The only real spiritual security is in opening our hearts and minds so widely that God’s love pours out through our lives. There is pain, risk, suffering—but also a strange peace-in-the-midst-of-turmoil.
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by Ruth Morris

"For love cannot be love and remain apart and aloof. If it be love, it will insinuate itself into the sins and sorrows of others, and make them its own... Love cannot be love and refuse the burdens of love."

—E. Stanley Jones

Ruth Morris, a member of Toronto Friends Meeting, is director of Toronto/York Bail Program, with 365 people presently under bail supervision. Her booklet, The Risk of Loving was published by Argenta Press in 1979. (Argenta, B.C. V0G-180)

Front cover drawing by Peter Fingesten. Cover quote from page 6.
"The Risk of Loving," became involved in bailing him out and in his life thereafter, and I have never been the same person since. A part of that story is told in "The Risk of Loving," but I deliberately skimmed the details. After Chris was finally acquitted, he lived with us for six months as an intimate and much-loved member of our family. Through the church's council on justice and corrections and our own Quaker committee, the facts of his case and of our own involvement in it became known all over Canada. So it was both personally shattering and deeply humiliating when Chris ran off to the United States after having left us co-signed for a debt so large that it amounted to most of my future net earnings for two-and-a-half years of work for CFSC. I'd always said I believed in that job enough so I would do the work free, and the Lord surely took us at our word.

The story of how we emerged from that particular hell is told in the pamphlet, and I won't repeat it here. But one of the interesting truths that emerged is that we transformed ourselves, not Chris. All the great stories I had read on satyagraha, Gandhi's wonderful soul-force—applied love in action—led me to think that though it was not always immediately successful, you looked for change in the person you were applying the love toward. But the person you are more likely to change is yourself. In the meeting we arranged with Chris' other victims to work through our feelings constructively together, we learned what havoc Chris' behavior had wrought in many lives over the years. But for us it led to a radiant spiritual growth that continues to this day.

What we did in our relations with Chris was very contrary to the principles of security: we risked our worldly goods very heavily to invest in the dreams and life of a fellow human being we cared about. To do that we had to go beyond security, and risk hurt and pain and loss. But not to do it would have been a greater risk: the risk of cutting ourselves off from a call to care, of damming up some of the great fountain of love that God puts in each of our hearts.

When you free yourself from security, it's one of the
greatest freedoms life can offer. I remember the first time I became aware of how our involvement was freeing us. All my life I have felt called—even before I became a Quaker—to the practice of Quaker simplicity. But it's not easy to live simply, freed from material possessions, in our urban world. Piano and music lessons for the kids, tickets to plays, educational opportunities and Christmas gifts—are they part of simplicity or not?

We tried to satisfy our call by giving a high proportion of our income to charity. But the needs of our four young children for our time, energy, and for material things for their development seemed to pull us inexorably more and more into a closed, self-centered middle-class life-style which we knew was unhealthy both for the children and for us.

Recently, my fifteen-year-old daughter, with her usual genius for spiritual insight, expressed the problem eloquently. We were reading *The Forsythe Saga* aloud together and one character in it predicts that another, who is something of a socialist, will lose his socialism now that he is about to raise a family. I commented aside to my daughter, "Yes, because parents get pulled into wanting to pass things on to their children."

She came out of her usual adolescent privacy with an immediate profound response, "But Mom, why don't parents realize that the most important thing they can pass on to their children is their *values*?"

Well, we realized it on one level, but at the time of our taking in Chris, we were having great trouble applying it in practice. Then we got involved with Chris, and through Chris with Jimmie, and through the jail work with another Jim, and they all ended up in our home. Inevitably, by bringing the world and its problems into our home, we quit shutting ourselves off from it. One day as I was going to work, thinking about the lives and needs of Chris, Jim, and Jimmie, I was suddenly flooded with the joyous awareness that God had given us the answer to our prayerful search for simplicity.

For years we had had a somewhat decrepit refrigerator which iced up excessively, and in my spare time, I would think and even worry about how I could squeeze out enough money to replace the refrigerator. Now I realized that the treasure of my heart's absorption had been turned from replacing our refrigerator and other comfortable appliances to the lives and needs of our friends. If I thought about our income at all, it was in how it could be freed up to buy a few more chairs and linens for the immediate use of all. "Where your treasure is, there shall your heart be also," and God had helped us to shift our treasure from old refrigerators to the lives of our brothers and sisters in need. We had been freed from attachment to our possessions, except as they could serve others, and we were led toward a way of life that enabled us to parent our children without self-centeredness by opening the home wider instead of shutting it off into a closed middle-class life-style.

Another step along the road toward this freedom came to us a couple of summers ago. We had taken in a fellow I'll call Sam, who was a really free spirit, a charming and delightful Bohemian with a lot of problems. Sam had a sort of divine nemesis who followed his path, trying to minimize the havoc, a wonderful minister who loved Sam and vice-versa. When he found out we had bailed Sam out and was living with us temporarily, the minister warned us to watch ourselves, that when Sam left he was very likely to take with him whatever took his fancy. Well, this was a little upsetting. You know you're taking such chances, but even most of the thieves don't like taking things from their hosts, and it hits your privacy feelings on a funny level to know that the person you're sharing love and home with is liable to carry off with him...
anything at all. So my husband, Ray, and I talked a little about it, and we realized that we didn't have any expensive or new appliances around that were worth his trouble, and more important that there was nothing in the house we valued more than we did Sam. That again was a glorious feeling of liberation.

The end of the story is beautiful, because as it happened, when Sam left, he only took one thing of ours. It was a little medallion on a chain that belonged to our oldest son, and the medallion said on it, God loves you—He really does. What a perfect parable it was to remind us that God's love is free—and the only way we can lose touch with it is by clutching it to ourselves, refusing to share it with others.

So that is the first freedom you reach when you get a little beyond security: freedom from being possessed by your possessions. We still have our old refrigerator, by the way, and of course we have to renew our commitment to this freedom again and again—no spiritual step in our lives is ever attained without continued renewal—but as the old spiritual says: "We're on our way, Praise God, we're on our way."

Another story of this kind of freedom concerns Robin, a fellow who got involved with our Quaker volunteer jail work through meeting one of our volunteers on a train ride. Robin got so involved that he became a regular at the Don Jail program, and one day he phoned me and said, "Ruth, there's this fellow I met in jail, and I think I want to bail him out, but I'm not sure. Can you tell me more about bailing?"

So we talked, and Robin thought it through, and it turned out he was sure. In fact he was so sure that Robin, who is just a college student, got dressed in his best clothes, gathered together the one valuable thing he has, his camera collection, and went to the Don Jail. He didn't have a bank account, and he didn't have a house deed, but he had these cameras because his life's dream is to be a photographer and that is what he is studying. So for Robin his cameras are not just the widow's mite—they are the raw materials of his future dreams, as well as his worldly goods.

Fortunately, since the bail was only $500, the justice of the peace accepted this odd form of security, and Robin and the young man left together. But the boy turned to Robin and said, "You know, my parents are well off. They just finished giving my brother and sister a new car each, but they've given up on me, and they wouldn't come up with a $500 bail to get me out of jail. Yet you barely know me, you're a stranger almost, and you believe in me so much that you've put up all you have for me..." Then he choked up and couldn't say anymore. But he didn't need to. That kind of freedom from security frees us all.

There's another kind of security we seek besides material security. It's just the personal inviolability of our lives and safety. Recently we had a fellow living with us, who, like a number of our guests, is a breaking and entering specialist. One night he got home late at one a.m., and found a lady wandering around between our house and the one next door. He asked her what she was doing, and she asked him the same, and after awhile they convinced each other that they really lived next door, but had not happened to meet before.

So he asked her then what she was doing outside at that hour of night, and she explained she had locked herself out and hated to alarm her husband by waking him up. He thought a bit and then said, "I think I can help you," and with his skills, he did.

She was very grateful, but I have to admit, I haven't told our neighbors yet why we have such useful guests. Freeing yourself from security has all sorts of unforeseen advantages.

When someone asks us for our address, phone or a key to our house, I often shrug and say, "Half the thieves in Toronto have it, why shouldn't you?" Locks give you one kind of security, but it's a kind of security that brings an unseen guest with it: fear and isolation. We cut ourselves off from the lives of others in all kinds of ways through the search for security, through our lack of faith in God that leads us to clutch at the trappings of human security systems.

Knowing how insecure our house is gives us a kind of freedom from fear and worry. I met a lady recently in broad daylight, walking back with me from the bus stop along our road. It's not a bad street or neighborhood, but she was saying how nervous she felt, and how good it was to be together.

I laughed and said, "But I work with those kids in the jails all the time, and there's nothing to be afraid of. Of course I know they could mug me too, but I guess I know it's not something to fear because I know they're just people like you or me. If they're going to, they will, but there's nothing to be afraid of."

I can't explain why I felt so sure there was nothing to fear, but I knew it, and again, there was this glorious sense of liberation—liberation from the bonds of fear that cut us off from our brother and sister in Christ. Perhaps this comes to me partly because of my background. My father was full of fear, and desperately sought security in locks and separations. He was especially afraid of colds. It was a crime in our family to get a cold, and you were sent into isolation, and even then Dad usually caught it from you and you were in disgrace. In the same spirit, the house was tightly locked even in the day if you were playing in the driveway, and we had to be super-careful about all kinds of things. I'm sure I owe Dad a part of my funny views on security, because all four of his children in our own ways have gone beyond
that kind of security.

But it’s not easy to give up, and one myth is that you give it up because the risks are not there or are not painful. You can’t give up security and get beyond it by kidding yourself about the risks or about pain. I learned that first in the simple subject of colds. Determined not to wall myself off from people as Dad had, I tried for awhile to convince myself that colds weren’t so bad, or that I wouldn’t likely catch them from others anyway.

Then one day a particularly wretched, streaming cold brought me face-to-face with reality: it just wasn’t so. I did catch colds from other people, and they were utterly wretched. But the risks of walling myself off from the world and resenting other people for having colds were so much worse than these pains, I consciously chose the risks I preferred. It’s the same way with the security we’re talking about. Being mugged, being poor, having your house broken into—they’re real risks, and there’s real pain.

I got a beautiful letter one Christmas from a friend of mine whose hobby is buying and fixing up old houses. In his letter, Tom told how he and his wife had given away a whole house they owned for a good cause, and were renting their other houses to high-risk low income black families in Washington, D.C. He said he was partly inspired by what we had done and described in “The Risk of Loving” in doing this, and that he had not yet lost a dollar.

