community with weekly Friends meeting. For information call 206-378-2784 or write Debbo Dow, 745 Larson St., Friday Harbor, WA 98250.

Personal

Going to England? Spend some time at **WOODBROOKE, Quaker study centre.** Come for a term, a few weeks or a weekend course. Enjoy the all-age international community; gain from worshipping and learning within it. Single or double rooms. Beautiful grounds. Good library. Easily reached. Details of dates, courses and fees from Woodbrooke, 1046 Bristol Road, Birmingham B29 6LJ, England.

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

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

Positions Vacant

Small Quaker boarding high school seeks art teacher, also several positions in English, math, history, maintenance. Includes houseparenting. Married couples preferred. Single persons considered. Contact: Storrs Olds, The Meeting School, Thomas Road, Rindge, NH 03461. 603-899-3366.

The Nonviolence and Children Program of Friends Peace Committee seeks staff person beginning September, 1980. Salary, \$9,700. Applications deadline June 15. Send inquiries to Nonviolence and Children Program, Friends Peace Committee, 1515 Cherry, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

William Penn House, a center for seminars and conferences directed toward peace and social justice, is offering an internship beginning September 1, 1980. Training in the preparation of meals for groups of 20-30, or a willingness to learn, is required. The position offers an opportunity to help plan and participate in WPH programs. Salary and room and board. Write William Penn House, 515 E. Capitol St., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003. 202-543-5560.

Positions Wanted

Competent, experienced administrator with excellent resume and references, plus deep commitment to pacifism, and strong ties to gays, ex-addicts, former mental patients, seeks employment in Friendly environment in NYC area. I require a good salary, good benefits, and most of all, an employer tender to my concerns. Contact C. Skye, 348 East 9th St., NY 10003. 212-260.8258.

Retirement

Friends Home, Inc., Retirement Community, Waynesville, Ohio, a cottage program for retired people. The Friends Home is accepting applications for cottages for retired people. Applicants are now being interviewed. We offer in return for an entry fee and a monthly maintenance charge: utilities, house cleaning, maintenance service, and assurance of available medical care in our 98-bed health and care center. For further information and brochure, call or write: Raymond Braddock, Chairman, Cottage Committee, 7595 New Burlington Rd., Waynesville, OH 45068. Telephone: 513-897-5343.

Schools

Schooling for change. The School of Social Development, University of Minnesota, Duluth, offers an innovative, accredited M.S.W. program

geared towards social change. Key components of the program are community development and organizing, social planning, public health, research and program evaluation, administration, rural development and services to American Indians. Applicants are admitted either to a 60 credit (12 month) or 90 credit (18 month) plan, depending upon their background. Block field placements are available around the country and in developing countries. Entrance to the program is ordinarily in September. For further information about the program and possible financial assistance, write Irl Carter, Dean, School of Social Development, University of Minnesota, Duluth, MN 55812. The school is also sponsoring a workshop on Comparative Strategies in Rural Organizing and Development, June 18-20, 1980. For more information, write the above address.

Olney Friends School, Barnesville, OH 43713. Christian, rural, co-educational. 100 students (9-12). Comprehensive college-preparatory curriculum, dairy farm, individualized classes. Welcoming students from all racial backgrounds. Brochure. 614-425-3655.

Horizons School—small school advantages with urban resources—offers quality academic preparation and personal growth. Quaker values. Brochure. Boarding and day. Box 8466, Atlanta, GA 30306.

Sandy Spring Friends School, Sandy Spring, Maryland 20860, 301-774-7455. 10th through 12th grades, day and boarding; 6th-9th grades, day only. Academics; arts; bi-weekly Meeting for Worship; sports; service projects; intersession projects. Small classes; individual approach. Rural campus, urban area. Headmaster: Edwin Hinshaw. School motto: "Let your lives speak."

A challenge to creative living and learning.

The Meeting School, a Quaker high school, encourages individual growth through strong academics and an equally demanding emphasis on community cooperation and shared decision-making. Students live in faculty homes. Art and farm programs. Co-ed, boarding, grades 9-12 and post-grad, college prep. Founded in 1957. The Meeting School, Rindge, NH 03461. 603-899-3366.

Services Offered

Re-upholstery and slipcovers—special rates for Friends—Philadelphia suburban area and northern Delaware. Seremba, 215-586-7592. *Friends Journal* advertiser since 1955.

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

Study Tour

June study tour of Mexico—summer courses exploring solar energy, field geology, sailing, etc. for students 8-17. Day and boarding. Brochure. **HORIZONS**, Box 8466, Atlanta, GA 30306.

Summer Rentals

Back-country camping and cabins on private 1400 acres in Poconos; frontage Delaware River. Reasonable rates. McKay, Lackawaxen, PA 18435. 717-685-7001.

Downeast Maine. Small cabin on shore near wildlife preserve. Fully equipped kitchen, shower. Simple, secluded, beautiful setting. \$220 for two weeks, plus utilities. 215-649-7037. 223 Buck Lane, Haverford, PA 19041.

Cottage in Vermont. Woods, neighboring mountains, swimming. Simple, secluded, running hot/cold water, no electricity. \$80 weekly for couple, \$10 each additional person. June-October. Box D-741, *Friends Journal*.

South Newfane/Marlboro, Vermont. 200-year-old farmhouse and barn surrounded by hayfields and stream. Four bedrooms—fully equipped. Music Festival, Putney Friends Meeting, swimming, horseback riding, canoeing, sailing, tennis and all summer enjoyments nearby. Minimum rental—two weeks. \$125 a week plus cutting the grass. Malcolm Smith, 65 Castle Heights Ave., Tarrytown, NY 10591.

Vacation

Relax this summer in a peaceful place. Enjoy a family vacation or group retreat in a 17 room farm house (2 kitchens, 2½ baths, solar room, fireplace.) 60 Catskill acres to climb, wander, meditate. Fishing, swimming nearby. Holistic renewal; clean air, organically grown vegetarian produce and/or your special regimen. Rates reasonable. Write or call Barron's Bounty, Downsville, NY 13755. 607-363-2358.

Wanted

Couple for year-round living in Vermont to assist community with developing farm and woods activities. Opportunity for income. Box D-743, *Friends Journal*.

Alaskan ghost town restoration project. Room/board in exchange for assistance. Artists also sought. Art Koeninger, Box 39, Chitina, AK 99566.

Sparkleberry School, Autistic Children—needs loan funds immediately. (See F.J. article, Jan. 15, 1980, and *Washington Post* March 14, 1980.) Friends have offered \$40,000 of \$189,000 to create pool of loan funds—first mortgage collateral 112 acres, valued at \$500,000+. Columbia Friends Meeting would be trustee of funds. Interest and terms variable to fit lender's circumstances. Need minimum 18 months to begin repayment. 2110 Leaphart Rd., W. Columbia, SC 29169 (803) 796-7848.

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