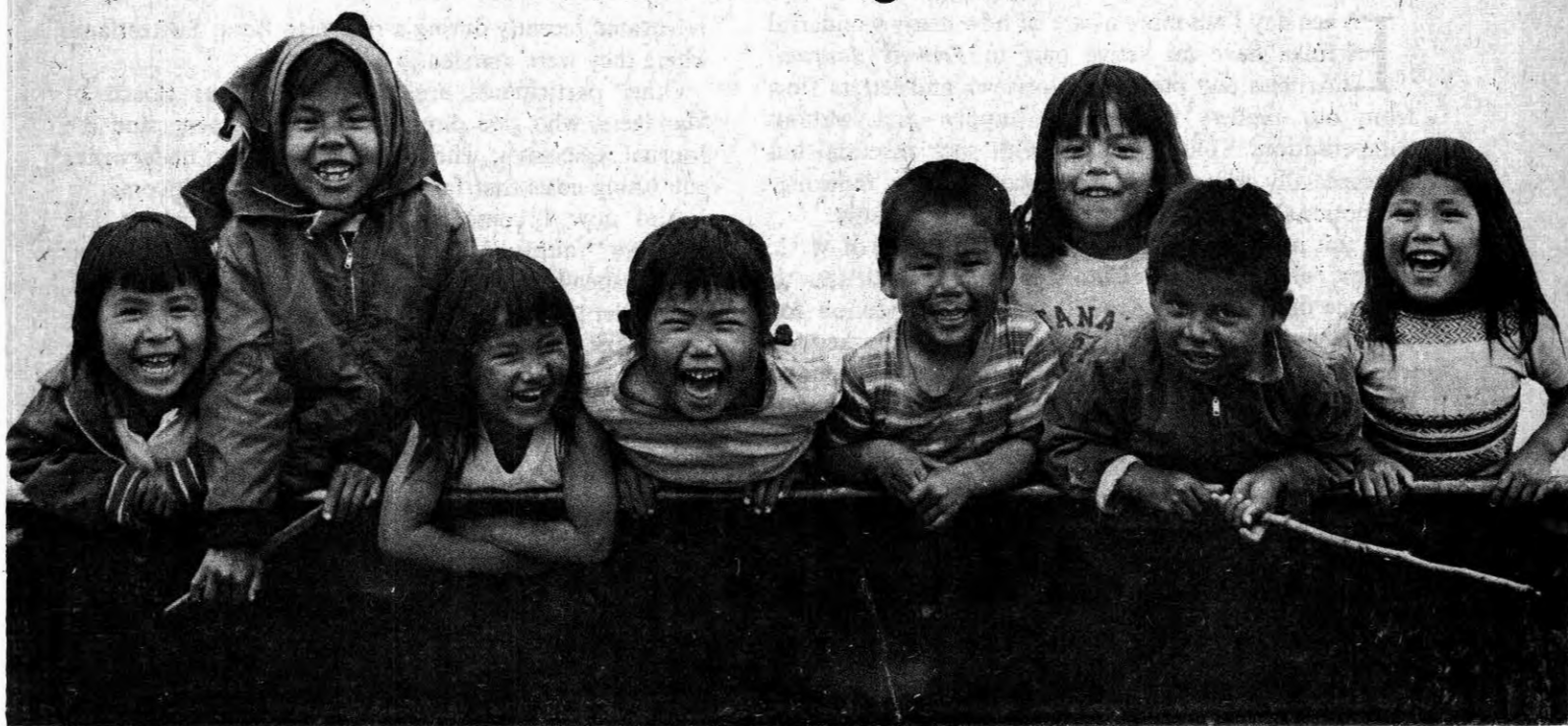


May 15, 1981

# FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker  
Thought  
and  
Life  
Today

God has given us the greatest gift of eternity,  
that of life itself. It is a gift  
whose origin is shrouded in mystery,  
whose future belongs to another time  
but whose veneration is ours.  
God asks but one thing: our love.



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## FRIENDS JOURNAL

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## AMONG FRIENDS: *Our Many Helpers*

Each day I am more aware of how many wonderful folks have an active part in *Friends Journal*. Articles and poems and reviews and letters flow from our readers in generous supply—and without compensation. Volunteers help with such essential but not especially glamorous tasks as proofreading, indexing, promotional mailings, and sending out back issues.

At this point, I want to make special mention of M. C. Morris, who has been distilling meeting newsletters to produce our "Friends Around the World" section for some twelve years. At eighty years of age he has asked for a little time off, to which we have reluctantly assented with the open invitation to return to the masthead whenever he is ready. Meanwhile, thanks M.C.! It is also appropriate to congratulate M.C. and Libby on the occasion of their fiftieth wedding anniversary, which they

celebrated recently during a return to Bern, Switzerland, where they were married.

Other participants are the conscientious Board of Managers, who give direction to development, and the Journal Associates, whose financial support underwrites publishing costs that far exceed subscription income.

And now I come to our readers—for whom the adjective "faithful" is not a mere cliché. Even when you do not speak up (beyond sending your annual check), your quiet presence is felt. But right now I want to ask you to perform a specific service for the good of the *Journal*. Turn to the questionnaire in the middle of this issue, take a few minutes to fill it out, and return it promptly. You will benefit yourself and others. Thank you.

*Olcutt Sanders*



# Pilgrimage

by Kristen Randlev

I remember my career in Methodist Sunday school well, particularly the day on which I was "expelled." Our assignment was to draw God. We already knew what Jesus looked like, of course, because his page-boyed, beatific face beamed down at us from every concrete block wall of the church basement.

The portraits divided into three schools of thought: the "God-as-Charlton-Heston" group, which comprised three-fourths of the class; the "God-as-an-older-Jesus" group; and me. My picture showed a green meadow, fruit trees, a lopsided cow, a very blue sky intruding into marshmallow mounds of clouds, and a magnificent yellow sun with chartreuse aura (where yellow crayon ran into the sky).

"That is not a picture of God," the teacher informed me. "That is simply coloring." If I had confessed on the spot to freeform coloring, and by implication to laziness and inattention, I would have received a sigh of exasperation and nothing more. But at ten I was already a moral purist and a very stubborn little girl.

"That is a picture of God," I said, "because God is everywhere." So far, so good. The teacher's eyebrow was cocked, her lip askew, but her eyes were kind. "Besides, nobody can know what God looks like because nobody has ever seen God, and God isn't a person at all or anything like a person because God isn't human." Theologically sound, I thought, but skating on thin, political ice. "So we really can't even do this dumb assignment at all." Whoops. Splash. The teacher's lips tightened. Her eyes narrowed. She humphed.

"I know what God looks like because I saw the movie," Tommy Chamberlain said with a chorus from the "God-as-Charlton-Heston" group. All I could remember of the movie was Debra Paget's dance in front of the golden calf.

"You may color for the remaining time," the teacher

said as she passed out more paper. "But Kristen and I are going to have a little talk." Which we did, outside in the hall, the cold pattern of concrete block inscribed into my small back.

"You seem pretty sure of yourself, Kristen," she said.

"Yes, ma'am." I paused. "I know God pretty well. God talks to me a lot, especially when I'm walking home from school, and there's no one else to talk to. Even if I haven't got a problem."

Her eyebrows disappeared into her hair. "Don't you think you're letting your imagination run away with you, dear?"

"No, ma'am. If it were my imagination," I said, "I'd only say things to myself that I would say myself. But God says stuff to me that I'd never think of alone. Like don't smash the worms after it rains."

"I think you mean your conscience is speaking, Kristen," she said.

"No, ma'am. My conscience says stuff like don't steal Timmy Hallstrom's plastic cane full of candy dots even though he ate my candy bar that I left on the swing for half a second. God says different stuff to me."

"Oh?" Her lips looked as though she had swallowed a rotten orange. "What kinds of things?"

"Well, it's actually kind of private," I said. Her eyebrows re-emerged from her hair and beetled over her eyes. "God laughs a lot," I volunteered after some hesitation. "And says, 'Hey, look at that.'"

She squared her stance, grasped my shoulders firmly, and looked at me carefully. "You are a willful, inventive little girl," she said. "I think we need to have a talk with your parents about you."

I never went back to the Methodist church. My need for religion, for a continuing spiritual search, has always been great. In the Episcopal church only two blocks away I found a beauty and majesty to revel in. I loved the colors and music and smells and rituals. I still do. But I can't say that I commune with God there. I began attending chapel at 7:00 a.m. out of a desire for an early, vacant tennis court later. I discovered a real sense of mystery and enlightenment in that nearly empty stone room, so bare in its architecture that, except for some Gothic arches, an altar, and a cross, that chapel could have been a meetinghouse. At the time, I had no idea

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*Kristen Randlev, a member of Mullica Hill (NJ) Friends Meeting, has written for Cricket Magazine, Child Life, and McCall's. Mother of three children, she lists her hobby as martial arts!*

what a meetinghouse was or meant.

There was a Quaker meeting in my hometown, but I knew as much about Quakers as about Martians at that time. Once again I had seen the movie, and my classmate at school resembled none of Gary Cooper's children in speech or dress.

At college I could have listed my religion as "*pot pourri*" and indeed, wrote "Believer" on forms which requested information about denominations. I would go with anyone to their services on Sunday mornings. I liked the Unitarians' attitude, but I didn't get much from the service. I enjoyed the Catholic service, but couldn't imagine going through anyone to the Top Person I already had a very real and personal relationship with. Campus Crusade for Christ had too much fire and brimstone for me to take them seriously as representatives of a compassionate Deity. I worshipped most meaningfully in the cornfields, where both God and I agreed on the way I was to be and become. Solitary prayer can be revitalizing, but its very nature creates a vacuum of congregation that I missed.

I married a Moslem and found no incongruity between the principles of his faith and the dictates of my inner convictions. Moslem means, after all, one who is obedient to God's will. The ethical teachings are an extension of the whole Judeo-Christian tradition. But growing older, the strains of mothering three children, and trying to grow myself slowly drained me spiritually. I found myself desolate without a sense of community, without any human underpinnings for my spiritual struggles. God seemed very remote. Neither of us laughed much anymore.

When we moved to South Jersey from California, I felt my isolation with a poignancy and desperation that physically hurt. A friend and a Friend invited me to join her one Sunday morning at Mullica Hill Meeting. Serendipity—or divine intervention for a soul whose

anguish was becoming unbearable?

I emerged from that first meeting with a sense of the peace and harmony and strength that are renewed each time I attend. There is a caring and commitment that is generated as pure energy—an energy I use to fuel myself for the coming week. That energy gives me the power to exercise the benevolence and caring common sense I want to use with my family, my neighbors, my world.

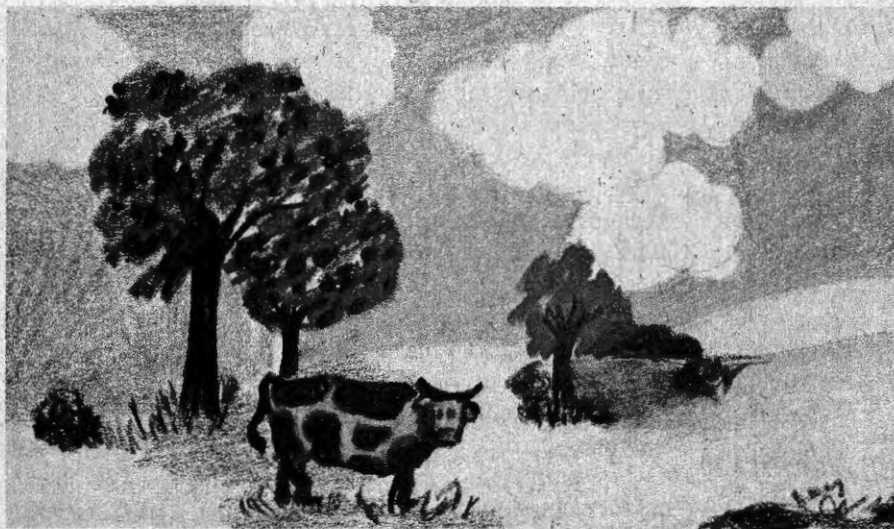
A few weeks after the first time I had visited meeting, I asked God, "Why had you abandoned me, God? Why had you not spoken to me in so long?"