I wrote back, saying how deeply and humbly moved I was by all he had done and shared. But I added, “I’m glad you haven’t lost any money so far, but I hope nothing I’ve said has led you to expect you won’t. What I’ve found in my life is not that you won’t lose, and you won’t be hurt, but that as Henry Van Dyke put it, ‘Some kinds of failure are better than success.’”

Getting beyond security deep into love isn’t some kind of divine insurance policy. But it taps a power that turns the pain into glorious, liberating growth.

There’s a third monumental challenge in getting beyond security: The risk of being hurt by other people who are threatened by what you are doing. There are still Quakers who haven’t much use for me because what we did in relation to Chris was frightening to them. It may have been an echo of God’s call in their lives, but if so, they found it a frightening one. If they hadn’t felt an unease about it, our action wouldn’t have bothered them. But they did, and they still resent it, and it hurts. It hurts to be rejected by members of your own religious community for following the Light you are given to the best of your ability, and for being hurt in the process, and for going on the best you can, transmuting the pieces of your life into new faith. But what person who has tried earnestly to live her or his religion has not encountered that experience? It’s another part of the reality of the risk of pain.

We have to go beyond the security of our desire to be loved and admired by everyone we know. We have to find the freedom to answer God’s call in our lives, when it leads us into paths others will criticize.

It’s a never-ending challenge, the call to going beyond security. Recently we were asked to take into our home an arsonist, because no halfway house or institution would consider him with his high risk of setting the place afire. He had a history also of particular antipathy toward mother-figures like me. In prayerful consideration, I was overcome by the vision of our home going up in smoke with the kids in it. I decided it was just not reasonable to risk our kids’ lives in that particular way. It seemed a contradiction of much of what I believe, and I still don’t know if it was right. I don’t think going beyond security means deliberately sticking your hand and your kids’ hands in a blazing fire—you have to exercise a little common sense even in being a “fool for Christ.” But when we too rejectioned this child of God, who else would accept him? Were we too security-bound to find a new level of freedom in taking him home with us? Sometimes it’s hard to know where to draw the line, and we’re certainly no plaster saints.

This example brings me to what, for me, is the hardest step of all in going beyond security: freedom from the fear of losing or hurting one’s loved ones. My children are my spiritual Achilles heel. We are so blessed in our secure-ness, but we have to go beyond the security of our desire to be loved and admired by everyone we know. We have to find the freedom to answer God’s call in our lives, when it leads us into paths others will criticize.

And yet—and yet, I am reminded of the story of a girl who wanted to go to Washington for the weekend of the great March on Washington at which Martin Luther King spoke. Her security-minded parents objected so strenuously that she stayed at home—only to become the victim of one of the more notorious and brutal murder-rage cases of the decade. If we protect our children now by closing our homes and hearts, don’t we create a world where they or others are more likely to experience personal violence and trauma—not to mention stunting their spiritual development?

The only real spiritual security is in opening our hearts and homes so widely that God’s love pours out through our lives to all of suffering humanity. There is pain, risk, suffering—lots of it—but with it: growth, joy, love, and a strange peace-in-the-midst-of-turmoil.

In traditional terms, there are few places more secure than jail: three square meals a day, a bed and a place to stay, and people so concerned about you they count you regularly and even make sure you can’t commit suicide. Much of our traditional search for security is a voluntary, partial self-imprisonment. Getting beyond security is the only path to spiritual freedom.
Friends Meeting
"On the Street"

by Gary A. Hendrix

The electronic whirr ceased, which signaled that with a little push the door would open—an opening I had awaited over a span of many years. I pushed—and passed through with Father T. at my heels. Out of the prison, we crossed into the sunlight. The autumn air had a hint of winter as we crossed the parking lot to my benefactor’s car. I was excited and hesitant over the prospects of the upcoming afternoon. For the next several hours my captors had allowed me the luxury of feelings long dormant.

Once in the car, I tried to figure out whether cars had changed over the last decade—or had I grown taller? I couldn’t remember my legs being crunched up in the past.

“Hey T., have the seats always been this close to the floorboards in cars? I can’t remember.”

“Some of the floorboards are probably lower than when you were out.”

Rather than create more confusion for myself I didn’t pursue his answer. I was intrigued by a little gadget on the door. Apparently, some auto makers have dispensed with the normal door handles inside the car. Instead there was a little push the door would open—an electronic whirr ceased, which signaled that every car in the opposite lane was headed straight at you. It seemed vibrant and cold to me. It all seemed so trivial.

The roller coaster sensation passed after about ten minutes of riding, and I leaned back to enjoy the view. The window handles hadn’t changed any and I knew that I had to feel the breeze. I figured that my arm on the sill of the window wouldn’t upset the possibly precarious balance of the door. Father T. didn’t complain, but the chill of the autumn air was getting to be a little too much and I rolled the window back up. We passed a house with a dog house in the backyard and I wondered if the dog was a contented occupant of his cage.

As we drove on the interstate I thought that U.S. highways are a weird system. There are little reflective lights between the streams of traffic and white demarcation lines of territory. I didn’t mention it to T., because I thought he might think it strange, but it seemed that every car in the opposite lane was headed straight at you. It reminded me of the medieval festivals I had read about where two men on horses head straight at each other with the intent of drawing blood for sport. It would take us over an hour to reach our destination and I was fully determined to see, hear, and smell as much of this strange world as I could.

The light banter between T. and me was pleasant and informational about this part of the country and the physical changes that have occurred on “the street” over the past decade.

“Father T., do you remember the young Quaker woman who came into the prison meeting from Florida—dark-haired, slender woman?” I asked.

“No, I don’t.”

“Oh well, it was quite awhile ago. Anyway, she heard about my being able to go out and she’s flying up for the services today.”

“She’s flying all the way from Florida just to be able to attend services with you your first time out? She must think a lot of you.”

“She does, T. We have a pretty close relationship, so it’ll be nice for both of us.”

We entered Charleston, West Virginia, and the city looked as normal as you can expect a city to look. Houses, people walking, stores, and men and women of varying ages together. And yet everything was different. It seemed vibrant and cold to me. It all seemed so trivial and serious, as though the meaning behind U.S. existence stopped at the point of physical conformist gestures.

“There’s the Centacle, Gary,” T. pointed out to me.

“That’s where the Friends hold their services.”

He pulled into the parking lot and we both got out. I noticed some kids in front of the building we were heading for. As we approached them they pointed to us and ran inside. Must be some of the children of Friends, I thought.

All of the Friends were standing around the door as we entered. I felt as if I had stepped off into an abyss. “Do I belong here? Will I fit in out here?” were thoughts that clouded my mind. I felt Barbara next to me and the moment passed and I was able to exchange greetings.

“Come on, let’s go downstairs,” someone said.

We walked towards the stairs to head down to where the worship services are held. This was my first time attending a Quaker service on the street, and I was curious about the changes I might find from the prison...
Quaker services I had attended for the past six years. I made sure that I always stayed in sight of Father T., who was behind me, so as not to arouse any suspicions on his part.

We entered a large basement room with children playing at one end, a couple of tables with various food items on them and the obvious place of worship with chairs placed in a large circle toward the other end of the room. Everyone talked and laughed lightly as we started settling into the chairs and getting comfortable. The two Friends there whom I was closest to, Barbara and Pam, sat on opposite sides of me. I was mildly surprised that I did seem to fit in without a strong sense that I was out of my element. Song books were passed around, and we sang some Quaker songs and then everyone started settling down for worship.

In prison, silent worship is usually only half-an-hour long, whereas on the street it is an hour long. This was the first time I was to sit for an hour and I thought the increase in time would take getting used to. I drifted into a pleasurable space where there was a quiet and content feeling. The lack of internal tension, as compared to a prison meeting, was very noticeable.

After awhile someone spoke about a relationship in which he was critical about his lack of trust in another person. This struck me as strange, and then I recognized that it was just a polarity from my own environment. In prison you are miserly with trust out of necessity, whereas the emphasis on the street is not quite so extreme. Inside, I do not trust many people and only those I have gotten to know. It is an environmental condition.

The silent worship was ended by the traditional handshake and I was amazed that an hour had already passed.

At an earlier time I had requested that we eat at someone's house rather than at the Centacle. (I had wanted to see the inside of a house again.) Everyone started putting their coats on and gathering up their children. I got in Father T.'s car and we followed another car to Paul's house. He was a Friend who taught art at the local university and lived on campus with his wife in a house built by the students.

After we arrived and went in I just looked around at the surroundings. The books, furniture, stereo, plants, and all the little pieces of people's lives that are normally taken for granted. The close proximity of Barbara lightened any sense of alienation that I felt. I felt that my view as a teenager on the street had hardly any reference to my present trip to the street as an adult.

The women Friends had prepared the table for dinner and everyone just started helping themselves. As a vegetarian I was delighted to see a completely "vegie," homecooked meal. A lot of the items there I had heard about, but never tasted, so I tried a little bit of everything. My stomach was so tense, though, that I hardly had any appetite.

After the meal, most of the women seemed to cluster around the kitchen, cleaning up, and most of the men were in the living room talking. This lasted only a short period until both men and women were intermingling their conversations. I sat next to Barbara on a footstool when I noticed that the young mother on the other side of me started breast-feeding her baby. The naturalness of it was beyond question, and I thought that this is how it is supposed to be.

Most of those present did not smoke, so I headed for the dining area to smoke. A Friend there said, "I've heard that you've been inside for a long time, but I've never heard what for."

"I killed a man in Vietnam."

"Oh, I was curious. When will they let you come out again?"

"The most they let us go out is once every three months. I can try to go to meeting again in February."

"I've got to head home now. You take care, and I'm glad they let you come out today."

"Thank you."

As she departed, I looked at my watch and noticed that I only had an hour left before Father T. and I would have to leave to go back to the prison. I thought about the past day as I glanced across the room at Barbara talking with T. Yes, we both saw the day as a success. I belonged out here and not in some pastel cage. My fear that I would not fit in had not materialized.

I got out of the chair I was sitting in to look across the street through a picture window at the college track and the woods beyond. No, this isn't my world yet, I thought. I can't yet run on a real track nor hike through the woods. But I will someday!

I knew that part of the reason why I was able to feel relatively comfortable was that nobody treated me differently that I could ascertain. Thankfully there were no questions about prison, and nobody had lavished attention on me. Except, of course, Barbara, I thought, smiling.

Almost as if she knew I was thinking about her, Barbara crossed the room to where I was standing.

"What happens when you get back inside Gary? Will this make it harder?" she asked.

