

March 15, 1981

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today

*Do rightty,
justty,
truly, holily,
equalty
to all people
in all things.*

Contents

March 15, 1981
Vol. 27, No. 5

To K	2
—Sylvia Messner	
The Longest Ride	3
—Virgie Bernhardt Hortenstine	
How Important is the Justice Testimony?	8
—Dwight Spann-Wilson	
Friends' Affluence and the Third World	10
—Jack Powelson	
The Ministry of Prayer	14
—Martha Dart	
John Woolman (An Open Letter)	15
—Robert Daubenspeck	
Friends Around the World	16
Letters to the Editors	18
Book Reviews	22
Announcements	29
Classified Advertisements	30

Cover quote from page nine.



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To K :

"Whom do you look like, beautiful child,
Your Mother or your Dad?"

"Dad, of course, he's black."

"But you could have your Mother's eyes,
Her mouth, or body build,
And Mother, just in loving Dad,
And Dad in loving her,
Became both black and white,
As you, created by that Love.

Perhaps that doesn't show to you.
Have you looked beneath their skin?
You, of all, should know that Love
Is more than color; goes deep inside.
Whites and blacks, in creative love,
Cross colored skins, touch deep inside.
Purity of Love blends black and white.
White touched by black, black touched by white,
Is no more pure in shade,
But rather pure in Love.

—Sylvia Messner

The Longest Ride

A short story
by
Virgie Bernhardt
Hortenstine



Percy Bullock did get as far as Nashville, and I am glad he did. He had to sit the whole 150 miles from west Tennessee in the back of our ten-year-old white Ford station wagon with his knees under his chin, which wasn't quite the way to treat a dignified, elderly man in an immaculate suit. I had found Hank McKinnie's cousin Belle sitting in the station wagon when I went to pick up Hank at five that morning.

"You didn't say you wanted to go to the Human Relations Meeting," I said to Belle. "I've already got a load waiting to go. I'm only taking one person from each district. *And Hank is the one from here,*" I added, making it very plain, woman to woman.

She didn't answer until she had rearranged her five-by-five body comfortably in a good half of the seat behind the driver. She acted as if she hadn't heard me or as if she had dropped her quarter in the box on a public bus, with her purse in her hand, first getting the best available seat, then settling back.

She said, "Hank say, 'She'll carry you. Just tell her I said so.'"

Hank was another 300-pounder. I should have made a rule: Districts with people that big can only send half a person. "I'm scared the old car will break in two," I said.

"They won't all show up. You know how our people be. Say they fin [plan] to go 'til the last minute. Then they back out."

I actually considered the engineering of how one would move her. A prise pole? A crane? Not that I would have,

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even if I could have. I am white and I had to be careful not to exert too much leadership. Not to be maternalistic. Besides, I was chicken-hearted. And maybe she was right; maybe they wouldn't show up.

We went on, me driving, Hank up front, from the Thornhill Plantation the other side of Santobayou, picking up people as we went. By 6:30 the sun was coming up, and we were at Harper's Crossing, stuffing Percy Bullock in through the back window. Every one of the people who promised was in the car.

"That Belle McKinnie, she got more nerve than sense," I heard somebody in the back say as I closed the back window from the outside. But I couldn't put her out here and leave her standing beside the road, sixty miles from home. Luckily, two of the delegates were skinny and could both squeeze in the back seat beside Belle, their arms smashed against their sides.

So we took off for Nashville, eight of us in that old white Ford that had been given our civil rights project by a Philadelphia Quaker. It used to be green; you could tell where the white paint had chipped off in spots.

"Watch your feet, everybody," I said as we pulled out of Percy Bullock's muddy driveway. "There's holes in the floor from rust." Even as spoke I felt a splash on my ankle. I had a ton of people in that car.

As I drove, I could see Percy Bullock in my rear vision mirror. Some of the others dozed off immediately; they had got up early. But I think Percy's eyes regretted it when they had to blink. I don't think he missed a tree or a house or a cliff or a rock from Harper's Crossing in Forked Deer County till we pulled in at the Hotel Tennessean.

I knew Percy from the early days of the Black Voter

Registration Movement in 1959, seven years before, when 700 black sharecropper families got eviction notices when they registered to vote. I went south to visit then, when our project began. None of the other blacks would keep us in their homes. But Percy took us in, he and his wife Geraldine and her sister Romelda. They called us "Freedom Riders."

"Ain't gon' let nobody stay outdoor," Percy said.

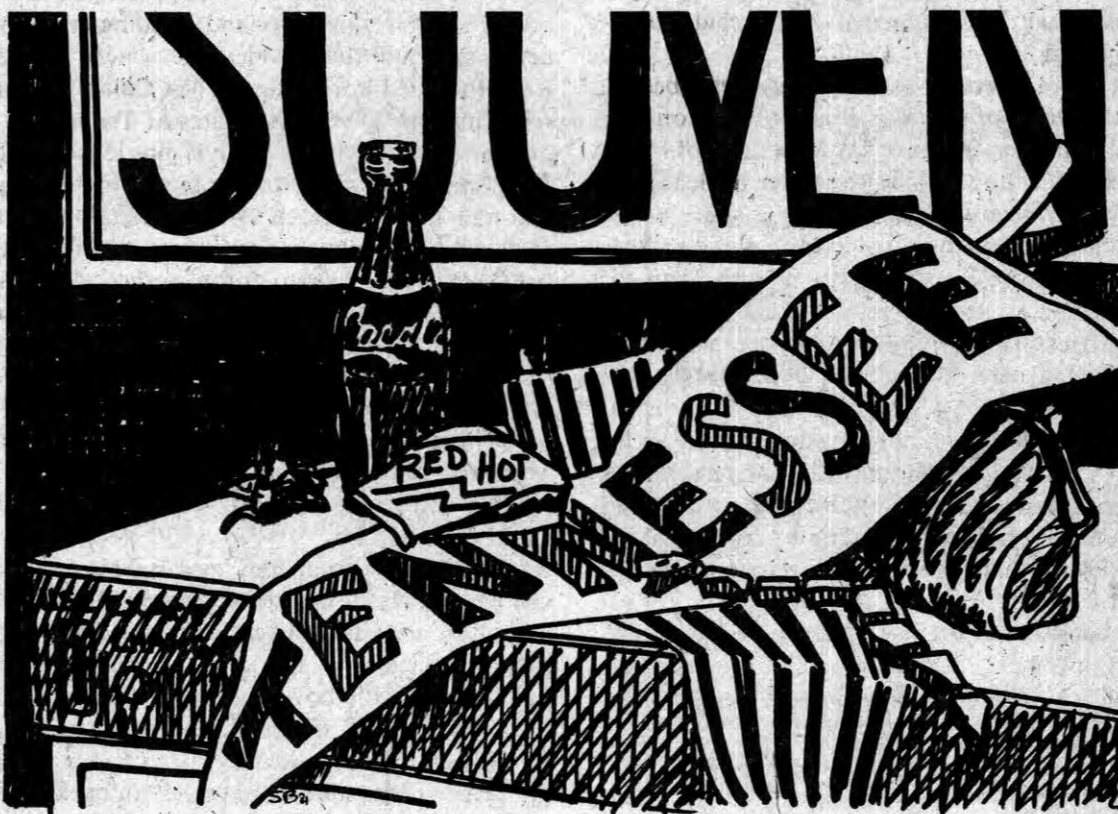
Percy was uncompromising. Yet he was humble. He believed he was a man and not a slave. He had been the first one to register to vote in his district. He allowed those cars with license plates from New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York to go in and out of his driveway. If an organizer had come around trying to get some help to set up a Farmers' Union in Forked Deer County, he would have found his man in Percy Bullock. But some of his neighbors and relatives said it didn't matter what Percy or other colored believed; if the whites didn't agree with them their believing didn't amount to much. Percy would consider that point of view, too. If he had had the books, he would have been an intellectual, weighing all points of view. He did have one book, his Bible; and he read and he read and he read. To civil rights workers his home was an oasis in a cultural desert, where art was artificial flowers and arrangements of blue plastic beer can holders, where the highlights of the day were sex and Coca Cola. Like Moses, he was denied the Promised Land; so he'd better enjoy the wilderness.

Percy didn't drive. He had diabetes and that may have been his justification for leading the quiet, reflective life he lived. But he owned a car, a pink 1954 Buick some white civil rights workers had given him when they went back up north. He let his brother Paul drive it, and it was often seen travelling the side roads around Harper's Crossing, loaded with people Bobby Jo had persuaded to go to the courthouse to register.

Perhaps it was because it was so often seen that one day when his brother was bringing it back to Percy's house, the wheels got caught in the railroad track in front of the house as he started over the hump. Paul raced the motor. When the car would not move forward, he tried to get it to roll back down off the hump, but the car would not move one way or the other. Paul got out to look and discovered that the gravel and mud had been dug away on both sides of the track. As he drove in, the momentum of the moving car had put the wheels over the track and hooked them there.

A train was due soon. Percy and the women got out. They tried to lift and push the car with their combined efforts, but did you ever try to lift a 1954 Buick? When the train came along they all waved and yelled. But the engineer did not seem to see them, and the train actually speeded up as it approached the stalled car. The crash was heard throughout the countryside around Harper's Crossing.

There was some slowing up on voter registration after



that crash, for everyone was convinced the crash was not an accident. Those who were beginning to get over their fear of registering became afraid again; they suspected there were forces at work they could not see.

Percy however, continued to allow the cars with the out-of-state license plates to come in and out of his driveway, the bearded and the long-haired flower children to sleep in his beds. They were there when Percy had an attack of insulin shock.

"Call the avalanche," said Geraldine, her eyes wide with fright. She knew no doctor would come, but there was no ambulance available. So the women put Percy's shoes on him, and they all carried him in this coma-like state to the car with the New York license plates. A bearded hippie drove him to the doctor's office at Fredonia. Some of the rest of our group had arrived by that time and five white northerners sat with Percy and Geraldine in the "Colored Only" waiting room with the "God is Love" placard on the wall.

It was only a day or so after Percy's visit to the doctor that another incident occurred. Percy was feeling better and was walking again.

About dusk, just after sunset, two men crept along the fence row beside the driveway to Percy's house. Up over the railroad track they came.

"Listen," said Percy, inside the house. "I thought I heerd somethin'."

"It bees a whippoorwill," said Geraldine. Romelda nodded.

"Whippoorwill don't come out till dark," said Percy. "Somethin' be wrong."

Then there was a whirring sound. Percy described it later, "Like the wings of a bird." Flames flared on the side of the house nearest the driveway. The three of them ran with the broom, the mop and the water bucket; and they beat on the flames. At last the fire was out.

After experiences like that, could one wonder that Percy was chosen from his district to take the trip to Nashville?

As we drove toward Nashville the hills became taller. We came to places where the rock had been cut through to build the road, leaving cliffs that showed each stratum of rock, like a huge layer cake. Percy wanted to see them all, every inch of every one. I stopped the car and let him climb out. He stood and he looked. He reminded me of myself at the age of six, the first time I ever saw a giraffe, the way he stood there, his hat in his hands, bending his neck backward to see the top of the cliff. Some of the others got out and looked, too, cursorily, and got back in.

"Wha, we there?" said Jim Brown, waking up. He was lying crosswise just behind the back seat.

Belle did not get out. I think she was afraid we would go off and leave her.

"I wish Percy could sit up in front," I said to Hank. "He could see so much better." But it was an idle wish. Hank's 300 pounds, although he was taller and not as wide as Belle, could not have doubled up in the back. Besides, I was not too sure of the right rear tire.

Since Hank was president of the NAACP, I often turned to him for leadership. But turn to him or not, he would have given it. Hank was very generous with leadership.

"I'll drive," he offered, rolling his eyes at me.

That meant I could give Percy my place and I could sit in back. But I was afraid to let Hank drive. He treated other people's cars like Christmas toys. His own truck was the most beat-up-and-wired-together-with-coat-hangers contraption I had ever seen on the road. Mine was bad, but Hank's always demonstrated that things could be worse. I stayed behind the wheel.

When we came to the Tennessee River, Percy had a streak of luck. The car broke down. It took us some time to get a push to the gas station whose sign we could see ahead. Percy chose to walk to the gas station. That meant he could stand on the bridge awhile first and watch the Tennessee River, so wide it reminds me of the Mississippi, so wide it is called Kentucky Lake. We were at Cuba Landing; and the mechanic had to put in a new fuel pump.

This may have been the best part of the trip for some of the passengers, and the biggest thing that morning for the economy of Cuba Landing. Our passengers scattered and quickly found souvenirs and vending machines. They began spending their money like water. Plastic bags of Red Hot Fried Pork Skins, Coca Colas, a pennant that was a map of "The Three States of Tennessee," another map of "The Volunteer State," plastic monkeys, a small green snake that wiggled when picked up. Belle must have had half her welfare check with her, for she bought a photograph of John F. Kennedy in a gilt frame.

