When I am very still within myself I open my heart and let the breath of God flow into me.
At the Water's Edge

One troubled day
I walked
at the water's edge
and looked
with a whole
and inquiring eye.

Here it is
that two dissimilar
worlds meet
beneath
a bright and broad
seagull sky.

Life pushes and
swirls
at my foreign feet
as small creatures
swim the water,
crawl the sand,
communing
in the warm and
friendly sun
from habitats
of sea
and land.

The waters ripple
with a joy that
shames my envy
as I slowly pass
these borders
of peace.

And the struggle
of the worlds
within me
stares
as hungry eyes
denied a feast.

—Dorothy S. Darling
MANY LIGHTS
by Barry Morley

The din in Quail Ridge Quaker Camp's dining hall crescendos before dessert. That's when Bart Simmons rises from his place at the staff table and asks another of his infamous questions. "Anyone who knows 'Pee Wee' Reese's first name can get dessert first," or, "If you can tell me what city was named after Sam Houston, you can get dessert." No matter how inane the question, there are always some who know the answer and some who don't.

But there'll be no such question tonight. Tonight's dessert is an event, even in this camp whose reputation for special food runs down the years. Tonight is apple crisp night. All day attention is focused on apple crisp. During morning activities two units peeled and sliced apples while Eileen Prentis, giant among dieticians, fretted lest one slice be too thick. The aroma of apples baking wafts through open windows and disrupts a volleyball game and general swim. Deep cooking trays are removed from the ovens, gurgling with the juice of baked apples covered with a golden, crunchy crust. Members of lunch set-up crew, nearly mesmerized, salivate, clamp their jaws, and steel themselves against temptation as the trays cool. By dinner set-up the trays have been covered and put away in the pantry.

Bart gets up from the table and looks out over his charges. Gradually the din subsides.

"All of those who..."

Around the dining hall eager campers get up and edge toward the pass-through.

"Hey," says Bart, "I didn't say who could go yet."

Everyone laughs. Those guilty of the false start sit down.

"All of you who peeled apples this morning can go get dessert first."

Moving swiftly, pretending not to run, peelers jockey for position in the dessert line. Bart sits down, knowing,

*Quail Ridge apple crisp: Pare and slice ½ bushel Summer Rambeau or other variety of cooking apples. Place slices into 4 deep, buttered pans. Sprinkle each layer with sugar, cinnamon, and lemon juice or water (depending on apples). Sprinkle crumb topping over final layer. Bake for 10 minutes at 450°. Then bake for 25 to 35 minutes at 400° (until apples are done and nicely browned). Crumb topping: 10 cups flour, 12 cups sugar (granulated and/or brown), 4½ cups butter. Work together until fine and crumbly.
as we all do, that there'll be plenty for everyone. One tray is already set aside for counselors later that night.

Bart calls for everyone else to get dessert. When the staff returns with heaping saucers he speaks across the table. His voice is suddenly thoughtful.

"I've been thinking," he says. This is his way of introducing an idea he's been mulling for general consideration. The dessert line continues almost quietly as seconds are served.

"You know how I discuss or present some aspect of being a Quaker to the campers at Sunday meeting for worship?"

We nod or say, "Yes."

"I thought I'd just ask them what meeting means to them or what they do in meeting—something like that."

"That's not always easy for people. What if no one says anything?" I ask.

"Then we'll just have meeting for worship. That wouldn't be so bad."

"But the things you say before meeting are really important," I add.

"Maybe you could walk around and point to a few people—counselors, maybe. Ask them. That would get it started," says Nell.

"I could do that. I'd rather let it flow by itself."

"A little pump-priming is sometimes good for the flow," I suggest.

"I gather you think it's worth trying."

"Sure. And whatever is supposed to happen will happen."

Around the dining hall the scraping of teaspoons against saucers gradually ceases. Dinner is over. Announcements are made and people scurry off to chores or play. At the ringing of the next bell all feet will head toward the fire circle as if drawn by a magnet.

I step outside, oblivious of the screen door slamming behind me, and gaze across the pond to the woods beyond. A cluster of campers and counselors appears from behind the dining hall. Armed with axes and a long cross-cut saw they walk across open ground in shadow, even though tree tops are still golden green with the sun's good night caress. I watch as they cross the second of three footbridges which span branches of the stream that fills the pond. Soon after they disappear into the dusk of the woods the "thunk" of axes competes with the sounds of Sunday dinner cleanup behind me.

Bart Simmons spots me.

"Will you see that the hymn books get to the fire circle?" he asks. "And bring the cow horn."

"Are we going to sing 'God of our Fathers'?"

He smiles.

I turn and go back into the dining hall. The screen door slams behind me but no one notices. I see Sarah Devon supervising dishwashing and ask her if she'll help me carry the two boxes of molding, outdated, water-stained, green-covered *Friends Hymnals*.

"Sure," she says.

At mid-dusk a sweating camper finds me.

"Fire's ready," she says. "Do you want us to light it?"

"Wait five minutes," I answer. "In ten minutes I'll ring the bell. That'll give the fire time to get started."

An old farm bell stands on a rise above the pond at one corner of the dining hall. As I reach to swing the clapper I see the glow of fire up in the woods. I stop and look, already beginning to glow inside. A child's voice startles me.

"Can I ring the bell?"

"Sure," I answer. "I'll hold you up."

I pick up the child and hold him high enough to reach the clapper. He rings a few times, almost self-consciously. Then he stops.

"You can do better than that," I say.

He rings again, longer this time, with more authority. I put him down and watch as he runs down the rise, crosses the first footbridge and heads toward the fire.

I go into the dining hall, reach up, and take the
battered cow horn from its perch under the roof. A girl sees me.

"Are we going to sing 'God of our Fathers' tonight?" she asks.

"I guess so," I answer.

"Good," she says. The screen door slams behind her as she rushes to join friends headed toward the fire circle.

In the lodge Sarah Devon has already pulled out the boxes of hymnals. She takes one box, I take the other.

"One person could really carry these," she says.

"I know," I answer.

We walk together back through the dining hall, push open the screen door which slams behind us, go down a flight of dirt steps, and fall in with the tail end of Quail Ridge's summer people. The cow horn bulges in my pocket.

We cross the three footbridges and arc to the right where the trail forks. We step around clumps of protruding boulders. Ahead the fire crackles. Leaping flames snap at twigs and branches stuffed between logs stacked crisscross in rows. Voices, calling for friends, rise above animated conversations. Sarah and I are among the last to arrive. We pass out the hymnals.

Bart stands up. "Okay," he says as he paces around the fire. "Let's begin with hymn number one fifteen."

I take the cow horn from my pocket and moisten its carved mouthpiece. Flashlights go on all around the circle, lighting up hymn one fifteen.

"Everyone ready?" says Bart.

I blow the cow horn.

Taaaaah—Ta-da-da dah, dah, dah, dah.

God of our fathers whose almighty hand, they begin.

Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,
Our grateful songs before thy throne arise.

Taaaaah—Ta-da-da dah, dah, dah, dah.

Off we go into the second verse. Bart, Sarah, and I urge them on. By the beginning of the fourth verse my lip begins to tire. I'm glad there isn't a fifth.

"That was good," say Bart. "Turn now to hymn one thirty-five. If you're tired of singing about 'fathers' you can substitute 'mothers.'"

Again we sing.

This is my Mother's/Father's world,
And to my list'ning ears
All nature sings, and round me rings
The music of the spheres.
This is my Mother's/Father's world,

I rest me in the thought
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas,
Her/His hand the wonders wrought.

We sing all three verses. Then Sarah goes off to one side of the circle and squeezes onto a log between two campers. Near the trail I find room on the end of another.

Small wood is consumed by now. The fire burns steadily. High above, leaves sway as rising hot air moves among them. Sparks rise and dart like drunken fireflies before they die and fall. One by one flashlights go out.

Bart, lighted only by the fire, begins to talk.

"Every Sunday," he says, "I try to tell you something which will help you understand being a Quaker or how to make meeting work for you. I don't want to do that tonight. Tonight I would like you to tell me how you make meeting work for yourself. What do you do in meeting? How do you find stillness? How do you know when to speak? I know these are sometimes hard things to tell about, but I think we all can learn from each other's experiences.

"I'm going to walk slowly around the circle. I may point at you. If I do, please tell us something about what happens to you in meeting. If I don't point, and you would like to say something, speak right out."

Bart finishes. The night is alive with sound. The fire hisses and spits. The steady drone of crickets sounds through the woods and up the mountain. Nearby, individual crickets chirp their mysterious language, calling, answering, arguing. Bart walks slowly around, his familiar figure distorted by the shifting light. Beyond him, faces are indistinguishable. He points. Someone speaks out of the night. I recognize Dan Wentworth's voice as I strain to hear.

"When I come to Quaker meeting I try to quiet my mind."

Here he pauses, as if collecting his thoughts.

"When I am very still within myself I open my heart and let the breath of God flow into me."

The fire and crickets seem quieter as Bart moves on toward the far end of the circle. He points again. This time I recognize Hillary Brown's voice.

"I find that it's real easy in my day-to-day rushing around to forget about God, or that which I consider to be God—the good things in people, the beauty of things around me, and many other things I can't put words to; and so, meeting is a time and place where I can stop and focus on God."

Bart stands still for a moment, then moves on. This time a child's voice stops him.

"When I go to meeting I sometimes just watch the fire, and sometimes I think about everything, and sometimes I think about the fire, and sometimes I think that this is a good place for children to be."

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Bart has come far enough around the circle to be facing me. I see him smile as the child finishes speaking. Then he moves on. A few paces from me he points to Reilly King. Reilly drops his head, clears his throat, looks up, and begins.

"When I settle down for meeting, first I close my eyes to clear out most of the distractions. Then I listen to my breath go in and out of my lungs or I listen to my heartbeat. This is all I think about. By solely doing this my body and muscles become very relaxed. Then I make my mind go blank. Everything is now still and some 'thing' is now able to enter me. A great feeling of peace comes over me."

Bart passes close to me but doesn't point. I'm relieved. He completes his circuit and sits down. I begin to slip into meeting for worship but another voice draws me back.

"What I do in meeting is allow any thought which comes to my mind to run its course. I don't suppress any thoughts, and my mind eventually slows down and becomes clear of all conscious thoughts. I find this very relaxing and very peaceful."

The voice stops. Long seconds pass. Then it begins again.

"And when you speak in meeting it isn't always your decision. Sometimes you'll find yourself standing up and saying what you wanted to say. Speaking is often completely spontaneous, not a conscious decision. So when you're worrying if you should speak, and you have a nervous feeling, often you will speak and be relieved after your body has just stood up and done it."

Quiet descends once again. I drift off toward worship. Again I'm drawn back, this time by a child's voice.

"The first time I spoke in meeting was about a year ago and I was sitting at the fire circle here at camp. I had never spoken before so I didn't know what I was supposed to be feeling. I was just sitting in meeting, thinking about whatever subject came to mind. One day I felt this message coming to me. The difference between this message and other things I had been thinking about was that this message was strong in my mind and I thought about it for the rest of the meeting that day. Even when meeting was finished, the message was still in my mind. The next morning in meeting the message was still in my mind, but stronger. I thought I should speak it but I didn't have the courage. The third day the message was still strong, except now my hands started to shake, my heart started to beat fast, and I lost my breath. I said the first word and then I had to go on. After I spoke I felt really good. I was proud that I had finally found out what it was like to speak in meeting. I have never felt better about anything in my life than I did about speaking in meeting."