"No, not really," I replied. I thought for a moment and asked her, "Have you ever heard the Simon and Garfunkle song where it goes something like, 'Deep within my womb, I touch no one, no one touches me.' That's what it will be like. I'll bury this day in a way that it can't be used to hurt me. Except I will know within myself that this world out here is the one I belong in, not the world of cages."

When Father T. commented a little later that it was time for us to go, I was joyful. In spite of the fact that I was heading back towards my pastel cage, I now knew that regardless of the number of years more I might have to do inside, it was only temporary.
About a year ago, I agreed to play the flute to provide music for the evangelical Christian service held each week in a state prison camp in North Carolina, with fifteen to twenty men attending. The following notes represent some of my reactions to this experience.

What is crime? Who are the criminals? What is punishment? What does it satisfy? What is correction? What would I be like if I were “corrected”? Does the criminal population (whatever that is) have anything...
positive to offer humankind?

Prison seems wasteful, but what would true reform amount to? Would it begin with the prisoners, the politicians, the prison staff, society as a whole, the individuals who comprise society, the Church, the educational system, or the family? Is the prisoner's first problem one of authority, education, power, self-esteem, sanity or self-control?

Ever since the seventeenth century most Quakers have believed in the doctrine of free grace, which was first announced by the Dutch theologian, Arminius. As a Quaker, am I well prepared to deal with the subject of guilt? With the blessings of Arminius upon my soul, do I believe that guilt exists? The doctrine of free grace is hard to fit behind the walls of a prison. Are there gradations of guilt? I wear the uniform of the uncaught, but what is my state of soul? What is my relationship to a series of unsolved and apparently unsolvable problems? Is it true that Quakers are only masters of the possible? St. Jude, the ancient patron of the hopeless and the impossible—often used by the chaplains on death row—may be the real means for me to be more compassionate with the condemned, the lost, the broken, and the hopeless ones. Lord, let me not examine too closely the existence of hope for me. Or must I?

When I was a child, I used to shut my eyes as the doctor approached with a needle. I still like to do that in the face of the difficulties of the evil about me. With the rather blunted ethics of the liberated, counselled, educated man, I enter the walls of the condemned. At least all of these men share the quality of having been officially condemned and identified as guilty by a court. My guilt, a private secret agony to which I shut my eyes, is hardly official and barely real.

Friendship is not easily acquired among these men. Some, with longer sentences, are especially distant and removed from communication. My reason for being there must be clear, and I'm not even sure within myself. All my unanswered questions becloud my actions, my intentions, and my heart. Do I dare to share my most direct feelings? Have I the right to make my visits a sharing, an action of my soul?

Another easy and continuous reaction is to the goodness of these men around me. Many are the very ones I would pick for a hard or dangerous passage at sea. Oddly, I am reminded of the pneumonia experiments in World War II. Those men were volunteers for a bit of danger. They did not share high education, good looks, leadership, or Quaker ideals. How ironic it is now in this prison yard that I am reminded of the poor in spirit, the humble, those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, those who have been reviled and cursed by all. Once again I have been made to feel that goodness is not a veneer, but an essential quality that should follow me all the days of my life. Suddenly my flute is down and my arms are raised while we sing "Praise God" to the tune of Amazing Grace, and Arminius is caught in the compassion of an impassioned plea, and I am shocked to feel how good these men are for me.

This week I go home to seek within how firm are the walls that surround me. A free man in a self-inflicted prison seems a paradox beyond my rendering. My thoughts are not eased when I return and there are still men walking beneath the towers and the guns. One prisoner asks us to pray for him as he gets ready to leave...
prison in about three months. We pray: one of his fellows asks that he have strength to face the trials of freedom; another man prays that he may have joy; and we all pray that his steps be well-guided. On the way out I walk with Bill, a trusted inmate in his white uniform.

"Bill, what is your sentence?"

"I've done six out of twenty-six to thirty years, John," he says with a quiet torture in his eyes, as I grope for comprehension of what that means. No, I don't know his crime or his guilt, but I sense his agony in a raging heart.

The next week I am approached by Tom who says his brother has been hurt in Craggy (another prison unit in the state), and Tom doesn't know how his brother is. He says, "I've done six months out of three years and I just don't know how I'll make it." Apparently, a short term leaves a man able to express his agony on the surface. Short term! What would I do here for three years?

One day in the service I say, "Oh, if only prisoners could help other prisoners! That would be the biggest help and the best chance that prisoners could have!"

All fifteen of the men break into the service (as have I) with, "Oh, if we only would!" With that idea in mind, an inmate named Tim, a gentle and sensitive man with a kind smile, offers to write letters to an inmate in the reformatory in Morgantown.

Weeks go by with no answer. Only after six weeks do we realize that the boy lacks enough education to write a letter back. So our stumbling efforts are crippled by the simple facts of life. At least some of crime and punishment is the result of ignorance and closed doors of the mind and body.

One time, at the end of the service, a prisoner turns to Phil and says, "Preacher, could we pray for the captain (the superintendent)? He's givin' us a hard, hard time right now. We know he's in charge and he can have his way, but we're sufferin'."

Phil prays for understanding, for relief, and for the mercies of God. He thanks the captain (in absentia) for his sympathy with the services and wishes both understanding and mercy be given for his use.

We leave without knowing the full story. What is right and what are the rights of a prisoner? How can the problem of authority be solved in a world where men have no rights? If authority is merely laid upon one man by another, then the solutions are simple, but if authority is the assertion of the worthy in a good society then it is complicated indeed. Even a prison cannot succeed in separating goodness from mercy forever. Of course, I don't know the captain's story. I only know him as a good and likeable man, but authority has always confused the hearts of men.

Sometimes it seems that I am learning too much too fast. Perhaps I should stop and gather my thoughts less randomly, but with each visit the concern grows deeper that there is something to be done. The inmates do nothing for much of their time. They are not allowed any program after supper, and the day's program amounts to four optional classes, an optional work program and a basketball court. In their hands is the time, the concern and the understanding to help each other. In spite of all the deterrent factors, they have the means to help themselves if the right understanding and the right leadership could occur.

At this point there are not enough people in or out of prison who believe that good can happen among these men, but such things have been known to change. Be it granted that there are no total solutions in the bag that St. Jude carries, but there might be changes that could alter the hearts and minds and some of the lives of those involved.

If my figures are correct, a ten percent reduction in prison populations would save the state of North Carolina forty-four million dollars per year. Instead of the increase that seems dictated by the modern pressure of politics on the courts, we could well be trying some of the concerted actions that would make men believe that they can find the way that leads to an open door and an open road. It does not seem unreasonable to aim at a reduction in prison populations and a change in the pressures within the prisons.

Prison is not working! If faith exists, it is to be found in the aim toward something else. It is foolish and romantic to dream of simple causes and simple solutions. Many of the complications are locked too deeply in the heart of humankind. However, it is cynical and blind to fail to see an open sore in the social body of our community. My visits have made me care for the prison inmates, but I am aware that the healing is needed both inside and outside of the prison door.

In simple terms, we're all too ready to fail to see how dangerous any group of dispossessed people can be. Prisoners are too often made powerless, impoverished, ignorant and ashamed. They are therefore expensive as well as dangerous. If prisoners need to be repossessed of their fortunes as well as themselves, this is by far the least expensive of efforts and the best for them. It would seem clear that efforts in the past have been misguided and top-heavy. With some degree of leadership and assistance, these men can be of help to themselves and each other. We seem to have consulted every source for wisdom except the prisoners themselves. Such a step might help.

It is useless to make any general statement about all prisoners. They are as various as the people outside, but to spend an hour with Tim in prayerful concern over a friend in trouble on the outside is to know that there are men inside who care, and whose care should not go sour.
Friends Outside

by Jean Michener Nicholson

"The first time I visited my husband in jail I took the Greyhound bus, then walked five miles. By the time I got there I had only a five-minute visit. When I came out it started to rain and I walked all the way back. I cried all the way. Then someone told me about Friends Outside and how they help families. God bless them all."

Jean Nicholson is a graduate of Westtown and Swarthmore College and attends Orange Grove Meeting in Pasadena, CA. She is program and public relations coordinator of Friends Outside Los Angeles Chapter. She writes for the Altadena/Pasadena Chronicle as a volunteer.

This wife's moving account is from the San Francisco Friends Outside newsletter. Friends Outside is a nonprofit community organization helping families of prisoners as well as troubled inmates all over California—and recently in Nevada. In nineteen independent local chapters volunteers are trained to help with transportation and jail and home visiting. The national office has staff persons in seven prisons who help the local chapters. The purpose is to insure and help strengthen essential family ties, which are crucial to rehabilitation.

Those of us who are volunteers for the Los Angeles chapter of Friends Outside find deep satisfaction in the work. As a volunteer I was asked to drive a five-year-old girl from her foster parents' home to a Christmas party at the prison about forty miles away where her mother was incarcerated. Mary talked little on the trip, seeming content just to ride. When we arrived at the gate of the institution with its formidable barbed wire, an elderly woman came over and gave Mary a kiss. Her grandmother had been waiting for her, and as they went through security, they held hands. Waiting for them to return, I settled down to read in the lobby. Almost two hours later, as they re-emerged, the child was beaming, her arms filled with a rag doll, a boxed game, and an unopened present.

"We had fun," she rushed over to tell me.

We heard about another inmate who wanted desperately to talk with his fifteen-year-old son, since the boy was in trouble at school some distance away. A Friends Outside volunteer met the boy at the bus station and took him to the Los Angeles County Jail, waiting for two hours to return him to the bus station for his long trip home.

The Los Angeles Chapter, like its counterparts in other areas, gives a variety of help to lonely and discouraged people. Activities are coordinated through the office in Pasadena (464 East Walnut Street) where staff and volunteers give information to inmates and their families regarding jail visiting, transportation, jobs, housing and other needs.

Friends Outside has an interesting history. Rosemary Goodenough, a Quaker, became acquainted with a few
jail inmates while helping a friend become county sheriff of Santa Clara twenty-five years ago. She became concerned about the men’s families, since they did not have money to meet their low bail, and particularly about one, who had five children. Rosemary drove several miles to the country to see them and was shocked to find the family had not eaten for three days. She brought them to her home, fed them, and asked several friends to help her bathe and clothe them. This was only one of many such incidents.

The group of women recruited volunteers. Prisoner’s wives came together to discuss their problems and to share much needed recreation and sociability. They started a newsletter and distributed it in the community. They planned activities for children of inmates. This was the first chapter of Friends Outside.

