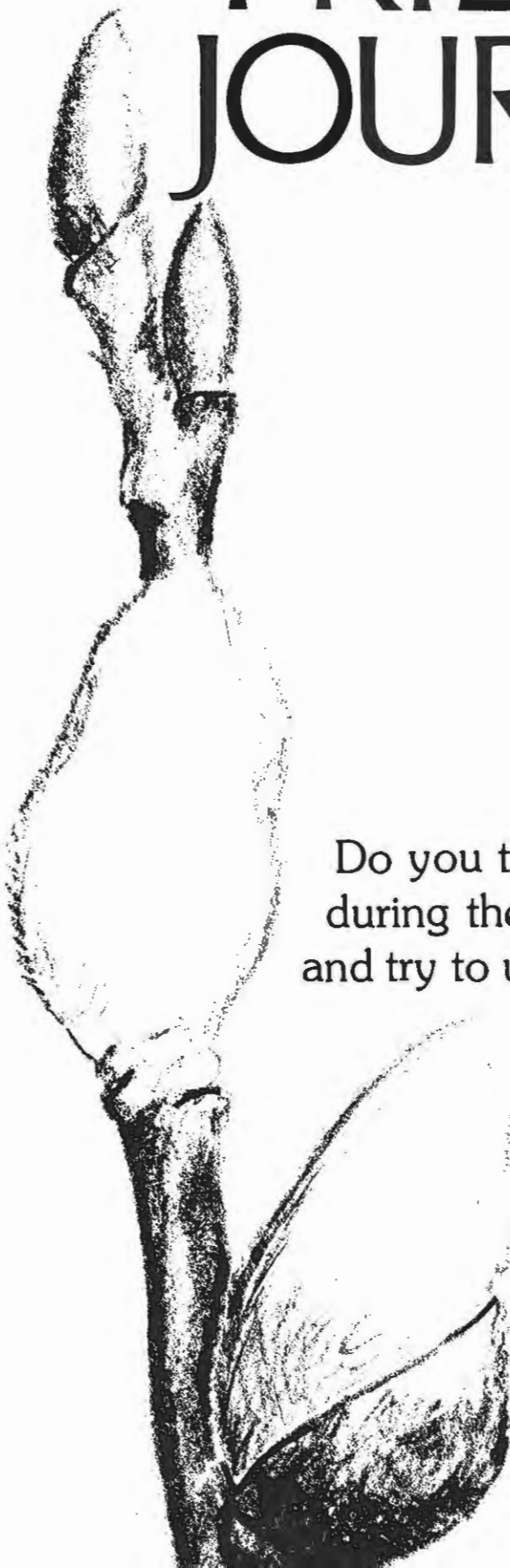


March 15, 1982

# FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker  
Thought  
and  
Life  
Today



Do you think of God often  
during the day  
and try to understand what God's spirit  
says to you?



# FRIENDS JOURNAL

March 15, 1982

Vol. 28, No. 5

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Cover art by 14-year-old Sarah Barnam from the spring 1977 issue of Sidwell Friends School Quarterly. Cover quote from page 16.

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## AMONG FRIENDS:

### Spring and New Growth

**T**he Ides of March may have heralded bad times for Julius Caesar. But they hold a happier meaning for *Friends Journal* readers. From March 15 to June 1 is happy hunting season for the *Journal* family. Not with guns, of course, but with subscription forms. In a springtime outreach campaign the *Journal* hopes that at least 133 readers will take advantage of the offer: "Send in three, get yours free." The three must be new, not renewals. Details are on the back cover. (Pause for a quick look, then return to the remainder of this column.)

\*\*\*

Your response in recent months has been quite positive. Subscription income for the first seven months of this fiscal year (since June 1981) was more than 20 percent ahead of the corresponding period a year ago. Thanks for this support. If we can maintain such growth, we can hold the line on subscription rates—even as postage and other costs rise steeply and as we build quality.

\*\*\*

This is a good point at which to introduce Larry Spears, who joined the *Journal* staff in January as circulation and advertising manager. He formerly worked at Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, editing *Counterpentagon* and other publications and handling press releases.