I sit quietly, waiting for someone else to speak. No one does. Gradually, unaware that I'm doing it, I center down. No one moves. After a time the fire falls in upon itself with a great upward rush of sparks. Around the circle a momentary stir of uneasiness subsides. Meeting continues. A nine-year-old boy moves forward and sits on the ground near the fire. He picks up a twig and throws it into the coals. He watches as it flares up like a match, and, like a match, dies quickly. He looks around for another. Finding none he stares into the fire and falls still.

From across the circle to my right Bart begins to sing. People near him join in.

\textit{Abide with us, O Lord...}

I take up the round from my side of the circle.

\textit{Abide with us, O Lord...}

From across the way, Sarah Devon waits for me to finish the first phrase. Then she begins.

\textit{Abide with us, O Lord,}

\textit{For it is now the evening;}

\textit{The day is past and over.}

We sing through three times. Finally, only those singing with Sarah are left.

The day is past and over.

Hands are shaken all round and conversations pop up like mushrooms. Bart calls out, "Is Unit One willing to stay and put out the fire?"

Unit One is willing.

Two assistant counselors gather and pack up the hymnals. Campers scurry about calling for their counselors as counselors call for their campers. A long procession of moving flashlights heads back down the trail toward the pond and continues up past the pine grove toward the bathhouses. I join a young camper and we walk together, carefully avoiding the same rocks we avoid every day.

"Look," I say as we skirt the pond. "Do you see my flashlight shining on the water?"

"Yes," he says.

"Now look at the trees on the other side."

I wave my light across the water.

"Wow!" he says. "How does that happen?"

"The light from my flashlight reflects off the water and lights up the trees."

As I head toward the lodge I hear his voice. "Hey," it says, "look at this!"
Affirmative Quakerism

by Thomas A. Jeavons

I have sensed a growing recognition among Friends today that there are concerns being expressed in our meetings about advancement and outreach which are increasingly serious; an acknowledgement, perhaps overdue, that our failure to work actively with each other and to seek opportunities for growth is creating difficulties for us. Certainly there is an awareness that a continued decrease in our numbers will soon represent a critical problem for the future of Quakerism in some areas. Some of us are also feeling that in a culture where alienation and spiritual confusion are rife, we are under a moral obligation to share some of what we have experienced in our Quaker fellowships. Even so, there remains a distinct and justifiable uneasiness among us “liberal” Friends with anything that bears a similarity to conventional evangelism. As a result many Friends and meetings are primarily concentrating on recognizing and speaking to the concerns of those whom we already encounter as “seekers,” hoping to interest them in joining our fellowship.

When involved in discussions about outreach, I often hear mention of “many people who are Friends and just don’t know it.” I hear far more about the existence of this group than the evidence of experience confirms for me. Even assuming that this field of potential converts exists, many other questions remain about our capacity to “speak to their condition.” I find myself wondering just what it is we are going to tell these persons that will suddenly reveal to them the heretofore unrecognized Quaker characteristics of their beliefs? What have we agreed upon about what it is that Quakers believe that will allow us to describe this for them?

A person hoping to participate in the life of a religious community and considering applying for membership in the Society of Friends is likely to address to us some form of a very basic question, like, “What does it mean to be a Quaker?” This question is obviously not simple. It evokes a wide variety of possible responses and, perhaps for that very reason, it seldom is met with an adequate answer. If we take our own spiritual and moral commitments seriously, then we are asking and answering this sort of question for ourselves in different ways and different contexts every day. To be effective in outreach we need to be able to both embody and articulate the answers we are finding.

While it is probably some embodiment of our faith, some act of service or our form of worship, that will provide the initial cause for a person’s inquiry about Quakerism, that person is then going to need to be presented with some cogent explanations of our actions if she or he is going to understand the connections between our practices and our faith. It may be difficult for us to bring the convictions of faith, which often function at a subconscious level, to the conscious level where they can be thoughtfully described. This will require disciplined reflection and self-examination. Moreover, if we are concerned with developing a basis for the community’s outreach, then this task needs to be undertaken by the community as a whole. Persons who may be interested in joining our fellowship will address to us questions about the meaning of being a Quaker in the context of our meeting communities, or in reference to the greater body of the Society of Friends, as well as in a personal context. Responding to their questions in reference to this broader view, we should be able to offer a shared vision of what it means to be a Quaker.

Because Quakers have always stressed the importance of one’s personal relationship with God, we can and should assert that the meaning of being a Quaker will differ in some respects from person to person. However, Quakerism has also emphasized the importance of the community’s role in nurturing faith and providing opportunities for its expression. If we would affirm the community’s significance, then we need to be able to identify and speak about the essential elements of our “common faith,” for it is this “common faith” which is the foundation of our community.

I am convinced that many of the problems we experience in identifying and discussing this common faith among ourselves and with others are rooted in our tendency to conceive of Quakerism’s distinctive characteristics in negative terms. I have often experienced present-day Friends’ explanation of Quakerism by reference to the practices and beliefs that Quakers have denied, discredited, or opposed; and very little is said about what we see as alternatives. Quakerism, at least as it is practiced in “unprogrammed” circles, seems to be known to non-Friends primarily for what it doesn’t have. This shouldn’t be! The fact we do without clergy and liturgy and creeds may distinguish us, but it is the things...
we have and do instead that are finally important. We need to take a fresh look at our own religious heritage and our personal experiences, and consider what positive insights we have discovered regarding our relationship to the Divine and the life of the Spirit.

The power of our Quaker faith to enrich our human existence lies in what it calls us to celebrate. It is what we have learned about the hope and empowerment that can occur in the life of the Spirit, and what we know about the commitments this requires, that we should be sharing with others. We may also find a renewed strength in our present communities if we refocus our own personal reflections on these positive insights.

The most obvious place where it is essential for us to think and speak about our faith in affirmative terms is in relation to our concept of the ministry. Quakerism may have been unique in its early days by virtue of its opposition to paid clergy, but it was never intended that we be a religious community without ministers. The practical implications of our current ambiguous or even negative attitudes toward encouraging and recognizing ministry among ourselves are becoming obvious. I would simply point to the growing concern that is being expressed by many Friends regarding the lack of leadership and loss of direction and vitality in some of our meetings and institutions. This situation is not likely to improve if we conceive of ourselves as a fellowship that does not need ministers or ministry, one in which persons are reluctant to develop and exercise their gifts for fear of disrupting some sort of perfect egalitarian unity.

In answering an inquiry about how a Quaker meeting (or the Society of Friends) works, we should begin by explaining that we acknowledge and attempt to nurture the potential for ministry in every member of our fellowship, and we hope to create opportunities in which each person’s gifts can be exercised. In saying this, we should remember and reaffirm the Quaker view that “the gifts of ministry” involve more areas than conventional notions may allow. We should make clear that the fundamental point of the traditional Quaker testimony regarding the calling and status of ministers is found in our insistence that the Protestant doctrine of “the priesthood of all believers” can and should be realized in the true church. In this sense it may be accurate to say Friends have abolished the laity rather than the clergy. We need, at least, to dispel the misconception that Quakers don’t have ministers, or we run the risk of this becoming a misconception come true.

We should take a similar tack in explaining the Quaker way of worship. Many non-Friends know only that Friends meetings gather for worship in silence, and have never heard a clear explanation of the beliefs which are the basis for this practice, or of what it is we expect to experience in the silence. Again, we need to be able to speak in positive terms about why Quakers have opted for this manner of worship which is so different from the conventions of liturgy and ritual that are part of other traditions.

Ideally the point of liturgies and rituals is the creation of an occasion in which persons are moved in an emotional and spiritual way which facilitates their entering into a worshipful state, which makes it easier for them to experience their relationship with God. The stillness in which our meetings for worship are enveloped is intended to serve this same purpose. When we attempt to explain the Quaker way of worship we should begin by affirming this intention, this desire to facilitate our experience of God’s presence, and then speak to how our practices provide for the fullest possible realization of this goal.

I think we want to make evident to a seeker both the joys and the responsibilities inherent in this form of worship. The character of our meetings for worship allows for the full participation of any sincere person who wants to enter into this experience with us. However, it also dictates that anyone who comes strictly as a spectator will gain very little from the experience. This manner of worship leaves little room for self-deception for those who might wish that the fruits of worship “in spirit and in truth” could be known vicariously. It recognizes that an individual must be fully present in that moment in which she or he would seek to know the Divine presence. It also recognizes that the desire to open oneself to this presence is the foundation for any meaningful experience of worship.

Perhaps the most important quality of Quaker worship is the unique way in which it inspires and prepares persons for service by giving them a special sense for the way in which one’s individual actions contribute to the vitality of the life of the Spirit outside of themselves. Every meeting for worship is intended to be an occasion when persons can learn and relearn the most basic skill of discipleship. This is the skill of opening oneself to Divine direction. The key to Quakerism’s traditional effectiveness in putting faith into action is found in the way our
worship can equip us to listen and respond to God’s will in each new situation. These are the kinds of things we need to be able to share with the seekers we encounter.

Our understanding of this relationship between worship and service may help us describe a Quaker view of the sacraments. One reason Friends originally discarded the conventional celebration of the sacraments was because of the Quaker contention that God’s presence could be known in a more immediate way. Here again we can look beyond a simple denial of this convention to point to a different, more demanding and more rewarding way of celebrating the sacraments. This celebration can take place in any moment when, because we are truly attuned to the movement of the Spirit, we are enabled to become living sacraments so that our lives are visible signs of God’s grace. In this sense our meetings for worship are always celebrations of Communion because they are occasions when we hope to be renewed in an experience of wholeness created by God’s presence in our midst.

The thing which may finally be most difficult for some non-Friends to understand is how it can be said that Quakers constitute a single fellowship when we do not have any statement of doctrine or creed that we all affirm. If we really want to reach out to those who are alienated from other expressions of the Christian faith, then it is in this distinction from conventional church practice that it is most important for us to demonstrate a positive alternative. Although many of these people are tired of dogmatic theological formulas, some of them still want to hear more about what unifies us than well-worn phrases about personal religion and universal tolerance.

I believe that we need to be able to speak to these persons about a vision instead of a creed. Early Friends were able to disavow the use of creeds in defining the membership of their community because they were united in a common vision of the right character of the Spirit-filled life. This shared vision was their primary source of inspiration in the face of persecution, as well as their basis for unity. It may be much more difficult for us to identify such a unifying vision in our fellowship today, but perhaps this is where our efforts to reach out to others and our need for revitalizing our present community can begin simultaneously.

The first Friends were united by a vision of the possibility of actualizing the kingdom of God in their own time. They shared a general understanding of the roles they might play in helping this come to pass. While it did not come to pass in the way they had anticipated, their fulfillment of what they felt to be their obligations under the leadings of the Spirit laid the foundation for our present fellowship. Their desire to see the emergence of God’s kingdom pervaded the larger society drew them forth into the world witnessing to and serving the needs of others. They found a model for their efforts and an unambiguous source of hope in their recognition that through Jesus’ life and ministry God had demonstrated the possibility that a human being could become a perfect instrument for God’s love. Early Friends were empowered by a vision of the joy and creativity that could be unleashed by a community of persons committed to fulfilling that possibility.