By means of a grant, Rosemary Goodenough traveled throughout California recruiting volunteers and starting new Friends Outside chapters. The members secured permission to visit prisoners, started “Wives Clubs,” raised money, gave emergency help to families, organized youth groups and started newsletters. Funding of the nineteen chapters varies, although all local groups receive individual contributions and aid from churches and civic organizations. Some chapters obtain government or private foundation grants and/or United Way Contributions.

Volunteers find that prisoners are concerned about people at home. Often they worry about jobs and a place to live upon their release. Volunteers make phone calls (phone calls from jail are limited), calling public defenders, lawyers, landlords, sick relatives. They obtain birth certificates for incarcerated mothers. Inmates often need small checks cashed. Occasionally they drive men and women to their homes or to half-way houses when they are released. They visit the families of the incarcerated.

The Los Angeles chapter of Friends Outside plans to sponsor regular meeting for families of people in jails or prison. At these gatherings people can give each other emotional support, talk about their feelings and gain strength from each other. It is hoped that other chapters will be formed in other states.

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**Person To Person**

*What is “Person to Person”?*  
It’s a service sponsored by Philadelphia Yearly Meeting’s Committee for Criminal Justice, which locates prisoners who’d like to correspond with someone, and puts them into contact with free persons who’d like to correspond with them. Its inspiration is found in the words of Jesus: “I was in prison and you came to see me…”

*Who are the prisoners?*  
They are almost all in state prisons (as opposed to city or county jails). Their names come to Friends in various ways: we place our notices on prison bulletin boards; one inmate tells another about us; a Friend visiting a prisoner gives her or him our address. We try to serve prisoners in New Jersey, Delaware, and Pennsylvania.

*What does such a correspondence involve?*  
The only commitment either person makes is to write letters; that should be clear from the beginning. The free person makes no commitment to offer financial aid, to find employment for the prisoner upon release, or to offer hospitality. “Person to Person” has a limited but worthwhile goal: to promote the exchange of friendly letters between two persons, one of whom is an inmate.

*Does the average citizen know enough to become involved?*  
Each of us has more knowledge than (s)he may at first believe; also, one learns surprisingly quickly. Naturally, both correspondents must learn to trust one another; a certain realistic scepticism and hesitation is natural for both persons in the beginning.

Experienced persons emphasize the cardinal importance of seeing the prisoner as another person, rather than as “a cause.” The free person, like the inmate,
and realism are the best policies. The absolutely clear and frank about having no romantic association with a woman, writing a young person, especially early on in the correspondence, honesty must be clearly understood that friendly letter-writing does not involve romance. In this area, especially early on in the correspondence, honesty and realism are the best policies. The free person who is a woman, writing a young 'male' prisoner, should be absolutely clear and frank about having no romantic interest whatsoever. This frankness helps the prisoner to know her as she really is.

What are some of the ground rules?

Money: In our rich country, it is primarily the poor who end up in prisons. While incarcerated, very few prisoners are given the opportunity to work and earn wages. (In Pennsylvania, for example, only nineteen percent of state prisoners are given the chance to work in prison industries. Even if they do obtain such work, their maximum wage is twenty-nine cents per hour.) These facts ought to be faced squarely, but both parties should understand that letter-writing is what "Person to Person" involves, not financial support. If, despite this understanding, the free person ever decides to send a prisoner money, it would be wise to consider that an outright gift.

Sex: Most prisoners are under thirty. (In New Jersey, for example, forty-five percent of inmates were between twenty-one and twenty-nine, in 1974.) That means that young men and women are denied any opportunity for ordinary sexual and romantic self-expression, during the very years when they would ordinarily be most active sexually. This is part of the misery of prisons.

It is also an ideal environment for fantasy... and for frustration. It must be clearly understood that friendly letter-writing does not involve romance. In this area too, especially early on in the correspondence, honesty and realism are the best policies. The free person who is a woman, writing a young 'male' prisoner, should be absolutely clear and frank about having no romantic interest whatsoever. This frankness helps the prisoner to know her as she really is.

What are the good results of such letter-writing?

Friends active in prison service, have, as one of their chief goals, to empower prisoners in every possible way. We urge every free correspondent to make that a personal goal as well: to empower the prisoner so that (s)he may assume more and more control over her or his own life. Whatever truly promotes this empowerment is desirable...

Life in a prison is such that inmates have very few opportunities to be, or to feel, useful and valuable. Almost no prisoners are given even the opportunity to make restitution to their victims. Most prisoners are caged in idleness, given no chance to do work of vocational significance (so that, upon release, they could get worthwhile jobs in the community). If one arrives at a prison unemployable, one usually leaves even less employable, because of having a prison record.

Against this mountain of handicaps, letter-writing can provide a much needed safety valve. If, as often happens, a prisoner has lost contact with family and friends (at the very time she or he needs them most!), the free correspondent can offer important human contact. Every prisoner is continually subject to boredom, violence, and depression; letters can help relieve that situation.

What good will it do, in the end?

There are encouraging statistics which show that prisoners' chances of staying out of prison, once they are released, increase if they have been fortunate enough to retain supportive contacts on the outside. An isolated inmate stands a greater chance of failing a second time.

Most Friends within our yearly meeting are middle-aged, middle-class, and white. Most prisoners, on the other hand, are young, working-class, and black. (In New Jersey, a state for which figures are available, non-whites are six times more likely than whites to be committed for nonviolent offenses. The racist implications of such statistics are disturbing to Friends and others.) It may therefore be quite a novel experience for both parties to get to know one another through the mail.

How can I begin?

Simply drop a line to: Person to Person, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.
Prisoner Visitation and Support (PVS), a nationwide program for prisoners in U.S. federal and military prisons, is seeking additional volunteers to visit at the following prisons:

- Ashland, KY
- Atlanta, GA
- Butner, NC
- Big Spring, TX
- Bastrop, TX
- Chicago, IL
- Danbury, CT
- El Reno, OK
- Eglin AFB, FL
- Englewood, CO
- Ft. Leavenworth, KS
- Florence, AZ
- Lewisburg, PA
- Lompoc, CA
- Lexington, KY
- La Tuna (El Paso), TX
- Marion, IL
- Morgantown, WV
- Maxwell AFB (Montgomery), AL
- Memphis, TN
- Norfolk, VA
- New York, NY
- Otisville, NY
- Petersburg, VA
- Ray Brook (Lake Placid), NY
- Safford, AZ
- Sandstone, MN
- Springfield, MO
- Seagoville, TX
- Terre Haute, IN
- Talladega, AL
- Texarkana, TX
- Terminal Island, CA
- Pleasonton, CA
- Ft. Worth, TX.

If you might be interested in becoming a PVS visitor, or know of someone who might be, please contact the PVS national office: 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102; (215) 241-7117.

PVS visitors are all volunteers and are expected to visit at least once a month and follow up on prisoner needs.

PVS is sponsored by thirty-five national religious bodies and socially-concerned agencies.

The following are excerpts from letters we have received:

I owe you much thanks for sending the local visitor to see me... The PVS is wonderful to me, who like hundreds of others is too far away from home to receive visits. Before he came here, I had received one visit in over three years.

I want to thank you for the wonderful hours I spent talking with you. Those times are the things I will remember about this place, and it is because of people like you that some of us in here will be able to live in a free society and not go out hating everyone else.
FRIENDS AROUND THE WORLD

The American Friends Service Committee and the Mexican Friends Service Committee will be sharing four volunteer community service projects in Mexico during the coming summer and we will appreciate your calling these to the attention of Young Friends.

These projects are for a period of seven weeks—end of June to mid-August. Participants will be between eighteen and twenty-six years of age; they must be able to communicate comfortably in Spanish. The units will be located in rural villages and approximately half the participants in each unit will be from Latin America. Applications should be submitted by March 15th.

Why do Haitian refugees—some 30,000 strong—continue to flood into Florida when the U.S. State Department imprison or expel them on arrival? Miami Friends explain that other potential places of refuge such as the Bahamas or the Dominican Republic are far worse. At least in the U.S., Haitian communities in the principal cities have support groups, and church-related service organizations have also responded to the crisis. And now the Haitian Refugee Center, P.O. Box 730543, Miami, FL 33137 has been incorporated as an independent, non-profit organization with headquarters at 32 N.E. 54th Street. Miami Friends Meeting supports it and encourages Friends groups elsewhere to help in its efforts to gain asylum for refugees requesting asylum and to provide them with legal defense and education.

At the same time, the Planned Parenthood Association of South Florida at 3400 N.W. 135 Street, Opa-Locka, FL 33054 is attempting to provide education on the elimination of venereal disease, on women's health and on hygiene, pregnancy and other sexual concerns. Partially supported by St. John's Lutheran Church, it needs matching gifts to be able to realize its ambitious three-phase program to establish clinical services and further educational outreach.

The American Jewish Committee reports that at the October, 1980, meeting of its national executive council in Cleveland, Professor Michael Brocke, Hebrew-speaking Roman Catholic scholar from the University of Duisburg, spoke of a new educational project for the West German school system.

The plan is the result of studies which the Duisburg Research Center has been making to analyze the way Jews, Judaism, the Nazi holocaust, and Israel are presented in the German teaching system. All sources of information and knowledge which might perpetuate among German youth distorted views of Jews and Judaism were reviewed, not only religious textbooks and teaching materials but also German history, civic and social science books. The program envisaged as a result is being sponsored jointly by the Duisburg University Center for Interdisciplinary Research on the History and Religion of Judaism and the Interreligious Affairs Department of the American Jewish Committee. It involves publishing religious and secular textbooks for German children between six and nineteen years of age, which will be used throughout the entire German school system. It also provides for a series of conferences of German educators, textbook writers, teacher trainers and audio-visual specialists in each of the eleven German provinces (Lander).

Rabbi Marc H. Tannenbaum, AJC's national interreligious affairs director and one of its consultants to the project, comments: "Given the power of religious anti-Semitism in helping set the climate in Germany and elsewhere for the massacre of Jews by the Nazis, this systematic effort to uproot the poisonous weeds of anti-Jewish hatred throughout the entire German educational system cannot but be welcomed as one of the most significant and constructive developments in relations between West Germany and the Jewish people since the end of World War II."

"Repetition of positions rather than the exploration of the dilemma facing us" is the way Bob Gosney, writing in "News from Quaker House" (223 Hillside Ave., Fayetteville, NC 28301), describes the series of four seminars on "The Draft: A National Dilemma," in which he was involved.

As "the most identifiable 'no draft' person there," he was particularly conscious of the "self-defensiveness and confusion on values" which he felt was blocking dialogue, and he concludes his "Reflection" by agreeing with Martin Buber that the possibility of genuine dialogue is the central question for our fate: "the future of man as man depends upon a rebirth of dialogue."