\*\*\*

Talk of spring ahead somehow leads me to think of Lewis Carroll, whose hundredth anniversary comes this year. One of my sons in the theater, Jay, has written a play about Carroll—which may be produced later, in which case I'll surely tell you! The only Carroll-inspired writing I myself can claim is a Jabberwockian quatrain published in my college humor magazine, *The Texas Ranger*, back about 1938. I titled it "Aquatic Tragedy," which may be why it was reprinted in the West Point magazine... as an anti-Navy gesture!?

Slilky poons are flurking in a moobish, glibbled glope,  
And hazom smerps extumishate benixt the upvooled  
rames.

They twitcher alligaciously, returbing quite intrope  
When out the glistling jeedles quoosh and skwunch  
their coliwames.

You may read the message as anti-Navy, anti-war, pro-spring, pro-subscriptions, or plain foolishness.

*Olcutt Sanders*

March 15, 1982 FRIENDS JOURNAL

# THE FABRIC WITHIN

Joseph Levenson



by Wilfred Reynolds

It's always a little alarming. Not the alarm of first noticing an alien bulge somewhere on the body or an unexplained noise in the house at 2:30 a.m. Those stir the viscera in their own particular way.

But the strain I'm talking about is more of a social thing. There you are with egg on your face, so to speak, while not knowing which etiquette to try first.

I'm sure being in the public library, with its relative hush, added to the tension. Yet the woman at one of the reading tables appeared oblivious as she talked to herself in loud tones, gesturing freely.

Never before had I seen such a vigorous self-talker, and given the otherwise businesslike quiet of a library, you

couldn't help rushing into speculation about the reasons behind her emanation.

Her eyes focused on nothing in particular, as the preoccupied often do, and there was something omnivorous about her. She had a flight-from-fulfillment quality.

I had a sense of sagging personal control over things, too, in being in an enclosure with her, and it was striking how almost everyone else appeared as if nothing unusual had occurred. The mass seemed intent on masking things over.

I couldn't unscramble what she was saying, but her tone and stridency signaled such things as complaint, lament, ridicule, and recrimination. I've yet to hear an energetic public self-talker make soothing sounds. I guess it's in the nature of the caldron inside not to.

All communities have their "characters" or persons whose demeanor and regularity of presence generate a certain stamp, though they're apt to be someone with whom you don't even have a nodding acquaintance.

---

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In fact, I tend to see myself as one such "character," what with all the years I've logged around here, being a senior often on bicycle, and I seldom buy new clothes.

But in recalling "characters" generally, I've often thought of the young man who sat down at the same table with me as the woman carried on her highly audible solo chat.

I'd noticed him often downtown. He walks with difficulty due to a physical handicap, and his facial features are contorted. You wonder how he manages with such precarious coordination, and subconsciously I'd probably been wondering how reachable he was, what he's like as a person. So his unexpected presence made its own impact.

The woman who talked to herself didn't stay very long, rising to go as swiftly as she'd arrived. My last glimpse was of a flurry negotiating swinging doors while making little choppy gestures with her hands as with a meat cleaver. Like Harry Truman giving emphasis to a speech. Her coat was flapping, part of the collar bunched under.

The large reading room, with its bordering book shelves and periodical racks, had been returned to itself. You could detect a shifting of bodily positions, not unlike the stirring following organized prayer, and the assemblage seemed to be sounding a sigh of relief.

I geared up my own mechanism for reconciling things. What manner of experience might account for the thing shown by the woman who departed? What might be some of the extremes and shortfalls of a life quite vividly having been on display? Are there gleanings from one's own buffeting by the world that'd make some sense out of so demanding a manifestation now gone?

It's a library designed splendidly to accommodate moderately volumed conversation, and I turned to speak to the chap I've referred to as handicapped, still feeling the enigmatic aspect of my being conscious of him.

"I imagine people like that have a lot of loneliness," I offered. "It's likely they need human companionship an awful lot, but they probably drive it away. It's a vicious circle."

He'd been sitting quietly, except for the movements and contortions associated with his condition, and it was ironic, even insensitive, that I'd address this issue to the particular person I did.

"Everybody has their problems," he said.