"I was with you, Kristen," was the reply inside my head. "But you weren't listening." Then I heard—or felt?—that rich chuckle that told me everything was all right once more. I had come home.

My relationship with God is enriched by the participation of the meeting. Their acceptance and appreciation of me and of each other is a constant joy, a constant renewal.

Why should my spiritual journey be of any interest to Friends? Perhaps, as the Zen proverb states, "When the student is ready, the teacher will appear." To paraphrase, when the soul is ready for meeting, the meeting will be found. But can we trust so completely to fate in a world where so many persons suffer, as I did, from the lack of community, the lack of acceptance, the failure of support?

I believe there is a responsibility for Friends to make others gently aware of the opportunities that exist within a Quaker meeting for peace and harmony, for self-discovery and sharing. Ann Blair has said that she sees the diminution of most meeting memberships as a positive thing because she sees it as an indication that those whose participation was halfhearted, and did not belong, had left. Let us make sure that those who *do* belong know it—know what exists in a meeting—and know they are welcome. □





# Jesus: Fundamentally Divine?

by Dean C. T. Bratis

**A**t a recent meeting for worship at Uwchlan the topic we had centered on was the nature of Jesus. Each of several people stood to share with us their own sincerely felt perspective. I was especially attentive since the Quaker view of Jesus was a topic of confusion for me several years ago as I considered membership into the Society.

One of our number spoke of how he prepared for meeting by laying himself at Christ's feet. Another person said that his divinity was irrelevant but his life was central and her goal was to be "Christlike." Still another related how he had come to accept his father's view that Jesus was the greatest man to ever live but was not the divine "Son of God."

Finally, and I find this the most interesting of all, a woman sitting behind me stood and spoke of her testimony in Jesus: Son of God and salvation of the world. She continued in her very fundamental way telling us of the indisputable divinity of Jesus and how it was documented throughout the Scripture. She concluded by reminding us of Jesus' own words when he said, "No one gets to the Father but through me."

There is no predicting the majestic and mysterious hand of God. In the six years I've been coming to this meetinghouse, only today had we centered so intensely on the divinity of Jesus, and only today had I seen this woman. It was time for me to come to grips with this fundamental view of Christianity. God knew that, even if I hadn't, and God had set our path in motion. Earlier this week I had prolonged contact with a Baptist minister who tried hard and long to involve me in a debate. I was proud of the truly Quaker manner with which I deftly avoided

any confrontation with him. I suppose, in retrospect, that this more than anything had prepared me for meeting for worship this particular Sunday.

There is in the growing legion of fundamentalist Christian believers a sense of dogma and inflexibility that threatens the very fiber of Christ's holy mission. His life speaks to us of peace, tolerance, and forgiveness. His tells us of a God who takes sides in a "just" war, of scripturally justified prejudice, and of an intolerance that finds no glimmer of truth in any other view. We are told of a holy doctrine in which a judgmental God awaits our sacrifices, penance, worldly possessions, and righteous good works. Such a view is reflected in the martyred, tortured faces of its believers.

I am convinced that God wants none of these things. God has given us the greatest gift of eternity, that of life itself. It is a gift whose origin is shrouded in mystery, whose future belongs to another time but whose veneration is ours. In return God asks but one thing: our love. Jesus told us that the greatest commandment is that you love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart. Jesus' divine mission is to save the world, not judge it. He tells us of a God who is all merciful, a God who forgives "seventy time seven"; not one who is vindictive; not one who holds us out in cupped hands over a demonic fire, threatening to part them at our slightest falter.

When his disciples lost their vision and began to think of him as God, he said to them, "The Spirit who is in you is more powerful than the spirit in those who belong to the world." (1 Jn 4:4) (*Good News Bible*) Perhaps this part of Scripture more than any other forms the cornerstone of Quakerism. From it springs the concept of the "light within," which suggests that a piece of God is to be found in each of us. The "light within" does not dictate that we be "Christlike." It dictates instead that we search for that "light" and give it freedom so we can become all that God intended for us, each in our own way. Such a view brings with it a deep, spiritual respect for all the individual differences in the world.

Such a view is also difficult, for it puts the burden of responsibility on each of us. It is not a simple truth that can be read on page thirty. Nor is it a truth for which we

*Dean C. T. Bratis is associate professor of zoology at Delaware County (PA) Community College and also teaches science at other area colleges. He serves on ministry and oversight of Uwchlan Friends Meeting, does draft counseling, and coaches basketball.*

can turn to Church doctrine. It is a wrenchingly painful but often glorious journey inward to the depths of our souls. Such a journey takes us to the place where the "Light" of the world takes away all darkness. It is more amorphous for our young people than the doctrinaire, fundamental religions which give answers simply and quickly. But it is also more closely aligned with the Truth.

She was emphatic, this woman at the meeting, that we heed Jesus' words that there is no way to God but through him. To her this meant acceptance of the undeniable divinity of the son of God. For many his divinity is in his virginal birth. For others his defiance of death marks his divinity. But these are only the dressings. For in our day virginal births, at least in the animal realm, are well known. Life after death has been reported by thousands of people as a personal experience. These events in Jesus' life may have been divinely engineered; that must be a matter of individual faith. But there is no

question that his life was, and therein is, the substance of both the historical and divine Jesus. I do not think that Jesus intended for us to go through him in the fundamental sense; instead it was his way, his life, that should lead us. Such a view makes arguments concerning his divinity irrelevant. He was the son of God, perhaps more than any other person. But then we are all children of God. Our calling in living the religious life is to tune to that innate divinity in each of us. This would allow us to answer, when we are asked by whose authority do you speak, "By God, who sent me."

It is easy to understand why, in a world of constant change, such a fundamental view has developed the kind of following it has in recent years. And I understand too that Quakers loathe proselytizing. But it is incumbent upon us to take a strong and vocal stand against any view that reduces the great, mysterious power that is God to a few simple rules. But beyond that, as part of the opposite



Leonardo da Vinci

# Quakerism

by Peter Sutherland

*And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as thou hast loved me. (Jn 17:22-23)*

In these holy words the living Christ prayed to God before the soldiers came to take him away. Somehow there is in here a profound message for Quakers today. There have been many debates about what our heritage means, and what Christ has to do with us, and so on. But our history is one of a great vision, a vision contained in the revelation of God's love to humankind, and of a vision lost, and only recovered sporadically in individual instances. That is, if we are to be Quakers, we must see beyond history, beyond our intellect, beyond all our desires, houses, money, etc. to where God sees us. Unless we do this, unless we undertake this perilous search, we have no right to debate our religion, for we

*Peter Sutherland is studying electrical engineering at the University of Maine at Orono and is a ham radio operator. A member of East Vassalboro (ME) Friends Meeting, he currently attends Orono Meeting.*



end of the religious spectrum, we must stand against any view that uses dogma to justify exclusiveness, intolerance, injustice, and violence. Still if we are to make it work, we must do it with love and tolerance, for there may well be, even in this view, a piece of the Truth which we seek.

It is not possible for God to be bound by a book, by a church, or by one person's light. God's love and mystery are boundless. Only after a lifetime of mortal effort at reconciling all of these views, and much more, can we ever hope to hear the whispers.

It is egomaniacal to think that we could ever know God's will. The divine Creation that abounds in its glory all around us is beyond human description, much less comprehension. And if the physical manifestation is so mysterious and elusive, how much more varied and beautiful must be its Creator. For, in the words of Loren Eiseley, "Before substance was or form existed, imagination grew in the dark." □

## & Christianity

have given it up.

To talk of Christ is not an excuse for new banalities, quibbles, and generalities to honor past traditions no longer practiced. To talk of Christ is not to engage in pleasing human controversy and make new friends and see new places, to attend conferences and have our hearts moved by the discussions.

To talk of Christ is to talk of a poor and simple, humble man. We must always ask ourselves, "Is our talk really concerning the life and death of an ordinary man? Or are we in some dreamland full of fantasies and imaginary arguments?" For Christ lives in his followers, and if we refuse to live but enter the great mental circular railway, the human relation between us and Christ is damaged.

To talk of Christ is to talk of the great and true God, Creator of the universe, source of all goodness and holiness. The mountains and the trees, the rivers, sea and sky, all life and all death, every expanse of space and time, all were created by this God, above whom there is no other. To talk of Christ is to talk of the great stream of living light and life and water which undergirds all things and which makes all existence not only possible but unboundedly tremendous! To talk of Christ is to talk of how the unimaginable became human, how the Creator became a creation and lived with us.

To talk of Christ is to talk of a man of the spirit, of the God who gave us the gift of inner peace and illumination. It is to talk of the God who is not only human, like us, who is not only the Creator of everything, but is the dearest and most holy spiritual being who comes to our innermost souls with blessedness and comfort, who lights our worship with wisdom and togetherness. It is to talk of the God who strengthens us for our constant struggle against evil and makes suffering bearable and takes foolishness from our mouths to insert holiness in its stead.

So speaking of Quakerism and Christianity, we should not attempt to be wise or to smite the other side with great polemical fire, or yet attempt to compromise. For to do anything but jump down the well, to enter more deeply in the silent togetherness with each other and ourselves with God, to be drawn away into the mystical depths of divine love and holy service, to do anything but give ourselves entirely to Christ without reservation, to ask for forgiveness and seek to do good, to raise up praises and cheerfulness every day, putting the other person first: nothing else is worth doing.

Quakerism is mystical Christianity. True and fully Christian, in every way faithful, and mystical because we worship God in the holy mystery of live love in the secret places of our hearts. □

# What's So Special About Jesus?

by Liane Ellison Norman

People sometimes ask me, "What do Quakers believe about Jesus?" I cannot say what Quakers believe, but I have puzzled about the question, "What do I believe about Jesus?" It was just before last Christmas that I thought what an ordinary event Christmas celebrates. It happens every day and to every kind of person without distinction—rich and poor, smart and dull, beautiful and ugly, virtuous and wicked, successful and unsuccessful. That event is nothing more than the birth of a baby, who came into the world naked and went out of it dead, the way all of us do. What's more, the baby in question was born to peasants and given a common name. What's striking is that however ordinary the birth of a child is, it's always a miracle, a joint creative venture between God and human beings.

Jesus grew up when times were ripe for revolution. A hard-pressed people, in their desperation, looked and waited for the messiah their prophets had promised

would come. Shusako Endo, a Japanese novelist and a Christian, has speculated on the detail between the cryptic lines of Scripture. He imagines that Jesus disappointed everyone. The multitudes wanted a hero, but Jesus told them, "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your *enemies*, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." "For," he said, "God maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and unjust." Anyone, said Jesus, can love friends and neighbors, the rich, smart, beautiful, virtuous, and successful, but he urged his hearers, "Be ye therefore *perfect*, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

I was recently on a local talk show, hosted by a man who appeals to the most outspokenly chauvinistic and reactionary radio audience in Pittsburgh. I was talking about nuclear weapons and pacifism. I tried to explain pacifism by saying that Jesus, who was certainly neither coward nor sissy, was a pacifist. The talk-show host retorted, "Yeah, and they *killed* him." I am quite sure that this man, like the shepherds and wise men who came to the lowly manger in Bethlehem, and like the generations of devout Christians since then, worships

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*Liane Ellison Norman is assistant professor of English at the University of Pittsburgh (PA). She is active in the peace and social concerns committee of Pittsburgh Friends Meeting and serves on the board of the Thomas Merton Center.*





that ordinary baby whose birthday is the main event in Christendom's year. I'm also sure that the talk-show host worships the man who told his followers to be like God, and who died a felon.

It's easy to lose sight of what must have been the reactions of Jesus' contemporaries to him. His parents: "Now son, be reasonable. Don't alienate people. Don't get into trouble." His friends and former playmates: "Boy, were we wrong about him! He must have flipped out!" His friends' parents: "I always said he'd come to a bad end! There was something about him...." The *Roman Outpost Times*: "NAZARENE EXECUTED FOR TREASON." Officials, breathing a sigh of relief: "Thank goodness there was no popular outcry on account of the skinny troublemaker's crucifixion."