I saw Jim walk over to the only other young man in the carload, a boy none of us knew very well. He wore glasses and he had a plump face and he was wearing a small round hat on the back of his head. A short boy, young, maybe fifteen. Jim was almost twenty-one.

"Why don't you see can you sit in back with me?" I heard Jim say to the boy.

The young man shrugged his shoulders. "I be okay who I be," he said.

"Oh, I see," said Jim, looking over at the young woman who had been sitting between the young man and Belle. "You kinda like bein' squuz in beside that good-lookin' chick."

"Aw," said the boy, embarrassed.

"Well okay, sit up there with your dame," said Jim. "But I might could double my two leg up like Percy Bullock do, and make room for you in back. Or that lady

sittin' back there with us may would switch with you."
"She be too wide," said Bubba, the boy. "I only got two'v inch to sit in."

Jim turned on his heel and went off and bought some smackin' gum. When he came back to the car, Bubba was sitting in the back where he had been. Jim crawled in directly behind Belle, where his feet had been before. The woman who had been in the back was sitting in the second seat with the young lady and Belle.

"That'll compact her," Jim whispered to Bubba. "That'll make her lose weight."

By now I had decided to let Hank drive for a while. From the front seat I could turn sideways and see the two boys getting acquainted.

We passed a sign pointing to Natchez Trace. "Oh," said Percy. "Wait a minute. We read about Natchez Trace in our history book when I were a boy. Wait a minute."

I had to remind him that we were late for the meeting.

"I studied about that fifty year ago," he said, accepting his disappointment.

I dozed, and when I opened my eyes, Hank was grinning to himself behind the wheel and looking straight ahead. He loved to drive.

I looked back. Both the boys were intently watching a small green snake wiggling its way across Belle's arm. Jim had it by the tail. Belle had sleeves on and hadn't noticed it yet.

"We're going mighty fast," I said to Hank. "Slow down." The speedometer was registering eighty.

At that moment something like an explosion came from the back seat. "Ba-a-a-ah!" yelled out Belle, wiggling, pushing, waving her arms. For a minute she gave the impression she was going to burst.

Hank put on the brakes, and the car ground to a stop on the shoulder. "Whatsamatter?" he asked.

"A snake! It were a snake!" exclaimed Belle, rubbing her arm.

There was no snake anywhere.

The other two women were laughing. The two boys looked innocent, mildly concerned. I got out and looked at the tires.

"See, you couldn'ta stop on a dime like that," said Hank to me.

"Even so, I'll take it on to Nashville," I said. "We're almost there, and I know the way to the hotel. We've missed the morning session. You'd better keep an eye on those boys."

The Tennessee Council on Human Relations meeting had that quality the reader would recognize who has attended any well-planned conference of people coming together from a distance over some concern. Two days—although ours turned out to be a day-and-a-half—getting acquainted with new people, white Mister Charleys and

white Miss Annes putting their best foot forward, their Sunday best foot, their best clothes, their best manners, their best ideas, Sunday Mister Charleys and Sunday Miss Annes. Even though they would become their old mean selves again on Monday. Not that they knew it, not that they didn't promise then and there that they would never become Monday Mister Charleys and Monday Miss Annes again, never again. But even if they did, even if Monday come and they did become again, still this dream had been dreamed and it had happened and it will always live, if only in someone's mind, if only in the realm of possibility, to be stirred up again one day.

Picture our Percy Bullock walking into the Hotel Tennessean. He had never set foot in a hotel before. I am sure he was tempted to look at the ceiling of the lobby, the way he had looked at those rock cliffs, holding his hat pressed to his chest, bending his neck back and looking up and up. But he also had a talent for urbanity, a quality picked up in his dim past, who knows where, whether from some white Forked Deer County judge, wearing a dusty frock coat, whether from a black minister, or whether from something his mother had taught him at



Sue Burnus

her knee.

Don't gawk, don't stare, walk smoothly, hold your head erect. And nobody will know you're a hick. Don't think hick, think gentleman.

In the hotel dining room, where the white waitress took us all to a table, I just knew she would say sweetly, "I'm sorry, but the nigra restaurant is rat down the street," but really wantin' to say, "and git yourself down there fast, niggah."

But she didn't say that. She showed us to a table. She gave every one of us a menu card, and I could read mine. Hank couldn't, and he ordered chicken. But I figure shoot I can get chicken any day of my life. I ordered "filet mignon." Just to see what it do be like. Our waitress, she were a white lady, too. I wonder what she thought about waitin' on colored, carryin' food and settin' it down in front of 'em. Even sayin, "Enjoy your dinner." She must have gone out and vomited after.

And it were the sweetest beefsteak eatin' I ever done. I wanted to cut off a bite for everybody else at the table. But there weren't enough of it to. That Belle, sittin' there with sixteen pieces of chicken on her plate. And those white people at tables around us, smilin'. And the waitresses, smilin', checkin' up on every one of us, askin' were everything all right, pourin' water in our glasses, pourin' coffee in our cups, sayin' "Enjoy your dinner, enjoy your dinner."

There was a banquet that evening, too. The speaker was Whitney Young; it was when he was national president of the Urban League. Percy sat at the table closest to the speaker's table, talking a blue streak to some white man who sat down beside him, and the white man was talking a lot, too. Like old buddies. And I noticed that Percy was wearing one of those black string ties that were all the rage for men that year.

The master of ceremonies introduced some of the attenders, among them a group from Africa, students at Tennessee State. "Then there's another group that almost seems to be from a foreign country," the M.C. said, "Will the delegation from Forked Deer County stand?"

We all stood up and said our names. The M.C. pointed out some of the people, telling especially of Percy's house being set afire. I stood with tears in my eyes.

We stayed overnight in homes of white Nashville people. On Sunday we went to a Quaker meeting. I was afraid it would be too difficult for our group to sit for an hour in a silent meeting; our delegation were mainly Baptists. But they wanted to try going to church with white people.

We assembled in a small room at Scaritt College. The silence settled over us, a group of some twenty white Quakers and our carload of eight, seven of them black. Fortunately the blacks were accustomed to prayer

meetings.

About ten minutes went by. Then out of the silence came a woman's voice: "This I command you, that ye love one another. Even as I have loved you."

Seconds and minutes passed as if a clock were ticking in the quiet room. Then a man's voice. It was a familiar voice:

"They try to burn my house. Done set it on fire. Me and my wife and my Romelda mash the fire out with wet broom.

"They come, pret' near night. They was carryin' a flame thrower. White Freedom Rider come to help us colored, from up north. They got foreign license. White out there don't like that.

"I done redish to vote. First one in my district. White don't like that.

"I keep Freedom Rider in my house. They eat at my table. They sleep in my bed. White don't like that.

"They bring flame thrower. They try to burn my house.

"Father, forgive them."

At the end of the hour, when we were all shaking hands around the circle, a Quaker in the meeting went over to Percy Bullock and put his arms around him. The two men stood a full minute in this embrace.

We all had dinner together at the house of one of the members, at a long table outdoors. There was roast beef and mashed potatoes and a lot of dishes people had brought. After dinner somebody brought out a guitar. Jim played, and there under the trees we sang every church song there was from any black Baptist or African Methodist Church in West Tennessee.

It turned out that Belle could sing. They asked her to sing a solo. She sang, "How Great Thou Art." They clapped and asked her to sing another one.

"Y'all come back," said our hosts as we loaded ourselves into the car. They gave us an envelope with enough money in it to buy a new tire.

Hank was sitting up in front with me. The two boys and the young woman were in back. Percy was in the second seat. Belle was back in "her" seat. The other woman was squeezed between them.

"If it bees all right with you," suggested Belle in a soft, timid voice, "I could sit up in front, since there's only one besides the driver. And Hank could sit here and y'all wouldn't be squeezed so tight."

We stopped and changed. After a while Hank and I switched and he drove again.

On the way back Percy wanted to talk. "It were the longest ride I ever took," he said. "I always figured if you go far enough people would be different. And they sure was different. They treated us just like we was white. Do you think we made some mistake and got on the road to heaven?" □

How Important is the Justice Testimony?

by Dwight Spann-Wilson

Dwight Spann-Wilson is general secretary of Friends General Conference and on the Executive Committee, Board, Nominating Committee and Personnel Committee of the American Friends Service Committee. A member of Durham (ME) Meeting, sojourning at Westfield (NJ) Meeting, he is writing a book on Elias Hicks.



Due to a series of failures on our part, many of our contemporaries have been led to believe that the Religious Society of Friends has but one testimony, the Peace Testimony. Many of us consider this watering down of our faith to be reprehensible. Thus I was far from surprised when I was assigned the topic: "How Important Is the Justice Testimony?" for one of the sessions of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in early April, 1980.

It is my contention that the Peace Testimony is only one of many historic Quaker testimonies. They are interrelated, mutually-dependent parts of a whole living system. Still, they can be like the law of Moses, summarized in a single statement. Jesus capsulized the whole of the law with the statement, "You must love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your strength and with all your mind, and your neighbor as yourself." We too are bound by this concept though free from the law. I believe the whole of the Quaker system of living can be summarized in the statement, "The Creator made all sacred and gives us the responsibility to live as close to our Maker as possible."

This position was first introduced to the Society by George Fox when he said, "There is one, Christ Jesus, who can speak to thy condition." That eternal and internal One spoke not only to Fox but also speaks to all other rational human beings. We usually refer to this inward One, this Seed, as "that of God in everyone." From this belief come all other Quaker testimonies.

Among our other historic testimonies are a Judeo-Christian heritage affirming both the universal Christ of John's first chapter and the historic Jesus of Nazareth, truth and honesty, continuing revelation, Quakerism as a way of life, simplicity, each day and each act being holy, optimism, outreach, equality and justice. I left outreach, equality and justice at the end not because they are either lesser or later testimonies but for the convenience of this paper.

In 1661, only nine years after his personal search had become a movement, Fox wrote an essay entitled, "The Line of Righteousness and Justice Stretched Forth Over All Merchants and Others." The theme throughout was the Quaker responsibility to treat everyone justly. In this essay, Fox stated a timeless Christian position, "'Do rightly, justly, truly, holily, equally' to all people in all things." It must be understood that the pursuit of justice is a requirement in and out of season; during peace and during war.

Just as it is easiest to ford a stream during the dry season and in a temperate climate, it is easiest to practice Quakerism in peaceful times from the suburbs. There are fewer threats to our footing. But John Woolman offered guidance when he said,

Oppression in the extreme appears terrible, but oppression in more refined appearances remains

oppression; and where the smallest degree of it is cherished it grows stronger and more extensive. To labor for a perfect redemption from this spirit of oppression is the great business of the whole family of Christ Jesus in this world.

Because oppression, or the lack of universal justice, is so insidious, we must labor constantly to bring about our great hope, the commonwealth of God. We do this not only because oppression limits the ability of the disinherited to use their talents but also because it can easily make them doubt the goodness, if not the very existence of God. Finally, in due time oppression will almost invariably lead the victims to resort to violence and many of the superficial to blame the victims because they could no longer bear a pain not experienced by their critics. This phenomenon reminds me of the husband of my wife's hospital roommate while my wife was there for the birth of our child, Tai. While his wife was suffering the agony of childbirth and repeatedly begging for help, he, from his seat of comfort, assured her she needed no medication because he knew she could make it through.

Elias Hicks once said, "To be a Christian is to be Christlike. Religion and righteousness are the same things." Bible students such as Hicks understand that righteousness and justice are interchangeable words. Hicks is also known to have affirmed that witnessing to Truth is of paramount importance. Others who share this position realize that we must live as well as think our pursuit of truth and justice.

I am now going to center my words on personal experience rather than the words of others. I am from an oppressed background. My skin color is both the badge of over two-and-one-half centuries of U.S. slavery and another century of unfulfilled promises. Do not be fooled either by my clothes or my professional status. I am still oppressed. A few examples of recently experienced oppression may be enlightening. In 1972, because of my color, I was refused an academic loan in a Maine bank. In 1974, because of my color, I was refused service in an Ohio restaurant. In 1977, because of my color, I was refused a rental in a Mount Airy (Philadelphia) apartment house. In 1979, because of her color, my wife was refused service in a butcher shop almost in the shadow of Westfield Friends Meetinghouse. Oppression continues to be on my list of acquaintances. This is not to say that my oppression is as extreme as that of my South African cousins. It is to say that I, too, am not free in the land of my birth.

I grew up surrounded by violence. At age three, I witnessed my father pulling a gun on my mother. At age six, only a weak wrist prevented my shooting a cousin with what I thought was a toy gun. Before I graduated from high school I had known more than ten murderers and over a dozen people who had been murdered; my father had been stabbed, almost bleeding to death; and

my mother had narrowly escaped two attempted rapes. During my freshman year of college, both my best friend and my first cousin were killed in Vietnam. Five of my first cousins have been indicted for murder. My second closest male friend was murdered in 1974. One of my first cousins was killed in an armed robbery three months ago. My grandfather worked for the Mafia for twenty years.