He spoke haltingly and with difficulty, and you had to listen carefully to distinguish the words. His saliva was unruly, and his contortions heightened noticeably as he spoke. His head tilted back and sideways awkwardly, his eyes meeting mine indirectly, and I'm not sure he can eye-to-eye you straight on.

"But every time you stand up under a hard experience, you're a little tougher and better able to handle the other things down the road."

His manner was unassuming, and the things he'd endured in life didn't leave much room for the usual posturing and pretense so common in our world.

"The trouble is, lots of people give up too easily," he went on. "They give up and get buried under it, and they expect someone else to solve their problems for them."

"If God wants anything for people, God wants them to keep going. I think that's where God's inspiration comes in, in knowing that God wants you to keep trying."

There was a thoughtful pause while I nodded to the things he was saying. Then he continued in the same labored way, exerting carefully to give the symbols distinguishable sounds.

"Maybe you don't even have to bring God into it," he ventured. "Maybe you can just learn from life that the way to feel reasonably good about yourself is to keep trying no matter what. I feel God's working either way."

"Don't give up," he said evenly. "Don't *you* give up."

Seldom had I felt so properly instructed, and I'm quite certain he sensed my needing it, which I did and probably always will. □

## CHANGING CHOICE

*I yearned to be loved  
by my fellow human beings,  
and foolishly I took  
perfection as ego-goal  
(piously calling it good).  
I labored long to excell,  
to be admired, respected.  
And every pedestal attained  
increased the empty space  
between myself and others,  
even myself and God.*

*Now I choose to be loving,  
learning to see the Christ  
in every person I meet,  
to feel your soaring joy,  
your triumph-enfolded loss,  
and the searing thirst of your pain.  
And when I reach out my hand  
(or caring thought) for touching,  
I find no distance between us.  
We are one. And the healing is also  
for me. I know now God is here.  
I am loved, oh, I am loved.*

—Emily Sargent Councilman



# Gentle Persuasion Or Confrontation?

## The Methods of John Woolman

**P**robably no other American Quaker is so often quoted and cited as an example as John Woolman, the gentle tailor from Mt. Holly, whose journal has been acclaimed as a work of literature as well as piety. Whenever Friends appear to be in danger of taking a hasty step, whenever it is feared we are departing from the ways of peace and turning toward coercion, we are asked to look to the example of John Woolman and be guided by his methods of gentle persuasion.

I remember Woolman being mentioned in this vein when Friends Suburban Housing was first advocating selling houses in all-white neighborhoods to black families in the 1950s. We should wait until the neighborhood was ready, we were told. Placing a black family in a hostile environment was a confrontationist act, even if the black family had made that choice. What would John Woolman say? Later, when Friends' opposition to the war in Vietnam led us to consider delivering medical goods to Hanoi without a U.S. government license, Woolman was again brought into the argument on the side of patience and restraint. Most recently I have often heard Woolman mentioned in regard to withdrawing investments from South Africa. Just as Woolman visited southern slave owners, ought we not to continue to visit American companies doing business in South Africa? And how can we visit with them if we do not hold shares of stock in their companies?

Historically, Woolman's example is also sometimes used in the same way. We are told that he single-handedly persuaded the Society of Friends to give up slaveholding, and that if he had continued in the same path he would have persuaded all slaveowners to divest themselves of their human chattel, thus heading off the Civil War, a conflict brought about by the angry, impatient abolitionists of the 19th century, including such Friends as Elias

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by  
*Margaret  
Hope  
Bacon*



*The Journal and Essays of John Woolman, edited by  
Amelia Mott Gummere*

Hicks, Lucretia and James Mott, and John Greenleaf Whittier.

I cannot claim to be a student of John Woolman's life and work, though I read and reread the journal with increasing admiration and gratitude. I know that I am just as apt as anyone to read into it what I want to hear. And I remember the wise words of Henry Cadbury when he cautioned us against the historical error of trying to guess what the men and women of the past might say in regard to the new issues of the present. Friends believe in the continuing revelation; each generation must walk in the light given it.

Nevertheless, I cannot restrain myself at times from trying to guess what John Woolman might say if he could hear himself cited in opposition to proposed social change. And it amuses me to speculate how his critics might react if they heard that crank and radical, Woolman, quoted to defend the status quo!