Are the central elements of their vision ones which we can still affirm today? Certainly the need to be building “the kingdom” at all levels of the human community is evident to us all. Surely being in constant communion with the Divine and becoming perfect instruments of God’s love still represent the deepest aspirations of the religious spirit. Can we talk about these ideas as the essentials of a “Quaker vision”? With prayer and contemplation, study of the Scriptures and sources of insight from our Quaker heritage, and careful reflection on our personal experiences perhaps we can frame a new vision together. Perhaps we will find ourselves freshly empowered to make a significant contribution to a hopeful future. Perhaps, then, we will be better able to explain ourselves to others who are interested in sharing in our efforts.

Ultimately our lives must demonstrate the real depth and power of our faith. If the ways in which our lives speak do not give others cause to inquire about our faith, then perhaps we should not be able to change that with our words. Still, as opportunities for outreach do arise they should be deeply valued. If we are finding fulfillment in being Quakers, I should think we would want to be able to share that with others who are seeking similar fulfillment. We should be able to talk with them about what it has meant to us to be a Quaker. We can begin by making it clear that being a Quaker is first and foremost an affirmation: an affirmation of the potential for hope and creativity and love in the world, and an affirmation of the responsibility of all persons to contribute to the realization of these potentials as God gives them the capacity and opportunity to do so.
What do children think about during the ten- or fifteen-minute daily meeting for worship at the Farm and Wilderness camps? It was, in
fact, during the anniversary dance after the end-of-season fair that Susan and I got some further light on this intriguing question. A group of alumni and alumnae, parents, and other friends of the camps hired the Grange Hall at neighboring Sherburne, Vermont, for their own square dance, while the present campers at the six camps were enjoying the season’s last square dance in the big square dance hall at Tamarack Farm.

The old Grange Hall at Sherburne had seldom seen such a varied group, or a group having more fun. They had come together—one from as far away as Honolulu—to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the start of the first camp, Timberlake, in 1939. Of our eleven “home-grown” square dance callers from the camps’ staff, seven were able to be on hand, each with an agreed program of his own favorite dances. It blended into a nostalgic medley of old-time dances, bringing back to Susan and me, as well as to the older “graduates” many pleasant scenes from the past, with the different styles of the callers, the much-loved personalities no longer at camp—an evening long to be remembered. There were the singing calls of “Texas Star,” “Dip for the Oyster,” and “Darling Nelly Gray.” “Fast and Slow” was as popular as ever. Beginning at a moderate tempo, it slowed down to a slow walk, then in a sudden burst of enthusiasm, rose to an almost impossible speed. But the old-timers who participated were expecting this, and greeted each sudden burst of speed with whoops of delight.

During the intermissions between callers some of the crowd who had spotted Susan and me sitting among the spectators came over to chat.

“We're the square dances your most cherished memory of the camps?” Susan asked of the caller who had introduced “Fast and Slow.”

The man hesitated, lost in thought. “No,” he said finally, “I think the meetings for worship are my most cherished memory. You may think that’s strange,” he added, seeing the look of surprise on Susan’s face.

“We’re happy to find that these little meetings had such an effect. You never know. You were such a slam-bang, active kind of boy, the sort you sometimes wonder if he doesn’t just resent the meeting, and put up with it because it’s there, and...”

The man chuckled. “Well, there could have been something of that early on, but the meeting grows on you. Finally, when I reached Senior Lodge, I began to regard it as what you said it should be: a quiet time to reflect on all the little things you may have done wrong and how you could do better with the day ahead. Those little meetings were so honest and down-to-earth. And they often touched on small incidents of interpersonal relations in a cabin group. They showed me how other people might feel. They used to make me ashamed of my impatience; over the long haul, too, they gave me a better self-image. Guess every kid needs that. They showed me I could do something about my impatience. I wasn’t the meditative type, but somehow your quoting so often that saying of—what was his name? George Fox, wasn’t it?—his saying that there was that of God in every person, that got through to me,...”

The noise and clatter of starting the next dance ended this revealing conversation. The introducer of “Fast and Slow” raced off to join up. Susan and I were left with something to reflect on. It wasn’t the first time, by any means, that some unlikely youngster, grown up, had come back to tell us how much the meetings for worship had meant to him or her. I used to try to guess what campers might be thinking, judging by the occasional sharing of their thoughts with the group...

...Perhaps some are little touched by the magic of these few moments of silence; some use the time to think over events of the recent past.*

“Funny thing, that guy Mansfield spilling the soup last night. Jeez, did I laf. But he had a mess to clean up, poor kid. I shouldn’t have helped him.”

“Three, four, five, six—six times somebody’s slapped a no-see-um. Glad they chewed up other people. Andy says a few more days and they’ll be gone.”

“I can get that stroke. It’s not so tricky. I almost had it yesterday. Gotta get it today.”

“Fooey. This stuff’s for the birds. I want outa here. Need to get the game started. Only one morning for Senior Lodge sports. I’ll get the Cabin Reps to bring it up this Sat’dy.”

“What was that new counselor quoting the other morning? Some poem about a flower in a wall. ‘If I could understand what you are....’ Something like that. ‘I should know what man is and what God is.’ How could that tell what God is? Well, those big maples, that warbler. ‘Way off, like that. Kinda mysterious.’

“If my feet were cut up the way Jake’s are, I’d put shoes on for a while, ‘stead of drawing pictures in the dust with my big toe.”

“Damn that Jake Markly, laffing when I slipped in the cow turd with that calf. I’d like to rub his ugly mug in it. Oh, well, so what! S’pose I’d a laffed too. Jake’s not a bad egg.”

“That banty hen didn’t have any water when I came along yesterday. Lucky-I stopped up there to check. Her chicks were thirsty as anything. You could see how happy they were to have some clean water. Bill shoulda put it up on a little block of wood the way Clayton showed him. Then the mother hen wouldn’t scratch their dish full of leaves.”

“Cripes, won’t this thing ever end? Would be our only

*Adapted from Kenneth Webb’s book, As Sparks Fly Upward.
morning for a game. Next week we'll be off on hikes.”

“What am I searching for? What am I? Is there what that fell a called a soul, or is it just me thinking? But what’s ‘me’? And what’s God? How could there be a God? How could there not be? How could it just happen? Like that box they spoke of, and shaking a lot of dust in it. Couldn’t ever jump into a pattern, just by chance. Not in a million years.”

“That young Maynard. I'll have to get time to talk with him. Full of hostility; and scared. Else he wouldn’t act that way. Wonder what gives at home. Here’s one kid that needs help. Well, there goes the next free evening with Frieda. But no other time. She'd want me to, else I wouldn't love her so. Gosh, she's pretty.”

Somebody was speaking. So quietly he had begun that it was a moment before everybody started listening. It was a twelve-year-old, a Big Lodge, a new boy, and still shy. But something had impelled him to share an idea, and there he stood, a wool shirt tied around his middle by the sleeves. He gathered courage as he spoke.

“That kid that stopped in here yesterday. His father’s the vet that came in to check on Tinker Bell and her calf. He’s bin here before. We were all lying there in the sun by the water front, a whole bunch of us, and he looked lost. He asked us didn’t we feel ashamed, all bare like that. Then he said something that set me thinking. Said his dad had told him we didn’t ever get into fights or use sharp words to each other, even. Well that’s not true, of course. His dad didn’t happen around at the right time. But I’ve noticed it myself. We don’t snap at each other here, the way kids do at home. Maybe you think you don’t like some guy. Maybe you get mad at him. Then you figure p’raps he’s just having trouble, inside, and—Oh, I can’t explain it. But you get over being mad.”

A long speech for a boy. He sat down, embarrassed, but probably also satisfied that he had managed to give voice to something that needed expression.

Over the years this insistence on the “primacy of things of the Spirit”—its most visible evidence being the daily meeting—this priority has set some other ideals of the camps: their effort to find black staff and campers, and both campers and counselors from abroad. The Outdoor Education Fund is an effort to fund children from different economic strata.

Another cardinal principle at the camps has been that of cooperation rather than competition. Enough of that, and too much, in the public schools.

Interwoven with this emphasis on cooperation is the whole stress on competence in the use of tools in work projects ranging from organic gardening and farming, erosion control, land design, to construction and maintenance.

Our competence in campcraft is the other part of our conviction that children need challenge, not entertain-
The Idea Of Membership

by Joe Havens

Gregory Baum, the Catholic ecumenist, once described the great reservoir of liturgies and doctrines and spiritual practices, accumulated through the long history of the Church, on which it could draw as times and needs changed. Present practice, he said, represents only a tiny fraction of that rich—and sometimes contradictory—tradition. The same thing can be said of Friends, less voluminous and varied though our tradition may be.

Membership in the Society has gone through several phases, ranging from no formal membership at all in the beginning, through definitions stressing Quakerly behavior into a more juridical phase based on residence, faithful attendance and birthright membership. As Richard Vann carefully documents in his Social Development of Quakerism, 1655-1755, these shifts in the definition of membership stem from changed historical situations both within the Quaker fellowship and in the wider society. Rather than trying to find one permanent definition of membership, it makes more sense to me to recognize the changing meaning of membership in our Society and to try to discover a current definition appropriate to our needs—always in reference to past definitions and their outworkings in Quaker history.

Our current understanding of membership needs to reflect both our spiritual and our practical “worldly” situation.

Spiritually we are in the position of the groups of seekers which were the predecessors of the Society of Friends in the 1650s. Our theological divergences may be greater than theirs—ranging from a liberal and social action-oriented humanism to a strongly God-centered faith—but the spirit of search for new and personally satisfying experiences of Truth connects us solidly with them. This seeking spirit is attested to by the frequency with which Friends seek support or new understanding in other traditions such as Transcendental Meditation and other Eastern practices, Catholic spirituality (e.g., Thomas Merton), or Hassidic wisdom (Martin Buber). Our decisions about participation and membership should be such as to allow us full access to these contemporary “breaths of the Spirit,” both in meetings for worship and meetings for business.

In these latter meetings we are making decisions within a tradition, best characterized by “sense of the meeting,” which demands some education and a gradual incorporation of those who participate in it. For me this implies some formal definition of membership and some process of training for those who choose to join us. Historically Friends have not asked doctrinal questions of potential members. We have been a fellowship of orthopraxis rather than orthodoxy, and posed queries rather than rules; behavior has been the more used criterion of who is a Friend. We are lax today, I believe, in suggesting to applicants what a Quakerly life-style is. One place to begin, I submit, is how to participate creatively in meetings for business and on committees.