An attender at Evanston, Illinois, Meeting sends in a clipping from the Chicago Daily Law Bulletin headlined: "Cops Form Group to Fight Penalty." The president of the new organization "Law Enforcement Against Death," a sheriff of Middlesex County, Massachusetts, and its vice-president, director of the Newark Police Department, are quoted as having stated:

We wish to express our strong opposition to the use of the death penalty, which amounts to a fraudulent hoax on the American people—pandering to our baser instincts, while perpetuating the myth that capital punishment is a cure-all for crime.

As members of the law enforcement and criminal justice profession, we wish to express our concern about the destructive climate of hatred eating away at the nation's social fabric.

At the same time QUNO's "In and Around the U.N." carries a report on the Sixth U.N. Congress on the Prevention of Crime and the Treatment of Offenders in Caracas, Venezuela, August/September, 1980.

"The only area of contention during the conference," says the report, "focused on the issue of capital punishment. Acrimony surrounded the resolution introduced by Austria and Sweden calling for the abolition of the death penalty. Although some nations... spoke for the motion, ...the majority of the countries expressed their opposition," arguing "that abolition was not in accord with the mood of public..."
opinion in their countries.” Thus the motion had to be withdrawn before being voted on. And a substitute attempt to introduce a recommendation calling on countries to suspend the implementation of the death sentence until 1985, the time of the next Congress, was rejected.

Nevertheless, the report concludes with the statement that “The Sixth Congress fulfilled the important function of raising the level of awareness of the needs and rights of prisoners and the oppressed.”

Applications are now being accepted for three research internships at the Friends Committee on National Legislation (FCNL) in Washington, for the eleven-month period beginning September 1981. These assignments provide young people with an opportunity to learn first-hand about the legislative process while serving as support staff for FCNL’s staff lobbyists. The program is approved as part of the Volunteer Service Mission of the Friends United Meeting, Richmond, Indiana. Interns receive a subsistence level salary.

For further information or to make application, write to Intern Program, FCNL, 245 Second Street, NE, Washington DC 20002. Application deadline is March 15, 1981.

In Alkemaar, Netherlands, on December 15, 1980, the “Ploegshare Fund” was officially inaugurated by Nobel Peace Prize recipient Adolfo Perez Esquivel. This fund, sponsored by “Church and Peace” at Ringstrasse 21, 6371 Schoef- fengrund near Wetzlar in West Germany has for its purpose the conversion of military industry into the manufacture of socially useful products, the training of the public in methods of nonviolent action, and aid to persons who have suffered or been persecuted as the result of such action in the interests of peace.

Adolfo Perez Esquivel is a member of the advisory committee for the fund. Its two honorary presidents are Catholic Archbishop Dom Helder Camara of Brazil and Protestant Pastor Jean Lasserre of Lyon, France.

An important consultation involving forty Friends from fifteen yearly meetings was held in mid-December, 1980, at the Quaker Hill Conference Center, Richmond, Indiana.

Under the rubric “Contemporary Challenge of Quaker Service,” discussions included such topics as “the proportion of Quakers on the staff of service organizations,” “the hazards of political or partisan involvement when dealing with injustice and systematic violence,” and “the roles of the young volunteer and the specialist.” In sum, it was felt that “our diversity should be seen as a resource.” A small continuation group was created from the steering committee to assure that future consultation on Quaker Service be carried forward; also to facilitate further information in regard to youth opportunities.

“Peace and the Arms Race” was the title of an interreligious conference held at Sioux Falls, SD, in November, 1980. Father Richard McSorley of Georgetown University; Dr. Jonathan Fine, of Physicians for Social Responsibility, Cambridge, MA; and William Fairbourn, U.S. Marine Corps (ret.), Salt Lake City, UT, were the principal speakers. The destructive horrors of the megaton bombs we manufacture daily, were described; that Christ could “push the button” was held unimaginable and even the former USMC officer said “we do not need more nuclear weaponry.” One speaker summed it all up when he said: “We must cooperate... or we will perish.”

Adolfo Perez Esquivel, who was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for 1980, in speaking on November 21 before an AFSC audience in Philadelphia, concluded his appeal for social justice, human rights and nonviolence in the struggle against terrorism and governmental sales and use of arms, with the following words: “... We know that the road is difficult, thorny one, but we know that we are also a continent full of hope, full of expectation. I like to say that our struggle is like that between the elephant and the ant. One ant is obviously rather uneven odds with respect to the elephant; but friends, there are more ants than elephants...”
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July 12-July 25, 1981
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YEARLY MEETING REPORT

Australia

The annual gathering of about 150 members of Australia Yearly Meeting at Adelaide in the first week of January opened with the Backhouse Lecture, "What Jesus Means to Me—Jesus the Liberator," given by English Friend, Roger Wilson. This was followed by a one-day summer school in which small worship-sharing groups discussed the same theme.

At the business meetings, the concerns covered a wide range of subjects. A public statement was issued calling on the Australian government to revise its decision to allow U.S. B-52 aircraft, some carrying nuclear weapons, to land in Australia. Another statement supported the world disarmament petition organized by the United Nations Association, and another called for the freeing of Kim Dae Jung, the former opposition leader under sentence of death in South Korea. Australia Yearly Meeting also agreed to be a sponsor of the Nuclear Free Pacific week, and to support moves for the Indian Ocean Zone of Peace.

On the domestic front, yearly meeting now has a part-time peace worker in Sydney, where the committee produced a government submission calling for the establishment of a Peace Research Institute in Australia, and also studied the possibility of a Peace Tax Fund as a method of allowing taxpayers to direct a proportion of their tax to peace purposes instead of military spending.

In connection with race relations, the yearly meeting was concerned that the holding of the 1982 Commonwealth Games in Brisbane might be taken as an opportunity by the governments of Australia and of Queensland to promote their race relations policies, and, rather than call for a ban on the games, it was agreed that steps would be taken to alert the press and other people coming to the games to the true position. It was also agreed to support the Council of Churches' refusal to participate in Australia's 1988 bicentenary celebrations unless substantial progress towards aboriginal land rights had been achieved by then, and also to support the World Council of Churches' international team which is to study race relations in Australia.

Other concerns discussed at the yearly meeting included the abolition of corporal punishment in schools (on which it was felt further discussion was needed before a statement could be made), the Australian government's proposed plant variety rights legislation (allowing the "patenting" of seed varieties), the problems of unemployment, and the International Year of Disabled Persons.

Throughout the yearly meeting, interest groups met on a wide variety of subjects, including community living, couples enrichment, gay Friends and friends of gays, crime prevention, prisoners, and healing and wholeness.

Australia Yearly Meeting has about 1,000 members spread over a geographical area equivalent to the whole of Western Europe or of the USA. With only one opportunity to gather each year for business and spiritual purposes, the result is a strenuously uplifting week so full of nourishment as to be almost indigestible. That the Quaker witness can be so effectively maintained over such a wide area is a tribute to the hard work of many Australian Friends.

Ruth Haig

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

We Need to Work for a Better Society

I was glad to see that Dorothy Hutchinson in her article "The Right to

March 1, 1981 FRIE ND S J O U R N A L
Life" (FJ 12/15/80) made connections between anti-conscription, war and abortion which she says is "intentionally to arrest the development of life." It is very important for Friends to be clear about language and concepts, I feel. To register is to be available for the draft. To be drafted is to go into the armed forces. The purpose of the armed forces is to be able to kill in war. Likewise, "arresting the development of life" is also killing that life. One might feel that there is a compelling reason for that type of killing, but killing it is, as I have observed it as a nurse.

I agree with Dorothy Hutchinson that the Hyde Amendment is discriminatory against poor women and I have real questions about it on that basis. The baseline for me, though, is that abortion is the killing of a living being. To support abortion for societal reasons also fills me with dread. In my work with the terminally ill and those severely infirm of body who cannot "produce" for society in the traditional ways, I would not like to see mandatory euthanasia. Our means and ends should be consistent and killing for a greater good does not feel consistent.

We need to be working for a society where unplanned for pregnancies can be supported through options of adoption, increased aid to overwhelmed mothers, adequate day care centers and school facilities for young students and their babies. We need to be working for a society where there are competent and humane programs for the terminally ill and infirm. And we need to be working for a society where young people do not have to kill to protect that society and its life-style. If there is God in every being that includes the smallest as well as the largest, the poor as well as the rich and the U.S. citizen as well as the citizen from another country. All deserve the right to life.

Phyllis B. Taylor
Philadelphia, PA

Choose Life, Not Death

The recent article in FJ 12/15/80 entitled, "The Right to Life" by Dorothy Hutchinson has led me to write about a subject that has tormented me for some time. I am not tormented by the question of the right to life as it relates to abortion or war. For me the question has been answered.

I am tormented that Friends or anyone else need ask. I am tormented by arrogance and hypocrisy. I am tormented by war, reasons and calculated destruction of any life.

The question of the right to life should not be raised because in this context the word "right" refers to the laws of humanity, not to the laws of God. It is not a good slogan. Life is neither ours to give nor ours to take. This is the law of the universe. To obey this law we need only love and protect all life. The law is simple.

The opinion of the Roman Church, the Supreme Court or of all of the governments of Earth have no relevance. The province of life is in God's kingdom. Only the laws of that kingdom apply. To weigh our laws against those of the universe is foolish, human arrogance.

Dorothy Hutchinson and many Friends, in deciding about abortion, weigh human "needs," religious opinions, medical opinions and the laws of governments one with the other in the false belief that these questions have meaning. Then, finding no answer, escape the real issue by saying that the pregnant woman must have the right to choose for herself "in consultation with her God and her physician." However, the conclusion that individuals must choose for themselves, which on the surface is correct, was reached because of our inability to answer questions not relevant to the issue. This is not only arrogant and deceptive but extremely dangerous to those who are led to believe that they even have a right to decide in some human context.

Yes, we have freedom of choice. We can choose the right path or the wrong. We can choose life or death. We can choose love or reject it. I believe we must choose the path of love and so fight that way for others. There is no question as to the right or wrong of destroying life. The only question is which you choose. We cannot take the chance of leading others astray by making them believe that perhaps in some circumstances the destruction of life, no matter what its form, is right.

Seek the Light, seek the Spirit and seek love and there is no question. It is difficult to picture Jesus among us and one of the miracles he performs is to terminate a pregnancy, perhaps to save a mother or her unborn child a life of suffering or poverty.

I am tormented because Friends are so often caught up in the compelling issues of our times and so righteous in their fight against evil that they forget that
Abortion Is No Solution

I continue to be agonized by what appears to be hostility on the part of some Friends toward the Right to Life Movement. I agree that it is fallacious to defend the life of the unborn while supporting conscription for war, but it is equally fallacious not to extend our concern for nonviolence to the unborn.