No one, in those days, would have advised his or her child to grow up to be like Jesus. I'm not sure many of us would advise it these days, or set our own sights on such a model. By and large we are content to *worship* Jesus, which means we can put distance between ourselves and him. I see the same distancing with regard to ending the arms race. People protect themselves from disrupting their lives by persuading themselves that the task's too big and they're too small, too busy, too insignificant. Everyone waits for someone else to take the responsibility. Even the United Nations, in its 1980 *Comprehen-*

*sive Study of Nuclear Weapons*, concludes: "It is imperative that statesmen and political leaders accept their responsibility." But Helen Caldicott, speaking to 600 people gathered at the Pentagon on December 30, 1980, said, "Your responsibility as adults is to save the world."

That's just the point Jesus made. For he was born a baby like every one of us. He was no one special. He was the son of God, but no more than anyone else. There was no need, he said, to wait for a messiah: *he* was the messiah. So was everyone else. He urged God-like perfection on each one of us, counseling love and pacifism. And like most of us—even more than most of us—he was a failure as we understand the term. Not only was he executed as a criminal, but he didn't convince anyone. For had he succeeded, even posthumously, we would disrupt—perhaps even give—our lives so that others might live on this good Earth—and I suppose we would pray for the militarists, the statespersons, and the political leaders who have jeopardized it. We would know that each of us is born Jesus and chooses to live Jesus' life—or not. Which means that every single child brought into the world is Christ reborn, the possibility of prophecy's fulfillment.

What's so special about Jesus? Nothing. And then again, everything. □

*"I am now minded to visit the Indians that I may learn their ways and haply receive some instructions from them."*

*—from John Woolman's Journal*

Perhaps it was fallout from John Woolman, but whatever the reason, Friends in Arizona for many years have felt a deep and continuing concern for the welfare of their American Indian kindred. Perhaps, like Woolman, these latter-day Friends hoped to learn from them, which indeed they have done.

During the past four decades, Arizona Friends have been closely involved with a number of tribes, including Papago, Pima, Maricopa, Apache, and Yavapai, and on a less personal basis with the other nine Arizona tribes. There have been many activities: building a basketball court, supervision of summer recreation and work programs, initiating an all-Indian basketball tournament (now in its thirtieth year) to raise funds for scholarships, and active participation in the Arizona Indian Association, an organization of persons of many religious faiths dedicated to assisting Indians on either an individual or a group basis. One Friend served as chairman of the Governor's Commission on Indian Affairs.

At the present time, Arizona Friends are deeply involved with the Orme Alternatives Coalition, an ecumenical, non-partisan organization dedicated to preventing construction of a half-billion dollar earthen dam (like the ill-fated Teton Dam in Idaho) at the confluence of the Salt and Verde Rivers. This structure would inundate 17,000 of the 25,000 acres comprising the Ft. McDowell Indian Reservation, forcing relocation of several hundred residents. In addition, flooded over would be potentially rich agricultural and grazing lands, valuable sand and gravel deposits, four churches, a cemetery, and a new gymnasium. Worst of all, it would literally destroy a proud heritage.

All of the potential trauma threatening the Yavapai residents of the reservation is the result of a multi-billion dollar plan, the Central Arizona Project (CAP), designed to bring water 300 miles from the Colorado River to Phoenix and Tucson. Included in the planning was the previously-mentioned structure, named "Orme Dam." CAP was first introduced as a bill in Congress thirty-four years ago but did not pass until 1968. Although countless hearings took place over the years, with testimony given by all the special interests, no input was ever sought from a single Ft. McDowell Indian.

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*Mahlon R. Hagerty and his wife, Edith, have been in charge of an AFSC-arranged summer recreation program on the San Carlos Indian Reservation for four years as part of their expression of concern for the welfare of Arizona Indians. They are members of Phoenix Friends Meeting.*

# On Honoring Indian Rights

by Mahlon R. Hagerty



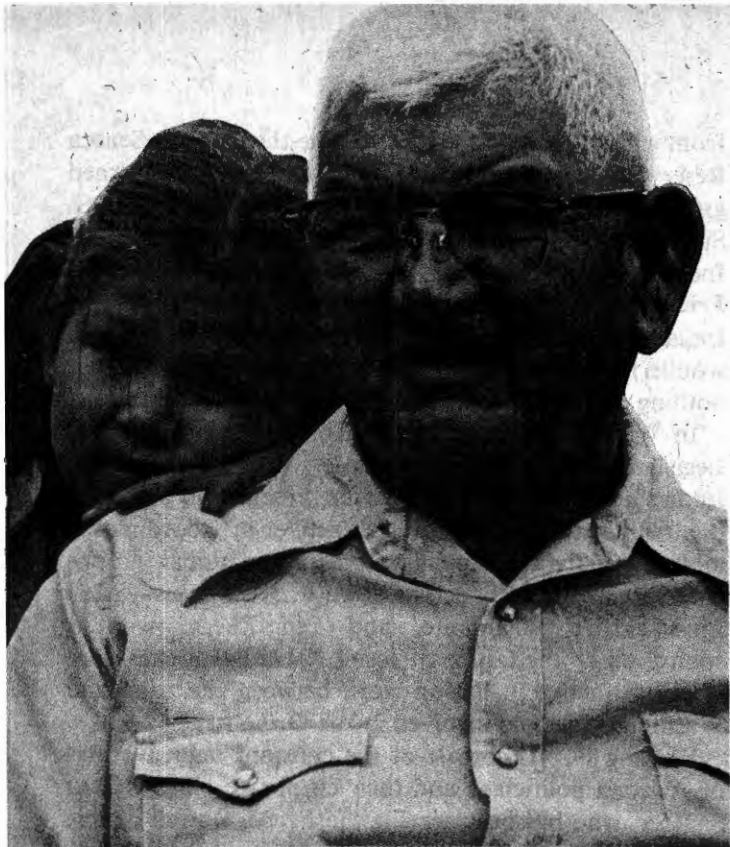
Not until 1973 did the Bureau of Reclamation inform the McDowell people of plans to flood their land. The press reported then Secretary of Interior Rogers C. B. Morton as indicating the central Arizona tribes—including the Yavapai—had expressed a very strong feeling of support for the Central Arizona Project.

A Scottsdale friend of the Yavapai, Carolina Butler, knew this was a gross misrepresentation of the facts. Acting the role of a female counterpart of Paul Revere, she encouraged tribal officials to inform the government and the public of their true feelings. Thus was inaugurated a movement that has enlisted the help of twenty-six organizations, including the Friends Committee on National Legislation, to assist the good people of Ft. McDowell. Forces arrayed against the Indians are awesome, to put it mildly. Pushing for Orme Dam are all but one of Arizona's congressional delegation, state legislators, municipal officials, state and national farm organizations, utility companies, banks, and much of the mass media.

In 1977, because of Orme Dam's negative environmental impact, its adverse effect on the McDowell community, and its outrageous price tag, President Carter eliminated it from the CAP. However, congressional authority for its construction or an alternative was never repealed. Consequently, still on the books is congressional authorization to condemn the reservation and build the dam.

In deference to the ever-mounting opposition to the confluence site, Congress in July of 1978 authorized the





Courtesy of American Visual Communications Bank

Society would sue to block construction, keeping the entire CAP in the courts indefinitely. Incidentally, the dam would destroy the critical nesting places of the endangered bald eagle.

In addition, many Arizonans are not convinced that the cost-conscious Reagan administration, even with its avowed policy of paying greater attention to Western interests, could justify the additional millions the Orme Dam would cost. Be that as it may, the pace of political backdoor "horse trading" between powerful Arizona leaders is escalating almost every day. The controversy gained momentum when Interior Secretary James Watt warned the state's officials he would not consent to the dam's construction until they reconciled their differences. If past history is any criterion, eventually they will patch up their dissensions in what will be euphemistically termed "the public interest."

Nobody questions that central Arizona has a water problem. It's a matter of too little or too much. With an average annual rainfall of about seven inches, residents of metropolitan Phoenix are dependent on two sources of water—deep wells and runoff from the Salt and Verde watersheds. Unlike the Delaware, Hudson, and Ohio, these two rivers are no longer free-flowing streams. Runoffs are captured by six dams and diverted as needed into canals by the SRP, set up in 1903 to deliver "liquid gold" to enable crops to be grown in erstwhile parched terrain. As dams were built in later years, SRP also began generating and delivering hydroelectric power. While it is true that existing storage dams could provide some degree of flood control, SRP does not consider itself responsible for this and, in fact, lobbies against legislation that would give it this added duty. Incidentally, it is now Arizona's second largest electric utility, but not subject to state regulation. And therein lies part of the problem.

For three consecutive years, because of exceptionally heavy winter precipitation, the greater Phoenix area has experienced swollen rivers that did millions of dollars in damage and swept away all but three of its major bridges. Part of the blame for this was the fact that these spans were foolishly built too small to allow the flooded river to pass beneath them. Similarly, most of the flood damages occurred to structures knowingly built in flood plains, often in violation of zoning laws.

And what part did the Salt River Project play in the drama of destruction over the three-year period of inordinate rainfall? When any of the dams reach near capacity and reports indicate approaching heavy precipitation and runoff, officials release vast volumes of water that roar down the usually tranquil Salt and Verde Rivers. These waters join and fill the nominally dry Salt River bed on its way through Phoenix. Despite our tremendous capacity to alleviate many problems that have plagued humankind, we have not yet devised a way

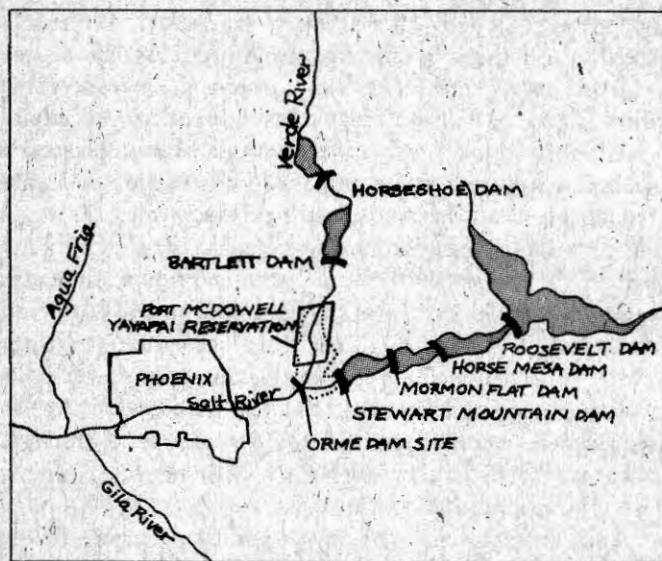
Central Arizona Water Control Study (CAWCS) and allocated it a \$10 million budget to seek out and evaluate feasible alternatives. The study is under the direction of the U.S. Water and Power Resources Service and the Army Corps of Engineers. According to its current schedule, the CAWCS will identify a "preferred alternative" by October 1, 1981. Meanwhile, the pro-Orme lobby appears to be "chafing at the bit," so to speak, and applying all possible pressure on the CAWCS people to come up with the "right" recommendation, namely: a confluence structure. Some of this pressure is coming from former House Minority Leader John Rhodes. For the past three years, Arizonans have been subjected to a carefully-orchestrated public relations blitz to sell the idea of the much more costly Orme alternative as the only logical answer to water storage and flood control.

Early this year, the press reported that Governor Bruce Babbitt, Director Wesley Steiner of the Arizona Department of Water Resources, and officials of the Salt River Project (SRP) were having serious reservations about Orme Dam. Influences prompting the second thoughts were these: First, CAWCS clearly shows that the overall cost differences between the dam and any of several less destructive alternatives would be well over \$100 million; second, as part of the study, government experts are considering turning flood control responsibility over to SRP, which would require substantial repair work on some existing dams; and finally, if funds to build Orme were authorized by Congress, most certainly Indian tribes and environmentalist groups like the Audubon

to turn on and off that big "spigot in the sky." Only a Power superior to us has the answer to that one.