In other words, I propose that we put less stress on whether or not a person is formally on our rolls, and more on providing participants in our meeting historical background, an interpretation of procedures, and regular support and study groups. Ideally older and more “settled” members would also participate in this study and discussion, thereby enriching the understanding of us all. Such an approach would reduce the exclusivity feeling experienced by some newcomers to Quakers (most of whom are seekers as much as we), and draw us all together in a search for spiritually satisfying business meetings and a common spiritual affirmation to undergird them.
Moments in Denmark

by Jim Lenhart

Early in his book, Moments, Eliot Wigginton of Foxfire and Rabun Gap, Georgia, wrote about a student, Carlton Young:

Something happened to Carlton that day in the darkroom. I can't come close to analyzing just what it was, but I do know that suddenly there was a moment of awakening. Suddenly another cluster of brain cells was activated... suddenly Carlton was on another level—a new plateau—ready for a whole new set of experiences and challenges. Suddenly when he put together that special image, some things fell into place for him. Something clicked.

Providing opportunities for “moments of awakening” is what the folk school movement in Denmark has been doing for more than 100 years. Some of us participated this past January in a two-week tour of folk and other Danish schools because we are trying to do the same in the schools with which we are involved. We want to learn from the long and successful experience of Danish folk education.

What happened to me, or rather in me, in Denmark seems similar to what happened to Carlton Young that day in the darkroom: I felt something click and life was raised to a new plateau where a whole new set of experiences and challenges could be absorbed and met.

Here are some of my “moments in Denmark.” They are offered in celebration of the awakening process in all of life—a process which at this new plateau helps me see the potential for being fully awake each and every moment.

...Shaking hands and talking with an almost blind old man about the artwork he was doing in the old people’s home in Solgaven where he lives. Feeling through him that care and concern for people of all ages, and especially all economic levels, is much more evident and much more effectively carried out in Denmark than in the United States...

...Feeling welcomed as fellow dancers by eighty or so dancing Danes at Naestved (which in my inept Danish came out “Nashville” to the delight of every Dane who spoke “a little English” and realized that I spoke a lot less Danish) and receiving a greatly appreciated, but undeserved, honorary membership pin in their folk-dancing society...

...Talking well into the early morning with staff members at Køng Folkshøjskole about their visions, purposes, programs and problems for their school and feeling a sense of comradeship with them... and realizing as I write this that I need to share Eliot Wigginton’s book with them...

...Marching through the streets of Copenhagen behind the Queen’s Guards who are going to Amalienborg Palace and when we arrive at the palace watching the changing of the guard with an awareness at one level of the ridiculousness of all of it, and at another level of the appropriateness of all of it, and then seeing in the eyes...
and the attitudes of most Danes around me the near sacredness of all of it...

...Walking up to a Danish museum with a friend and tour companion who has the very English name of Hollingsworth and sharing his amazement and then jubilation to find a plaque on the museum wall honoring, of all people, R.C. Hollingsworth...

...Talking with a folk school student about poverty in the United States and the absence of it in Denmark and being urged by him to “When you go back to the United States, do something to help those people”...

...Feeling time and time again the magic power of music and dance that melts barriers and brings very different people together in a shared experience, and realizing somewhere deep inside that this experience of unity is what the trip, the folk schools, and perhaps the essence of life, are really all about...

...Getting some excellent instruction, some steady support, and lots of warm encouragement, and in the process realizing how much power the positive approach carries with it...

Looking into eyes and seeing the recognition-response of a shared moment that is somehow simultaneously of absolutely no significance and the most important thing in the world...

...Feeling the universal power of children to make all things new and beautiful by their spontaneity and their total involvement in whatever they are doing, and hoping that this time the lesson of their example sticks with me...

...Walking after a day of rain in the cold, clear sunlight from the thousand-year-old town of Viborg past two frozen lakes where gulls and ducks flock around and (brrr) float in the small patches of still-open water. Going further up the hill to the gymnastic school where young people are being awakened to the infinite possibilities of life within themselves, and feeling within me the interconnectedness of sun, light, water, time, movement, awareness, growth, life...

...Driving north in the still dim light of the mid-winter Danish morning through the slightly rolling fields and scattered woods of central Jutland, past trees, bushes and grasses coated with ice from the overnight fog and seeing Alfred, our Danish driver, point off to the east and say in his newly-acquired English, “sun rise.” And in the glory of that magic moment being reminded of Thomas Merton’s experience one day of going into town and seeing everyone as she or he truly is—“walking around shining like the sun”...

...Saying goodbye to Danes who shared their homes, their hospitality and their hearts with us Americans and realizing that the genuineness of this experience, for them as well as for us, makes the space between us now and always what Henri Nouwen calls “holy ground” because our spirits have touched and intermingled and we cannot ever again be entirely separated one from the other...

...Coming home to joyful reunions with friends and loved ones and wishing that they, too, could have shared these moments...then realizing that theirs would have been different and that they also were experiencing moments and that the diversity of these experiences is part of what makes each human being so precious...

...delighting in sharing the reflections from their moments and from mine...right up to and including this very moment...

...realizing finally that all of life is a learning experience and that it is the quality of our engagement with and the depth of our immersion in life itself that determines how fully aware we are, moment by moment...

...Being reminded of Katherine Mansfield’s prayer,...

...“to lose oneself more utterly, to love more deeply, to feel oneself part of life—not separate. Oh Life! accept me—make me worthy—teach me.”

...And then recalling the story about the Zen Buddhist student who was convinced that his teacher was hiding the essence of the teaching from him. Being confronted by his student, the teacher took him for a walk into the blooming, blossoming spring countryside. “Smell the flowers?” the teacher asked. “Yes,” the student replied. “See,” the teacher exclaimed, “I have hid nothing from you.”

FRIENDS JOURNAL  June 1/15, 1980
Richard G. Meredith, of Australia Yearly Meeting, has been appointed General Secretary of Friends World Committee for Consultation to succeed William Barton, who retires in June.

Present principal of Casuarina High School in Darwin, Richard Meredith (age fifty-nine) has taught in schools in Tasmania and Papua, New Guinea, and has served Australia Yearly Meeting in a number of important capacities, including that of presiding clerk (1978-79). His wife, Bronwen, is the present presiding clerk.

Richard Meredith has also travelled widely among Friends in Southeast Asia, Europe and North America. He was a member of the Quaker U.N. Team in New York and has participated in ecumenical activities in the fields of community development, race relations, social planning and marriage guidance, among others.

Fearful that "young people today aren't aware" of the tremendous accomplishments of Helen Keller, whose 100th birthday anniversary will be celebrated on June 27, 1980, the John Milton Society for the Blind, with headquarters at 29 West 34th Street, New York, NY 10001, is making a concerted effort to inform the public of the life and work of its former president and co-founder, "one of the world's greatest citizens."

A special article by William H. Gentz: "Helen Keller's Christian Faith," may be obtained from the John Milton Society at the above address. Its final paragraph reads: "The sightless who possess this gift [the appreciation of beauty through touch] are infinitely happier than people with perfect eyes who are emotionally blind—who cannot appreciate literature or the glories of nature. Blessed are we who can withdraw into this world of the Inner Eye that gives us quiet and strength equal to all difficulties."

This quotation from Helen Keller epitomizes the successful lifelong struggle of the woman who, "born a healthy child...was left blind, deaf, and unable to speak from an infectious fever she suffered at the age of nineteen months. She overcame these obstacles and taught the world's attention as a lifelong advocate for all handicapped persons. ... [She] visited every state in the Union, and covered every continent and many countries in six gruelling world tours. She raised vast sums to provide better care and education for the afflicted. In this great and selfless work she accomplished more for the silent and sightless of the world than anyone who has ever lived."

In further reference to the forthcoming conference of the Quaker Theological Discussion Group (cf. FJ 12/15/79 p. 23f.) on "Sin, Perfection and the Faithful Community," it will be held at the Quaker Hill Conference Center, 10 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond IN 47374 from Tuesday supper, July 15 to Friday lunch, July 18, 1980 for $45 per person plus $5.00 registration fee.

The pilot project, for "short-term study courses for adults combining solid theological content with workable educational methods" previously referred to, is being prepared by Becky Van Ness Marshall in collaboration with a special committee.

A new Group of Experts on the Interrelationship Between Disarmament and International Security has been set up by the United Nations, according to a recent release by the B. Douglass Jansen Planet Press Service of Indio, California. This group, which has been meeting in Geneva, Switzerland, is researching how nations may be enabled to feel more secure without having to be so heavily armed or having to resort to arms already stockpiled.

At the same time, UNESCO will convene a World Congress on Disarmament with the purpose of helping build world public opinion toward a system of security based on resolving conflicts and meeting humanitarian needs, rather than continuing the present "balance of terror" which threatens all peoples.

Friends' contribution here is partly through the series of luncheons for diplomats on questions of control of nuclear energy and the non-proliferation of nuclear weapons being organized by the Quaker United Nations Office in New York for early 1980. At the same time the FWCC triennial meeting in Gwatt, Switzerland, urged each yearly meeting to "consider the appointment of a staff member for disarmament education and ask its government to present a national initiative" to the next U.N. Special Session on Disarmament, projected for 1982.

One way of "speaking truth to power" has been put into practice by Thomas M. Duthie, chairperson of Lansdowne (PA) Meeting Peace Committee. Over his signature, Frank, personal letters went directly to Ayatollah Khomeini, Indira Ghandi, and Leonid Brezhnev, and copies of these were sent with a covering letter to President Carter.

All letters stressed the importance to the international community of non-intervention in the internal affairs of others, reduction of armaments, and greater use of United Nations facilities in dealing with the present potentially dangerous international problems.

John Buck, writing in the Bethesda (MD) Friends Meeting Newsletter, records that: "A Washington Post reporter recently wrote that when he asked the silo sergeant how it felt to be a target for Soviet ICBMs the young man replied: 'You can't think about things like that.' Friends must..."

He adds: "Don't despair. Remember that it was a cumulation of tiny, seemingly ineffectual protests that finally toppled a president and brought Vietnam to a close."

And he concludes: "...I love to mention it again, but one of the simplest, quickest and most effective acts for peace is still that dull, unexciting, seemingly futile short note to the president, senator, congressperson, editor. It may end up merely as a check in a column, but enough checks can swing a vote and enough votes can cut a Pentagon budget..."

Writing "On Being a Professional Protester" in The Australian Friend, Peter D. Jones says: "...We cannot reconcile justice with injustice. Rather our commitment to speak truth to power with the emphasis on nonviolent conflict resolution does not mean avoiding conflict but stresses the way in which we approach it... We should never need to be afraid of the abuse; that's why we are a Religious Society of Friends... Perhaps we need to develop a Theology..."
of Affluence to challenge the church in Western society and thus learn what Christian commitment is really about?"

L'Action des Chretiens pour l'Abolition de la Torture—Action of Christians for the Abolition of Torture (ACAT)—during the five years of its existence in France has enrolled 7,000 members. Its autonomous counterpart in Switzerland operates on the same principles of "acting as watchman within the church," to alert and inform its membership regarding places where oppression and torture exist in the world and to take whatever appropriate action is possible—whether through prayer or through letters and telegrams of protest to the proper authorities. The possibility of organizing a Belgian ACAT is under investigation. Anyone wishing more detailed information about ACAT (which works in close cooperation with Amnesty International) is asked to get in touch with Antonie van As Arioni, c/o ACAT, 252 rue St. Jacques, Paris 75005, France.