I have seen nothing good come either to the victims of violence, families of the victims, murderers or families of murderers. Alone, I became a conscientious objector to all forms of violence three years before I either had met another conscientious objector or knew of the Religious Society of Friends' existence.

I say all of this that you may be assured that I need neither books nor network news shows to acquaint me with the need for our Peace Testimony. Where some might depend on theory, I speak from experience. But just as I have known a violent world, so have you. Do any of you know of a government that does not use violence to maintain itself? Does the U.S. government? Do your municipal police? Are we then to withdraw from society? Who would give us the right? The Federal government? Our God?

The subject of withdrawing from society always reminds me of those among us who advocate neutrality. In Psalm 103:6 we read, "Yahweh who does what is right, is always on the side of the oppressed." Is it surprising that God is not neutral? Is it shocking that God actually chooses sides? How can God save us from whatever threatens us if God takes no position? Are we to act differently? The truth is, anyone refusing to take sides is actually aiding and abetting the *status quo*. By not challenging the situation as it is, like Pontius Pilate we fail to cleanse our hands and end up allowing our brothers and sisters to be crucified. "Lord when did we see you naked and refuse to clothe you, hungry and refuse to feed you?" "I tell you sincerely whatever you did to the least of these you did to me." The words are from Jesus, the Truth is from God.

We are called to promote justice. This is our duty. There is no escaping it. Should an oppressed group—whose cause we favor—take up arms, we do not take up arms. But neither do we become neutral. We continue working for justice in our own way. We must not compromise Truth. We are not for a party, whether it be Paul or Apollos, reactionary or revolutionary. We are for Truth. Never must we condone violence, but always we must seek to understand it. Students who do not study texts do not excel in exams. Quakers who do not study causes do not uproot evil.

"What does God require? To do what is right and to love goodness and to walk humbly with your God." Let this be your guide, and "Let justice run down as waters and righteousness as a mighty stream." □

FRIENDS' AFFLUENCE AND THE THIRD WORLD





by Jack Powelson

John P. Powelson is professor of economics at the University of Colorado. Author of several books, his most recent is The Economics of Development and Distribution (Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich). He is clerk of the Boulder (CO) Meeting.

Carol Urner writes as beautifully as she lives ("Friends, John Woolman, and the Third World," FJ 12/1/80). We have known and loved the Urners since we were Young Friends together three decades ago. We have been in their home in the Third World, and they in ours. We have felt the same anguish about poverty that Carol has so poignantly expressed.

I, too, feel need for a Friends' witness in the Third World. I have known the urban slums, the mud floors, the utter poverty in over thirty countries in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Those who live in these conditions have befriended me, as they have Carol. I have lectured in universities in the Third World where I listened to the cries of revolutionary students, and I have sat in their circle.

I, too, believe Friends have a responsibility to the Third World, but the one I see is a bit different from that expressed by Carol. I sense more than anguish in her writing, even despair, as if Friends are caught in the trap of our overconsumption while others starve, and there seems to be nothing we can do about it. But I believe that with patience, prayer, and understanding, we will find that the trap is illusory.

There are indeed dilemmas. If we reduce our consumption, we may damage the poor (as Carol admits), for they depend on us to buy their goods. Certainly a reduction in our affluence would not automatically transfer resources to the poverty-stricken. We must also give more than we do. But the giving of gifts from perpetually wealthy people to the perpetually poor is not a dignified way for the world to live.

But these are only surface dilemmas. The deeper one is the extent to which Friends (and others in affluence) take upon ourselves the responsibility for poverty and oppression. Responsibility means not only that we are the cause of it, but also that the solution lies with us—in large part, if not completely. This philosophy, it seems to me, does not show proper respect for the poor.

Unlike Carol, I believe affluence and poverty are more separate problems than one. So I look at them first separately, then together. Barbara Benton's picture (in Carol's article) of dresses in a closet implies that we have too many clothes. Perhaps we do. But we must not confuse inventory with consumption. I have several pairs of pants, but I wear only one pair each day. I do not *consume* more pants than if I had only one pair, wore it daily, and replaced it frequently. Two cars may be cheaper than one. The larger carries the whole family, the smaller is for shopping. Over time, *per capita* gas consumption is minimized. Two cars together wear out in roughly the same period as they would if bought in sequence and we had only one at a time.

The dilemma in resources is not so much one of

quantity, as it is wisdom in choice. We live in a large house. I teach and I write. My comfortable library, with 200 feet of bookshelves, glass walls that let the sun in, and conference table where I can spread my papers, make me more effective at both these tasks. Our living room is for gatherings of friends. The new wood stove brings us together, especially when it is the only warm spot in a house whose thermostat has been turned down. The plants and paintings provide beauty. We have one color TV (only because we inherited it), which stays in the closet unless an exceptional program comes along.

Ten years ago our Friends meeting outgrew its home. We anguished over whether to build an extension, buy larger quarters, or continue to squeeze. Some Friends pointed out how far the same money would go toward alleviating Third World poverty. But I doubt that it would have alleviated it permanently. We opted to enlarge the meetinghouse, which now houses two schools, one experimental, one pre-kindergarten, and is often used for evening meetings. It is in use at least six days a week. There must be, as Kenneth Boulding said at the time, a house to nurture the soul.

Despite all this, if I thought that relinquishing our home or our meetinghouse or my extra pants or that second car—or even the first—would solve the hunger of the Third World, I would instantly and gladly give them all up. But I do not believe that way.

Living in the same country as the Uruers has introduced us to some of the same examples. What Carol writes is true. Powerful people and powerful companies have taken land from the poor and have destroyed tribal life and traditions. Friends everywhere are concerned that by consuming the products of these companies, we may be benefiting from these injuries. A member of our meeting speaks frequently of this. I know it troubles him deeply, and I share his trouble.

If the problem were rooted only in our affluence, we could solve it readily, and I even believe we would. But it is deeper than that, for exploitation does not correlate with affluence. Ever since the dawn of "civilization," the powerful have despoiled the poor, taking their land, killing and enslaving their peoples. We are not alone as oppressors. I do not say this as justification—far from it!—but only because, if oppression is to be overcome, we must understand it first. To think that we are the only oppressors warps our understanding and it thwarts our solutions.

There are only a few (if any) existing people who do not live on land stolen from others. There are virtually none (even the starving) who have not inherited material goods produced by slaves. Japanese feudalism was perhaps the worst oppression in the world, for the rulers could despoil and kill with both legal and legitimate impunity. The Chinese fed themselves off North Vietnam for ten

centuries, from 200 B.C. to 800 A.D., and when the Vietnamese freed themselves, they in turn conquered the Kingdom of Champa (now South Vietnam) until it ceased to exist as a separate people. Cambodians, Laotians, Indonesians, Burmese, and Thai conquered each other periodically, long before British and French colonialism began. The Muslims exploded from 640 A.D. on, killing, enslaving, and stealing, westward across North Africa into Spain and France, southward along the east coast of Africa, and eastward across northern India and the Pacific islands all the way to the Philippines.

Nor are African peoples traditionally gentle. The Bantu expansion from what is now Shaba Province, Zaire, burst into all directions, destroying tribes and their traditions. In West Africa, three mighty empires (Mali, Ghana, and Songhai) conquered and enslaved their neighbors from the tenth to the sixteenth centuries. When the sultan of Morocco defeated the Songhai Empire in 1592, he opened a period of brutal subjugation of the southern Sahara, ruptured only by rebellions of underlings who set up their own tyrannies. Holy wars swept across Africa, with thousands taken into slavery and homes burned. In the early nineteenth century, a Zulu expansion knocked over kingdoms in domino fashion, reverberating all the way from South Africa to the shores of Lake Victoria. Similar stories can be told of Native Americans—indeed, of all peoples except a few remote tribes whose histories we do not know.

Not being alone does not excuse us, but it alters the picture. If poverty and oppression pre-existed modern affluence, then modern affluence did not cause them. Nor will the moderation of affluence remove them. If we think it will, then we have erred, and we cease to search for really effective ways. This brings us to the kind of witness that Friends must make.

Only the Third World poor will solve their own poverty. We can bring them spiritual and material strength, but we cannot identify for them who or what are their oppressors, nor can we tell them how to proceed, nor can we proceed for them if they fail to do so themselves.

We cannot prepare their way for them, *even if we believe we know it ourselves*. This may seem a strange way for a teacher to talk, yet is this idea not the essence of teaching? I believe I know the rough outlines of how the poor will overcome their poverty, because history has told me how it has been done before. But the specific route must be of their choosing.

The way must ultimately lie in science, technology, good management and stewardship of resources, and the growth of institutions delimiting acceptable behavior in economic and social matters. Labor unions, compulsory primary education (so parents could not overwork their children), universal suffrage, abolition of slavery,

minimum wages, social insurance, all came about in Western societies in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, none earlier. At the same time, the distribution of income shifted from roughly sixty to forty in favor of profits to approximately seventy to thirty in favor of labor.

Why? Because the growth in output made laborers scarce, hence needed. They began to set their own terms. When skills were required, education was extended to the poor. With all its excesses, with all its bloodshed, economic development required rich and poor to work together as never before. Friends often doubt me when I point this out. But I believe the doubters have not read their history and do not know how widely prevalent were "Third World" conditions in Europe before the age of affluence.

The Friends' witness in the Third World should, I believe, be the very things the U.S. is now doing, though Carol did not say so in her article. That is, to help

the poor (when they ask us) to increase their own productivity, their own skills, so that they will be earlier able *in their own ways* to stand against their oppressors.

Many Friends (and others) are already doing this. Some individuals in our own Service Committee have worked in a rural program in the Sahel. Three years ago I visited friends who were working on an AFSC urban-slum program in Lusaka, Zambia. The AFSC Quaker House in Mexico has several projects of rural development. Partnership for Productivity, founded by a Friend, works in rural development in five African countries and is extending into Latin America. A rural reconstruction movement helps officially in six countries and informally in several more. I sense a certain discouragement among Friends about all these activities, because after many years they have not "solved" poverty. Nor will "we" ever solve it. But these programs should still be doubled, tripled, multiplied manyfold, always in response to requests emanating from the poor.

Our effectiveness in these programs *depends on* our affluence, our education, and our willingness. I agree with Carol that we overeat and we have too many frills. But those are trivial, easily resolved. Nothing in our social order forces us to buy frills. The problem is *wise* use of resources, to make *ourselves* more effective in whatever we do, including help for others.

As the Third World increases its own productivity (and they are doing so now), they will bid resources from us. We will pay higher prices, and so will they; that is how resources will be shared. But we must be patient, for all this will not happen tomorrow. Above all, we must avoid anguish, guilt and chimeras.

For centuries, the idea of limited good has been widely believed. This is the theory that life is a zero-sum game: what is seized by some is lost to others. Perhaps the world will some day come to such a state, but we are still far off. The pie can still be made bigger. We need to conserve energy, but apart from that, there is no sign yet that redemption from poverty in the Third World requires a decrease in affluence for the West. If we limit our consumption, we must do so for our own reasons—because goods are surplus to *our* needs—and not deceive ourselves or deprive others of their rightful challenge by believing that this simple act will, in itself, help someone else.

Clarence Pickett once said "Sit lightly on your possessions." He did not say how many we should have. But I believe he meant resources should provide beauty and make our lives effective. He also wanted us to be free of the burden of either having them or not having them, so we might remain calm if catastrophe should take them from us.

That is much different from being ashamed of affluence. □



The Ministry of Prayer

by Martha Dart

We forget that when things get beyond our human power, there is a Higher Power where we can take the suffering of the world.

The London Friend has a section which appears periodically, called "Pray for These People." Their specific situations are described (usually prisoners of conscience) and Friends are asked to pray for them and for their torturers. Then we are asked to pray for all the thousands of people all over the world who are imprisoned and tortured for their courage in speaking out for what they believe to be right and for those who are making them suffer.

In this present world in which there is so much

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suffering, so much international tension and threat of nuclear war, we Friends often feel helpless. It is true that we believe in action—and *do* act often. We concern ourselves with prison conditions; we write letters and send telegrams for Amnesty International; we try to increase international understanding by supporting the work of knowledgeable Friends in the American Friends Service Committee and in the British Quaker Peace and Service; and we witness against the building of nuclear weapons. And all this we *should* do.

When, however, our action doesn't bring the results we hope for, we tend to let fear and despair overtake us. Do we, perhaps, think that we should be able to cope with all of these problems ourselves—that the total responsibility to save the world from a nuclear holocaust, for instance, is a human task alone? We forget that when things get beyond our human power, there is a Higher Power where we can take the suffering of the world, all that is beyond our human ability to cure.

In the silence of our meetings for worship—in that deep Center which we reach together in our truly gathered meetings—is there not a Power from which we can send rays of compassion out into the world—into the prisons where people are suffering humiliation and torture—compassion that in ways we do not understand may find its way into the hearts of those in authority, of the prison guards to whom the prisoners are entrusted? Is there not integrity and wisdom and humility in this Power that can be sent into the spirits of our world leaders?