And just who are the Yavapai of Ft. McDowell? Currently they number 385 persons living on the reservation proper. Only one hundred years ago several thousands of them inhabited nearly ten million acres in central and western Arizona, hunting, fishing, gathering wild foods, and engaging in occasional agriculture. Their treatment by white society, which mistakenly confused them with Apaches, can only be described as one of abuse, exploitation, and unspeakable cruelties and indignities. The names "Skull Valley," "Bloody Basin," and "Skeleton Cave" grimly attest to the handiwork of the U.S. Army, beginning in 1864 when forts were first constructed in Yavapai County. In 1875, several hundred Yavapai Indians, who had somehow managed to survive the military's "pacification programs," were herded eastward to the San Carlos Apache Reservation. There they remained until 1900, when they were told they could leave. One band returned to the area around the abandoned army post at Ft. McDowell. Three years later, under the administration of Theodore Roosevelt, they were "given" that land as a reservation, presumably forever. Our Amerind kinsfolk have learned, much to their sorrow, that in the white people's scheme of things, "forever" need not be a very long time.

In this connection it will be recalled that the Seneca



Indian Nation by the Treaty of Canandaigua of 1794 was given title to vast lands in west central New York State along the Allegheny River. Signed by Thomas Pickering, President George Washington's personal emissary, it was, until broken, the oldest continuing treaty to which the United States was a party. In the mid-1950s, however, potent vested interests decided to build a dam at Kinzua, in northwestern Pennsylvania, the impounded waters

from which would inundate over one-third of the Seneca Reservation lands. Friends joined with other concerned groups in appealing the issue clear up to the U.S. Supreme Court, which eventually ruled against the Indians. In the matter of the Ft. McDowell people, Friends are once again taking the side of a small tribe of Indians threatened by those forces that look at a wonderfully-wide expanse of God's handiwork and see nothing but dollar signs.

In Washington, the Friends Committee on National Legislation has been working closely with Yavapai tribal leaders and their many non-Indian friends. On behalf of the tribe, staff members are active in coordinating lobbying activities among interdenominational groups with special Indian concerns. Two FCNL interns—Steve Linscheid, a Mennonite, and Ted Zuern, who is sponsored by the Office of Jesuit Social Ministries—are especially active in liaison work between the tribe and Washington people involved in the Orme issue.

Keeping FCNL abreast of the constant maneuverings of Arizona politicians and their corporate allies is Dan Shaffer, who has been serving the Ft. McDowell people as economic development planner for over three years. Dan, a member of the Tempe Friends Meeting, is a native Pennsylvanian and a graduate of Penn State and Arizona State Universities. He is also Arizona Half Yearly Meeting's representative to FCNL and a member of its executive committee.

Perhaps there is no more appropriate way to conclude this piece than to quote from a letter to a member of the Phoenix Friends Meeting from a respected Yavapai elder. He writes:

*Thank you for your kind letter. I wish there were more people like you. I, as a Yavapai Indian, have always been on the way (move). . . . I cannot give up what little land I call my own to the Central Arizona Project so they can say I have progressed in building the Orme Dam. . . . My father, U.S. Scout Tom Surrama, along with three other men went to Washington, D.C. They met with President (Teddy) Roosevelt and kindly asked him for. . . the abandoned military reservation. He said don't sell it, don't lease it. . . . When the President shook hands with the four Yavapai men he said from this day forth no one shall bother you again. . . . Today the CAP men came. They fed me bloney [sic] sandwiches and offered me a few thousand dollars so I can along with other residents move and make way for the dam. I will not move; they can drag me out.*

*Sincerely,  
John Williams*

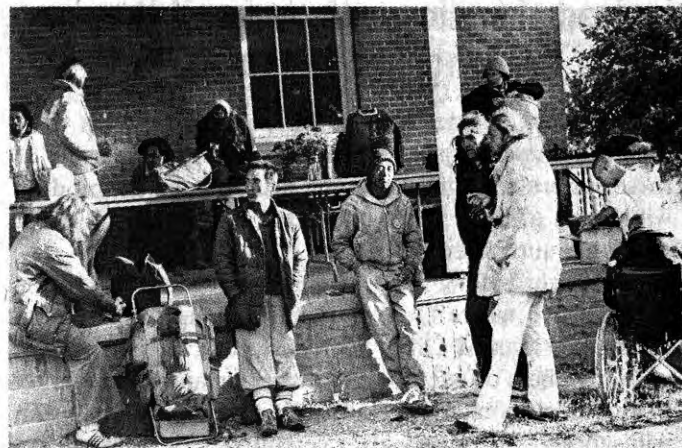


# INDIANS AS PILGRIMS

by  
Janeal  
Turnbull  
Ravndal



Left: A Native American walker.  
Below left: Olney student Imi Rickabaugh holds the youngest participant, born in New Mexico en route. Below right: "Long Walk" members on meetinghouse porch prepare to continue their journey; pictured are Indians, Japanese, and a German.



Photos by Yousef Elias

**C**amping at Stillwater Friends Meeting House one Friday last October were some 125 members of the American Indian-sponsored "Long Walk for Survival."

During the afternoon the tired but cheerful travelers began arriving at the century-old brick meetinghouse near Olney Friends School. They came in cars and pickups and a worn and overloaded school bus. Those who had run that day with the sacred staffs, symbols of their mission which had been carried from the Pacific Coast on foot, arrived well after dark. There were no crowds or TV cameras to greet any of them, and they held no banners and had no leaflets to pass out to the dozen or so local Quakers who came. Even the local newspaper, busy covering the high school homecoming game, did not show up.

While meeting members who had heard of the group only the day before arrived with food for a potluck supper, parents of a baby born in New Mexico en route moved benches to make space for their family on the meetinghouse floor. Others set up tents amid talk about the day's journey and good-natured kidding. Recorded popular music came from one campsite. Six Japanese

monks gathered for chants. Half a dozen preschool children, some obviously Indian, others blonde and blue-eyed, formed a caterpillar under a blanket, chorusing in a muffled singsong, "All the way to Washington D.C."

"We always have a prayer first," a visitor explained to me gently, as if I might object, and when tables on the meetinghouse porch were spread with cider and salads and casseroles, everyone gathered round and one walker offered a prayer in his Indian tongue.

After the meal, when all of the food except what had been put aside for the runners was gone, the monks cleared the tables. They gathered the crumbs into used cups so that nothing would be wasted and rescued from the trash the styrofoam cups which had been discarded. Two of them, smilingly insistent, washed all the pots and dishes with marvelous speed and energy.

As I shared the supper and talked to a few of our visitors, I began to sense that these Indians and the dozens of others traveling with them were not the publicity-seeking activists I had expected. Their supply of literature was gone. Vehicles were giving out; two had broken down that day. Many were still recovering from a recent battle with flu. Funds from sponsors were now completely gone so that they were dependent on donations along the way, even for gas money. And yet I saw no signs of discouragement. It was I who was feeling frustrated at the disinterest of the press. They seemed

*Janeal Turnbull Ravndal values her new experience with Conservative Friends in Barnesville (OH), where her husband, Christian, is principal of Olney Friends School. They (with their three children) lived and taught for fifteen years at The Meeting School (Rindge, NH).*

quite cheerful or even joyful—as if they knew what they were called to do but were not wrapped up in the apparent results. It was as if they were reduced, or rather exalted, to prayer and faith and discipline, to vision and good cheer. As I continued to watch them going about the business of their lives during that one day of the walk, joking, praying, all 125 sharing two toilets, cleaning up the campground, caring for children and an adult in a

## **There's a difference in Indian prayers. Instead of ending with "amen" they say words meaning "all my relations."**

wheelchair, I decided that at least at this point in their long trek these people were simple pilgrims. The irony of these particular pilgrims moving east through the modern wilderness of their native but often hostile land did not strike me until later.

That night among those around small campfires in the locust grove where Quaker families camp each August during sessions of Ohio Yearly Meeting (Conservative) were members of twenty Indian nations and a delegation of Buddhist monks. The 3500-mile journey, which began with about 250 walkers after ceremonies on Alcatraz on June 1, had already included members of some eighty Indian tribes. Environmental, humanitarian, and spiritual concerns bound and propelled the group. They walked to oppose the sterilization of Indian women against their wills, uranium mining on Indian land, nuclear development, and the military draft and war machine. Two Native American leaders of the group spoke and showed films on some of these issues at Olney Friends School that night.

According to a few who sat briefly on the porch of Stillwater Meeting House before retiring to tents and sleeping bags, the trip had sometimes been difficult. Many turned back at the desert, they said, and those who remained once went for three days and nights without food or water. They had camped in heavy rains, and in Oklahoma a brother of leader Meilo Yellowhair was killed by a hit-and-run driver.

Group discipline on the walk was supported by a representative council which made decisions, they said. Drugs, alcohol, and the possession of any weapon were banned, and they seemed proud that their own security, including an all-night watch, made sure that rules were observed.

In addition to the daily sunrise prayer circle and prayer before meals, they held special ceremonies at each state line and offered prayers for the people of each town on the way, they said. "Sometimes . . . prayers may be said in six different languages," remarked a middle-aged Indian, "and that is good."

"There's a difference in Indian prayers," a blonde woman who had joined the walk in Illinois suggested.

"Instead of ending with 'amen' they say words meaning 'all my relations.'" She liked the reminder of having family ties with all creation.

On their way the group had held prayer services at an Oklahoma hospital where hundreds of Indian women have been sterilized, at nuclear waste sites, and at a prison where Indian activists are being held. In Ohio special prayers were offered at the "desecrated" burial mounds at Miamisburg where Monsanto Research Company produces nuclear detonators and in Columbus at Rockwell International, a developer of nuclear weaponry.

Now they were going on to pray over Washington, D.C. One spoke of wanting to continue from there to the United Nations, another of a possible future walk across Asia. Their bonds to one another were most clear when I asked a young man what was hardest on the walk. He had been on a similar walk before and answered unhesitatingly, "When it's over."

Saturday morning at seven on their Barnesville campsite the whole group formed a prayer circle in the cold predawn. A few Olney students and faculty members joined in the ceremony, which included prayer and the blessing of each person with purifying smoke from a smoldering bundle of sage. Just before the sun rose Meilo Yellowhair made the few announcements for the day. The destination for the day was Claysville, Pennsylvania. He did not yet know where in Claysville they would spend the night. Before leaving, he said, they were invited to have something which had been rare on the long walk, a hot breakfast, and it would be served inside where it was warm, at the Quaker school. To get there, he said, pointing down the hill toward the 250-yard walk that joins meeting to school and is so much a part of Olney tradition, "Go east and then just follow the red brick road." There was an explosion of delighted laughter as the sun rose and the prayer circle unwound with a chain of handshakes and morning greetings in which each person grasped the hand of each other person.

We waited in vain for news of the travelers. Some of them were ill-prepared for cold weather, and I thought of them on the cold nights in late October and early November. If they reached Washington by election day, their arrival and prayers there were given no media attention that reached us in southern Ohio. Then one winter day I caught part of an interview on a PBS radio station in New York City. It was the voice of one of our Indian visitors. He did not speak eloquently or even clearly, but I gathered that "The Long Walk for Survival" had just reached the United Nations, where they were asking that Indian Nations be among those represented. A commentator concluded that the plea was unrealistic.

Plagued, or perhaps purified, by press inattention, the pilgrim feet had gone quietly from sea to sea. It seemed so little to come of such a great labor—unless, of course, prayers count. □



*The 1981* **FRIENDS**  
**JOURNAL**  
*Questionnaire*



You can help us in editorial planning and in finding additional subscribers and advertisers for a stronger Journal.

Just remove these four pages, fold, stamp, seal, and mail.

We shall try to repay your time and your eighteen-cent stamp with a Friends Journal that better reflects your needs and interests.