From Chip Poston in Burnsville, NC, comes a shocking account of the trial of thirty persons found guilty of "trespass after notice" at the Savannah River Plant, where the Department of Energy produces plutonium for use in the United States' thermonuclear weapons program.

Against the claim of the SRP security chief that a quantity of plutonium in a plastic bag would have "no effect" on a person holding it, Dr. Carl Johnson, health physicist from Jefferson County, Colorado, testified that 1/60 millionth of a gram of plutonium was enough to induce cancer in the human body; further, that a quantity of plutonium the size of a silver dollar, if dispersed into the atmosphere, would be sufficient to give every person on Earth cancer fifty times. These statements were based on studies of the population surrounding the Rocky Flats installation. On objection from the prosecution, the judge instructed the jury to "forget" Dr. Johnson's remarks.

Among the defendants were members of an ecumenical Christian affinity group, "Choose Life," comprised of Catholics, Quakers, an Episcopalian and a Methodist divinity student. Also included were a medical doctor, a lawyer, a farmer, a carpenter, a community organizer, a mother of four children, a restaurant cook and a schoolteacher.

All these testified that they had felt compelled to witness at the Savannah River Plant against the dangers of nuclear weapons production.

For those interested in prison reform, the results of a five-week research trip to Denmark on the part of Mark S. Umbreit, Executive Director of PACT (Prisoner and Community Together, Inc.), P.O. Box 177, Michigan City, IN 46360, will undoubtedly be of interest.

From the above address a twenty-eight page illustrated report "Crime and Punishment in Denmark" is available at $1.50 per copy (or $1.00 per copy for orders of ten or more). Also a thirteeen-frame, sixteen-minute slideshow with cassette tape by Mark Umbreit, entitled "Corrections: A Scandinavian Perspective" may be purchased and delivered for a total of $40.00 or rented and shipped for a total of $10.00.

PACT, which organized as an AFSC project, is a regional community justice organization working with both offenders and victims out of several cities in northern Indiana. Its executive director was, therefore, well able to compare the crime situation in that state with that in Denmark, similar at least in geographical area. He found, for instance, that Denmark has a violent crime rate of two percent, while Indiana (and the United States as a whole) has a nine percent rate. The incarceration rate per 100,000 citizens is fifty-four in Denmark; in the United States it is 250. Denmark allows its prisoners frequent, uncontrolled family visits, with possibilities for normal sexual relations. This is not permitted in the United States, although relatively frequent controlled visits in an open room are generally allowed.

Umbreit also found that in Denmark, which was the first nation in the world to remove all legal prohibitions against pornography, the number of sexual assaults and cases of child molestation has dropped significantly since 1967, when access to explicitly pornographic literature and films was legalized.

Thanking the editors of Friends Journal for receiving it, a letter from a prisoner in Ohio appeals to interested persons of "any race or social background" to help him overcome his "loneliness and frustration" by writing him at Box 69 London, OH 43140. He is Robert J. Oliver, Jr. #149-022.

The prisoner experiences "a moment of 'freedom'" in writing his letter; it gives him "a somewhat relinquishing feeling." Being incarcerated, he says, "don't stop one from trying to think positive and have a positive mental attitude."

From Tom and Trudie Hunt in Guatemala comes more information about the Friends Scholarship Committee, which they say is "an ongoing project of the Guatemala Friends Worship Group (under care of Mexico City Monthly Meeting)."

Their grants are all in the form of non-interest loans, to be repaid when the student graduates and is employed.

"Some of the repayments will return to our Quaker Fund, but most will go to local institutions to establish their own revolving scholarship funds." There is also an "adoption plan," whereby "an individual or group in the States sends a monthly contribution for a particular student, and letters go back and forth." So far, seventeen students have been "adopted" in this way.

At a recent conference for present and past scholarship recipients on the subject of Guatemala's pressing social and political problems, the Hunts were "shocked" that so many of "their" students advocated violent revolution as the only way out. As a result, they plan "to continue the dialogue in regional conferences and another nationwide one, exploring nonviolent solutions."

For anyone wishing to participate in this work, (tax-deductible) contributions can be sent the Hunts via Betty Peckham, Treasurer, Orange Grove Friends Meeting, 1110 Armada Drive, Pasadena, CA 91103.

A play, "There Is a Spirit," suitable for presentation by young Friends groups, has been written by Annette Marcus, a senior high school member of Tempe (AZ) Meeting. It is a "play of historical fiction about the early Quaker, James Nayler, his life and his searchings," and among its dramatic episodes contains interesting dialogue between Nayler and Fox. It also includes illustrated costume suggestions. A set (nine copies) for the cast can be had for $10.00; single copies are $1.25 each. These prices include cost of postage and mailing envelope. Write Annette Marcus, 5 East Fourteenth Street, Tempe, AZ 85281.

Persons ordering this play should be sure that pages six and fifteen (missing from the sample copy) are included.
What Is Peace?

In his article “Updating the Peace Testimony” (FJ 12/1/79) Herbert Spiegelberg proposes that a new peace testimony call for “awakening of the necessity of total peace” without defining what total peace is. The context would support peace defined as the absence of war or peace as the absence of conflict. We can expect peace as the absence of conflict among *homo sapiens* as soon as there is an absence of breathing. If, however, he meant peace as the absence of war, total peace is already the predominant relationship between states throughout the world.

There is total peace between the member states of the European Common Market, between the states of the United States and between India and Japan, to mention a few examples. Such peace between the U.S. and the USSR is all that is necessary to render our planet-destroying weapons as harmless to each other as missiles in Montana are harmless to Wyoming. We might then ask, “Why is there total peace between Montana and Wyoming?” If we answer in Quaker terms, it is because between them there is a reverence for life, or because they love each other, or because they are anti-military.

Every Quaker knows that the peace between Montana and Wyoming is not dependent on any of these things. Yet Quakers talk and act as though these are preconditions for total peace between the U.S. and the USSR.

Updating the Quaker peace testimony can be a fruitful endeavor only if we abandon fifteenth century ideas about war and peace and ask ourselves, for example, how the relationship between the super-powers can be changed to a relationship like that which exists between England and France was accomplished when England subdued France at the Battle of Waterloo. The challenge to Quakers is to initiate the means to change the relationship between the super-powers without the subduing context.

John J. Runnings

Playing That Silly Game Will Damage the Whole World

The articles on disarmament and nuclear war in the February 1 issue were excellent. We recently had the opportunity of hearing William Sloane Coffin speak on the subject and have been sharing the tape of his talk with friends, in the hope of moving people to act against the arms race.

My nine-year-old daughter heard for the first time yesterday about the threat of nuclear war and was, of course, quite shocked and angry. “Me! I would die too? That’s not fair! You’ve had your life! I haven’t had a chance to grow up yet!”

She sat right down and wrote to President Carter.

Dear President Carter,

My name is Jessica Barlow and I am nine. My mom and dad are working on stopping the United States from making weapons so they can be more powerful than Russia. If the United States uses the bomb the whole world will blow up! That’s not fair to innocent people. Especially kids! If the world blows up then kids won’t be able to grow up and do things. They’ll never get married or be parents. Kids have a right and so do grown-ups. It’s ridiculous to want to be more powerful than another country. Playing that silly game will damage the whole world. Could you please try to stop it? I know that’s a lot to ask, but it’s worth trying. Please try! If the world blows up, everything will be gone. People will be dead, even you. Please help to save our world!

Sincerely,

Jessica Barlow

P.S. Please write back!

I sometimes wonder if the reason we don’t discuss nuclear holocaust with our children more often is not only because we don’t want to upset them, but because we feel so guilty in the face of their shock that we have accepted this state of affairs.

“And a little child shall lead them.”

Diana Barlow

Elmira, NY

One Path Should Be Chosen

I am deeply grateful to Howard Harris for his letter in FJ 3/1/80. He has discussed with clarity and power a concern with which I have for some time wrestled. His metaphor of the paths on the mountain is of great value to me; at the risk of overextending the usefulness of the metaphor I would like to take it somewhat further than he has.

Arguing that accepting the existence of truth in religions other than Christian Quakerism does not necessarily imply that Quakerism must therefore seek to be inclusive of all those truths, Howard Harris writes: “One does not reach the top of the mountain by following all the possible roads that go there, but rather by climbing up one of them.” The traveller who attempts to climb all roads simultaneously will find himself making little progress toward the top of the mountain. It is, rather, necessary to choose to follow just one of the possible paths.

But more important, the group which joins together in a common attempt to climb the mountain must, if it is to be successful, agree on one path which it will follow together. If the group attempts to follow more than one path, and yet to climb together offering mutual support along the way, how can it be successful? For me, this is the problem which frustrates the common journey of the Quaker meeting which is inclusive of too broad a range of seekers.

Each group of climbers will, of course, be more successful if it includes members with a variety of strengths and abilities, some bringing agility, some strength, some experience, some fortitude, some wisdom, some endurance, all uniting to climb successfully where each would have great difficulty climbing alone. No two will step in exactly the same spots on the path; no two will share identical experiences of the climb. Yet they must all choose to follow the same path, to unite their separate strengths to the success of the journey.

To choose one path over another is not, of course, to say that any other path is wrong, but simply that it does not seem the best path for oneself. Too many Quakers, I believe, think that to say forthrightly and lovingly to some that at present their path is not our path, and that we will both climb more successfully apart than together, is somehow unQuakerly. But surely distorting both their journey and ours by seeking commonality where there is
none, rather than carefully helping them to discover which path is truly theirs, is in fact the more unQuakerly course.

Christopher Hodgkin
Pittsburgh, PA

Advice for the 1980s: Listen Before Following

Should we continue to follow in the eighties a plan which has failed for the last three decades to provide real national security? Is it patriotic to ignore warnings and put blind faith in a power structure just because it is waving the flag? National security is complex. It is not merely a ratio of “our” bombs and delivery devices to “theirs,” but has components of economic productivity, agricultural productivity, balance between rates of energy supply and demand, mental, physical, and environmental health, and our role in world leadership.

We are too prone to leave the decisions to a power elite lacking the innovations, while we immerse ourselves in sports, disco, and other intellectual drugs. Meanwhile, the relevant studies of scholars and their warnings are ignored. In 1969, geologist M. King Hubbert predicted the decline in production of domestic petroleum which led to today’s overdependence on imports, and the inflationary trade deficit arising from it. If heeded, Hubbert’s analysis would have given us a ten-year lead in conversion efforts, and would have reduced the rate of inflation.

In 1972, one of too few U.S. scholars of Iranian history, U.C.L.A.’s Dr. Hamid Algar, predicted a religious-led revolt in Iran, with Khomeini as a likely leader. He, too, was ignored. We did not need the “rapid deployment task force” proposed by Defense Secretary Brown; in seven years the entire U.S.M.C. could have arrived by rowboats to defend our embassy.

 Likewise, many years have elapsed since general, university president, and U.S. President Dwight Eisenhower warned us of the dangers of the “military industrial complex.” What has our disregard cost us?