We also need to realize, though, that we can send rays of negativity out into the world as well, and during our recent times of discouragement, we Friends seem often to do just that. At Friends General Conference at Ithaca this past summer there was naturally deep concern for the state of our world, and at times we seemed to be allowing an ocean of darkness to overwhelm the ocean of Light. In the final meeting for worship, one Friend turned us toward God, asking us to be as little children saying to God, "Father-Mother help us. We're stuck." Down through the ages religious people have found that healing and help come when we surrender ourselves completely to God—when we become as little children and say, in essence, "Please help us. We're stuck."

Marloma Monthly Meeting of Pacific Yearly Meeting found the following minute emerging from a time of deep silence after members had spent several hours discussing the basis of the Peace Testimony in today's world:

We affirm in the face of the realities of the world and the destruction by which we are surrounded that our only response is in that powerlessness which can release the Spirit of God.

We cannot change the course of the world by reason or any other human activity. We trust in that

power of God which can do so when we dare to live in Him. The power of nuclear or any other war can only be broken when we abolish its power in our own life by a surrender to an ultimate defenselessness in God.

There is a power in our corporate silence but there is power, too, in our individual times of prayer. Under a California fig tree, Peace Pilgrim once described in an informal discussion with Friends her effort to learn to pray without ceasing, and then to put into her prayer consciousness any condition in the world or any person about whom she is concerned.

Leila Ward shares in the London *Friend* her experience of being led in her individual prayer time into a "holy space without boundaries" where we can "gather in the whole assembly of those who belong to us, slipping in new names or vast unknown companies of the needy or the brave as they come into our consciousness."

There is an opportunity for ministry through prayer, too, everytime we hear a siren, see an ambulance, pass a hospital—short, quick darts of prayer for needs that we are made aware of throughout each day and night.

We Friends can become people of prayer again as in the early days of our Society. We have a good example in George Fox. William Penn, in *Some Fruits of Solitude*, spoke of Fox as excelling in prayer above all else. "The most awful, living, reverent frame I ever felt or beheld... was his in prayer." And George Fox himself in one of his Epistles encouraged his followers to

be still and cool in thy own mind and spirit from thy own thoughts, and then thou wilt feel the principle of God to turn thy mind to the Lord God whereby thou wilt receive his strength and power from whence life comes, to allay all tempests, against blusterings and storms.

In our own day, Henri Nouwen, who, although not a Friend, has influenced many of us, says in his recent book, *Clowning in Rome*:

By their prayers, the members of a religious community form a circle as open as St. Peter's square where there is space for anyone and everyone. Often we are painfully aware of how little we can do to help the people of this world in their immense needs. But maybe we would be less pessimistic if we could live our limited actions as expressions of unlimited prayer. We may lose courage and confidence if we measure our values by counting those who are deeply affected by our actions, but when we remain aware of the countless people who can be embraced by our prayers, we can live joyfully and gratefully. □

JOHN WOOLMAN (An Open Letter)

Far traveler,
Travel down to now
And tell us,
Tell us,
Tell us first
Of love.

Talk of love
That will encompass
All creation.
No black, no white,
No yellow, red or brown,
But only glowing "one."

Quiet spirit
Speak to us
Of caring.
Care that braved
The Indian path
To speak the unspoken heart.

Speak to us
The quiet words
Of feeling
Always
Understood
By all.

Gray wraith
With undyed clothes
But with undying love,
Raise your voice
Again, and yet
Again on Luxury and Ease.

Ask us
To search our hearts
To "try
If there be
The seeds of war
In our possessions."

Leave in us
The filling hunger
That feeds the hungers—
Body, mind and spirit—
Of all
Humanity.

—Robert Daubenspeck

FRIENDS AROUND THE WORLD

The Harrison Township Historical Society, Mullica Hill, NJ, with support from the National Endowment for the Humanities, a federal agency, and several public and private funds, will present its 1981 program, *A Friendly Legacy*, March 8-May 10, open free to the public, Wednesdays through Sundays 1-4 p.m. Taking as its focus the 305-year influence of Quakers on the history and culture of Southern New Jersey, *A Friendly Legacy* will include an exhibition in the Old Town Hall Museum in Mullica Hill, a lecture series, workshops, tours, publications and a youth education program, thus appealing to all people and ages.

South Jersey has its roots in the contributions of the early Quaker settlers who came to Salem in 1675 and Burlington in 1677 in order to establish the first Quaker colony in North America. As colony founders, Friends set the tone for settlement in the region, and, as such, created a legacy for all who followed—Quaker and non-Quaker alike. *A Friendly Legacy* will explore aspects of this common heritage of government, industry and humanitarianism—not only as a Quaker contribution to New Jersey but also as a New Jersey contribution to a developing nation.

The Old Town Hall Museum is located at the intersection of Routes 77 and 45 in Mullica Hill, NJ, Exit 2 from the New Jersey Turnpike.

For further information, contact Harrison Township Historical Society, Old Town Hall, Mullica Hill, NJ 08062. Telephone: 609-478-4949.

"Each time," writes Miguel Amador in *The Christian Century*, "something is achieved through nonviolence, those who do not understand it and those who are committed to [the] use of violence feel threatened. But each small victory through peaceful means brings us closer to the time when it will no longer be necessary to gain victories over our neighbors and enemies through campaigns of collective death."

Amador was commenting on the reception in Buenos Aires of the announcement that the 1980 Nobel Peace Prize had been awarded to architect and sculptor Adolfo Perez Esquivel. There was an initial silence from the media and major Protestant churches and only a disclaimer on the part of the hierarchy of Argentina's Roman Catholic Church that the Argentine Commission on Justice and Peace and/or Pontifical Commission on Justice and Peace had anything to do with Esquivel's organization "Service for Peace and Justice in Latin America." Overlooked was the condemnation in the pages of the magazine *Peace and Justice*, edited by Esquivel, of terrorist acts against military and police targets. Played up was the magazine's denunciation of the kidnapping, torture and assassination carried out by Argentina's repressive government.

Peace, the writer stresses, is not a state of affairs that guarantees the power and the rights of one group, faction or regime through violent action. Rather, it is justice and security for all, achieved through nonviolent understanding.

The Canadian Friends Service Committee newsletter *Quaker Concern* carries an article on the Micronesian island of Palau, which was due to become an independent republic in January, 1981. But the U.S. military has wanted to set aside 30,000 acres of its land for "defense" purposes, including a forward service base for the navy's Trident nuclear submarines. This despite an article in the Republic of Palau's constitution which, after three referendums, still provides that

Harmful substances such as nuclear, chemical, gas or biological weapons intended for use in warfare, nuclear power plants and waste material therefrom, shall not be used, tested, stored or disposed

of within the territorial jurisdiction of Palau without the expressed approval of not less than three-fourths of the votes cast in a referendum submitted on this specific question.

The Advancement Committee of Baltimore Yearly Meeting is exploring the feasibility of establishing a worship group in Williamsburg, Virginia, the location of the College of William and Mary. Any readers of the *Journal* resident in the Williamsburg area (zip code 231) or knowing of Friends or friends of Friends living in that vicinity, including Quaker students at the college, are requested to get in touch with Richmond Friends Meeting, c/o Katherine R. Smith, 4511 Patterson Avenue, Richmond, VA 23221.

In Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, a small but important Friends worship group meets Sundays at 11 a.m. after a discussion group starting an hour earlier. These groups meet at the Sambaiba School, Rua Lopes Quintas 460, Jardim Botânico in the city. Wayne Gibson (220-8999) is clerk and Ellen M. Coile (295-9178) recording clerk.

Quaker House, at 223 Hillside Avenue, Fayetteville, NC 23801, continues its valuable work of counseling, prison visitation, advocacy work and family contact services, situated as it is near Camp Lejeune. The cases to which Quaker House lends such support as it is able include unauthorized absences (in 1979 there were 30,000 military people who were AWOL), conscientious objectors, those seeking discharge on grounds of "bad conduct," "unsuitability," or medical situations. One feature that makes Quaker House "something special," according to one ex-Marine, is that "it gives people down here [at the base] someone to talk to. Sure, you can talk to people down here, but it's like talking to a wall. No one wants to listen."

A letter received from the **Quaker Council for European Affairs (QCEA)** at 28 Avenue de la Brabanconne, B-1040 Brussels, Belgium, tells of their interest in the October 1, 1980, number of

Friends Journal (Friends and the Military) in the light of a resolution on conscientious objection now before the European Parliament.

QCEA is urging Parliament members to support this resolution, which has been drawn up by the Socialist Group, as a means of putting pressure on individual governments to recognize and provide for the rights of C.O.s within their borders.

At the present time Belgium does recognize these rights and even provides information on the call-up papers regarding the right to refuse military service. France, however, has made it illegal to distribute such information although the right to adopt the C.O. position officially exists. In countries which provide for alternative service, the required term is often double that for military service and may be accompanied by loss of political privileges. Spain and Portugal have no positive legislation on C.O.s and Greece has only recently made alternative service available, although it is still limited in scope, involves work within the army and recognizes only religious motives as grounds for resisting military service.

It is hoped that passage of the resolution on C.O.s may result in the introduction of a more enlightened policy in many European countries.

A new NARMIC resource, *MX Missile Contractors*, provides vital information about companies receiving contracts for development of the MX. Over seventy contractors and subcontractors are identified. An easily read chart provides descriptions of the work they are performing and the dollar amounts of their contracts. *MX Missile Contractors* can help identify contractors in your local area and build the nationwide "Campaign to Stop the MX." Send orders to: NARMIC/AFSC, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA, 19102. Single copy, 15¢ plus 18¢ postage; \$8/100 plus 20% postage.

Bread for the World which characterizes itself as "a Christian Citizens' Movement in the USA," points out that the efforts of its 35,000 nationwide membership have resulted in the passage of the emergency grain reserve act. This is regarded as "a crucial step toward providing insurance against famine."

Franklin Zahn (836 So. Hamilton Blvd., Pomona, CA 91766) has written a delightful "Parable in Monkeconomics" (subtitle) entitled *Military Spending Equals Inflation*. It is available from AFSC or Friends Bookstore for 50¢ plus 25¢ mailing charges. Seven pages of Mango Island homily plus nine pages of explanatory "monkeconomics" comprise an entertaining and instructive pamphlet, one purpose of which, according to the author, is "to provide Friends and others in the peace movement with something to hand their acquaintances who do not read the usual peace literature—but who are very anxious about inflation."

"Cap, the monk with a high porpoise" depicted in the final vignette remains with the reader as the high-flying prototype for potential defense converters.

Of the thirty-two Haitian refugees housed temporarily at Fellowship Farm near Pottstown, PA, ten have already found homes with friends or Haitian sponsors in Philadelphia. The Farm hopes to be able to find employment for the rest within the next few months. One of them, Antoine Eustache, a twenty-year-old English-speaking journalist is quoted as saying that the refugee camp in the Florida Everglades swampland, surrounded by three sets of barbed wire fence, could be compared to a concentration camp, with poor sanitary conditions and food distribution made in a "chaotic dehumanizing manner." His impression of average U.S. citizens was that they tended to be "surprisingly ignorant of happenings in other countries around the world, although the government has been instrumental in defending the human rights cause worldwide."

Worried about the "morally bankrupt" process of gigantic military expenditures, particularly on the part of the United States, the Mennonite Church General Conference reports that the Historic Peace Church Task Force on Taxes is preparing a packet of study materials to provide information on the biblical basis of war taxes and the World Peace Tax Fund (WPTF), together with suggestions for personal and political action.

At the same time, the General Conference newsletter warns that as a

result of having lost five of its thirty-five sponsors in Congress, the WPTF bill "has entered a critical phase." If efforts to see this legislation through Congress are not redoubled, the bill will soon have to be abandoned, according to Alan Eccleston of the National Council for a World Peace Tax Fund.

In order to help build opposition to nuclear testing in our country, the Rocky Flats/Nuclear Weapons Facilities Project, which is sponsored by both AFSC and FOR, has developed a preprinted postcard to be sent to President Reagan on which the date of the latest announced test can be filled in by the signer. The cards are available (20 for \$1.00) from Citizens Call, 1321 East 400 South, Salt Lake City, UT 84102; AFSC, 1660 Lafayette, Denver, CO 80218; or FOR, Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960.

During 1980, there were seventeen announced nuclear explosions in Nevada. For 1981, an increase in testing has been proposed.