In Dorothy Hutchinson's article (FI 12/15/80), it says: "Anti-abortionists who zealously defend the right to life for the fetus can logically be expected to join the current anti-conscription campaign to defend thousands of our youth from death or worse." Shouldn't this also read: "Those in the anti-conscription campaign who defend thousands from death or worse can be logically expected to join the current anti-abortion campaign to jealously defend the right to life of the fetus"?

Why do we decoy war, capital punishment and all killing somehow reason ourselves into a position that it is correct for social reasons to kill the unborn? It is argued that there is a debate about when life begins. It seems almost obvious that life grows and is ever changing on a continuum from conception until death. At conception every component of the individual is present. At about eighteen days the heart is pumping; at forty-three there is a readable brainwave; and by eight weeks a very small hand—now bearing the lines of an individual—will make a fist if stroked.

As all parents know, the child that is given them is not a tabula rasa but a distinct and unique life that is infinitely different from its brothers and sisters and completely irreplaceable. Life exists in the uterus and it takes an act of violence and killing to terminate it.

I was deeply saddened by a call to an experiment that would find out "whether abortions on request will cost the State more or less than the present system of forcing poor women to bear more children than they can properly care for without years of government aid." Are we to make cost efficiency the touchstone of our morality? Is it cheaper to kill the unborn of the poor or perhaps the old, the handicapped, or the prisoner? What spiritual price would we pay for these economies?

For many years I have worked on a pregnancy counseling hot-line, and I know well the problems of housing, health and child care costs and safe contraception that face women and their families. It is in these areas that we must place our energy. We must not seek to justify abortion or have noble ends sanctify ignoble means. Abortion may seem to provide a quick solution in much the same way that capital punishment does. But we pay a huge price ethically as a society for these easy solutions and individually as many women find the "simple" solution to be infinitely complex.

I have wept and prayed over this concern and I present it to you as a deeply felt imperative.

Mary Edwards
Granada Hills, CA

Abortion Article Inconsistent

Dorothy Hutchinson’s article entitled “The Right to Life” in FI 12/15/80 evinces a fundamental misunderstanding of the nature and goals of the anti-abortion movement in the United States. Ms. Hutchinson also engages in such a strong advocacy of utilitarianism over idealism and violence over pacifism in the area of abortion policy that she leaves one honestly wondering about the depth and intellectual consistency of her dedication to the cause of peace.

Early in her article, Ms. Hutchinson makes the statement that the U.S. Supreme Court “has declared early abortions legal.” That is only partially true, since what the Court actually held in the landmark 1973 case of Roe vs. Wade was that all abortions are permissible under the Constitution but that the several states may, if they choose, prohibit the procedure only in the final trimester of the gestation period. In view of the fact that the overwhelming majority of abortions are performed in the first six months of pregnancy, the Court really legalized almost all abortions for any reason at all, ranging from the relatively serious to the shockingly whimsical. It is against this kind of extremism that the Right to Life Movement is aligned.

Towards the middle of her essay, Ms.

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Hutchinson makes the wholly groundless suggestion that the anti-abortion movement has a central "punitive" purpose, which is that of forcing sexually sinful women through the pain of childbirth. Implicit in this line of reasoning is the idea that the pro-life cause is anti-feminist. The truth, as Ms. Hutchinson surely knows, is that there are a great number of women, and not a few feminists, who are active in the Right to Life campaign. Far from being anti-feminist, the anti-abortion position has much more in common from a moral standpoint with feminism than does the pro-abortion stand. For if the moral basis for support of the feminist cause is the principled opposition to oppression, is it not inconsistent for pro-feminists to advocate a freedom to commit the ultimate act of oppression involved in depriving unborn children of their most basic right to live? The principal goal of the anti-abortion movement is not to oppress women; rather, it is to end the monstrous oppression of unborn children by gaining them recognition as persons under the Constitution who are entitled to its full protection.

Though at the end of her article Ms. Hutchinson admits that to commit abortion is "intentionally to arrest the development of a life," she offers a plethora of utilitarian justifications for such wanton destruction of innocent human life. Among the women for whom Ms. Hutchinson favors a freedom of abortion are sexually ignorant teenagers, physically and/or mentally exhausted wives and mothers, and the economically hard-pressed. Among the purposes for which Ms. Hutchinson favors all of these abortions being executed are those of lowering the birth rate, improving the health of poor women and their born children, and cutting welfare costs. If, in the case of abortion, she finds so many reasons for making exceptions to God's law about the taking of human life, then one wonders why Ms. Hutchinson can think that she is morally credible when she so fervently attacks the employment of the same sort of utilitarian reasoning with regard to war and capital punishment.

Dorothy Hutchinson concludes her article on the abortion issue by asserting that anti-abortionists who defend the unborn child's right to live ought logically to join the anti-war movement. Her point is a valid one, but she obviously has not taken it into her own heart. To be intellectually consistent about his or her opposition to violence, a true peace advocate must oppose war, capital punishment, and abortion. To condemn only two, while justifying the other under a multitude of circumstances, is to lose moral credibility. In short, Ms. Hutchinson reveals herself to be a supporter of only some kinds of peace and a crusader against only some kinds of killing.

Steven R. Valentine
Indianapolis, IN

Abortion Review Confusing

Anne Toensmeir's review of Aborting America by Bernard Nathanson (FJ 11/15/80) was extremely confusing. I was left with the distinct impression that the reviewer agreed with Nathanson's anti-abortion stand, but felt she had to beware of offending the "Friendly majority." She therefore resorted to weak attempts to debunk his thesis as guilt-ridden and anti-woman. In her conclusion she somehow managed to say that abortion is "the destruction of human life" and yet often "the lesser of two evils," the other (greater) evil being a "situation desperate enough" to warrant choosing abortion. With this kind of reasoning we could maintain the Peace Testimony and yet support war! Before Friends find themselves continuing to defend a pro-abortion stand which is inconsistent with the Peace Testimony, we need a forum on the subject which would include fresh points of view. Others on the left side of social issues are now pointing out how abortion on demand is actually anti-feminist and evasive of the real issues of poverty and welfare. (c.f., November Sojourners)

I hope other closet pro-lifers within Quakerism will challenge this glaring inconsistency in our witness.

Becky Marshall
Onionagon, MI

Freedom of Choice Upheld

Under the U.S. Constitution a woman has the right to control her own body and may choose an abortion if she wishes. Whether or not you or I approve of abortion is not the issue. The basic issue is freedom of choice in a vital issue of life.
I consider abortion a bad thing. Better far to avoid unwanted pregnancies through sex education, birth control and personal restraint. But who among us is naive enough to think that wisdom can always prevail in such matters? And what is to be done when an unwanted pregnancy occurs, as thousands do—especially in a situation in which it can be life-shattering? In the old days thousands of women and young teenage girls sought out untrained, illegal practitioners or attempted self-abortion with coat hanger, wire and butcher knives, often with tragic results. Do we really want to go back to that?

Some folks regard unwanted pregnancy as appropriate punishment for unwise behavior. For my part, I regard motherhood as a sacred thing—a source of happiness and fulfillment in the renewal of life. To use motherhood as punishment is blasphemy! Abortion is punishment enough.

Some folks describe the removal of a newly-fertilized ovum as murder. On the other hand, some regard compulsory child-bearing as the cruelest form of rape. Such emotionally charged words have little relevance to the problem.

As a seventy-five-year-old great-grandfather I am staunchly pro-life. I oppose capital punishment, militarism and the use of tobacco (which kills more U.S. citizens every year than died in World War II). I’m concerned, too, about world population which is already greater than the Earth can long sustain in any degree of well-being, and which is increasing by 200,000 people every day. Sooner or later life and death always come into balance. Whether this balance will come about through wise and humane social policy or through the horror of world starvation is for us to decide.

The quality of human life is as important as the quantity. We need to be sensitive to life in all its dimensions, both individual and social, and seek a wise blending of sentiment and reason. If we approach the abortion issue in this spirit we will not take a position for or against it, but will in each case leave the painful decision to be made by the woman involved, hopefully in consultation with her family and physician.

For welfare clients and the very poor, freedom of choice has little meaning without financial help. Hence I urge public funding where needed. Should some taxpayer complain, I would point out that the expense of supporting an unwanted child, even in poverty, is likely to be hundreds of times greater.

It is said that Beethoven was among those who, as children, were unwanted and unloved. You can add Hitler to that list. In general a secure and loving family is the one most likely to produce creative and constructive human beings. The vast majority of U.S. citizens, who respect women’s freedom of choice, need to stand firm against the aggressive minority who seek to restrict and abolish that freedom.

Ernest Morgan
Burnsville, NC

Information on Japanese-American Relocation Sought

I am currently working on my masters thesis in the area of “The Response of the Historic Peace Churches to the Internment of the Japanese-Americans During World War II,” Executive Order 9066, signed by President Franklin D. Roosevelt on February 19, 1942, began the process of moving over 120,000 Japanese-Americans into “relocation centers” in California, Idaho, Utah, Oregon, Washington, Colorado, Arizona, Wyoming and Arkansas.

I would be very interested in corresponding with either persons who know of materials which would be helpful or persons who were directly involved, e.g., by working in relocation centers, by farming in areas from which Japanese-Americans had to move, by protesting this assault on a group of people (two-thirds of whom were American citizens). I would also appreciate reflections from Japanese-Americans on the visibility and response of Mennonites, Friends and Brethren. Please write to me at Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries, 3003 Benham Ave., Elkhart, Indiana 46514. Thank you.

Charles Lord
Elkhart, IN

Bill Passed

The United States Senate passed the Women’s Rights National Historic Park Bill referred to in my article in FJ 3/15/80. For enthusiasts of Quaker history, this is some really good news. The bill as revised and passed provided for total acquisition by the Department of the Interior of the Waterloo home of Thomas and Mary Ann McClintock. He was the clerk of the Juniust Meeting and both were active Friends. In their home
the five women gathered to write the "Declaration of Sentiments."

Happy Birthday, Lucretia Mott!

Robert Staley
Seneca Falls, NY

A Good Issue

Your issue of FJ 11/15/80 was quite good. Ruth Kilpack's "Pilgrim's Progress" started it out well. "One Pilgrim's Path" on Peace Pilgrim was terrific, and Barbara Reynolds' "We Did Not Choose Them" was inspiring. Ben Richmond's "All Creation Groans" was thought-provoking and different (in a good, fresh way) from the usual Friends Journal fare. Good job all around!