#### 1. Your age

- ☐ 24 or under
- ☐ 25 to 34
- ☐ 35 to 49
- ☐ 50 to 64
- ☐ 65 to 79
- ☐ 80 or over

#### 2. Your residence

- ☐ Within large city
- ☐ Suburban area
- ☐ Medium-size community (50,000 up)
- ☐ Small community
- ☐ Rural

#### 3. Education

- ☐ High school graduate
- ☐ Some college
- ☐ College degree
- ☐ Graduate study
- ☐ Graduate degree

#### 4. Employment status

- ☐ Paid
- ☐ Volunteer
- ☐ Retired

#### 5. Occupation (present or retired)

##### Education

- ☐ Study
- ☐ Teaching—pre-college
- ☐ Teaching—college

##### Administration

- ☐ Business
- ☐ Government
- ☐ Education
- ☐ Non-profit agency

##### Sales

- ☐ Goods
- ☐ Services

##### Providing services

- ☐ Business services
- ☐ Social services
- ☐ Government services
- ☐ Professional services (medical, legal, etc.)

##### Homemaking

- ☐ Librarian
- ☐ Technical or engineering
- ☐ Agriculture
- ☐ Literary or artistic work
- ☐ Other \_\_\_\_\_

#### 6. Relation to Friends

- ☐ Member
- ☐ Regular attender
- ☐ Occasional attender
- ☐ If not a Friend, do you consider yourself "like-minded"?

#### 7. Reading pattern

- ☐ Do you read each issue of the *Journal*?

Do you usually read

- ☐ Most of the magazine?
- ☐ Some but not all?
- ☐ Only a minor part?

Do you read the *Journal* mainly for

- ☐ Inspiration?
- ☐ Information?
- ☐ Informed opinion?
- ☐ All the above?

Do you consider the *Journal* for you personally

- ☐ Important?
- ☐ Only marginal?

#### 8. Other readers

- ☐ Do other persons generally read your *Journal*?  
If so, how many? \_\_\_\_\_



- ☐ If you have a child or children at home, do they read the *Journal* to some extent?

If so, is their attitude

- ☐ Enthusiastic?  
☐ Approving?  
☐ Critical?  
☐ Unexpressed?

**9. Quality of contents (in recent months)**

- ☐ Excellent?  
☐ Satisfactory?  
☐ Fairly satisfactory?  
☐ Fairly unsatisfactory?  
☐ Unsatisfactory?

**10. Balance of contents**

- ☐ Do you like the present mix of spiritual and social concerns?  
☐ Would you prefer more emphasis on faith and spiritual concerns?  
☐ Would you prefer more articles on social concerns and action?

**11. Special contents**

Would you prefer that more of the available space be devoted to material on any of the following?

- ☐ Society of Friends  
☐ Individual Friends  
☐ Activities of Friends  
☐ Friends education  
☐ Yearly Meetings  
☐ Poetry  
☐ Book reviews  
☐ Other \_\_\_\_\_

**12. Special uses**

- ☐ Do you use the *Journal* for group study or discussion or religious education purposes?  
☐ Is it helpful?  
☐ Would you like more articles on controversial subjects?  
What kinds of topics? \_\_\_\_\_

**13. Frequency**

- ☐ Do you like the present schedule of 19 issues a year?  
☐ Would you prefer a monthly schedule?  
Other suggestions \_\_\_\_\_

**14. Paper stock**

- ☐ Do you find the present newsprint paper acceptable?  
☐ Would you pay up to \$2 a year additional for better quality paper?

**15. Unmet needs**

If the *Journal* were to produce a tape-recorded cassette version of major articles on a regular subscription basis (at about the same cost as the printed *Journal*), would you be likely to

- ☐ Order it for yourself?  
☐ Order it for someone else?  
☐ Recommend your Meeting order it for others?

**16. What other Quaker magazines do you receive?**

- ☐ *Quaker Life*  
☐ *Evangelical Friend*  
☐ *The Friend* (London)  
☐ None

We need to increase our revenue from advertisements, and for this purpose we should be able to give advertisers information about our subscribers. It will be helpful if you will answer the following questions:

**Your income**

- ☐ Under \$10,000  
☐ \$10,000 to \$20,000  
☐ \$20,000 to \$40,000  
☐ Over \$40,000

☐ **Do you own your house?**

- ☐ If not, do you plan to buy a house in the near future?

☐ **Do you own stocks or bonds?**

☐ **Do you own life insurance?**

**Have you traveled within the past 3 years**

- ☐ within the U.S.?  
☐ abroad?

☐ **Do you vacation at resorts?**

**Do you eat at restaurants**

- ☐ Once or more a week?  
☐ Once or several times a month?

**Which of the following do you own:**

- ☐ Automobile  
☐ Television  
☐ Radio  
☐ Stereo  
☐ Camera

Thank you!



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# FRIENDS JOURNAL

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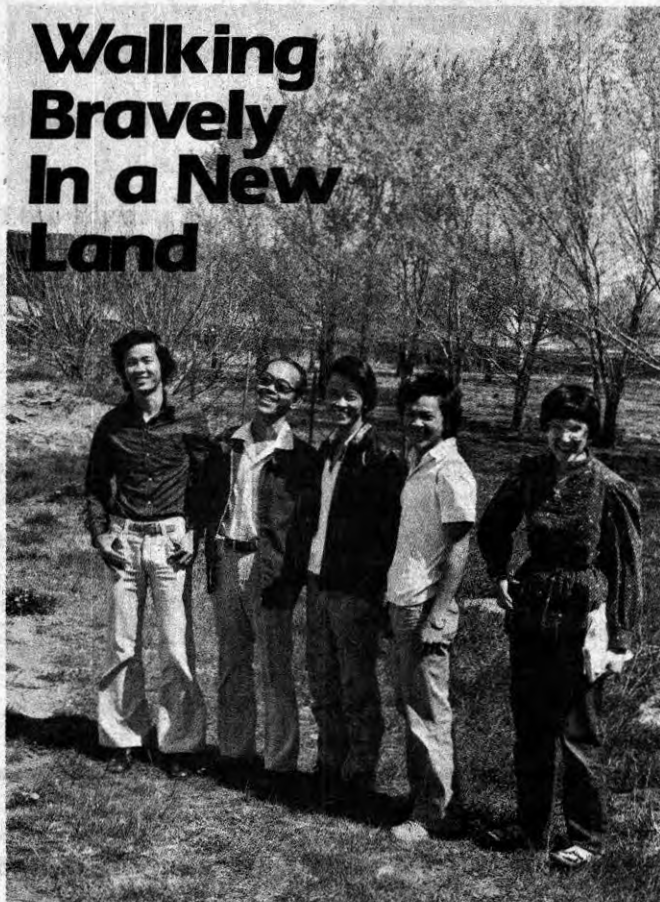
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STAPLE OR TAPE HERE





# Walking Bravely In a New Land



Stephen Jones

by Nancy Dawson

Over 150 Cambodians and 35 Quakers and service workers pack into the Little School at the low-income housing project. Chicken and rice, laughter and children abound. Windows steam against the winter cold. Coats, scarves, and hats, many garments recycled from the Quakers to the Asians, are stuffed in corners or worn, even in a seventy-five-degree room, against the strange weather in this new land.

Tears well up just below the surface as I watch my two communities, the Friends meeting and some of my Asian students, get acquainted. Everyone is oh-so-polite, a little scared of making mistakes. I see timid introductions going on, Friends asking carefully worded and enunciated questions in English. People laugh and respond.

"How long have you been in Boulder?" ventures a hardy Friend.

"Yes," responds a Cambodian woman, eyes twinkling. Laughter follows as surrounding Cambodians under-

*Nancy Dawson, a member of Boulder (CO) Friends Meeting, teaches English as a second language. She is a former member of the Women's Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.*

stood the question. A quick translation, and she answers, "Tree mon."

"Oh. Only three months. Welcome," our Friend replies. Someone translates. Everyone beams at the success of communicating.

The children know no timidity, especially the ones who don't speak either language. They take chicken from anyone's plate, dump over anyone's tea. This is their nursery school during the week, and they are completely at home here, even if the adults seem a bit uncertain. A middle-aged university professor Quaker frolics with two brown-skinned children, all three sporting blonde wigs from the dress-up box.

Everyone eats from the ample potluck, an "American tradition." At a Cambodian party guests don't bring food. At a Quaker potluck one never sees so much chicken, white rice, and pork rolled in cabbage leaves.

Eva Mysliwiec, recently returned from overseeing distribution of AFSC relief supplies in Kampuchea (Cambodia), prepares to show her slides. The local translator from the County Refugee Services stands with her husband, and they perform introductions. A TV crew

arrives and takes some "crowd" shots to go with their interview of Eva. I think how lovely we'll look on the ten o'clock news, brown and white faces of all ages, jammed together and laughing. The slides begin, and a small group retreats to the playroom to await the second showing. I'd been so busy socializing with current and former students that I missed the first showing.

A dozen Quakers seated in a semicircle on nursery-size chairs face eight single Cambodian men on the other half of the circle. Children beat on rhythm instruments noisily in the corner of the playroom. People are talking with a note of self-consciousness. A Friend teases me about my teaching. The Quaker side laughs, and the Cambodian side shifts, smiles, and looks to me.

"Do you understand?" I query them.

Reluctantly, with laughter, it's admitted that no one understood.

"He's teasing me, just like at school. He's joking."

"Oh, joking Nancy." The Cambodians laugh. Everyone knows about joking Nancy.

A Quaker tells them about his job in urban planning, and I restate a phrase here and there until everyone understands. A Cambodian tells about his new job doing factory assembly work. Pride beams across his face at



Vern Walker

having a job and at having gotten it totally on his own.

It's our turn for the slides. Two high school Cambodian girls burst out in tears over one picture. Their U.S. teacher comforts them as they burrow their heads in her lap. A tear trickles down my face. My Cambodian friends whisper additional translations to each other, tell me things about their country, tell me when they don't understand. I insist on translations for all questions and answers that are stated in English. Emotions hang in the air; for the Cambodians, pride in their country and its beauty, sorrow, missing relatives, war horrors, relief in safety in the U.S. And we Quakers, with our sympathy and our U.S. guilt, our sense of smallness in affecting change, our love. I admire Eva and the translators for being able to speak coherently, as I feel completely overcome.

We part with special bonds between the folks that had come together. There is not sorrow from the Cambodians but excitement that Eva might be able to get letters into Kampuchea, where there has been no mail from the

outside for years.

"Nancy, these American people, your friends? Go to your church?"

"Yes," I reply. One hardly picks over words like "church" and "meeting."

"Why do they come here?"

"Because they want to learn about Cambodia and to meet Cambodian people. They come to meet you."

"Oh. They send medicine, the seeds, all things to my country?"

"Yes."

"Oh. I think very good. American people."

("Yes," I silently intone. "These are very good American people.")

"Good-bye. Thank you very much. See you in school, teacher."

"Bye. See you in school," I answer. ("My loved ones, strong people," I silently add.) My eyes spill over as I watch the Cambodians "...walk cheerfully over the (snowy) land," pride hanging in the air. □

## A Gift of Friendship

by Jean F. Cappello

*Like the dragon fly, you are a blessing to the water that bore you.*

A year ago a group from Summit Monthly Meeting stood in front of Arrival Gate 46 at Newark Airport and held up a sign: "Welcome Quang Huynh and Phuong Nguyen." Quang and Phuong were the last people off the 747 from Chicago. They wore U.S. government issue blue jackets and sandals. They carried one shoulder bag apiece and had no luggage.

Standing on the arrival ramp, we must have looked to them like a group of large mother hens. Our "Hello, how are you?" in Vietnamese probably sounded like a cackle. To us, Quang and Phuong looked tired but surprisingly self-assured. They sauntered up the ramp. Quang said, "Good evening to you. We are very glad to be here." I was amazed by how much English he knew and relieved that at least we would be able to talk through all the awkwardness.

During the ride to Summit we joked about Quang and

Phuong arriving "with just the shirts on their backs" and what a good story it would make to tell their grandchildren.

Being a sponsor isn't easy, nor is being a refugee. As our months together in those roles unfolded, there were some heated discussions and hurt feelings, but mostly the experiences were rewarding. We got to know each other and were enriched by that. We became friends.

While in Summit, Quang and Phuong lived with various meeting families. They divided their time between studying English, part-time jobs, and countless trips to the dentist. If nothing else, Summit Monthly Meeting and Medicaid provided them with fully repaired teeth!