An earlier number of *News from Quaker House* (Fayetteville, NC) carries the following poem entitled "C.O." by Billie Erdman Frazier (1973):

*I'm afraid I wasn't as
Gracious
As I might have been
When the Major rang the bell
and told us Jim was dead.
(They don't send telegrams
Anymore. Too cruel, he said.)*

*He offered congratulations on
our raising
Such a son;
"A patriot."*

*But I keep remembering Jim's
Last letter
In which he said he was getting
Used
To the Army,
But he still
Didn't think he could
Kill.*



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

We Need Suggestions

I've just finished reading "Friends, John Woolman, and the Third World" (FJ 12/1/80). I had to read it in pieces because it gave me so much to think about. I want to let you know that I think this is one of the most important issues for you to address. Of course, there are many angles—our life-styles, standard of living, the Third World's needs and oppression, military institutions, weapons and peace. I hope to see many more articles on these issues and how they are connected—and *what we can do*. How can we combine a radical simplicity with trying to make changes through the "system"? How can we, as individuals, decide what is simple enough for us? Simple compared to U.S. standards or the poorest of the Third World standards? There are so many questions I have about how to best live out my convictions and whether John Woolman's methods are really effective in a much larger, "developed," fast, impersonal, complex world today.

This is not to say that you're not helpful. You are! A source of guidance, instruction, information, strength. Thank you.

Tackle the toughies.

P.S. The December 1 issue was excellent.

Margaret Thom
Oberlin, OH

Are Friends Ageist?

Polly Test's letter in FJ 12/1/80 left me with a sense of frustration. As a professional in the field of aging, and fairly well acquainted with the national scene, I can assure all Friends that the

rather broad spectrum of efforts to meet the needs of older people represented by the many facilities under Quaker leadership around Philadelphia is as good as or better than exists anywhere else in this country.

We have eight boarding homes, four nursing homes, and seven complexes offering residential and nursing service, all in eastern Pennsylvania or southern New Jersey. These facilities offer a broad choice in cost, style and location to Friends. All represent excellence in the way they meet the needs of their residents. No other religious group I know in a small geographic area offers a more diverse or better choice to its constituents.

Aside from the quantity and choice offered, some of the more innovative and creative work in the field of aging in this country is happening in Friends facilities. Very significant progress is being made in erasing the stigma attached generally to aging and nursing. Each of the facilities referred to above has an active board of directors, thus involving a large number of committed Friends in giving oversight to work in the field of aging. Curiously, relatively few Friends work in our facilities and efforts to attract young Friends into the field have been only minimally successful. In general, Friends do not appear to want to know much about the real problems in aging and how they might be met. At times, one is tempted to think the Society of Friends is a comfortable member of an ageist society.

More specifically, I know of no Friend who has been refused residence or care in some one or other of the many facilities we have on the basis of cost. And, speaking of cost, while a few of our facilities may seem "expensive and luxurious" to some Friends, I know that Kendal and Crosslands were built most modestly. However, I also believe simplicity does not exclude attractiveness and good design.

And, I know, too, there is no such thing as low-cost housing or low-cost health care today. There are subsidies, both, governmental and private, but unfortunately they almost always have hidden "cost" factors (e.g., highly regulated), that most Friends eschew.

In all, the plain fact is that Friends work in the field of aging is "on the cutting edge."

Lloyd W. Lewis
Kennett Square, PA

Peace Conference Needed Now

Last Thanksgiving I felt very thankful for many things and I tried to express my gratitude in prayer. At the same time I sensed a great unease in my soul; it seemed that the world was sinking deeper and deeper into apathy about the danger of war, blithely forgetting that a nuclear sword of Damocles hangs over our collective heads.

It was not only the failure of Washington to get on with the task of reducing nuclear weapons by means of a SALT treaty. A war with conventional weapons is easier to start and likely to turn into a conflict involving more and more countries and battlefield nuclear weapons. Escalation brings strategic nuclear weapons on the scene, capable of wiping out a goodly portion of humankind and its habitat.

The Christmas cards I was beginning to receive did not close with prayers for peace as formerly. Could it be that even the Children of the Light no longer believed that "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more?"

While I was having these discouraging thoughts, I read Bill Huntington's article on "Last Call for Peacemaking" (FJ 12/15/80). It gave me a tremendous lift. It reminded me of my experience in New York at the time of the Cuban missile crisis. At its height I was riding down the escalator surrounded by secretaries at closing time from the offices above. It was clear that they wondered whether they would be alive in the morning or incinerated by a nuclear missile, and they reviled "those jackasses in Washington." But it was obviously too late.

The question is are we going to sit on our hands until it is again too late?

Not if we do the hard thinking and acting that Bill Huntington calls for. A Peace Conference must be convened before, not after, World War III.

James M. Read
New York, NY

Everday Is a Blessing

I have read Ross Flanagan's article (FJ 1/1-15/81) through three times—and I've come to the conclusion that he is very right. And yet, he's wrong! About half right, I'd say.

It's a well-written article and thought-provoking, and I thank him for it and *Friends Journal* for publishing it.

The thing is, this is surely not the time to let up on actively working for peace in every way open to us. Is it not true that all such actions have had the result of bringing us to the point where so many U.S. citizens are aware of the fact that violence is not the best way to settle conflicts between nations? That in the nuclear age our very survival depends on our finding other ways?

As I look back on my own awakening, I realize that it was just such reading, listening and taking part that led me to be the committed peacemaker that I am. I read Rufus Jones, William Wister Comfort, A.J. Muste, the Bible, innumerable leaflets and flyers put out by Fellowship of Reconciliation, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, American Friends Service Committee, attended several Quaker conferences. In about the year 1949 I heard Norman Cousins speak at a Unitarian church in Pittsburgh and tell of going as an observer on the plane that dropped the bomb on Hiroshima, and how he vowed that if he got back home he would spend the rest of his life working for peace.

The "universality of goodness"? But goodness is not universal. There are those who would today, in their anger and frustration, drop bombs on Iran, with no thought of the many innocent civilians who would be killed.

There are many others who are *just beginning* to realize how essential it is, in the nuclear age, to establish other methods, techniques and organizations to enable the world to "get rid of the arms race, get rid of the war system." They can be reached and inspired by the writings and activities of the peace movement.

"Entrust the ultimate demise of the war system to God"? But how can God work in human affairs but through people? No, I think we should intensify, rather than lessen, our education and activity for peace.

Yet, even as we do so, I think we should not give in to fear or despair but work with hope and confidence that true peace can, with God's help, be achieved, given the vision and will on the part of enough people. We can continually be grateful for the thousands of peace-workers in the world and for progress that is being made. Every day of the imperfect peace that now prevails is a blessing.

Frances E. Loyer
Phoenix, AZ

Correction

In Chip Poston's article (FJ 11/1/80) the name of Thomas Loe was incorrectly spelled, due to an editorial error. *The Editors*

Does Truth Prosper A Lot More?

There was a great deal of good meat in the article by Peter Donchian, "Does Truth Prosper?" in FJ 1/1-15/81. Many of us are disturbed by the flagrant materialism that flourishes in our society. It seems that money has a great weight in our scheme of things—too much weight; the Spirit means little in the marketplace and in many hearts. Has this virus crept into many of our meetings? Are many of our modern Friends really dedicated to the Inner Light? To Truth? To truly being religious? Are many recent and modern Friends more worldly in their approach to religion in their own lives and in the meetinghouse? Are many of our meetings good places for those who cannot suffer the mainline religions and find Friends a nice place to be? Is that one of the reasons we do not hear praise to Almighty God?

Where I disagree is in the complaint about those concerned Friends who speak out about "...the needs of the desolate and agonizing..." Is not being concerned just as important as being inner guided? As I read the Gospels, I find Jesus heavily involved in talking and acting about social problems, the desolate and agonizing of the world. Were early Friends concerned about social questions? Were they active in prisons? Helping one another? Did they refuse to doff their funny hats? Did they dress in their odd, plain Quaker clothes in protest to foppish wear of the day? Did they refuse to take an oath? Did they refuse to bow to the snobbery of rank? Were they willing to go to prison and then try to reform those prisons? The Quakers taught the value of the individual long before the Emancipation Proclamation, but not only that; they went out to slave-owning Friends and persuaded them to free their slaves and then secure for them a sound future.

If it isn't for the concerned Friends who are overly vocal, what do we have left? Were the early Friends persecuted and executed because they sat in silence or only religionized? Were they set upon

because they said "Oh, how lovely the fall leaves are and God's blue sky"?

Yes, richly bless those sincere, pious Friends whose spirits run deep, but also bless those gadfly Friends who disturb our consciences and lift us up from our seats. Yes, again yes, let us be religious, but let our religion be truly deep and truly alive.

Gino de Luca
Burlington, NC

Let's Not Accept Failure

In "The Image of the Radical Preacher" (FJ 1/1-15/81), the conclusions of Warren S. Smith's last two paragraphs seem to me in surprising disagreement with his preceding thesis.

Comparatively speaking, granted it is more honest to accept our failure to follow the teachings of Jesus than to exonerate ourselves in the failure by accepting a tamed-down version of the message. But that once said, what then do we follow? That we *have* failed, and do, daily, hourly fail, is beyond doubt; but does honesty make failure a *modus vivendi*, acceptable by any criterion?

True, too, the teachings of Jesus were "not for the world as we know it," nor for the world as he knew it; they were not for "the world," as he expressly said; and world conditions now seem to make untenable any rosy expectation of his kingdom of God on Earth in the foreseeable future. That the disciples of his time suffered from a too-eager, too-anxious immediate expectation was a misfortune for them and for us, since this focus blurs the here-and-now steps along the way (all of which he indicated); and so, blurred in vision still, we stumble in our discipleship toward the much more distant goal.

For long is "The Way" to which Jesus invited—and challenged—followers, long, and a step-by-step foot-journey, inwardly and individually undertaken, not intended as an administered government plan until we may all be self-administered in it, not expected to be easy even individually, not even—as the world sees it—a *possible* plan. Yet, in the focus Jesus intended, may it not be, as I think it, still a possible journey, as "all things are possible to him [those] who believe" that the teachings do lead *somewhere*: i.e., ever nearer the kingdom of God on Earth. Yes, *certainly* our Earth.

The Way is long and, much as our space-age mentality hates to admit the limitation, the world even as we know it

is still made up of us, individuals each on a foot-journey, coping as we may with this everyday world, as Jesus realized and encouraged. And, if we are Quakers, educating it as we may along the route. *Individually*, we are each called by whatever vision may be granted us of the kingdom of God on Earth (and in this our own "sinful Earth," as Shakespeare has it), each called by this vision to blaze the trail anew as we, *believing in the possibility*, pioneer once more toward it. In this process, still the Stumbling Blocks, the Sloughs of Despond, the Strait Gates are what they very realistically are and have always been in any age. That to us these hazards and hardships now seem to be more, larger, deeper, more straitening, more harrowing than ever before only points up the challenge to our honesty as today's disciples.

For we are keenly aware that even as we deplore the devious history of what *might* have been straightforward Christianity, so there will be those to come who will find that where we stepped will have made a difference to them, as it now makes a difference to our immediate neighbor, the one we "pass by on the other side of the road." Can we, then, in the face of those neighbors, still renege, still, honest but unbelieving, balk at the difficulty of the challenge?

It comes to me, as proven experientially, that we are not called to trials beyond our strength to handle; and when it sometimes seems that we are, disastrously, strength and support will be amply granted. In the specific calling Warren Smith mentions, only one person, in the records we have of Jesus, *only* the excessively rich young man, was asked to sell all and give it to the poor: this, we cannot but assume, was a necessary step toward shaking him loose enough to allow him to see The Way he could use the other resources of his fortunate young life. It is my understanding that it is just possible without "giving up our entire incomes and refusing to provide for the morrow," not only possible but workable, to give not less than all of our much more *real* resources: our talents, our work, our insights, our caring love as we, within our own *milieu*, follow as best we may in The Way Jesus led. This is not to say that we will not still, again and again and all too often, fail; it is to say that we do not *accept* failure, nor do we tame down the radical challenge.

Elizabeth Gilson
Danville, VT

There Are Many Ways to Witness

There are several ways in which one might choose to respond to Arthur Berk's letter to the editor entitled "New Call Is Important" (FJ 1/1-15/81). Arthur invites choice by bringing together issues of considerable emotional impact which, fairly, do not belong together.

I would be surprised if there were any Friends who are not greatly supportive of the New Call to Peacemaking. The nature of that support, however, is highly individual. To state categorically that "few New York City Friends are active in peacemaking" implies that there is only one form of peacemaking, and that it is the one which Arthur sanctions. To further state that "these Friends [those not participating in a peace vigil held weekly outside an armed service recruiting station] are vague in their expressions of the Spirit" leaves me feeling that Arthur's sense of the Spirit is narrow and inflexible.

It is not correct, nor is it particularly loving to assume that the Spirit of God manifests itself in the same ways in all persons. If Elizabeth Cattell does not choose to use time-honored phraseology to describe the workings of the Spirit within her, I would be ashamed and embarrassed to imply that her spiritual witness was ineffective. I would rather observe how she lives her everyday life—how she ministers to the persons she encounters daily in undifferentiated situations—to sense the Spirit within her. I would think it inexcusable, and certainly un-Christian, to stand in judgment of her or anyone's spiritual witness.