On January 5, I heard University of Texas political economist Lloyd J. Dumas present an analysis of “The Impact of the Military Budget on the Domestic Economy” at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in San Francisco. He did not get the press coverage he deserved. According to Dr. Dumas, the U.S. has had the lowest output growth of any non-communist nation since 1963. Correlated with that unfortunate reality was the fact that only thirty percent of our research and development effort is going into the civilian sector to promote our productivity. Japan and Germany are surpassing us in technological innovation, spending only three percent and seventeen percent of their respective research and development on military objectives, compared to our seventy percent. Unfortunately, we cannot have our cake and eat it too!

All we hear about is whether or not the Russians are getting ahead of us in destructive potential. We are caught in a spiral of making each other more insecure. Recent events in Afghanistan do more than proving that the USSR is not the “good guy”; they prove that our arms race has failed.

Military and energy have caused unprecedented “stagflation.” On top of the inflation rate of 13.2 percent, President Carter wants a 4.5 percent “real growth” in military spending, a total increase of 17.7 percent per year. This past year we spent $127.4 billion for military efforts that were unsuccessful in increasing security; next year $157 billion.

Our total federal tax receipts (excluding social security and insurance contributions) are $323.2 billion. In the “Proposition 13” fever, the taxpayers seem to say “No-More.” Extrapolate the 17.7 percent military increase within a fixed tax ceiling, and in five years military spending will consume an amount equal to today’s entire federal
Residence for Chronic Psychiatric Patients

A new residential program for recently hospitalized long-term psychiatric patients will start in Philadelphia this summer. Situated in a handsome fieldstone house, this specialized program promoting each resident’s independence and skills, will be under the guidance of Friends Hospital, America’s first private nonprofit psychiatric hospital, founded by Quakers in 1813. 13 patient limit. $80 per diem.

For more details, write:
Diane Attenborough, R.N.
Greystone House
Roosevelt Blvd. & Adams Ave.
Philadelphia, PA 19124
Phone: 215-831-4600

tax receipts. What will this do to health, education, scientific, civilian research and development, or natural resource funding, and to the budget for the IRS to collect the taxes?

Obviously the situation will become impossible, unless we blow up the world first. That very real possibility necessitates reconsideration of our present course, and consideration of the alternatives, the difficult but desperately needed conversion to a program of national strength in the widest sense, economically, environmentally, and intellectually—not just in military hardware.

William A. Calder
Tucson, AZ

A Vacation in Japan

In case any of your readers is thinking about vacationing in Japan this year or next, I’d like to urge him or her to do so, planning especially to visit Japanese Friends. There are about 280 who are on membership lists (statistics from Friends World Committee for Consultation) and many more who are or have been associated with Quakers in that country.

Last summer I visited Friends in Mito for a day, and spent a weekend at Friends Center in Tokyo where accommodations were exceedingly reasonable ($11.00 a day, with simple meals equally low). The directors, Takeshi and Masa Kobori, who have studied at Pendle Hill, made me feel very welcome. Worshipping First-day morning in the meetinghouse was a deeply rewarding experience. Everything was so interesting. At the “tea-hour,” following meeting, bowls of noodles with chopsticks were offered Friends, as well as tea.

The Tokyo Friends Center and meetinghouse, as well as the nearby Friends Girls School were spared in the bombing of World War II. Friends Girls School, founded by Philadelphia Quaker women about ninety years ago, has an enrollment of 650 girls and consists of a splendid group of buildings. It is highly regarded by Tokyo educators. The entire student body attends unprogrammed meetings for worship in the auditorium. One or two U.S. teachers are employed each year. Paul Sekiya is the principal. He visited meetings in the U.S. in 1955.

In Mito I was met at the train by Tadashi Yuasa who received a master’s degree from Earlham School of Religion. He also studied at Woodbrooke College in England where he met his wife, Gerda, a native of Germany, and a former Lutheran teacher-missionary in the Cameroons of Africa. Now they both teach in a local university and college in Mito, and serve as leaders of the Mito Meeting. The meetinghouse was destroyed in World War II, then rebuilt with financial aid from Canadian Friends.

Various U.S. Friends helped establish both the Mito and the Tokyo meetings and center many years ago, including Gilbert and Minnie Bickett Bowles, Tom and Esther Jones, Elizabeth and Gurney Binford. Herbert and Madeleine Nicholson started the Mito Home for the Aged which now lovingly cares for seventy-five persons. Edith Sharpe turned Mito Meeting Kindergarten, whose principal now is Ryumet Yano who has travelled widely among Friends in Europe. Sixty children are enrolled.

After my return from Japan, it was particularly interesting to learn from Miriam Jones Brown of Haverford Friends School that Herbert Nicholson visited her school last spring and held the students spellbound as he told some of the classes about his bringing milk goats into Japan after the war. Japanese children affectionately called him “Uncle Goat.”

Christianity has never “caught on” much in Japan, only one percent of the population being Christians. Gerda Yuasa said it is much easier to interest Africans in Christianity than Japanese. So, every single Quaker in Japan is important and significant. They need and desire our prayers and support, and have much to give us. As for the landscape, architecture, etc., it is all fascinating, a photographer’s paradise!

Mary Elizabeth Jones
Wilton, CT

NOTE

Thresholds of Peace by Matthew B. Sullivan, in FJ 1/1-15/80, may be ordered in the U.S. and Canada from Hamish Hamilton, North Pomfret, VT 05053 for $28.00
CORRECTIONS

In Edward Cronk's article "Building a Dream" (FJ 3/1/80), Dorothy Samuel's 1979 address to New York Yearly Meeting should have been entitled "The Creative Year."

In Mike Yarrow's article "Inner Peace and the Dialectic of History" (FJ 4/1/80), column one, paragraph four, line ten should read: "'crescent change' that is going on constantly without any unified purpose or plan."

We apologize for these errors.

BOOK REVIEWS


One of the weaknesses of the peace testimony of the Religious Society of Friends is the degree to which it is reduced to a few traditional observances and to easily spoken catch phrases. The testimony's strength has always been its root in day-to-day spiritual living.

Testimony against participation in the military and refusal to pay Trophy Money—the English tax to raise money for military regalia (arms were, by law, furnished by the individual soldiers)—were traditional Friends' observances by the beginning of the period covered by Conscience in Crisis. The other traditional issue was the taking of oaths of allegiance to (and therefore defense of) the government.

Other than these practices, Friends and other Peace Church members were, by and large, loyal subjects. They paid taxes "for the King's use"—including the royal decision to make war. Early Quakers and Mennonites faced issues of conscience in a climate of complete separation of the individual Christian from the ruling power. This began to change with Oliver Cromwell's concept of militia service as a good citizen's duty and with increasingly representative government.

Despite the subtitle, Quaker experiences figure prominently in Conscience in Crisis. Fascinating, if not lively reading, the book focuses on particular responses to specific issues, brought to life with a wealth of original documents reproduced and set in context. Quakers, during most of the period, were Assembly members (in Pennsylvania) and/or prominent citizens.

Members of the Peace Churches were continuously challenged on their nonresistant position. Prominent and often materially wealthy citizens, they did not contribute to the common defense in the eyes of their fellow citizens in important visible ways. Some Friends themselves—such as James Logan and other merchants—in 1741 even urged Friends to get out of government, so others could vote for necessary (and, according to Logan, lawful) defense appropriations. (Friends at the 1741 yearly meeting sessions in Philadelphia would not consider Logan's written appeal on this issue!) A growing response to the changing conditions was the shift from nonresistance narrowly construed to active pacificism.


Simultaneously, Friends began to question payment of taxes more broadly. The essential issue, according to the authors, was that "the individual is responsible for the actions of his government in a free society." Israel Pemberton, John Pemberton, John Churchman, John Woolman, and nineteen other Friends petitioned the Assembly on the issue of taxes in 1755:

...Yet as the raising Sums of Money, and putting them into the Hands of Committees, who may apply them to Purposes inconsistent with the peaceable Testimony we profess, and have borne to the World, appears to us in its Con-

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sequences to be destructive of our religious Liberties, we apprehend many among us will be under the Necessity of suffering rather than consenting thereto by the Payment of a Tax for such Purposes...

By the time of the 1757 Philadelphia Yearly Meeting sessions, Friends decided not to discuss the issue of “mixed” taxes because of a significant lack of consensus. Yet, Friends were increasingly beginning to question less direct forms of support for war not traditionally inconsistent with the peace testimony.

Particularly impressive about Conscience in Crisis is the amount of original material which helps the reader appreciate the complexity of the issues.

It is clear that in our searchings and discussions and actions in 1980, we must delve deeper than easy “Friendly” phrases. Tradition and history are guides and starting points for the future—not limits. During some periods the “nonresistant sects” became mere curiosities. Yet, the living edge of the peace testimony has been the seeking of those concerned with the consequences of their actions, not with “religious purity.”

Payment of taxes, uses of certain products or the products of certain corporations, wealth (even relative wealth), holding certain jobs are among the issues we have to face as we follow the leadings of the Spirit on the peace testimony. Let us ask not “which areas in my life are touched by the concerns of the peace testimony,” but “which are not.” Is pacemaking separate from living? In many ways, conscience is always in a period of testing and crisis.

Steve Gatnick


Picking up any new book about Jesus, one is tempted to ask what there is new, aside from personal witness, that can be said on this topic. Yet every person who looks seriously at the Gospels sees them from a new angle, from inside a unique mind and its own experience. This book of “sketches for a portrait” is not personal witness, though there is surely personal witness behind it; it is clear-eyed and objective, as if the Gospels were seen from a mind unhaimpered by centuries of years of tradition and dogma, yet a mind that is thoroughly informed of all that apparatus.

Mary Morrison has, for many years, led classes in the study of the Gospels, using the Sharmon Method, one in which the only material used is the text itself. Through the leader’s questions and the spontaneous responses of the students, a new path is broken into the ancient anecdotes of Jesus’ life and his parables, as handed down to us. So, in a sense, Mary Morrison approaches the records through the responses of many minds.

Ellen Paullin


This dramatic story of the migration of a Mennonite family from the steppes of the Ukraine to the plains of Manitoba in the early 1920s would be a welcome addition to all meeting libraries for use by young Friends as well as adults. In describing in vivid detail the terror experienced by the Neufeld family when bandits and revolutionaries raided their home in the Ukraine, the author helps us understand the anguished decision Mennonites had to make about whether to resist force with force. Eventually their most difficult decision was to leave their beloved home for an unknown land, so that they would be able to teach their deeply-held religious beliefs to their children.

To those of us for whom the hypothetical question is often asked, “What would you do if someone came into your house and attacked your grandmother?” ten-year-old Peter Neufeld has a very concrete answer. His experience, and the famine, fires and tortures suffered by his family and friends, are recounted with great sensitivity and understanding by Barbara Smucker, a U.S. Mennonite living in Canada, who interviewed many of the men and women who were a part of the great migration to the U.S. and Canada in the 1920s. This authentic, dramatic story will touch the hearts of all who read it, and will, perhaps, help pacifists in a non-pacifist world find answers to persistent, difficult questions.

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Her fourteen chapters take up some of the manifold aspects of Jesus: as “human being,” as “healer,” as “humorist,” as “antagonist,” as “reveler,” and so forth (“... he refuses to sit still in any one pose, and if we are honest with ourselves and with the text, sooner or later our biased portraits will be corrected by a process of balancing-out”).