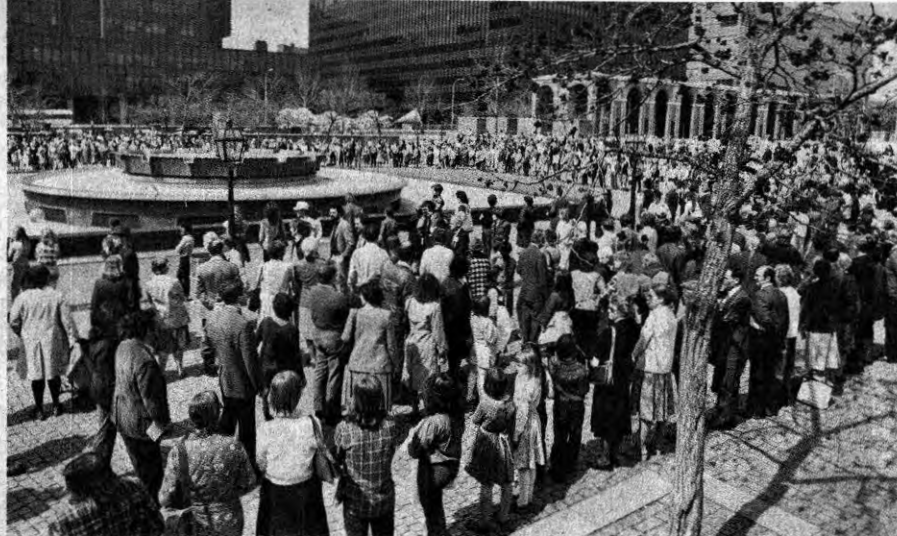
Both young men have now left Summit. Phuong lives with a Vietnamese family in California and studies electronics. Quang has moved in with a cousin in Jersey City. He works in a factory and plans to go back to college in the fall.

As each of them had packed up to leave Summit, I marvelled at how many possessions they had added to their blue jackets and shoulder bags. They had suitcases, tape decks, radios, guitars, etc. They were on their way. Our individual friendships continue. Our role as sponsor has ended.

There is a debate as to whether the United States will continue to accept such enormous numbers of refugees. While I can sympathize with both sides in the debate, the people seeking refuge from war and oppression are a clear presence in our time; their voice is a loud scream. □

*Jean F. Cappello serves on ministry and counsel of Summit (NJ) Monthly Meeting. A feature writer for the Summit Herald, she is a graduate of Northwestern University with a major in religion. She runs thirty to forty miles a week.*





# PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING CELEBRATES ITS TERCENTENARY

With its 301st annual business session March 27-31, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting entered into a period of observing its own tercentenary along with the tercentenary of the establishment of William Penn's "Holy Experiment" in the New World. The first yearly meeting for the area actually took place in September, 1681, at Burlington, NJ, where a special commemorative session will be held on September 19.

Penn's vision of peace and liberty was given contemporary expression in several ways—through a peace vigil involving nearly 1500 Friends at Independence Mall, through a dramatized reading of quotations from well-known Friends over the 300-year span, and through a lively children's program built on "The Peaceable Kingdom" theme.

To many, the high point of the gathering came during the silent witness for peace which took place three blocks from the Arch Street Meeting House following Sunday morning worship. The planners had agreed that we would have only two signs, to identify ourselves and our purpose, and that there would be no speaking, singing, or demonstrating of any kind.

Men in business suits, white-haired grandparents walking with difficulty,



blue-jeaned young people with knapsacks, babies in strollers, children with—or determinedly apart from—their parents, all filed in a seemingly endless procession through a small park and across a major street where police officers were holding up traffic. In single file we walked in a giant U around an also-silent fountain, doubling the line back upon itself again and again, gazing in love and greeting at each others' faces as we passed. So many of us! And all gathered here on this glorious sunny day to bear witness to our faith and conviction that together we can find the way to bring peace on Earth.

After about thirty minutes we returned to the meetinghouse, still largely silent and completely orderly, feeling a sense of joy and achievement at this successful manifestation of our unity and common purpose. Those who were present (a small group remained at a worship session in the meetinghouse) seemed to agree that it did not matter that only a few passers-by saw us. What

mattered is that we saw *each other*, and together we spoke... silently.

The regular business sessions were blessed by the advent of springlike weather. The reawakening of life around us seemed to symbolize our own determination to evaluate our individual and corporate leading toward spiritual and personal growth. The children's program theme, "The Peaceable Kingdom," provided a means for very young Friends to participate fully in our searching, as they fashioned posters, puppets, and playlets to share with us during an afternoon session. An unusually large number of visitors from other yearly meetings both here and abroad brought a diversity of viewpoints that was refreshing.

For the second year attendees were encouraged—through partial subsidization of the cost—to stay overnight at a nearby motel. This year it was possible to stay two nights, and several hundred Friends took advantage of this progress toward a residential meeting. Folk dancing and refreshments following the evening sessions brought Friends of all ages together to an extent not possible in the past.

The annual gathering provided both a focus and a forum for our concerns. On Monday and Tuesday mornings, five threshing sessions allowed Friends to share their feelings about racism, the violence in Central America, the future of the Society of Friends, our financial involvement in South Africa, and the spiritual basis of our faith. Simultaneously with the threshing sessions, worship-sharing groups met to gain insight and support.

On Saturday the large meeting room, which holds 1400, was completely filled as a panel took turns speaking to their personal experience within the Quaker framework. Some had grown up with Quakerism, at school and in the home, while others had come to it later in life. Each of the speakers commented on the difficulty of identifying beliefs of Quakers as a whole, while recognizing that this is perhaps necessary to provide ourselves with a public identity to which others can relate.

Another major concern which received continuing attention was the strain that inflation is placing upon our budget. A special committee, which has for the past year been reviewing this problem, brought the difficult recommendation that to continue with presently-available funds, a cutback of six full-time staff members must be achieved by June of 1982, with the resultant savings

to be applied to increasing staff salaries. Some spoke to the need to face the reality of present-day economics, which demand greater financial participation on the part of members, while others reminded us that there are those for whom even the present assessment imposes a burden.

On Saturday evening we enjoyed an unusual treat. After a day of difficult decision-making, we gathered to hear a brief Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, "Trial by Jury," presented in costume by George School students. Afterward, members of Chester Quarter gave a dramatized reading of quotations from well-known Friends, with individual readers portraying William Penn, John Woolman, and others, and some still-living Friends representing themselves.

On Monday afternoon, just after the session resumed following a break, the clerk brought to our attention that there had been an assassination attempt on President Reagan. With details of possible injuries still uncertain, the gathering united in a period of prayerful worship on behalf of our leaders and their families. A message of sympathy was later directed to the President and the others involved.

As the sessions drew to a close, we heard reports from several of our affiliated organizations—the American Friends Service Committee, Friends General Conference, Pendle Hill, Friends Committee on National Legislation, Friends World Committee, Friends Council on Education, and *Friends Journal* as they related how they were attempting to carry out Friends testimonies and to interact with the goals of the yearly meeting.

Outside the business sessions we enjoyed also the opportunity to visit with old friends and make new ones as we shared table space in the dining room, strolled under the burgeoning magnolia trees in the courtyard, or met for mini-sessions in corners of the lounge, bookstore, and hallways. Over 4000 meals were served with grace and efficiency during the course of the yearly meeting.

As the sessions closed on Tuesday evening with a thought-provoking message by Gertrude P. Marshall entitled, "Out of Our Past, We Look to Our Future," a bumper sticker glimpsed in the parking lot seemed to say it all: to the left of a rainbow appeared the words "We Are One," and to its right, "One Earth, One Humanity, One Spirit."

—Teresa Jacob Engeman



From Benjamin West's painting of William Penn's treaty with the Indians. Courtesy Friends Historical Library of Swarthmore College.

## A TERCENTENARY CHRONICLE

**Brotherly Love**, a poem by Daniel Hoffman. Random House, Inc., New York, 1981. 176 pages. \$10.00 (\$5.00 paperback)

This highly original work cannot be done justice to briefly. Part narrative poem, part drama, the scenario is the founding of Pennsylvania by William Penn, the high promise of its beginnings, the subsequent decline of idealism, and the hint of new blossoming of the sown seed in the future.

Actors crowd onto the stage from all sides: the Indian tribes, the colonists, Penn's sons, the ghost of Logan, even the beauty of the wilderness surroundings seems an actor too, and over all towers the impressive, tender figure of Penn himself. The reader becomes both audience and actor, and has a sense of being at the center of the stage, like the early theatre-in-the-round. I would venture to say that it is this overwhelming feeling of participation that gives the poem its strongest poetic thrust; though there are striking poetic images throughout, as when the poet speaks of the past which "lies upon the present like a giant's dead body," or of the young Penn straining to escape the influence of this beloved father who would "espallier your spirit...." Like all poets who set out to tell a story, Hoffman seems sometimes to struggle to maintain the poetic impulse when relating factual events. There is a haunting awareness of the unity of all time that recalls Whitman's vision, and an interesting philosophical issue is

raised when, speaking of history, the poet asks, "Didn't its participants live out their predetermined choices supposing it was they who actually chose their destinies?" A poem to be grateful for.

—Winifred Rawlins

Silence, more  
eloquent than  
speech: the un-  
spoken word  
wiser than our

earnest trials  
to say, to find  
in the mind's hoard  
praise that reveals  
perfections known

and not diminished  
in the telling—  
in the silences  
between speech and halt  
speech, beseech

a gift of tongues  
that words bear  
witness, true  
to what we hear  
chiefly in silence

before and after  
speech now, as  
these letters  
whiten the space  
surrounding them.

from *Brotherly Love*, p. 74



# FRIENDS AROUND THE WORLD

"What can we do?" is a question being asked with increasing urgency, particularly since the presidential election. The Atlanta (GA) Friends National Legislative Committee has found one answer. It has subscribed to a variety of publications such as the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *Des Moines Register*, *Los Angeles Times*, *Manchester Guardian*, *Miami Herald*, as well as the United Nations documentations. From them it has clipped significant items of constructive national and international interest and republished these twice a month as NEWS/VIEWS.

Production staff is all-volunteer, so this new publication may be subscribed to at the rate of \$10 for one year of twenty-one issues or \$20 for two years (forty-two issues). Complimentary copies will be sent to anyone interested. Write: Quaker House, 1384 Fairview Rd., N.E., Atlanta, GA 30306.

**Little old Friends meetinghouses**—some of them closed for a century or more—are now being reopened, at least for a Sunday or two in the summer, according to Norma Jacob, who has made a (photographic) study of them.

These are located in what is known as "Western Quarter" of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in Chester County. Isolated on quiet country roads, many can best be found by looking for the little green cemetery squares on a large-scale county map. They are shaded by fine old trees and surrounded by green grass and are "places of healing and recreation."

But "don't come there in a mood to grieve over a dying religion," says Norma Jacob, for "there is power there." One feels it on a fine Sunday morning when "the silence of worship is gently filled with the rustle of leaves."

Among them are Penns Grove (1833), London Britain (1834), Parkersville

(1836), Homeville (1839), Mill Creek—now a monthly meeting open the year round—(1841) and Unionville (1845). Their establishment reflects the Great Separation of 1827-28 and the division in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting over slavery and the Fugitive Slave Law.

Previously established meetings such as New Garden and London Grove or Old Kennett (1710) were generally larger and more enduring.

The Western Quarter office at Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, can supply directions regarding time and place for those interested in visiting these old meetings.

**What is a BNI tester?** Stony Run (Baltimore, MD) newsletter informs us that it is a person eighteen years or older, black or white, female or male, who, without regard to marital status, after a two-hour training session, is willing to visit an assigned dwelling with a witness at a given time to gain information which will be helpful in processing housing discrimination complaints for Baltimore Neighborhoods Inc. BNI is a private non-profit citizens organization created in 1959 to help create an open housing market in the Baltimore metropolitan area and to work for maintaining viable interracial neighborhoods.