Collier P. Skye
New York, NY

Penn on Immortality

I wish I could provide Robert Heckert with a discussion of the Quaker position on immortality, *per se*. Words being what they are, I would rather not open a debate on the semantic nuances of such esoteric terms as "afterlife," "immortality" and "resurrection." As to what shall become of me after death, I am satisfied with the matter-of-fact statement of William Penn (quoted in *Christian Faith and Practice in the Experience of the Society of Friends*, published in 1960 by London Yearly Meeting, paragraph #189):

We deny not, but do believe, the resurrection, according to the scriptures; not only from sin, but also from death and the grave; but we are conscientiously cautious in expressing the manner of the resurrection because it is left a secret by the Holy Ghost in the Scripture. Should people be angry with [us] for not expressing or asserting what is hidden, and which is more curious than necessary to be known, and in which the objectors cannot be positive? . . . Which makes the Quakers contented with that body, which God shall please to give them hereafter; being assured "that their corruptible shall put on incorruption, and their mortal shall put on immortality," but in such a manner as pleaseth God. And in the meantime, they esteem it their duty, as well as wisdom, to acquiesce in his holy will. It is enough they believe a resurrection, and that with a glorious incorruptible body, without further niceties; for to that was the ancient hope.

Perhaps the greatest of humanity's boons is that we do not know what will happen tomorrow, let alone after death. Why not live our lives following the Light as it is given to us to discern it as best we can, open our hearts to the love of God, and let it go at that?

Penn's statement speaks to my condition. I hope it may do the same for Robert Heckert.

Peter Donchian
West Chester, PA

Some Quotes on Immortality

Regarding Robert Heckert's concern (FJ 1/1-15/81) that Friends publications remain rather silent on the question of immortality, may I offer a few quotations which are convincing to me and may be of help to Friends.

My favorite is by Emily Dickinson:

*This world is not conclusion;
a sequel stands Beyond,
Invisible as Music,
But positive as Sound.*

Another favorite:

*Immortality? I say that if an
invisible germ of life in the grain
of wheat can pass unimpaired
through 3,000 resurrections, I shall*

*not doubt that my soul has power
to clothe itself with a new body
and live again.*

William Jennings Bryan

Another:

*I trouble not myself about the
manner of future existence. I con-
tent myself with believing even to
positive conviction, that the power
that gave me existence is able to
continue it, in any form and
manner he pleases, either with or
without this body; and it appears
more probable to me that I shall
continue to exist hereafter than
that I should have had existence, as
I now have, before that existence
began.*

Thomas Paine

The Age of Reason (Ch. 1)

And, of course, probably the most
significant to Christian Quakers:

*This is the promise that He has
promised us, even eternal life.*

John 2:25

*Our Saviour Jesus Christ, who
hath abolished death, and hath
brought life and immortality
through the Gospel.*

11 Timothy 1:10

The doubt which many people have
today regarding personal immortality is
a result of the influence of naturalistic
humanism and the philosophical error
known as Naïve Realism (which is the
idea that the only "reality" that exists is
that which can be measured by our
finite senses). The sooner we pass
beyond this purely mechanistic view of
the universe, the better off we will all be.
By the way, has anyone ever *seen* the
"Inner Light"?

James B. Passer
Rome, NY

More Thoughts on Immortality

How pleasant to reflect upon immor-
tality. Much has been written on the
subject. "Fear not death," wise Ben
Franklin advised. "You have a longer
time to be immortal." In the sixth
century B.C., Sappho exhibited her
faith in the future.

*Someone, I tell you,
will remember us.*

*We are oppressed by
fear of oblivion
Yet are always saved
By judgment of good men.*

The ancient Greeks believed their
gods upon Mount Olympus to be
immortal. This is reflected in the
timelessness of their sculpture, as their
subjects gaze quietly into eternity.

Among people and nations there is
always hope of immortality. We in the
U.S. revere George Washington as the
founder of his country and Abraham
Lincoln as its savior above all others. In
a sense they are immortalized in our
hearts.

"The monuments of the nations are
all protests against nothingness after
death; so are statues and inscriptions; so
is history," wrote Lew Wallace.

Most religions, including Quakerism,
I think, hold strong beliefs in immor-
tality. God, the Creator of all things,
lives forever, and we are built in God's
image. "Those who live in the Lord,"
goes a German motto, "never see each
other for the last time."

Is the concept of immortality one of
the eternal verities, or a philosophy
conceived by the finite minds of people?
Is it innately impossible for us to
conceive of infinity, continuity, eternity,
immortality? "Whatsoever that be with-
in us that feels, thinks, desires, and
animates is something celestial, divine,
and consequently imperishable," said
Aristotle.

Be present where you are. Do Friends
believe that time spent in contemplation
of such glittering abstracts is better used
rendering dynamic Christian service in
the marketplace of their day with
modesty and scant expectation of
reward now or ever? Will someone
remember the Quaker?

Robert Heckert in his letter to *Friends
Journal* wants to know.

Richard H. Farquhar
Ashton, MD

Report from Berkeley

It is alarming to realize that a
generation after the Nuremberg War
Trials all of us, even those devoted to
the Peace Testimony, are preparing to
commit the crime of mass murder on a
scale a hundred times worse than at
Hiroshima and Auschwitz.

For the past year and more a few of us
from the Berkeley Friends Meeting and

our Interfaith Council have gathered
regularly in a "Circle of Concern" to
display before the office of the president
of the University of California our
message, "No More Nuclear Weapons."
At times, such as on Christmas Sunday,
in coalition with wider groups, the
Circle has thrown a demonstration line
around much of the U.C. campus here
in Berkeley. We support the U.C.
Nuclear Weapons Labs Conversion
Project of a number of concerned
scientists who urge that their laboratory
facilities and personnel be applied only
to projects for meeting peaceful human
needs.

Involved is a management fee of
about \$4 million for spending almost a
billion dollars of public funds, almost
half of it on classified weaponry
research and development. There seems
to be no doubt that the Departments of
Defense and Energy intend to keep
weaponry research going at Los Alamos
and Livermore anyhow, if U.C. Regents
prove unwilling to do so. U.S. govern-
ment owns the labs and "someone else"
could manage them or present managers
could be switched to different payroll.
The main value to the military would
appear to be the facade of intellectual
respectability which U.C. provides to
decorate this demonic business. The
university is able to enjoy a huge
increase in prestigious staff and projects
which the taxpayers of California would
never pay for.

Under our state constitution the
governors of California appoint a board
of regents to conduct overall policy for
the University of California system. The
regents sub-committee on special re-
search projects held a public hearing on
September 18, 1980, in San Francisco to
consider a proposal to sever the univer-
sity from any further contracts for
carrying out nuclear weapons develop-
ment for the U.S. Department of
Energy. It was my task to deliver the
following message:

*I have been asked by the
Berkeley Meeting of the Society
of Friends, called Quakers, which
I serve as clerk, to press our
concern that you, members of the
board, exercise the power dele-
gated to you by directing the uni-
versity president to terminate
management contracts involving
nuclear weapons research.*

*U.C.'s leadership in applying
Einstein's formula to weaponry
has brought the university fame
and wealth and lots of prestigious*

jobs and a fearful dilemma. We have run headlong into the moral law, which, as Einstein well knew, is as inexorable as $E=mc^2$: you reap what you sow.

For 300 years Friends have felt called to "speak truth to power." It appears to Quakers generally that our nuclear weapons research has proven to be based upon the fallacious notion that, by making Americans able to literally destroy the Earth, no nation would dare challenge us. The trouble is that this policy just doesn't work. Instead of deterring enemies, our weaponry research and development has actually provoked enemy scientists into cancelling our leadership and matching our nuclear arsenal, threat for threat. Although thirty years of nuclear weaponry development has given us the capability of inflicting even a million Hiroshimas, our military heads tell us that we are now more threatened than ever. Of course! Those who defy the moral law end up defeating themselves.

Current work on stealth and deception and laser weaponry devices positively invites nuclear foes to strike first. The realization that we may indeed be forcing enemies to strike first strongly tempts our own leaders to beat them to it. It is our own weaponry research and development that may be the main cause stampeding all of us toward disaster.

These views are not just the alarmist perceptions of a few Quakers or of a "peace-nik" minority. A public opinion poll some time ago found that eighty-four percent of Californians expected nuclear warfare to break out in their lifetimes, and that few of them expected to survive it. It seems to me that the question before the regents is, as Einstein wrote twenty-eight years ago: "Must the man of science continue to degrade himself to such an extent that he helps obediently the perfection of the means for the general destruction of mankind?"

Who is the greatest enemy of human survival? Could it be ourselves?

Must the world now reap the appropriate consequences of our past self-defeating choices? You may not have four or five more years left to change your minds.

We are headed dead wrong, but U.C. regents could start turning us around by voting today to terminate nuclear weapons research contracts with the U.S. Energy Department, and from this exemplary and credible position, call upon the rest of the world's scientists in all lands to boycott further research for the mass murder.

Following the hearing of some forty presentations, many pro-severance and others for continuation, the full board of regents voted fifteen for and five against, including Governor Jerry Brown, that the university president be directed to enter negotiations to extend agreements with the federal government for a further five years of nuclear weapons research. Regents will meet a year hence to sign the final contract.

Our entire society is highly infected with mass violence. Carl Sagan estimates that half of top scientists and technology are engaged in work for destruction. This only compounds the difficulty of the other half working on constructive production and trying to peacefully solve the real problems of poverty, disease, injustice, pollution, etc. By taxation and inflation's confiscation of the value of our money we—all of us—are already paying for our own demise.

What can Friends' Peace Testimony say to all this? For one thing, to our "Circle of Concern" in Berkeley it means that the business of science for death, which dominates so much of our own scholarly community, cannot be allowed to go unchallenged. Our weekly vigils on Thursday and Sunday will continue.

Anton Nelson
Berkeley, CA

BOOK REVIEWS

Aid as Obstacle: Twenty Questions on our Foreign Aid and the Hungry by Frances Moore Lappe, Joseph Collins,

and David Kinley. *Institute for Food and Development Policy, San Francisco, CA, 1980. 192 pages. \$4.95*

Following an interest in a meatless diet for U.S. citizens, thus allowing us to share our resources more equitably with the Third World, Ms. Lappe and others went on to found the Institute for Food and Development Policy, to study the ways in which politics affects world hunger. The Institute's latest book, *Aid as Obstacle*, contains important and useful information from World Bank sources and independent research and attempts to prove whether "more is better" when it comes to sending aid abroad.

The book is organized around twenty crucial questions about aid and world hunger, which are answered in a clear, straightforward manner: "Do U.S. aid programs focus on countries where poverty is worst?" and "What happens when food aid goes to a country where the majority of the people are hungry?" Chapter by chapter these important questions are answered using all the facts, graphs, photographs and charts available. The remainder of the book evolves into solution-oriented chapters headed by such questions as "What about voluntary, non-government organizations?" and "What then is the appropriate response of those who want to help the hungry overseas?"

The reader is informed of some successful examples: work sponsored by such voluntary organizations as Oxfam, American Friends Service Committee, Mennonite Central Committee and others. The authors do not want their book used to justify a reduction in commitment to the Third World, but as a springboard to a more appropriate concept of aid. The authors conclude that most U.S. aid is not helping the poor or feeding the hungry; projects that do succeed seem to have a grassroots organization, such as a clinic with local citizens trained as paramedics, and a village council offering ideas for improved grain storage to keep mold and rats away.

Aid as Obstacle will be useful as a basic text for students, teachers, study groups on world hunger problems, and for all U.S. citizens who are concerned about our government and its commitment to the right sharing of its resources.

Kate de Riel

The Gnostic Gospels by Elaine Pagels, Random House, Inc., New York, 1979. 182 pages. \$10.00

One of the great archeological finds of this century was made in 1945 when a large clay jar containing fifty-two Gnostic Christian works bound in thirteen volumes was unearthed near the town of Nag Hammadi in Egypt. Originally written in Greek, probably before A.D. 200, these works are Coptic translations from possibly the fourth century. Prior to this discovery little was known of these Gnostics other than what is contained in attacks upon them as heretics by early Church fathers. Dr. Pagels, who has written extensively about the Gnostics, discusses in this book the relationship between them and institutional Christians. At the time of writing, the Gnostics considered themselves the true Christians.

The importance of this book for Friends is found chiefly at points of similarity between the thoughts of Gnostics and that of Quakers. Important differences between Gnostics and Friends are obvious but the following ideas show a family resemblance to each other. The Christian Gnostics stressed the primary base of Christianity as being the experience of the Holy Spirit, or God. Compared to this, historical facts about Jesus are secondary. Bible and apostolic teaching are of genuine but lesser importance. Some Gnostics claimed the Gospel of John as a Gnostic writing. The sacraments of baptism and eucharist were used by them but as only preliminary steps into the Christian faith. They believed also that the God of the Old Testament, the creator, is a lesser God who is boastful, jealous, cruel, and ignorant. The true God was believed by some to be feminine, Sophia or wisdom, as her name suggests; in any event the true God is far greater than the creator.