Becky Marshall
Ontonagon, Ml

Thanks for the Good Work

Keep up the good work. I enjoyed tremendously the piece on Peace Pilgrim (FJ 11/15/80) and read it aloud to all at Arthur Morgan School during lunch one day. The world is starving for good news.

Peace be with you all.

Chip Poston
Burnsville, NC

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Wanted

Good, used copies of a Host for Friends. State College Friends Meeting, 611 East Prospect Ave., State College, PA 16801.

Clerk of Hong Kong Friends Meeting and wife seek to rent house or apartment in New Jersey, Maryland or Virginia shore for one or two weeks starting July 1, 1981. Returning from overseas. Three years absence to have reunion with four adult sons. Write airmail DelWhit and Becky Barnett, P.O. Box 30655, Causeway Bay, Hong Kong.

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MONTEVERDE—Phone 61-18-87.

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MEXICO CITY—Unprogrammed meeting, Sundays 11 a.m. Casa de los Amigos, Ignacio Merlo 132, Mexico 1, D.F. Phone: 535-27-62.

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LIMA—Unprogrammed worship group. Sunday evenings. Phone: 22-11-01.

Alabama

BIRMINGHAM—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 10 a.m. Sunday. Connie LaMonte, clerk, 205-679-5715.

Alaska

ANCHORAGE—Unprogrammed meeting, Firstdays, 10 a.m. Mountain View Library. Phone: 433-4425.

FAIRBANKS—Unprogrammed worship, Firstdays, 9 a.m. Home Economics Lounge, third floor, Elliotson Building, Univ. of Alaska. Phone: 479-6766.
Arizona

FLAGSTAFF—Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m., 402 S. Beaver, near campus. Frances B. McAllister, clerk. Mailing address: P.O. Box 922, Flagstaff AZ 86001. Phone: 928-774-4228.

McNEAL—Ochoh Friends Meeting At Friends Southwest Center, 719 miles south of Elfrida. Worship 11 a.m. Phone: 520-587-3315.


TEMPE—Unprogrammed, First-days 9:30 a.m., child care provided, Danforth Chapel, ASU Campus, Tempe 85281. Phone: 602-967-6040.

TUCSON—Pima Friends Meeting (Intermountain Yearly Meeting), 738 E. 5th St. Worship 10 a.m. W. Russell Ferrell, clerk. Phone: 520-624-8821.

Arkansas

LITTLE ROCK—Unprogrammed meeting, alternate First-days. Ph.; 501-917-225, 886-2828, or 865-8283.

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BERKELEY—Unprogrammed meeting. First-days 11 a.m., 2151 Vine St., 94722.

CLAREMONT—Worship, 9:30 a.m. Classes for children 727 W. Harvard Ave., Claremont.

DAVIS—Meeting for worship, First-day, 8:45 a.m. 345 L St. Visitors call 753-5924.

FRESNO—10 a.m. Chapel of CSPP, 1350 W St. 220-3976. If no answer, call 209-3300.

COLORADO

BOULDER—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Phone: 449-0040 or 494-2982.

COLORADO SPRINGS—Worship group; Phone: 719-634-7760. Services vary. Phone: 719-634-7760.

DENVER—Meeting for worship, Sunday 10 a.m. Adult forum 11 to 12. 1293 S. Colfax Ave.; Box 4411, Denver, CO 80203. Phone: 303-444-1020.

DURANGO—Friends Meeting, Sunday. 247-4733.

FORT COLLINS—Worship group, 484-5537.

SAN JOSE—Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. Singing 10 a.m. 1014 Morse St.

SANTA BARBARA—Marymount School, 2130 Mission Ridge Rd. (W. of El Encanto Hotel), 10 a.m. Phone 805-688-4999.

SANTA CRUZ—Meeting for worship Sundays 9:30 a.m. Community Center, 301 Center Street. Clerk: 408-427-0868.

SANTA MONICA—First-day school and meeting at 10 a.m. 1440 Harvard St. Call 822-4089.

SONOMA COUNTY—Redwood Friends Meeting, Worship and First-day school 10 a.m., YWCA, 635 5th St. PUB 1831 Santa Rosa, 95402. Clerk: 707-523-1783.

TEMPLE CITY (near Pasadena)—Pacific Ackworth Friends Meeting, 6210 N. Temple City Blvd. Meeting for worship, Sunday 11 a.m. For information call 213-5859 or 793-3495.

VISALIA—Unprogrammed worship group, Sundays 10:30 a.m. Location varies. Call 734-8275 for information.

VISTA—Unprogrammed meeting 10 a.m. Call 742-9655 or 728-9408. P.O. Box 1443, Vista 92083.

WESTWOOD (West Los Angeles)—Meeting: 10-12 a.m. University YWCA, 574 Hilgard (across from UCLA bus stop). Phone: 487-9576.


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HARTFORD—Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m., 144 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford. Phone: 222-3631.

MIDDLETOWN—Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Russell House (Wesleyan University), corner High & Washington Sts. Phone: 627-3604.

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., Thanes ScienceCtr. Clerk: Betty Chu. Phone: 627-7947.

NEW MILFORD—Housatonic Meeting: Worship 10 a.m. Rte. 7 at Lakeville Rd. Phone: 203-354-7656.

STAMFORD-GREENWICH—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Westover and Roxbury Roads, Stamford. Clerk: George Peck. Phone: 869-5280.

STORRS—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., 1 mile north of the University of Connecticut campus. Phone: 429-4459.

WILTON—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. 317 New Canaan Road. Phone: 762-5669. Melodie Hodes Ross, clerk. Phone: 762-7324.

WOODBURY—Litchfield Hills Meeting (formerly Watertown). Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m., Woodbury Community House, Mountain Rd. at Main St. Phone: 263-5321.

WILTON—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Phone: 714-398-1135.

LONG BEACH—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., Garden Room, Brethren Manor, 3333 Pacific. Call 434-1004 or 831-4066.

LOS ANGELES—Meeting, 11 a.m., 4167 S. Normandie. Visitors call 208-0733.

MALIBU—Worship: 9:30 a.m. Phone: 213-457-9628.

MARIN COUNTY—10 a.m. Room 3, Congregational Church, 8 N. San Pedro Rd., Box 4411, San Rafael, CA 94903. Phone: 415-472-5207 or 867-7855.

MONTEREY PENINSULA—Friends meeting for worship Sundays, 10:30 a.m. Call 375-3837 or 624-9631.

ORANGE COUNTY—First-day school and adult study 10 a.m., worship and child care 11 a.m. University of California at Irvine (Univ. Club, Trailer 1-11 park in P-11). Phone: 714-552-7691.

PALO ALTO—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m., 957 Colorado.

PASADENA—Orange Grove Monthly Meeting, Unprogrammed worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. 520 E. Orange Grove Blvd. Phone: 782-6223.

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

RIVERSIDE—Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m. Young peoples' activities, 10:15 Dialog, study or discussion, 11:15. Business meetings first Sundays, 11:15. Info. 781-4884 or 683-4880. 3920 Bandini Ave., Riverside, 92506.

SACRAMENTO—YWCA, 17th and L Sts. First-day school and meeting for worship 10 a.m. Discussion at 11 a.m. Phone: 925-6188.

SAN DIEGO—Unprogrammed worship, First-days 10:30 a.m. 4645 Seminole Dr., Box 17056, San Diego, CA 92117.

SAN FERNANDO—Unprogrammed worship First-days, 15066 Bledsoe, Simi Valley. Phone: 892-1565 for time.

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

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WASHINGTON—Friends Meeting, 2111 Florida Ave. NW (near Conn. Ave.), 483-3710. Meetings for worship: First-day, 9 a.m.; First-day school, 11 a.m. (First-day school 11:20 a.m.), Wednesday at 7 p.m.

Florida

CLEARWATER—Meeting 10 a.m., WYCA, 22 S. Lincoln Ave., October through May. In homes June through September. Dorothy, Ann Ware, clerk, 850-9418 (evenings).

DAYTONA BEACH—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., 201 San Juan Ave. Phone: 677-0457.

GAINESVILLE—1921 N.W. 2nd Ave., Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m.

JACKSONVILLE—Meeting 10 a.m., WYCA, contact 399-4345.

LAKE WORTH—Palm Beach Meeting, 10:30 a.m. 823 North A St. Phone: 589-8080 or 548-3148.

MIAMI-CORAL GABLES—Meeting 10 a.m., 1185 Sunset Road, Heather C. Molr, clerk, 361-2869. AFSC Peace Center, 236-4976.

ORLANDO—Meeting 10:30 a.m., 316 E. Mark St., Orlando 32803. Phone: 440-2351.

SARASOTA—Worship 11 a.m., 240 N. Washington Blvd. (at 3rd St.) Park and enter in rear of building. Room 106B, 103 Franklin St., 1021, Welch St. Sta., 50010. Phone: 274-4851.

ST. PETERSBURG—Meeting 10:30 a.m. 130 19th Ave., S.E. Phone: 813-409-0310.

WINTER PARK—Meeting 10 a.m. Alumni House, Rollins College. Phone: 844-4705.

Georgia


AUGUSTA—Worship 10:30 a.m. 340 Telfair St. Margaret Willie Race, clerk. Phone: 769-6529 or 733-1476.

SAVANNAH—Meeting for worship 10 a.m. 110 E. Taylor. Phone: 236-4700 or 236-2556.

ST. SIMONS—Alternate Sundays, 11 a.m. Phone: 912-638-9346 or 538-1240.

Hawaii

HONOLULU—Sundays, 2426 Oahu Avenue. 9:45, hymn singing; 10, worship and First-day school. Oversleeping inviting; welcomed. Phone: 888-2714.

Maul,—Friends Worship Group. Please call Mr. and Mrs. Blaine Treadway, 878-6552, 251 Kahoea Place, Kula, Hi 96790.

Idaho

SANDPOINT—Unprogrammed worship group form­ ing. Meeting in members’ homes. Call Lois Whynne, 620-9306 or write 504 Eucalyptus Ave., 83864.

Illinois


CARBONDALE—Unprogrammed worship, Sun­ days, 10:30 a.m. Phone: 457-6542.

CHICAGO—Street Worship, 10:30 a.m., 5615 Woodlawn. Monthly Meeting follows on first Sun­ day. Phone: BU 8-3066.

CHICAGO—Chicago Monthly Meeting, 1074 S. LaSalle. Contact: Phones: Hi. 5-4249 or BE 3-2715. Worship, 11 a.m.

CHICAGO—Northside (unprogrammed). Worship 10 a.m. For information and meeting location, phone Ogden Ashley, clerk, 694-1923 or 743-0846.