**The South Africa Quaker Newsletter** brings a slightly different account of the "White Riders in the Black Car" (FJ 4/15/81). Here is how South Africa's newspaper *The Star* reports the incident, with some comments from the SAQN editor:

*There is a policeman in Kaalfontein (which is on the main railway between Pretoria and Johannesburg) whose diplomacy and tact deserves the attention of all those officials who are frequently placed in tight spots by apartheid laws. This was the situation: a multi-racial group of Quakers, some from overseas, decided after a meeting in Pretoria to remain together while on the train back to Johannesburg. They all piled into the third class section. White conductors called the police when the train arrived at Kaalfontein. A policeman ordered the white members of the party to leave but they insisted on staying together. He then took them to the police station, where the station com-*

*mandant listened to their explanation. He told them to resume their journey in any part of the train they liked—"but please don't do it again."*

*The incident poses a question: Why cannot train passengers make their own choice, whatever their color, to travel either the cheapest way (third class) or the most expensive (first class)? Bearing in mind the economic realities, we cannot see it will make much difference to the present set-up. But at least it would be another blow to this wretched petty apartheid. And if one has followed the prevalent line of thought coming through at transport conferences lately, and in the Driessen Commission report and the many debates that followed, this is probably the way it is going to be within a few short years anyway.*

The SAQN editor comments:

*Two further points need to be added to the story of the momentous train journey. The one is that the police officer did not in fact say: "Please don't do it again," but "If you want to do this again, please let someone in authority know beforehand."*

*The other is that earlier on that day, two nameless whites had travelled from Tembisa—further up to the Pretoria line—to Johannesburg in the black third class coaches without incident. This might help to prick any Quaker pride there might be around—and also serve to illustrate that the railway authorities appear to be open to change, or at least willing to be flexible on their segregatory rules on trains.*

**A New Friends Gathering: An Outline of Stepping Stones Toward Becoming a Friends Meeting** (FGC 1972) is going to be revised. Over the years some wonderful new ideas for stimulating interest in local meetings have been reported in the *Friends Journal*. The editor would appreciate an outline of any project that successfully brought new attenders to the meeting or made the local community more aware of the existence of a Friends meeting. This kind of outreach will be invaluable to a new Friends gathering, so please share your successes. Reply to Pat L. Patterson, 10525

Among AFSC Executive Secretary Asia A. Bennett's reactions to President Reagan's economic message are several sentences the new President might well think over if he is ever troubled with insomnia.

"We recognize that there have to be efforts to curb inflation, but the big waste is in the billions for military spending. The economy will be in deeper trouble if the nation continues to feed the Pentagon...."

"What President Reagan calls burdensome regulations are in many cases critical safeguards to health and equal opportunity. What he sees as 'benevolence' is instead the responsibility of citizens to the well-being of society, a responsibility which must be chiefly expressed through government action in such areas as housing and education assistance, and job training and employment...."

"Increasing the military budget will not stimulate U.S. domestic productivity...The budget message also appeared to be consistent with the President's announced intent to downplay the importance of human rights in foreign policy determination."

"Do you remember," begins a paragraph in a letter to the January Plainfield (NJ) Friend, "several years ago, a Friend came to our meeting and told us her brother had just been killed? A Friend on the facing bench closed the meeting twenty-five minutes early because she thought the meeting would be too much for the woman. Like sheep we went along. But what the woman needed was the meeting, and what we needed to do was trust the Silence...Wouldn't a Silence that was one of waiting nourish the Presence and even perhaps encourage many who are now silent, to speak?"

Princeton (NJ) Meeting reports that its Worship and Ministry Committee considered "guidelines for enabling heads of meeting to deal with disrupters." It was recognized that "to be consistent with our principles, we should not silence those who speak too long, but the feelings of listeners and the reactions of visitors must also be considered." It was noted that several suggestions were given. It was not stated what these suggestions were.

## CONFERENCE REPORT

### Religion and Psychology

"Nurturing the Soul Through Relationship" was the theme of the sixth annual conference of the West Coast Quaker Association on Religion and Psychology, held at Ben Lomond Quaker Center in the Santa Cruz mountains, February 13 to 16. The leader was Chris Downing, head of San Diego State University Department of Religious Studies and former editor of *Quaker Religious Thought*. Chris developed the theme in three presentations: relationships between parents, children, and siblings; relationships between men and women; and relationships with others of one's own sex.

The conference experience was like the weaving of a rich fabric of many colors and textures as participants were led by Chris to examine the archetypal motifs that underlie human experience. Focusing on some of the goddesses of Greek mythology and underscoring their more human traits, she identified strands of her own life and led us to do likewise. She showed how relationship involves both wounds and gifts. Unlike the gods and goddesses whose fate is fixed, we can change. As we become aware of our particular patterns of behavior and reaction, we may modify them to enhance relationships that nurture our souls.

The theme of relationship was explored in small groups through writing poetry, molding clay, discussing dreams, writing journals, and dancing and movement. An impressive candlelight procession up the mountainside by the seventy participants culminated in a fireside-candlelit gathering in Casa de Luz, our meeting place. The final worship and sharing on Monday morning served to highlight the strands of the fabric we had been weaving and to reveal the pattern of the tapestry.

—Marie F. Parker

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

### Seeking to Serve the Light

Although the *Friends Journal* issue on Friends and the Military is already long gone (FJ 10/1/80), I cannot but tell you why it disappointed me. It focused on the hackneyed theme of Friends refusing to participate in the military. Imagine for a moment that the United States were composed entirely of conscientious objectors. As the nation's conscience would not tolerate war preparation, *Friends Journal* would have nothing to report on Friends versus the military. Rather, it would have to confront the question of how our unarmed nation should negotiate with armed ones in the face of possible distrust, hostility, cross purposes, and willingness to wage war.

Because we conscientious objectors are in fact a tiny minority, we are not thrust against these hard questions. Therefore we must hurl ourselves at them! They are even harder to solve and more pressing in a nation that accepts violent reactions to human conflict.

We who would abolish war must find that course of action which renders arms unnecessary and work to realize our solution. To content ourselves with a lesser goal, such as withdrawing our support from the military, is to flee from greater problems in fear, to forget the power of the Light's guidance. The Light is strong; let us seek it in faith and serve it well.

—Alan D. Ross

San Juan Sacatepequez, Guatemala

### An Unchristian Bias

I have been reading recent copies of your excellent *Friends Journal* passed to me by our younger daughter, Eileen Redden of Little Creek, DE. Eileen is a Quaker, as were the first three generations of Pancoasts in the U.S., starting with John Pancoast who came from England to Burlington County, New



Jersey, in 1680. Forgive me, United Presbyterian Church in the USA ruling elder and deacon, for sticking in my oar, but I am disturbed by an unchristian bias I find in Warren S. Smith's "The Image of the Radical Preacher," in FJ 1/15/81.

Professor Smith's first emphasized statement is, "Life is spiritual rather than material." Wrong. God created the material and the spiritual, and both are important. In your Quaker obsession with war and peace, and with corporate and political hanky-panky, you are dealing with human dominion over all the Earth as we are told to do in Gen 1:26-30.

Professor Smith's second emphasized statement is, "Religion is behavioral rather than theological." Wrong again. Muslims, Jews, and others from many other religious traditions believe in God and in God-directed behavior, but they are not, and do not claim to be, Christians. Mormons also believe in God and in God-directed behavior, but they are not in my opinion Christians either, although they claim to be. Like most non-Christian religious bodies, they are "behaviorists." This struck me during a Mormon worship service when we were asked to sing a hymn, "Make Me Worthy." If we humans can indeed twist God's arm and force acceptance of us because of merit earned by our good works, then the Creator is not really Almighty God who created us, and all that is. Jesus reserved his most scathing denunciation for the law-abiding (good) scribes and Pharisees, as recorded in Mt 23:23-28.

Yes, I do agree with Professor Smith that nothing is achieved by a "statement of faith." Such statements are merely our best attempts to find a consensus agreeable to most members as to what it means to be a Methodist, a Lutheran, or whatever.

We Presbyterians have a whole "Book of Confessions," but one need not profess belief in any of them to become a Presbyterian. Indeed, those of us who are ordained as elders, deacons, or ministers of the word are asked only if we will be "continuously guided by our Confessions."

If we do make a statement of faith without true belief, we are no more than liars and hypocrites! But faith is important. Paul quotes Gen 15:6 in Rom 4:36: "Abraham believed God, and it was reckoned to him as righteousness." What matters is not what we say we believe, but what we really do believe. If we truly do believe in God, in

Holy Spirit, and in Christ Jesus, the living word of God, this faith will necessarily guide our behavior and be reflected in our actions.

This is summed up best in Jas 2:14-28, which concludes with, "Show me your faith apart from your works, and I by my works will show you my faith."

In any Christian religion, theology and behavior are important. The question really is whether our behavior is merely a self-serving effort to achieve our own salvation, or whether our behavior flows from our faith in God, and from our response to God's love for us.

Harry R. Pancoast  
Wilmington, DE

### Better Judgment Needed

Praise God for Mark Bradley's "Journal Entry from Bogota" (FJ 2/15/81). It was very moving and thought-provoking. I wish the same could be said of Justin Vitiello's article, for certainly the children's poems he quotes are quite striking, showing the artistic genius that is also often found in children's painting. But Vitiello uses cheap political invective ("Jimmy Carter's pietistic peanut-shell-and-neutron foreign policy") and uses pointlessly disrespectful language about Bible heroes ("Drunken Noah"). He expresses his solidarity with oppressed Southern Italians in language that contains a strong dose of stale political catch phrases and is further marred by sexism. I do not find there the kind of human reality of solidarity that Mark Bradley expresses.

Vitiello quotes with approval a proposal to get rid of political opponents by rounding them up to "put 'em in the nuthouse," a method that has already found considerable favor in the Soviet Union. It perhaps should not surprise me (but it does!) that nobody at *Friends Journal* would recognize that where Vitiello purports to quote Dostoevsky, he in fact quotes a well-known passage from the Gospel of John (12:24). But such an observation no doubt reflects the fact that I value the kind of "elitist canon" that Vitiello proposes that "we must silence."

I wonder, how does one "silence" elitism? After all, the space in mental health institutions is fairly limited, especially since Vitiello, in his quote of Gino Orlando, also identifies "exploiters and bloodsuckers" as the kind of

people he wants to free us from, and we know from the history of revolutions that ever more classes of people (kulaks, ethnic Chinese, educated people, whoever suits the whim of the revolutionary vanguard) are discovered to be in those categories. Maybe Vitiello's quote of Antonio Gramsci, "Educate yourself, for the revolution needs new human beings," points to a way out of this dilemma. From the tone of his article I suspect that Vitiello would have little difficulty adapting his revolutionary nonviolent praxis to the idea of putting all people who run afoul of his dogmas in "reeducation camps." Countless people, Osip Mandelstam being a prominent example among poets, have already found "a new existence" (and a permanent silencing) under such conditions.

I wish one could expect the editors of *Friends Journal* to have the judgment not to publish an article like this.

Pieter Byhouwer  
Chicago, IL

### A New Variation

Joe Adcock's article "Snakes and Snails and Puppy Dog Tails" (FJ 2/15/81) prompts me to share a revised version of the original verse. This was posted in my obstetrician's office, and should be more widely known:

*What are little girls made of?  
What are little girls made of?  
Love and care, and skin and hair.  
That's what little girls are made of.*

*What are little boys made of?  
What are little boys made of?  
Care and love (and see above).  
That's what little boys are made of.*

Susan Meredith Burt  
Bloomington, IL

### CREMATION

*Friends are reminded that the  
Anna T. Jeanes Fund  
will reimburse cremation costs.  
(Applicable to members of  
Philadelphia Yearly Meeting only.)  
For information write or telephone  
HENRY BECK  
6300 Greene Street  
Philadelphia, PA 19144 — V1 J-7472*

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Thomas A. Wood  
Headmaster

### WHY JUNG?

Carl Jung, the noted Swiss physician and psychologist, identified that the quest for religious meaning is universal. His insights provide many cultural and personal reflections of one's journey toward wholeness.

Using these insights, the nine session home-study course, *Questpoint*, is a guide to one's inner journey. Designed for small groups; no prior psychological knowledge is needed. The cost is \$25. per person.