True Gnostics, it was taught, are those who have received true knowledge or, better, insight (therefore gnosis) and all such are equal in the Church without such distinctions as laypersons, bishops, priests, and deacons. Women, too, are equal to men, able to fill the many church functions along with men.

Gnostics attacked the dominant churches as "imitation churches" whose members claimed to be Christian without knowing inwardly who Christ truly is! Neither baptism nor creeds make a Christian, for the true Church is formed of those who have "gnosis" and live in harmony with others, inspired by the

Spirit. Gnostics believed that the fundamental human problem is not that of sin but is spiritual ignorance, the lack of valid insight, out of which sin arises. Without "gnosis" human beings are like sleepers or drunkards who fail to seek for their own good. Orthodoxy, to the contrary, made scripture and tradition essential, required membership in an institution ruled by bishops and others, and held that salvation is achieved through the sacraments. The Gnostics replaced all of these with inner experience resulting from bodily discipline, penetrating inner search, and meditation.

In her summary, Dr. Pagels states that George Fox was probably unaware of the Gnostic tradition, yet "nevertheless articulated analogous interpretations of religious experience" (p. 150). She concludes that modern Christians (no doubt including Friends) must face anew the issue of authority: "What is the relation between the authority of one's own experience and that claimed for the Scriptures, the ritual, and the clergy?" (p. 151)

This work is both highly interesting and informative, leading the reader to an examination of Quaker answers to the above question. At one point, however, I would question the author's interpretations. She states that because the Gnostics looked deeply within themselves for the Divine therefore many of them would agree in principle "with Ludwig Feuerbach... that 'Theology is really anthropology'" (p. 123). Surely the Gnostics did not think, as Feuerbach did, that the Gnostic search was limited by the empirical personality. Rather, like Hindu philosophers, they were talking about the "Atman" who is Brahman.

Calvin Keene

The Practice of Process Meditation—The Intensive Journal Way to Spiritual Experience by Ira Progoff. Dialogue House Library, New York, NY, 1980. 384 pages. \$12.95

There is much about this latest book of Ira Progoff's which could appeal to Friends. Progoff describes Process Meditation as "a method of spiritual discipline that can be practically effective in the modern world" and goes on to say that it is the "fulfillment as well as outgrowth" of the Intensive Journal

System. As such *The Practice of Process Meditation* is not a book for the faint-hearted, neither is it for those who are not convinced of the efficacy of journal keeping. To practice Process Meditation most fruitfully one must also accept the discipline and time commitment required to master the entire Intensive Journal System and to keep the Intensive Journal workbook.

Written as a companion volume to *At a Journal Workshop* (Dialogue House, New York, 1975), the text for keeping an Intensive Journal, *The Practice of Process Meditation* has a dual focus. First, it is background reference to the principles underlying Process Meditation and its role in the Intensive Journal concept of "whole life development," replete with voluminous references to Progoff's own work as well as those of the "mystical classics." Second, it is written as a direct guide to keeping this spiritual discipline, which Progoff terms a "species of prayer and meditation." Explicit step-by-step instructions are included on the techniques and procedures of Process Meditation as a component of the entire Intensive Journal workbook, and they are illustrated by entries from Progoff's Intensive Journal and those of numerous workshop participants.

This system of journal keeping has many positive features. Progoff's underlying concepts are consistent with both the Quaker view of personal growth and the centrality of divine revelation in our lives. The focus is inward; the process is empirical; the vehicle is individual and/or corporate silence. The techniques and procedures are a blend of traditional journal keeping modes, modern psychological insights into this writing process, and meditation aids drawn from both Eastern and Western religious traditions. Progoff seems to have done his homework well, and this effective integration is the book's strongest point. To be sure, the most effective use of all these techniques is through practicing the entire Intensive Journal system. Nevertheless, I have found that many component techniques such as the entrance meditations, steppingstones, dialoguing and the creation of personal mantras can successfully be used separately, integrating them into one's own journal keeping style. Consequently, these books are useful references for anyone seriously interested in journal keeping.

In the introductory pages Progoff says that the Intensive Journal workbook has been described by others as



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"deceptively simple." I do not agree either in terms of the workbook itself, the underlying concepts, or their extension as described in this latest book. Nor would I describe reading either this book or its predecessor as a simple task. While acknowledging the complexity and subtlety of the ideas he employs, I find these books to be unnecessarily repetitive, overly complicated, and chock-full of confusing jargon. It is a major chore just to master the abbreviations (MTIs, PEDs, etc.), let alone the underlying principles, cultivating the requisite interior attitude, and practicing the techniques for using a workbook with twenty-four subdivisions. In addition, I find the marketing mentality for which Progoff has been so vigorously criticized to be evident in this latest work. For example, the use of italics for Intensive Journal terminology and the titles of Progoff's other books makes these stand out from the pages like neon advertisements (which they are).

While I laud Ira Progoff for his most significant contribution to a rebirth of enthusiasm for journal keeping, I feel his work should be seen not as the creation of a new art, but rather as a fine effort at extending, systematizing, and integrating two rich and worthy traditions. The copyrighted marketing of these is something else again.

Metta L. Winter

Seeds into Flowers, A Handbook for Nurturing Religious Education, by Sheila N. Bach and Elizabeth Ellis, *Friends General Conference*, 1980. 83 pages. Paper, \$5.00 plus postage

As its subtitle says, this is a handbook meetings can use to improve and strengthen their religious education programs. In the introduction religious education includes meeting the spiritual needs of all, but the book focuses primarily on religious education for children.

Most of the chapters ask questions: What do meeting members want? What do parents want? What do children need and want? What do we do with what we have? It is good for meetings to ask these questions and discuss the answers. This handbook is a valuable resource and should be purchased for each meeting.

The last twelve pages present a bibliography of books under such topics

as Feelings, Death, Families, Peace, Quakerism and others. These books are of interest to others in the meeting besides the religious education committee. Some titles are followed by a brief description. I wish all the books listed had some such note.

In answering the question, "What do parents want?", the authors suggest some parents are seeking an extended family experience. If this is true, and I believe it is, then the whole concept of religious education is expanded beyond "What do we teach?" into the area of caring and belonging.

The authors emphasize that we need to make children, whatever their size or shape, feel welcome. They tell of a mother who phoned to ask if she could bring her handicapped son to First-day School. She was assured the meeting would welcome him and it did. Later both the mother and son joined the meeting. Throughout the book the authors encourage meetings to give children the message that they are welcome. Having the right size equipment is one way to do this.

The book suggests how small meetings can provide a group experience for their teenagers, so they will know there are others who share our beliefs. The book makes practical suggestions for solving problems faced by those concerned with religious education.

Julie Young

Living in Christian Community by Arthur G. Gish, *Herald Press*, Scottsdale, PA, 1979. 379 pages. \$9.95 hardback

Art Gish is a well-known Brethren advocate of the intentional community. However in *Living in Christian Community* his purpose is broader than discussing the intentional community; he attempts to give a comprehensive description of what the Church ought to be. To do this he draws upon the biblical roots, the life and vision of the so-called believers' church, e.g., Mennonites, the Hutterian Society of Brothers, the Church of the Brethren, Quakers, and other groups, as well as his own experience in community within the New Covenant Fellowship.

Gish systematically builds the case for the importance of the Christian community. He argues that we were created to be in relationship with others and with God. Many Protestants have interpreted

the coming of Christ in terms of personal salvation, but "the emphasis in the Bible is on a visible community of faith." We are called out of our isolation to join in fellowship and community one to another. The task of this Christian community is to provide a preview of reconciliation and redemption, a preview of the kingdom. It is the body of Christ, living and working in a concrete, historical situation.

To achieve its task, Gish continues, the community must be faithful to the living presence of Christ. It must be a loving and sharing community where we share ourselves and our goods. Decision-making and discernment are done by consensus or unanimity. The process of discipline or the word Gish prefers, "discipling," is based on Matthew 18 with the goal of reconciliation. Forgiveness is central.

Membership in the community is voluntary. "Each member needs to be a 'convinced' member." Baptism which symbolizes entrance into the community is for believers, not children. Only as adults can we make the kind of commitment necessary.

The leadership of the community is shared. "We do not choose leaders, but rather discern to whom God is giving gifts, and to name, make use of, and give support to those gifts." These gifts are given to both men and women.

The worship should "be open and sensitive to the leading of the Holy Spirit." Important aspects of worship include silence, preaching, prayer, and singing. Communion, along with baptism, is a very important event in the worship life of the community. It is a renewal of our understanding of God's redemptive act through Jesus Christ and our commitment to participate in the new covenant. The washing of feet symbolizes our willingness to serve others.

The Christian community has an important contribution to make to society. It is a nonconforming and witnessing community. It rejects militarism, materialism, racism, injustice and oppression. Instead, it reaches out to "the poor, the sick, the imprisoned, the naked, the hungry, the enemy." It witnesses to the message of the kingdom. This is the Lamb's War, "a unique combination of the Christian hope with social action, the lordship with the servanthood of Christ."

I recommend this book to those interested in exploring the idea of community and how it relates to the life of our meetings. The book is thoughtful

and well written, and because of its believers' church perspective the material is both familiar, yet new. A weakness of the book, as Gish points out, is the absence of much description of how this vision is actually being lived out. He suggests reading *Living Together in a World Falling Apart* by Dave and Neta Jackson, which describes a number of contemporary Christian communities, in conjunction with his own book.

Dale Hess

The Impossible Dream: The Spirituality of Dom Helder Camara, by Mary Hall, Orbis Books, New York, 96 pages, \$4.95

In the middle of the city of Recife, in Northeast Brazil, Dom Helder Camara lives in a tiny whitewashed house with open doors. On the wall outside someone has painted: "Go Home, Communist Archbishop." Under the repressive regime in Brazil, where thousands are tortured or "disappear," this small (5'3") elderly Catholic saint is a symbol of the very force for change which the government and its right wing allies fear and hate. Yet Dom Helder lives alone, without fear.

One day the Pope asked Dom Helder if his life were not in danger. "Holy Father, I am absolutely convinced that the offering of my life for the good of the human race does not depend on me but on Almighty God," Dom Helder said.

Once a paid assassin knocked on the priest's door. Dom Helder led him into the room, and asked what he could do for the visitor. Abashed by the cleric's love and fearlessness, the assassin confessed his errand, and left.

The spiritual force—Gandhi would have called it "Soul Force"—of the archbishop stems directly from a life devoted to God. "As a young priest my aim was to be devoured by my people," he told the author of this brief and moving book. "I understood from the beginning I would have to have a close relationship with God in order to have something of value to share with others."

At seventy, when Mary Hall visited him, Dom Helder's custom was to go to bed at 10:30 p.m. and arise at 2 a.m., spending the hours between 2 and 4 a.m. in prayer and meditation, much of it expressed in poetry. He then slept from 4 to 5 a.m. and arose to celebrate Mass.

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Headmaster

His days were spent in a whirlwind of activities, much of it among the inhabitants of the *favelas*, slums of the city—but always God was very near.

Though others have written about this great spiritual and nonviolent leader of Latin America, Mary Hall sees in him a modern version of the great Don Quixote myth, and makes his life and faith very real to us through a series of taped interviews, interspersed with some of Dom Helder's own meditations and prayers. She traces the development of his social outlook, from the rather conventional anticommunist position of the young priest, to one of the world's great driving forces for liberty and justice. In Quaker terms, one sees a man who has been obedient to the Light, and so receives ever more Light on his path.

Although to Dom Helder to die for his people would be the highest privilege God could grant him, he is deeply wounded when one of his followers is tortured or killed.

"The only violence I can understand is the violence of a peacemaker, the nonviolence of Christ, of Gandhi, of Martin Luther King," he told Mary Hall, after a close friend was killed.

Injustice always breeds violence. The violent reaction to injustice spawns further violence in its turn. Many young people are driven to this violent reaction because of the inaction of the Church or State. I can understand them. Che Guevara or Camilo Torres—they tire of nonviolent efforts and resort to revolution. But the only answer lies in nonviolent pressure.

In Latin America the military forces can easily, certainly ultimately crush violent actions for liberation. But most of all the majority of the people, the masses are not ready for the struggle. They have to be encouraged to struggle for life. They certainly do not have the courage to die. First they must be made more aware of the dignity of human beings, as children of God before whom all men are equal. Then they will be ready for the struggle for a great nonviolent action for justice and peace.

A friend in Recife told Mary Hall:

I feel he is getting more and more detached from earthly things; at the same time that he gets more and more immersed in earthly things. I think it's really what the Lord said, that you have to be in the

world, but not of the world. That's exactly what he is. Nothing can stop him because he has given up his life for God.

Margaret Bacon

Social Power and Political Freedom by Gene Sharp, Porter Sargent, Boston, MA, 1980. 440 pages. \$15.95 cloth, \$8.95 paper

The title is the message. Political freedom is dependent on the exercise of social power by citizens. The lack of political freedom does not indicate a lack of social power, it indicates the lack of initiative on the part of citizens to use their social power. Sharp urges decentralization of decision-making to allow more grassroots citizen participation as the structural change needed to protect and enlarge political freedom.