Mary Morrison’s style is crisp, unadorned, and classical, as seems right for the subject, with occasional recourse to locations that border on slanginess and strike with a thud on my ear, but may well make her book more accessible to younger readers. Her page is blemished by frequent use of the dash, that punctuation mark that, given an inch, begins to take liberties. She has found ways to avoid “exist” language without falling back on conspicuous devices; and, by faithfully referring to the Old Testament as “the Hebrew Bible,” she has reminded us that for a whole section of humanity, the term “Old Testament” is unkind and inaccurate, as implying the existence of the Old Testament only in relation to the New.

Without succumbing to what Henry Cadbury called “the peril of modernizing Jesus,” and while leaving him rooted firmly in his Jewish origins and his time and place, she has nevertheless brought him straight into the center of our daily lives, and has confronted our up-to-date psychological, critical, and historical orientations. “...He knew at first hand what the mind can do when it is honestly used, not to rationalize our wants or to defend our possessions, but to find out the truth.”

With all this, the author implies vast areas still to be explored. In her chapter “Jesus as Stranger,” she writes: “He brings us mystery as something we can find our home on—as relationship, as the kingdom of God.”

Mildred B. Young


It seems irreverent to review with a critical eye a book which concerns itself seriously with the face of Christ. No one has ever recorded his face. Christ represents a spiritual idea of the highest order rather than a human body we are trying to recreate in our own mortal image.

Perhaps the ancient Hebrews were right in forbidding the making of images which would tempt people to commit idolatry, an edict followed by the early Quakers and leading to their “benign neglect” of all the arts. However, on the other side of the coin, great works of religious art have inspired generations to deeper piety and fervor, a dilemma that Friends have not always dealt with fairly and successfully.

This book by Denis Thomas, described by the publishers as an editor, critic, author and art historian, Oxford-educated and Freeman of the City of London, is not the first to have thundered on the rocks of that vexing ancient problem.

Roland Bainton, eminent Yale scholar of ecclesiastical history, has explored the same theme more urbanely and in a more humanist and relaxed yet informative fashion in his Behold the Christ (Harper & Row, NY, 1974).

One could take issue with the rather casual foreword by Lord Ramsay, Archbishop of Canterbury, in which he assures us that “This book will achieve much for the enjoyment of beauty, the understanding of history, and the pondering of the Christian faith.”

More puzzling even for those looking for a spiritual experience is the author’s introduction stating that the artist is faced with demands similar to those of an art critic, i.e., entering a world of metaphor and allusion, of visual puns and cryptic signals.

Both statements are discouraging to both artists and critics trying to find the image of Christ beyond “the enjoyment of beauty,” beyond “visual puns and cryptic signals”—in other words, the Christ of the spirit, the Christ in us.

We won’t find in this book the face of the man as the Native American, the Eskimo, or the Japanese see him, although there exist good examples for it. There are one Coptic image, two Russian icons, one Mexican painting by Orozco among the hundreds of well-known masterpieces from the fifth to the twentieth centuries.

Whether or not one is a Jew, a Christian, or a non-believer, one would want to see that of Christ in every person—Christ on the breadline in the slums of a metropolis, in the gutters of Calcutta. That too we will not find in this book.

But one will see great masterpieces confronted by non-art, for unknown reasons. Blake is paired with a John Rogers Herbert; Botticelli with Burne-
Jones; a sixth century masterpiece of The Good Shepherd is followed by the parlor-art of Frederick James Shields. The super-realists and neo-romantics like Sir John Millais, Holman Hunt, William Dyce, Sir Charles Eastlake, and Stanley Spencer are shown face-to-face with Goya, Daumier, Gauguin and Rouault—with no explanation given for these odd confrontations.

Now to the physical aspects of the book: some masterpieces have been mercilessly cropped and mutilated. Some are shown full page, splendidly reproduced, like Bosch's "Crowning with Thorns"; some are mangled in the reduction to postage stamp size (Brueghel's "Procession to Calvary").

The lay-out seems to suggest a picture magazine—inconsistently so—and the scholarly text gets lost in the shuffle and becomes separated from the pictures. A book devoted to such a venerated subject has to be treated with reverence by those responsible for its production—admittedly a difficult task.

It is, perhaps, impossible to show this grandiose panorama within the confines of a rather ordinary compilation of images, backed by a text which is certainly based on a solid knowledge of art history but which fails to trace the delicate spiritual connection between the artist and his or her conception of Christ.

Some artists, no doubt, were fired by divine inspiration; others succumbed to the temptations of a fat commission—with the patron as the center of attention.

To trace the transfiguration of Christ from youthful innocence to visionary manhood, from the agony of the Crucifixion to the glory of the Resurrection, as conceived by artists and artisans over almost two millennia—that might be a task reserved for another book.

To sum it up: perhaps the mysterious face on Veronica's Shroud, now displayed and venerated in the Turin Cathedral, comes closest to the spirit of Christ's image. It is moving in its vagueness; it has never been fully authenticated, beyond the fact that no person's brush and paint have touched it. Yet is has been accepted and worshipped by countless faithful as the true face of the Savior.

Let us be grateful for the miracle that Christ's spirit and image have survived the centuries, that artists have been inspired by it, and that men and women have carried it in their hearts, each in her or his own way.

Fritz Eichenberg
CALENDAR

June

1—Middletown Day at Middletown Meeting, Lima, Delaware County, PA. Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. Covered dish lunch served. All are welcome.

11-15—Intermountain Yearly Meeting will be held at Ghost Ranch, Abiqui, NM. Contact Gilbert F. White, Sunshine Canyon Boulevard, CO 80432 for more information.

12-15—Lake Erie Yearly Meeting, at Miriam College, OH. Contact Samuel Pellows, 572 Briar Cliff Road, Pittsburgh, PA 15221.

18-22—The thirty-third triennial conference of the United Society of Friends Women and Quaker Men’s Conference will be held on the campus of DePaul University, Greencastle, IN. The theme: “Go right forward.” The conference will be hosted by the women of Western Yearly Meeting. Write to Virginia Jones, 7125 W. 96th St., Zionsville, IN 46077 by May. Registration $20.00.

16-20—Junior Friends Conference. For ages seven-twelve, the conference will be held at George School, Newtown, PA 18940. Sponsored by Abington Quarterly meeting. Contact Alice Wetherill, 2551 Park Road, Warrington, PA 18976. 243-2478. $125. Registration must be mailed.

23-27—Junior High Friends Conference for sixth through eight grades. Held at George School, Newtown, PA 18940. Contact Alice Wetherill, 2551 Park Road, Warrington, PA 18976. 243-2478. $125. Register in writing.

29-July—July—John Woolman School Workcamps. Three one-week camps to help construct new student cabins under skilled leadership, as well as other projects for the school. Costs per camp week: age sixteen and older $25; twelve-fifteen $18; six-eleven $14. For arrangements and inquiries, contact Mary and Russ Jorgensen, 7899 S. Helene Road, Santa Rosa, CA 95404. 707-538-1502.

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Announcements


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

Books and Publications

Faith and Practice of a Christian Community: The Testimony of the Publishers of Truth. $2 from Publishers of Truth, 1508 Bruce Road, Oreland, PA 19075.


Time Bomb: A nuclear reader from The Progressive. 22 articles on nuclear power, weapons, H-bomb secrecy. $3.50 postpaid. Progressive Foundation, 315 W. Gorham, Dept. FJ, Madison, WI 53713.

(continued on next page)
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Seeking individuals for rural Quaker community in Appalachia. Rural skills helpful; commitment to Quaker values, simple living essential. R. Howard, Rt. 2, Box 169A, French Creek, WV 26218.
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BUENOS AIRES—Worship and monthly meeting one Saturday of each month in Vicente Lopez, suburb of Buenos Aires. Phone: 791-3980.

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MONTEVERDE—Phone 61-18-37.
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MEXICO CITY—Unprogrammed meeting, Sundays 11 a.m. Casa de los Amigos, Ignacio Mariscal 132, Mexico 1, D.F. Phone: 535-21-52.

Costa Rica
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San Jose—Phone 29-11-53. Unprogrammed meetings.

Peru
LIMA—Unprogrammed worship group Sunday evenings. Phone: 221101.

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BIRMINGHAM—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 10 a.m. Sunday. Connie LaMonte, clerk, 205-879-5715.

Arizona
ANCHORAGE—Unprogrammed meeting, Firstdays, 10 a.m. Mountain View Library. Phone: 333-4425.

Fairbanks—Unprogrammed worship, First­days, 9 a.m., Home Economics Lounge, third floor, Eleanor Building, Univ. of Alaska. Phone: 479-6762.

Arkansas
LITTLE ROCK—Unprogrammed meeting, alternate Firstdays. Ph: 661-3172, 225-6262, or 861-8528.

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FRESNO—10 a.m. Chapel of CSPP, 1350 M St. 222-3796. If no answer call 227-3030.

GRASS VALLEY—Discussion period 9:30 a.m. Meeting for worship, 10:40 a.m. John Woolman School Campus (12585 Jones Bar Road). Phone: 273-6485 or 273-7081.

HAYWARD—Worship 9:30 a.m. Eden United Church of Christ, 21455 Birch St. Phone 415-651-1543.

LA JOLLA—Meeting 11 a.m., 7380 Eads Ave. Visitors call 459-9800 or 277-0727.

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MALIBU—Worship 9:30 a.m. Phone: 213-457-9928.

MARIN COUNTY—10 a.m. Room 3, Congregational Church, 4 N. San Pedro Rd., Box 4411, San Rafael, CA 94903. Call 415-472-5577 or 883-7655.

MONTEREY PENINSULA—Friends meeting for worship Sundays, 10:30 a.m. Call 375-3687 or 624-8821.

ORANGE COUNTY—First-day school at Fruitvale Unitarian Church, 10 a.m. Phone: 714-802-0530.

PASADENA—Orange Grove Monthly Meeting, unprogrammed worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. 520 E. Orange Grove Blvd. Phone: 792-6223.

REDLANDS—Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m. 114 W. Vine. Clerk: Peggy Power, 714-792-9676.

RIVERSIDE—Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m. Phone: 714-670-2264.

SAN FERNANDO—Unprogrammed worship, 1st and 3rd Sundays. Phone: 892-1585 for time.

SAN FRANCISCO—Meeting for worship, First­days, 11 a.m., 2160 Lake St. Phone: 752-7440.

SAN JOSE—Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. Singing 10 a.m. 1041 Morse St.

SANTA BARBARA—501 Santa Rosa Lane, just off San Ysidro Rd., Montecito, YWCA 10 a.m.

SANTA CRUZ—Meeting for worship Sundays 10:30 a.m. Community Center, 301 Center Street, Clerk: 408-423-2808.

SANTA MONICA—First-day school and meeting at 11 a.m. 1440 Harvard St. Call 628-4009.

SONOMA COUNTY—Redwood Forest Meeting, Worship and First-day school 10 a.m., YWCA, 635 5th St. POB 1831 Santa Rosa, 95402. Clerk: 707-538-1783.

TEMPLE CITY (near Pasadena)—Pacific Auckworth Friends Meeting, 6910 N. Temple City Blvd. Meeting for worship, Sunday 11 a.m. For information call 267-6880 or 798-3456.