To begin with, I think Woolman might be surprised and distressed to find himself a legend in our times. A true Quaker Quietist, he believed in subduing "the creature" and "the will" and in never "putting self forward." For example, in his journal there are practically no references to his wife and daughter. This does not mean he was not a devoted husband and father, but rather that he wanted to leave out all mention of his private life in an effort to make the journal a record of his endeavor to be a pure channel of the Holy Spirit, unencumbered by the husk of self. The journal indeed can be read as the record of a lifelong struggle to subdue

On page 5: John Woolman was apparently sketched from memory by his friend Robert Smith III, of Burlington, NJ. At right: The Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society was photographed in 1851; Lucretia Mott and James Mott sit in the right front corner



Courtesy of Friends Historical Library of Swarthmore College

self in order to be open to the drawings of the Spirit. "When our eyes are so single as to discern the selfish spirit clearly, we behold it the greatest of tyrants," he wrote. His fear of self led him to hold back for a long time from submitting his essay "Some Considerations on the Keeping of Negroes" from publication by the yearly meeting. The most modest of men, he gave full credit in his journal to the various traveling companions who accompanied him on his religious journeys and his visits to individual members of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in regard to slaveholding. Particularly mentioned was John Churchman, a widely traveled Quaker Quietist and Woolman's mentor. Believing that the individual counts as nothing except as he or she is the instrument of the Holy Spirit, he might well be disturbed to hear himself revered today as a Quaker saint, while his teachers and comrades are forgotten. Had self triumphed after all? he might worry.

In the same light, I imagine he would shudder to hear exaggerated claims made in his name. It is certainly true that he had a catalytic effect on Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in 1758, persuading that body to begin the process of ridding itself of slaveholding. He was equally important at a critical juncture in New England Yearly Meeting. He served on the committee named by Philadelphia to call on individual members who owned slaves and was regarded as extremely effective in urging them to end the practice.

Without detracting in the slightest from this notable accomplishment, it must be remembered that many voices had been raised against slavery before Woolman's time, that Anthony Benezet and John Churchman were also influential, and that Woolman was dead by 1776,

when the meeting finally took the step of making slaveowning a disownable offense. It took another generation of Friends in another century to move beyond the Society of Friends and begin to try to persuade non-Quaker slaveholders to take the same step. Woolman would surely have cheered on their efforts rather than criticize their methods.

Much is made of Woolman's trips South to talk with Quaker slaveowners, and indeed it is inspiring to read his journal account of these trips. He traveled twice to Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, and three times to Maryland and Delaware. Frequently as we know he insisted on paying for his lodging when he stayed with slaveowners, rather than accepting hospitality from a family whose ease rested on slave labor. He used these occasions to talk to his host about slaveowning, and often felt his words were listened to.

But other Friends also traveled among southern slaveowners. George Fox began in 1671 when he suggested to the slaveowners of Barbados that they consider freeing their slaves after a period of time, and William Edmundson, an Irish Quaker, frightened the government of Barbados five years later when he made a similar suggestion. During the last years of the 17th and much of the 18th century, Friends traveled in the ministry in the South, and slaveowning was sometimes touched upon in their sermons. Southern Friends themselves grew increasingly uneasy about the custom, and some freed their slaves in response to the demands of conscience.

Perhaps the greatest gentle persuader against slaveowning was a woman, Sarah Harrison, who spent almost the whole of 1788 traveling among southern Friends preaching, praying, and pleading with them to manumit

their slaves. Norris Jones, one of her traveling companions, wrote the manumissions and recorded in his journal Sarah's "hard labor," her prayers, and her sermons. If we can believe his records she was a phenomenon: as a result of her efforts one meeting in Virginia freed 50 slaves; another in North Carolina, 23; an individual slaveowner, 16, and so forth. Often the slaveowner and his wife were both in tears when they finally "gave way." Here is certainly an unsung Quaker hero.

Another such traveller was Lucretia Mott, who is sometimes described as a confrontationist in contrast to Woolman. In fact, the two were very much alike in many particulars. Lucretia made three extensive trips into the South and visited Maryland and Delaware almost yearly. On these trips she preached not only in Quaker meeting but also to public audiences, urging all slaveowners to give up the evil practice. Her message was hardly popular, but her manner was pleasant and winning. An observer felt she was well received and that her efforts proved that "hard things can be said when spoken in Gospel Love."