DECatur—Worship 10:30 a.m. Phone Charles Wright, clerk, 211-877-2914, for meeting location.

DEKALB—Meeting in Friends homes. Phone: 758-1985, or 758-7084.

DOWNERS GROVE—(west suburban Chicago) Meeting and First-day school 10:30 a.m. 5710 Lomond Ave. (3 blocks west of Belmont, 1 block south of Maple). Phone: 966-3881 or 852-9812.

EVANSTON—1010 Greenleaf, UN 4-8511. Worship on First-day, 10 a.m.

LOUISIANA—New Orleans—Worship Sundays, 10 a.m. 3033 71

Maine

BAR HARBOR—Acadia meeting for worship in evening. Phone: 286-5419 or 244-7113.

MID-COAST AREA—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 10 a.m. at Damariscotta library. Phone: 563-3464 or 563-8255.

ORONO—Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m. at MCA Bldg., College Ave. Phone: 836-2198.

PORTLAND—5:30 p.m. Worship and First-day school a.m. (summer 9:30). For information call Harold N. Burnham, M.D. 207-839-5551.

Maryland

ADELPHI—2303 Metzger, near U. MD. Prayer group 9 a.m., Worship 10, First-day school 10:20, adult 2nd hour 11:30, 446-1114 anytime.

ANNAPOLIS—Worship 10 a.m. (summer), WYCA, 40 State Circle. Mail address Box 3142, Annapolis 21403. Clerk: Christina Connell, 301-389-1149.

BALTIMORE—1211 23rd St., Sunny Run, 5116 N. Charles, 435-3773; Homewood, 3107 N. Charles St. 235-4438.

BETHESDA—Sidwell Friends School, Edge­ moor Lane & Snowden, Classes 10-15; worship 11 a.m. Phone: 332-1156.

CHESTERTOWN—Chesapeake River Meeting, Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m., First-Day school, 127 High St. George Gerendenick, clerk, 639-2156.

EASTON—Third Heaven Meeting and First-day school 10 a.m. 405 S. Washington St. Carl Boyer, clerk, 756-2577, contains Claggett, 822-0569.

FROSTBURG—Worship group 689-5637, 689-5629.

SANDY SPRING—Meetinghouse Road, at Rt. 108. Worship, 9:30 and 11 a.m.; first Sundays, 9:30 only. Classes, 10:30. Sparks—Gunpowder Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. For information call 472-2551.

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

Massachusetts

ACTON—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m., Harvey Wheeler Community Center, corner Main and Church Sts., W. Concord. (During summer in homes.) Clerk: Elizabeth Summers, a万辆, Phone: 957-0900.

AMESHERST-NORTHAMPTON—Greenfield—Meeting for worship and First-day school 11 a.m. Summer worship 10 a.m. Mt. Toby Meetinghouse, Rte. 63, Leverett. Phone: 224-0806.

BOSTON—Worship 11 a.m. (summer 10 a.m.), First-day, Beacon Hill Friends House, 6 Chestnut St., Boston 02108. Phone: 227-9118.

CAMBRIDGE—5 Longfellow Pk. (near Harvard Sq., off Brattle St.). Meetings Sunday 9:30 & 11 a.m. From 3rd Sun, in June through 2nd Sun. In Sept. 10 a.m. Phone: 978-6883.

DORCHESTER-JAMAICA PLAIN—(Circuit), First, 5:30 in homes. Worship, FDS, potluck. Summer meeting 11 a.m. at 362-2745.


NORTH EASTON—Worship 11 a.m. First Day at Friends Community. Phone: 238-0443; 224; 2262.

SOUTH YARMOUTH, CAPE COD—N. Main St. Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Clerk, Barbara Day, phone: 259-7419.

WELLESLEY—Meeting for worship and Sunday school, 10:30 a.m. at 26 Benvenuto Street. Phone: 237-0223.

WEST FALMOUTH, CAPE COD—Rt. 28A, meeting for worship, Sunday 11 a.m.


WORCESTER—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 11 a.m. 901 Pleasant St. Phone: 754-3887. If no answer call 758-6276.
OKLAHOMA CITY—Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. Forum, 11:30 a.m. Shared lunch follows, 333 SE 46th, Information, 632-7574, Clerk, Paul Kosted, 525-2296.

OREGON

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


Pennsylvania


BIRMINGHAM—1245 Birmingham Rd. S of West Chester on Rte. 291, turn W, 1 1/2 mile. First-day school 10 a.m.

Oklahoma

OKLAHOMA CITY—Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. Forum, 11:30 a.m. Shared lunch follows, 333 SE 46th, Information, 632-7574, Clerk, Paul Kosted, 525-2296.

Oregon

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

Rhode Island

NEWPORT—In the restored meetinghouse, Marlborough St., unprogrammed meeting for worship on first and third Fridays of each month.

South Carolina

COLUMBIA—Worship, 10:30 a.m. at Children Unlimited, 2500 Gervais St. Phone: 776-7471.

Tennessee

CHAATTANOOGA—Worship, 10:30, discussion following. 11 a.m. Douglas St., Lake Ingles, 629-5914.

MEMPHIS—Unprogrammed meeting for worship, discussion following. 10 a.m. Phone: 901-452-4777.

NASHVILLE—Meeting and First-day school, 10:30 a.m. 2004 Alabed Ave. Clerk, Nelson Fusion, 615-283-2427.

WILLIAMSBURG—First-day school, 10:30 a.m. 10:45 a.m. First-day school follows meeting during winter months.

Utah

LOGAN—Meetings irregular June-Sept. Contact Mary Roberts 753-2796 or Cathy Webb 702-0692.

SALT LAKE CITY—Unprogrammed meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m. 232 University Street. Phone: 801-487-1538.

Vermont

BENNINGTON—Worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m. Monument Elem. School, W. Main St. opp. museum. Malt P.O. Box 221, Bennington 05201.

BURLINGTON—Worship, 11 a.m. Sunday, back ol. 179 No. Prospect. Phone: 802-862-8449.

MIDDLEBURY—Worship, Sundays 10 a.m. St. Mary’s School, Shavatt St. Elizabeth Coleman, 802-388-7640.

PLAINFIELD—Worship 10:30 a.m. Sunday, Phone Gilson, Danville, 802-894-2281, or Hathaway, Plainfield, 802-542-7753.

PUTNEY—Worship, 10:30 a.m. The Grammar School, Hickory Ridge Rd.

WILLISTON—Worship, Sundays, on First-day school, 10 a.m. Farm and Wilderness Camps near Plymouth, N. entrance, Rt. 100. Kate Brinton, 226-8942.

Virginia


CHARLOTTESVILLE—Janie Porter Bartlett School, 410 Ridge St. Adult discussion, 10 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m. Phone: 804-993-1109.

LINCOLN—Goose Creek United Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m.

McLEAN—Langley Hill Meeting, Sunday 10 a.m. First-day school and all forum 11 a.m. Junction old Rt. 123 and Rt. 193.

RICHMOND—First-day school, worship 11 a.m. Phone: 452-0000. Keene St., Richmond 615-6185 or 272-9115. June-August, worship 10 a.m.

AROANOKE—Salem Preparatory Friends Meeting, clerk: Suie Wray, 436-7669, and Blakemore Preparatory Friends Meeting, clerk: Judy Heald, 544-7119.

VIRGINIA BEACH—Meeting for worship 11 a.m. (Sunday service) 1537 Laskin Road, Virginia Beach, VA 23451.

WINCHESTER—Centre Meeting, 203 North Washington, Worship, 10:15 a.m. Phone: 852-2973.

WINCHESTER—Hopewell Meeting, 7mi. N. on Rt. 11 (Clearbrook). Unprogrammed meeting for worship 10:15 a.m.; First-day school 11 a.m. Phone: 703-697-1018.

Washington

SEATTLE—University Friends Meeting, 4001 10th Ave., N.E. Silent worship and First-day classes at 10 a.m. Phone: ME 2-7006.

SPOKANE—Unprogrammed worship, Sundays, 10 a.m. W. 21st Forest Ave. Phone: 327-4086.

BURLINGTON—Worship, Sundays, 11 a.m., Friends House, 1537 Laskin Rd., Virginia Beach, VA 23451.

CHARLES TOWN—Worship, Sundays 10-11 a.m. Contact: Keener, 615-329-0623; F. Steve and Susie Wollons, phone: 304-345-8659.

MORGANTOWN—Monongalia Meeting. Unprogrammed meeting for worship and First-day school Sundays 11 a.m. Bennett House, 305 Willey. Contact Lurline Squirre, 304-590-3272.

WISCONSIN

BELoit—Unprogrammed worship, 11 a.m. Sundays, 811 Clydi St. Phone: 608-365-5695.

EAU CLAIRE—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. Call 322-0054 or 236-5962, or write 612 13th St. Eau Claire, WI 54703.

GREEN BAY—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 12 noon. Phone: Sheila Thomas, 336-0988.

MADISON—Sunday 9 and 11 a.m. Friends House, 2002 Monona St., 608-224-5281, and 11/15 a.m. Yahara Allowed Meeting, 2201 Center Ave., 249-7255.

MILWAUKEE—10 a.m. worship sharing; 10:30 meeting for worship. Phone: 414-333-5000 or write W. 610 N. Jackson, RM. 902. Phone: 963-9370, 332-9846.

OSKOSH—Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m., Sundays. Call 414-333-5000 or write P.O. Box 403.

Wyoming

SHERIDAN—Silent worship Sundays, 10 a.m. For information call: 672-6388 or 672-5004.
Announcing the Ninth Annual
HENRY J. CADBURY LECTURE

How Are Friends to Rise to the Future?
The emerging future threatens the vitality of Quakerism and its power to speak to the needs of tomorrow’s youth. How many Friends need to rethink their faith and practice to provide more hope for an increasingly troubled world?

to be given by

DOUGLAS HEATH
Professor, Psychology Department, Haverford College,
Author, Lecturer, Consultant to schools, colleges, religious and other social groups

THURSDAY, MAY 7 at 7:30 p.m.
Friends Meetinghouse
Fourth and Arch Streets
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

You are also invited to the Friends Journal Annual Dinner
at 6 p.m. in the East Room of the Arch Street Meetinghouse.
Dinner will be preceded by an informal gathering in the Lounge at 5:30, giving you an opportunity to meet with Douglas Heath.

DINNER RESERVATIONS (By April 23)

Please reserve ______ place(s) at $6.75 each for dinner at 6:00 pm on May 7.

□ Enclosed $______.

□ To be paid at the door.

Name ____________________________

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