It is not original with Sharp, although generally receiving far too little attention, that there cannot be slavery without those who will serve as slaves and that the greater the centralization of the State the greater the potential for despotism. Sharp's tremendous contribution in this book is in asserting and clarifying the utility of nonviolence and the counter-productivity of violence as tools for building a better society. It is not just that violence breeds more violence, but that violent sanctions must result in greater centralization of power and limitations on political freedom.

The book is focused on dictatorship, genocide, war, and social oppression as four grave problems on which the world has made little progress. Sharp has little patience with either doctrinaire pacifists or doctrinaire nonpacifists, the "power comes from the end of a gun" people. Although clearly identifying with the humanitarian goals of socialism, Sharp has no more use for violence and political elites on the left than on the right. He is trying to speak to people who recognize the need for change and who are seeking better methods. He doesn't make it easy for us. He says, "Basic to this effort is that we think." I'm reminded of the Brickman *Small Society* cartoon with the perplexed citizen holding a newspaper with an arms race headline saying, "If God had intended us to live in peace he would have given us brains."

This book does suffer from repetition because of being essentially a collection of work done at different times and previously published. The chapter on

South Africa is sadly outdated and should have been omitted or drastically rewritten to illustrate methodology for ending political and social oppression.

Sharp has omitted recommendations on nonviolent substitutes for domestic sanctions—primarily police and prisons. There is a linkage between the conception of cops getting local bad guys and the army getting bad nations internationally that deserves more attention.

More serious is Sharp's tendency to see in black and white on violence and nonviolence. He says, "... violent sanctions and nonviolent sanctions, one or the other will be used. No third option is available." (p. 366) There is, of course, little purity of either violence or nonviolence. United Nations peacekeeping forces are just one example of a mixture in operation. Economic boycotts, an essentially nonviolent method, are often criticized for harm done to innocents. On the continuum between violence and nonviolence we seek action as close as possible to the nonexistent purism of nonviolence.

I read this book in the midst of the struggle for freedom in Poland. The Polish workers have demonstrated that much that Gene Sharp is trying to tell us will hold up in the burning crucible of life.

Lyle Tatum



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ANNOUNCEMENTS

Births

Batejan—On March 12, 1980, *Jessica Batejan*, daughter of Violet and Michael Batejan of Chester Springs, PA. Violet is a member of Schuylkill (PA) Friends Meeting.

Gosling—On March 11, 1980, *Christopher Gosling*, son of Richard and Hannah Pederson Gosling of West Chester, PA. Both parents are members of Schuylkill (PA) Friends Meeting.

Hannevig—In April, 1980, *Freya Hannevig*, daughter of Lars and Leona Hannevig, of Green Bay, WI, members of Schuylkill (PA) Friends Meeting. Freya joins her brother Stefan Hannevig who was three on March 14, 1981.

Ochis—On August 12, 1980, *Zerlina Ochis*, fifth child of Robert and Adrienne C. Ochis. The Ochis' are all members of Darby (PA) Meeting.

Marriage

Deweese-Pedersen—*Erik Pedersen* and *Tracy Deweese* in a Friends ceremony on January 10, 1981, at Schuylkill Friends Meeting in Phoenixville, PA. Erik is the son of Christian and Susan Pedersen of Birchrunville, members of Schuylkill Friends Meeting.

Deaths

DeLozier—It was with shock that members of Schuylkill (PA) Friends Meeting heard about the sudden death of *Neil DeLozier*, aged forty-one, of Duncansville, PA, on December 13, 1980. Dr. DeLozier and his wife, Sylvia, had been members of Schuylkill Friends since the time he had studied medicine in Philadelphia, PA.

Goodykoontz—On November 23, 1980, *Olive Goodykoontz*, at the home of her sister-in-law in Phoenix, AZ, following an illness of several months. Olive Goodykoontz, daughter of Quaker parents Emery

Von and Myrtle Davis Goodykoontz, was born on a farm near Jonesboro, IN, on March 17, 1906. She attended Fairmount Academy and Marion College, and later received her bachelor's degree from the University of Arizona.

After earning her teaching credentials at Tempe Normal School, Olive taught in the elementary schools of Chandler from 1928 to 1945, and again from 1961 to 1971, when she retired. Between these two periods of teaching she worked for the American Friends Service Committee in Germany, first in the general relief program and then as resident director of the School Affiliation Service, which arranged for exchanges of pupils and teachers between German and U.S. schools.

During all of her life in Arizona, Olive was active in local civic affairs and in those of Phoenix Friends Meeting, to which she transferred her membership after it was established.

Griest—*Katherine Griest* of Chestnut Hill Village, PA, on December 28, 1980, aged ninety-three. She graduated from Friends Central School in 1904 and from Swarthmore College in 1908. A birthright member of Central Philadelphia (PA) Meeting, she served many years on committees and as treasurer of the meeting. For twenty-eight years she was a member of the Board of Trustees of Friends Central School.

Katherine is survived by several nieces and nephews.

Hornath—On January 13, 1981, *Margaret Platt Hornath*, aged sixty-two at Middlesex Hospital in New Brunswick, NJ. She was a member of Plainfield (NJ) Monthly Meeting. Margaret was the eldest daughter of the late Clarence and Mildred Platt. She graduated from Olney Friends School in 1937. Surviving Margaret are her husband, Steve Hornath; two sisters, Helen Hollingsworth and Frances Gallup; nine nieces and nephews and four grandnieces and nephews.

Huffman—On January 20, 1981, *Herbert S. Huffman*, aged sixty-nine, at St. Vincent Hospital, Indianapolis, IN. Upon his retirement, Herbert Huffman resided in Plainfield, IN, and became an active member of the Plainfield Friends Meeting, the same meeting which his father, Herbert L. Huffman, had once served.

Born in Baltimore, MD, Herbert graduated from the University of Kansas and, in 1937, from Colgate-Rochester Divinity School. In 1941 he was professor of theology at William Penn College, later doing graduate work at Union Theological Seminary in New York.

Herbert served as chair of the committee for ministerial training with Friends Five Years Meeting for eleven years. His own pastorates included Gasport, NY; Oskaloosa, IA; Clintondale, NY; and, from 1942-1956 First Friends Meeting of Indianapolis. In 1956, Herbert began work with the American

Friends Service Committee, Cambridge, MA, as fund raiser. Following his AFSC work, Herbert returned to the midwest, taking the position of executive secretary of peace and social concerns with Friends United Meeting in Richmond, IN. From 1974-1977 Herbert served the Second Friends Meeting in Indianapolis.

After retirement, he wrote "Hills of Home," a memoir of his life in Plainfield, IN. The book is now in the Plainfield Public Library.

Survivors include his wife, Ardyth Praay Huffman; a son, John, of Baltimore, MD; a daughter, Mary Hinshaw; a brother, Ned Huffman, of Raleigh, NC; a sister, Flora Snow, of Coventry, CT; and five grandchildren.

Jackson—On August 10, 1980, *Margaret M. Jackson*, aged seventy-two, of Moorestown, NJ, a member of Moorestown Monthly Meeting.

For twenty-three years previous to her retirement in 1976, Margaret had been a member of the English Department of Moorestown High School. For the last ten of those years she had served as chair of the department. She was a graduate of Greenleaf Academy, Greenleaf, ID, and of William Penn College, Oskaloosa, IA. She took a masters degree at Wesleyan University, Middletown, CT.

A stimulating and much loved teacher, she enlivened her teaching with the insights of extensive travel in the United States and overseas. She was active in educational and civic affairs, including work with the American Association of University Women, the Burlington (NJ) County Educational Association, the National Council of Teachers of English, and, following her retirement, volunteer work with the Burlington County Memorial Hospital.

She is survived by her brother Elmore Jackson, of Pennswood Village, Newtown, PA.

Smith—*Frances Heacock Smith*, formerly of "Hedgewood," Lincoln, VA, on January 10, 1981, in Washington, aged seventy-five. The wife of the late J. Stewart Smith, Frances lived in Loudoun County, VA, from 1932 to 1960. A member of the Northern Virginia Planning Commission, she was also active in Northern Virginia civic affairs, state League of Women Voters work and the Goose Creek Friends Meeting. Born in Philadelphia, PA, she graduated from Germantown Friends School and attended Goucher College.

After her husband's death, she lived chiefly in Philadelphia. She is survived by three daughters, Louisa Lancaster Wells of Seattle, WA, Caroline Smith Warren of Washington, D.C., Lella Smith Candea of Round Hill, VA; and six grandchildren.



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Faith and Practice of a Christian Community: The Testimony of the Publishers of Truth. \$2 from Publishers of Truth, 1509 Bruce Road, Oreland, PA 19075.

Camps

Friends Music Institute, 4-week summer camp program for 12-17-year olds, emphasizing music, Quakerism, community. At Barnesville, Ohio, July 5-August 2, 1981. Write P.O. Box 427, Yellow Springs, OH 45387 for brochure. Phone 513-767-1311.

World Community Camp. Adventure in international living, ages 8-15; special programs for 12-15. Develops creativity, global understanding and cooperation. Foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, Virginia. Write: 822 S. Taylor St., Arlington, VA 22204. 703-920-1650.

Is your child age 10-14? We seek ten adventurous boys and girls to share the rewards of bringing an old Maine farmstead back to life. July-August, 1981. We will live outdoors, canoe Maine wilderness, grow vegetables, learn woods skills, use draft horse, build log cabin, study animal husbandry, orienteering. Gain self-confidence, lifelong friendships through intensive participation in small loving group. Grassroots Educational Expeditions, Freedom, ME 04941. 617-543-6075.

Skye Meadows Farm Camp, Cape Breton. Co-ed, 13-16, eight weeks (\$800), four weeks (\$400), July, August. Brochure: Eleanor Mullendore, Whycomagh, Nova Scotia, BOE 3MO, 902-756-2044.

For Rent

Apartment, San Jose, Costa Rica. Fully equipped; twin bedroom; bed alcove in living room; serves as Friends Center. Available by month (\$225), or 3 months minimum at reduced rate if hospitality provided for Friends and concerns. Inquire Ridgway, Mickleton, NJ 08056.

Personal

Lets help needy learn self-reliance, know serve/creator! Need advice locating needy. Peaceful country setting. Special education teacher. 304-927-2473. Sullivan, Box 865, Spencer, WV 25276.

Single Booklovers gets cultured, single, widowed or divorced persons acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081 or call 215-566-2132.

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

Positions Vacant

Resident caretaker for Quaker summer camp. Location near Toronto. Needed to maintain facilities and provide warm welcome for part or whole period between mid-May and mid-October. Write Janet Chatten, 60 Lowther, Toronto.

The Yearly Meeting Library has an opening for a library assistant. Library training and/or experience desirable but not required. The applicant should be acquainted with Quaker literature, outgoing, industrious and patient, and one who likes people and books! Salary dependent on skills and experience. Position is immediately available. Please send resume, references and salary requirements to: Library Search Committee, c/o Daniel Test, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

Needed: a 4th grade teacher starting fall 1981. Friends are encouraged to apply. Reply to Robert E. Fatherly, Jr., Headmaster, Wilmington Friends School, 101 School Road, Wilmington, Delaware 19803.

Beacon Hill Friends House, a student residence and Quaker center in downtown Boston, seeks an assistant director by June 1981. (A later starting date is possible.) Friends House is an equal opportunity employer. Send inquiries to Anne Kriebel, 6 Chestnut St., Boston, MA 02108.

Schools

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

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

Olney Friends School would like you to see our new brochure. Boarding, grades 9-12, college preparation, self-government, work program, community spirit, tuition 1980-81 \$3600. Olney Friends School, Barnesville, Ohio 43713. Telephone 614-425-3655.

Scattergood School, West Branch, IA 52358. Co-educational Quaker 4-year college-preparatory boarding school with simple lifestyle. Faculty and students of many nationalities, races and faiths share all daily work and farm chores. Small personal caring community promotes individual growth.

International experience during your college career. Interested in professional work abroad in intercultural communication, Third World development, economics, environment, peace? World Issues combines internship abroad with study on multicultural campus at the School for International Training. Accredited senior college (junior and senior years). Bachelor's program. Write Dept. J, World Issues Program, SIT, The Experiment in International Living, Brattleboro, VT 05301. Phone 1-800-451-4465.

Services Offered

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

Wanted

Community near Doylestown in Bucks County, PA is looking for member. Vegetarian non-smoker preferred. Contact Moon Ark at R.D. #4, Doylestown, PA 18901.

Good, used copies of a Hymnal 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 on New Jersey, Maryland or Virginia shore for one or two weeks starting July 1, 1981. Returning from overseas after three-years absence to have reunion with four adult sons. Write airmail DeWitt and Becky Barnett, P.O. Box 30657, Causeway Bay, Hong Kong.

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 _____

Address _____

City, State, and Zip Code _____

Mail to Friends Journal, 152-A North 15th Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102

Or call (215) 564-4779