For brochures and/or introductory tape:

The Centerpoint Foundation  
22 Concord Street  
Nashua, NH 03060

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For full information write to:

Friends Village  
331 Lower Dolington Road  
Newtown, Pa. 18940

### Right to Life Movement Has Set Back Our Political Process

I would like to point out to Mary Edwards (Letters to the Editors, FJ 3/1/81) that "what appears to be hostility on the part of some Friends toward the Right to Life Movement" is based not only on the zeal with which those people try to legislate morality for the rest of the nation, but also on our concern about what this single-issue constituency is doing to our political process and therefore to our future. The recent election defeats of half a dozen of our most humane and peace-oriented senators was largely the result of their being singled out for defeat by the Right to Life Movement.

There is nothing moral or righteous about telling a girl or a woman that she has to bear a child. It is her life and it is her body. Only she—not the Church, not the State, not the Right to Life Movement—has the right to decide whether or not to have a baby.

Andrew Wiley  
Columbia, MD

### Will Our Affluence or Our Faith Survive?

I just finished Jack Powelson's piece, "Friends' Affluence and the Third World" (FJ 3/15/81). It typifies what I think is wrong with the modern Society of Friends.

I never became a Friend, because of the nonsensical bureaucracy involved. But I've been a fellow traveler for some time. I've drifted further and further away from Friends, however, partly because there is no meeting in my area, but partly because my experiences with Friends have taught me, sadly, that Friends are very conventional and middle class for the most part and are afraid to take risks. In Maine, for example, rather than openly and directly supporting the just claims of the state's Native Americans, who have taken much abuse and been awarded a tiny percentage of the land to which they are justly entitled, Friends have confined themselves to an educational approach to the "Indian Question."

Powelson's article highlights another aspect of the same conventionality that makes Friends almost indistinguishable

from other milquetoast "religions." His twists and turns to justify and rationalize Quaker affluence are revolting. This kind of equivocation is what has undermined the relevance of the Society of Friends, limiting its growth (or contributing, more accurately, to its decline). Woolman must be turning in agony in his grave.

What the Friends should be is different, strikingly and keenly so. In the matter of income, what did Christ say? "Take all that ye have and give it to the poor." Is this unclear? Does it need interpretation?

Friends, if we want to regain our relevance, either as individuals or as a Religious Society, we had better renounce affluence. Any Friends who make more than \$12 to \$15,000 a year should be using that surplus to feed or clothe or set free or employ others. Possessions over what is really needed for a very modestly decent life should also be sold and the proceeds used similarly. (This includes fancy houses, those priced over \$40,000 or so.)

If we want people—in this country or the Third World—to take our commitments seriously, we had better put our money where our mouths are. One or the other will survive: the affluence of those who profess the Friends' faith or that faith itself. Life is now and always has been what Jack Powelson calls a "Zero Sum Game" (some game). Only it gets worse—the gap is now greater even than in medieval times.

Larry Lack  
Steuben, ME

## BOOK REVIEWS

**The Life Journey of a Quaker Artist** by Dorothea Blom. *Pendle Hill Pamphlet, Wallingford, Pennsylvania, 1980. \$1.25*

The masters of minimal art can learn a thing or two from this fine book. A life of struggle and reward is summarized here. In twenty-five pages of text, a lame life is warmed by a spirit which seeks for convergence and warmth not easily found. The author persists and finds, for example, that being open to



all people while working in a clothing shop can offer

*... some impressive results, as with arrogant and demanding customers who were not used to service people being totally present and caring. I tried to honor the need that made them that way, at the same time listening intently and searching for something more real within them. Invariably such a person would become like a sweet little child as the thorny, protective crust crumbled. It made me see what a mask crustiness is: often it obscures a little child who never grew up.*

The strongest part of this pamphlet is the author's frank description of her struggle to achieve a spiritually full life. A variety of problems, including commitment to a mental institution, are overcome in the process of becoming an artist concerned with reaching out as teacher as well as creator.

While the booklet may be useful to pupils wanting to know more about their mentor, it left me feeling unsure about the artist's work. Evidently Dorothea Blom has written nine books brought out by some major publishers, but this work is not described here. Her feelings about the role of art in spiritual growth are suggested at several points, but not dealt with in depth.

A more serious shortcoming is that the booklet has only one small reproduction of her work. I was left wanting to see much more.

—Sandy Primm

**Ye Meetg Hous Smal, A Short Account of Friends in Loudoun County, Virginia, 1732-1980**, by Asa Moore Janney and Werner Janney, line drawings by George Oberst. A.M. Janney, Lincoln, Virginia 22078, 1980. 98 pages. \$5.25/paper, including tax and postage

Home grown histories are often abominably written and badly edited, if at all. *Ye Meetg Hous Smal* by the brothers Janney is a delightful exception. Itself "smal" only in appearance, it is a lively narrative, replete, in fact, in wisdom and wit.

In the summer of 1795, an "intrepid English Quaker," Martha Routh, visited Goose Creek and later wrote of how crowded the small meetinghouse was

and of "having to stand about an hour and a half with the heat very great."

"When we first read this," the authors comment, "we think it unmannerly of Friends to make a visitor stand in the crowd for an hour and a half. What Martha is getting at, however, is that she stood and preached for an hour and a half."

Church histories are often dull, but the Janneys' history is anything but. The religion of Friends was and is a way of life, so it is intrinsic to this tracing of the evolution of a church over more than two-and-a-half centuries that it explore the worshipers' workaday lives, the evolution of farming, marketing, milling, and education, and that it explore the everyday questions of slavery, civil and revolutionary war, "spiritus liquors," adultery, politics, and the rights of women and Indians.

Church rule was rigid, and while its expression was Friendly, its imposition was often not. Friends were disowned and cast out for marrying outside the meeting, for joining the militia, for gambling, fighting, quarreling and fornicating, for using profane language, for dancing or "walking contrary to discipline" (drinking).

The authors conclude the obvious, that "disownment often came as a relief to the person kicking over the traces." But, they ask, "How could a meeting keep its vitality and operate as a going concern with such an attrition factor?"

Goose Creek did somehow. It even survived the great schism, the deep doctrinal dispute between Liberal (Hicksite) and Orthodox Friends which originated in the nineteenth century, abated, then revived and continued into the twentieth.

The brothers Janney write with tender care of this deep sore only recently healed, and their account of how forbearance prevailed and how Friends at Goose Creek in 1950 came together, united at last, is the most inspired writing in a book of inspired writing.

—John Eisenhard

**Double Discovery** by Jessamyn West. Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich, New York, 1980. 273 pages. \$11.95

As an English Friend would say, this newest book of Jessamyn West's is a "good read." A warm, humorous memoir, it offers delightfully pleasur-

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able reading. Yet it is just these qualities of *Double Discovery* which attest to how effectively West has mastered her craft as writer, for this is a complex piece of prose rendered deceptively simple.

This is a tale of travel and discovery. Though her crisp and insightful renderings of the land and its people will jog the memory of those who have explored the Quaker country of the British Isles, the Paris haunts of expatriot writers, and may lure the stay-at-homes to venture forth, this is not a travel guide. The principal focus here is on the inner landscape not the outer one, on the traveler more than the lands traveled.

As West recently wrote in her journal, "You travel to discover yourself. At home there is known to you only the girl you remember. Who you really have become, you do not know. When you travel that person emerges; she is mirrored in the faces of people you meet." Fifty years ago, alone and inexperienced in the ways of the world, twenty-six-year-old Jessamyn West journeyed to the land of the writers who so dominated her thoughts, whose work beckoned her also to write. In *Double Discovery* she recounts her present-day journey back through time in search of that young woman whom her fellow travelers saw. In doing so West experiences a double discovery of the places she had forgotten and the young woman she once was.

Much is happening in this book, seemingly all at the same time. Brief but evocative glimpses of the land, snatches of dialogue conveying the fundamental human qualities of people she meets, accounts of the homesick young traveler's anguished emotions, reflections on the nature of journaling (both her own and references to many other journalizers), ponderings on the process of growth and change, all of this and more mingle and merge, given cohesion by West's own deeply spiritual, yet humorously earthy, vision of the essential realities of life. Indeed, this melange holds together so well that the reader can all too easily be carried along, not stopping to ponder the riches therein.

The film of Jessamyn West's first novel, *The Friendly Persuasion*, introduced Quakerism to untold numbers of people. Now seventeen books later she is one of Quakerism's most versatile, prolific, and articulate writers. For those convinced that journeying is the way, *Double Discovery* is an adventure of the mind and heart well worth taking.

—Metta L. Winter



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## ANNOUNCEMENTS

### Birth

**Michel**—On January 23, 1981, a son, *Macajah Adam Michel* to James W. and Linda Carroll Michel in Pueblo, CO. His parents and three brothers, Marcus Allen, Matthew Alexander, and Martin Andrew, are all members of Mountain View Meeting, Denver, CO.

### Marriage

**Kruger-Slutsky**—On November 29, 1980, *Joel Slutsky* and *Elizabeth Kruger* under the care of the Orchard Park (NY) Friends Meeting. Joel is Jewish and Elizabeth is a member of Orchard Park Meeting. The wedding ceremony drew upon both Jewish and Quaker traditions, uniquely combined through the creativity of the couple.

### Deaths

**Cattell**—On March 2, 1981, *Everett L. Cattell*, aged seventy-five, in the Mt. Carmel Hospital in Columbus, OH, after several months of failing health. Everett Cattell was president of Malone College from 1960 to 1972 following twenty-one years of missionary service in India and three years as superintendent of Ohio Yearly Meeting. An author, his latest book, *Nature of Christian Mission*, was recently released by Friends United Press.

Everett and his wife, Catherine, had lived in Columbus since 1975. Memorial contributions may be made to the Cattell Library at Malone College.

**Gulley**—On February 25, 1981, *Emmett W. Gulley*, former president of George Fox College (then Pacific College), in Nampa, ID. A birthright Quaker, Emmett grew up in the Quaker community of Greenleaf in Idaho, where he attended Greenleaf Academy. He later attended and graduated from Pacific College, taught there, and was president of the college in the early forties. He served in several countries as a Quaker missionary and in various war relief and service projects. He and his wife, Zoe, had recently moved to Sunny Ridge Manor in Nampa.

**Tomlinson**—On January 26, 1981, in Doylestown Hospital, *Homer A. Tomlinson*, aged eighty-three.

A sign at the entrance of a farm near Wrightstown, PA, reads "Mertom Farm," a name derived from the family names of Merrick and Tomlinson. Homer, at the age of four, came to this farm with his parents. He grew up learning about farm life from beginning to end. Homer was a tall, energetic person possessing the stamina of pioneers. His was a joyous life, though not without deep sorrows.

Homer will be remembered by Wrightstown Meeting, where he was a member. In times of emergencies he was the first to be there to fix something. He was active in community affairs including Newtown Rotary, Newtown Savings and Loan, and the Newtown Friends Boarding Home.

Husband of the former Marion Stapler Tomlinson, Homer is survived by a daughter, *Eugenia T. Howes*, of Mertom Farm, Newtown, PA; a son, *Kendall S.*, of Lebanon, PA; a brother, *Robert K. Tomlinson*, of Kennett Square, PA; six grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

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## Announcements

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## Books and Publications

**Ye Meetg Hous Smal**, a short account of Friends in Loudoun County, Virginia, 1732-1980, by Werner and Asa Moore Janney. An approach describing a way of life. —essential and pleasurable reading, *Loudoun Times-Mirror*, —lively narrative, replete in fact, in wisdom and wit, *Fauquier Democrat*. \$5.25 prepaid from A.M. Janney & Son, Lincoln, VA.

**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.

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## Positions Vacant

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**Needed:** Friend to share our home and keep house. Must enjoy children and be able to drive. Please write for further information to Morrie Ross, Clerk, Wilton Meeting, 29 Spruce Drive, Wilton, CT 06897.

**Staff openings at Scattergood School,** West Branch, IA 52358. Small rural college-preparatory boarding school, grades 9-12 has openings for farm manager, school secretary, dormitory residents, and teachers in several areas, 1981-82 school year. Applicants write or call John Sexton, Director. 319-643-5636.

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