VISTA—Unprogrammed meeting 10 a.m. Call 723-6155 or 857-0372. P.O. Box 143, Vista 92023.

WESTWOOD (West Los Angeles)—Meeting 10:30 a.m. University YWCA, 574 Hilgard (across from UCLA bus stop). Phone: 478-9576.

WHITTING—Whiteleaf Meeting, Administration, building, corner Palter and Philadelphia. Worship 8:30 a.m. P.O. Box 122, Phone: 688-7538.

Colorado
BOULDER—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Phone: 449-3828.

COLORADO SPRINGS—Worship group. Phone: 303-897-3133 (after 6 p.m.)

DENVER—Mountain View Friends Meeting, worship 10 a.m. to 11 a.m. Adult forum 11 to 12, 2260 South Columbine Street. Phone: 722-4125.

DURANGO—Worship Group Sunday. 247-4733.

FORT COLLINS—Worship group. 484-5327.

GRAND JUNCTION/WESTERN SLOPE—Travelling worship group, 3rd Sunday. Phone 434-3364 or 249-9567.

Connecticut
HARTFORD—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Discussion 11 a.m. 144 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford. Phone: 222-3933.

MIDDLETOWN—Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Russell House (Wesleyan University), corner High & Washington Sts. Phone: 348-3014.

NEW HAVEN—Meeting 9:45 a.m. Connecticut Hall, Yale Old Campus. Phone: 776-2164.

NEW LONDON—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Discussion 11 a.m. 7th and L Street. Phone: 683-4689.

NEW MILFORD—Housatonic Meeting: Worship 10 a.m. Rte. 7 at Larnedville Rd. Phone: 303-345-7656.

STAMFORD—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Meeting: 795 Forest St. Phone: 331-8301.


STORYS—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., corner North Eagleview and Hunting Lodge Roads. Phone: 429-4464.

WILTON—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 317 New Canaan Road. Phone: 726-5669. Morrie Hodges Rcc, clerk, 726-7324.

WOODBURY—Litchfield Hills Meeting (formerly Winsted). Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m., Woodbury Community House, Mountain Rd. at Main St. Phone: 283-5321.

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

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WASHINGTON—Meeting, Sunday, 11 a.m.; worship group, 9 a.m., adult discussion, 10 a.m.-11 a.m.; babysitting 11 a.m.-noon; First-day school, 11 a.m.-12 noon. For information, call Harold N. Burnham, M.D., 829-119. Phone: 866-2198.

NEWARK—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. at MCA Bldg., College Ave. Phone: 987-369.

WESTPORT—Meeting, 11 a.m. Phone: 227-9114.

Archives

HOCKEENS—NW from Hockessin-Yorktown Rd. at 1st crossroad. First-day school 9:30 a.m. Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m.

NEWARK—Worship, Sunday, 10 a.m., United Campus Ministry, 20 Orchard Rd. Phone: 368-1041.

ODESSA—Worship, First Sundays, 11 a.m.

REHOBOTH—5 Pine Reach Rd., Henlopen Acres. 227-2886. Worship First-day 10 a.m.

WILMINGTON—Meeting in Alapocas Friends School. Worship 9:15, First-day school 10:30 a.m.


Louisiana

NEW ORLEANS—Worship Sundays, 10 a.m. 3033 Louisiana Parkway. Phone: 822-3411 or 861-8022.

Maryland

ADELPHI—Near U. of Md, 2303 Metzerott Rd. Worship 10 a.m., First-day school 10:30 a.m. 301-434-9644. Tom Wetherald, clerk, GRH-644.

ANNAPOLIS—Worship 10 a.m. at YWCA, 40 State Circle. Mail can also go to YWCA, 21403. Clerk: Betty Hutchinson, 301-566-2438.

BALTIMORE—Worship 11 a.m.; Stony Run, 5115 N. Charles St., 357-4737; Homewood, 3107 N. Charles St., 235-4438.

BETHESDA—Sidwell Friends Lower School, Edgebrook Lane & Beverly Rd. Classes 10:15; worship 11 a.m. Phone: 332-5128.

CHESTERTOWN—Chester River Meeting, Worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. 127 High St. George Gerenbeck, clerk, 639-2165.

EASTON—Third Haven Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m. 405 St., Washington St., Carl Boyer, clerk, 758-2108; Lorraine Caglett, 826-6669.

SANDY SPRING—Meetinghouse Road, at Rt. 108. Worship, 9:30 and 11 a.m.; First-day school, 9:30 only. Classes, 10:30 a.m.

SPARKS—Gunpowder Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. For information call 472-2651.

UNION BRIDGE—Pipe Creek Meeting. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

Massachusetts

ACTON—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m., 300 Main St., Acton 01720. Worship 10 a.m., First-day school, 10:30 a.m. 978-632-6828. Phone: 508-632-3539.

AMHERST-NORTHAMPTON-GREENFIELD—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. Sunday worship 10 a.m. Mt. Toby Meetinghouse, Rte. 83. Leverett. Phone: 557-3027. For information call 978-3027.

BOSTON—Worship 11 a.m. (summer 10 a.m.), First-day. Beacon Hill Friends House, 6 Chestnut St., Boston 02106. Phone: 227-9119.

BRIDGEWATER—11 Green St., (near Marlborough Rd., 6 miles from town center). Phone: 899-4222. Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; for information call 978-9944.

FRAMINGHAM—94 Edmands Rd. (2 mi. W of Newton). Worship 10 a.m. First-day school, 10 a.m. Phone: 508-620-3252.

SOUTH YARMOUTH, CAPE COD—N. Main St. Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Clerk, Barbara Day, phone 525-7419.

WELLESLEY—Meeting for worship and Sunday school, 10:30 a.m. at 2027 Central St. Phone: 237-2552.

WEST FALMOUTH, CAPE COD—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Phone: 508-529-4270.

WESTPORT—Meeting, 10:45 a.m. Church, 235 Central Village. Clerk, J.K. Stewart Kirkaldy. Phone: 366-7171.

WORCESTER—Meeting for worship 11 a.m. at 901 Pleasant St. Phone: 574-3988. If no answer call 756-0278.
**New York**—First-day meetings for worship, 9:30 a.m., 11 a.m., 15 Rutherford Place (15th St.), Manhattan. Others 11 a.m. only.

**Ohio**


CINCINNATI—Clifton Friends Meeting, Wesleys Foundation Bldg., 2717 Clifton Ave. Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Phone: 861-2929.

COLUMBUS—Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m. 1914 Indiana Ave. Call Cophine Crossman, 846-4472, or Ruth Brownling, 486-8973.

DAYTON—Friends Meeting FGC. Unprogrammed worship & First-day school 10:30 a.m. 1516 Salem Ave. Room 238. Phone: 513-433-6204.

**Oregon**

EUGENE—Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. Religious education for all ages 11:15 a.m. 2274 Onyx.

PORTLAND—Multnomah Monthly Meeting. 4312 S.E. Stark. Worship 10 a.m. Phone 232-2822. Saul-Reid Friends meeting for worship 10:00 a.m. Forum 11. YWCA, 768 S. Stark.

**Pennsylvania**


BIRMINGHAM—236 Birmingha Rd. S. of W. Chester on Rt. 322 to Rt. 926, turn W. to Birmingha Rd., turn S. ½ mile. First-day school 10 a.m., meeting for worship 10:30 a.m.

BRISTOL—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m., Market and Wood. Clerk: Connelie Eelman. Phone: 757-4436.

BUCKINGHAM—At Lahaska. Rte. 202-262. Meeting for worship 11 a.m. (June, July, August 10:00 a.m.)

CHELtenHAM—See Philadelphia listing.

CHESTER—24th and Chestnut Sts. Group discussion 9:30 a.m.; meeting for worship 10:30 a.m.

CONCORD—A-Cumberland, on Concord Rd. one block south on Main St. Meeting for worship and First-day school 11 a.m. a.m. to 12.

DARY—Main at 10th St. Meeting for worship and First-day school 11 a.m.

DOLINGTON-MAKERSFIELD—East of Dolington on Mt. Erie Rd. Meeting for worship 11-11:30 a.m. First-day school 11:30-12:30.

DOWNINGTOWN—500 E. Lancaster Ave. (south side old Rt. 30, 1½ mile east of town), First-day school (except summer months), and worship, 10:30 a.m. Phone: 269-2999.

DOYLESTOWN—East Oakland Ave. Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m.

EXETER—Worship, 10:30 a.m., Meetinghouse Rd. of 562, 1 and 6-10 miles W. of 662 and 569 intersection at Yellow House.

FALLINGTOWN (Bucks County) —Falls meeting. Main St. First-day school 10 a.m., meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. First-day of each month. Five miles from Pennsylvania reconstructed manor home of William Penn.

FRENCH CREEK—New meeting 10:30 a.m. in Meadville. Contact: Clarence Ravacon Marahan, 814-587-3479.

GETTYSBURG—Friends Meeting 10 a.m. at.Gettysburg College Planetarium.

GREENSBORO—Friendship School, 11 a.m.; meeting for worship 11 a.m. First-day school, 10 a.m. Child care. Phone: 467-1222.

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GREENSBORO—Member of 1st & 3rd Sundays at 10:30 a.m., 12074.

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PHOENIXVILLE - Schuylkill County. Worship and First-day school 11:15 a.m.

NORRISTOWN - Friends Meeting for worship 11 a.m., meeting for worship 11 a.m. Mary Ellen Haines, clerk. Phone 215-539-6791.

PHILADELPHIA - Meetings, 10:30 a.m. unless specified; phone 215-742-2111 for information about First-day schools.

Plymouth Meeting, One mile east of Roosevelt Boulevard at Southhampton Rd., 11 a.m., Central Philadelphia and Race Sts.

Cheltenham, James Hospital grounds, Fox Chase, 11:15 a.m. July & August 10:30 a.m.

Chestnut Hill, 100 E. Mermaid Lane, Fourth and Arch Sts., First- and Fifth-days.

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

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

Germantown Meeting, Couter St. and Germantown Ave.

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Freedom to Choose

“The speedy success of our cause depends on...the securing for women an equal participation in the various trades, professions, and commerce.”

—Lucretia Mott, Seneca Falls, 1848

The historic Quaker witness for sexual as well as racial equality rests on the belief that since there is that of God in everyone, each person must be free to follow a leading without artificial impediments.

In North Carolina an AFSC program, Women in the Work Force, is providing options to women workers whose choices have been limited to low-paying positions as factory, clerical, service and sales workers. In High Point, North Carolina, for example, while 53% of the work force is women, 90% are in low-paying jobs, 40% in factories.

Women in the Work Force helps these women by providing them with information about options. What can they do about race and sex discrimination? How can they insure health and safety on the job? Can they find new jobs for women in fields that have traditionally been held by men? Through individual counselling, community meetings, special workshops and support groups, Women in the Work Force reaches as many women as possible with the good news of freedom to choose.

Here’s what some women said they liked about one workshop:

"Feeling free to just say what’s on your mind and to hear and know what can be done about it."

"To know that others are having the same problem and to know that there can be something done."

"I found out that you can voice your opinion about your job and be treated equal."

American Friends Service Committee

1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102

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