If Woolman's role in persuading slaveowners to give up their slaves is exaggerated in retrospect, this reflects an innocent enthusiasm on the part of his admirers. What is more disturbing to me, and I cannot help believe would be disturbing to him, is the tendency to use his example in contrast to those who came after him in the antislavery movement and were seen as thorns in the flesh of the Society.

The truth is that Woolman himself was something of a thorn in his time. His habit of paying for his board, for example, offended local custom and must be seen as an early form of boycott. (Last year a woman of Quaker descent visiting North Carolina brought her own food

along so that she would not spend any money in a state that had refused to ratify the ERA.) His constant chiding of his wealthy fellow Quakers to look to their possessions to see if they contained the seeds of war must have been an irritant. So was his campaign against the payment of war taxes. When he felt moved to appear before the Pennsylvania Assembly to plead against that body raising money for defense, no Friend would accompany him on his mission, and several Friends within the Assembly tried to persuade him not to speak.

Later, when he felt moved to refuse to wear dyed clothing, because the dye industry was supported by slavery, Friends tried to reason him out of adopting such odd attire. Still later, his refusal to eat off silver was disturbing to Quaker hostesses. Gentle though his words were, his actions spoke louder than words, in the best tradition of nonviolence.

In 1772, Woolman went to England on a religious visit. Feeling that he ought not to accept the luxury of a first class cabin, but share the lot of the common sailor, he slept in steerage. Arriving in London at the time of London Yearly Meeting, he went straight from this voyage, with little chance to wash up, to join the august body. British Friends were so taken aback by his unkempt appearance, and his ragged undyed clothes, that one of them suggested to him that he might feel his mission accomplished and return to the United States on the next boat! Woolman wept but said he did not feel relieved of his mission. He would stay and earn his living as a tailor until the meeting felt united with him and could let him travel. Moved by his humility, the British Friends relented and allowed him to continue, but some were alarmed that he refused to take the stage, but walked from town to town. Thus each meeting of Friends in England had to deal with a dusty and unkempt Woolman, just as later generations had to deal with Gandhi and his loin cloth.

In York, Woolman contracted smallpox and died of the disease on October 7, 1772. In the memorial minute written in connection with his death by Burlington Monthly Meeting, there is evidence that Woolman's simplicity was still disturbing to some Friends:

In the latter part of his life he was remarkable for the plainness and simplicity of his dress and as much as possible avoided the use of plate, costly furniture, and feasting, thereby endeavoring to become an example of temperance and self-denial which he believed himself called unto and he was favored with peace therein, *although it carried the appearance of austerity in the view of some.* [Italics mine.]

The central purpose of Woolman's life was to be obedient to the Holy Spirit. That obedience frequently put him in opposition to the accepted customs of the day. Although his words and spirit were always gentle, his actions placed him on the cutting edge of social change.

John Woolman's commitment to the simple life extended to his burial instructions.

An ash coffin made plain without any manner of superfluity, the corpse to be wrapped in cheap flannel the expense of which I leave my wearing clothes to defray, as also the digging of the grave & I desire that W & T may take them after my decease & apply them accordingly  
John Woolman  
29<sup>th</sup> of 9<sup>mo</sup> 1772

Traced from a reproduction in  
The Journal of John Woolman  
(Hendley Brothers, London)



Such persons are always perceived by their contemporaries as being "far out," "impatient," or "unrealistic." They make other people uncomfortable, not because that is their goal but because they stir consciences. We do not need much amateur psychology to know that we are angry at those who thus discommode us, and that we displace our anger on them. It is not we who are angry; it is those harsh and strident social change agents, those radicals, those blacks, those militant women who are angry.

A perfect example of this displacement occurred when Lucretia Mott sponsored the Women's Rights Convention at Seneca Falls in 1848. Immediately all the newspapers attacked her and called this gentle Quaker grandmother, whom they had never seen, "a desexed old maid," "a modern Lucretia Borgia," and a "socialist attacking Christianity."

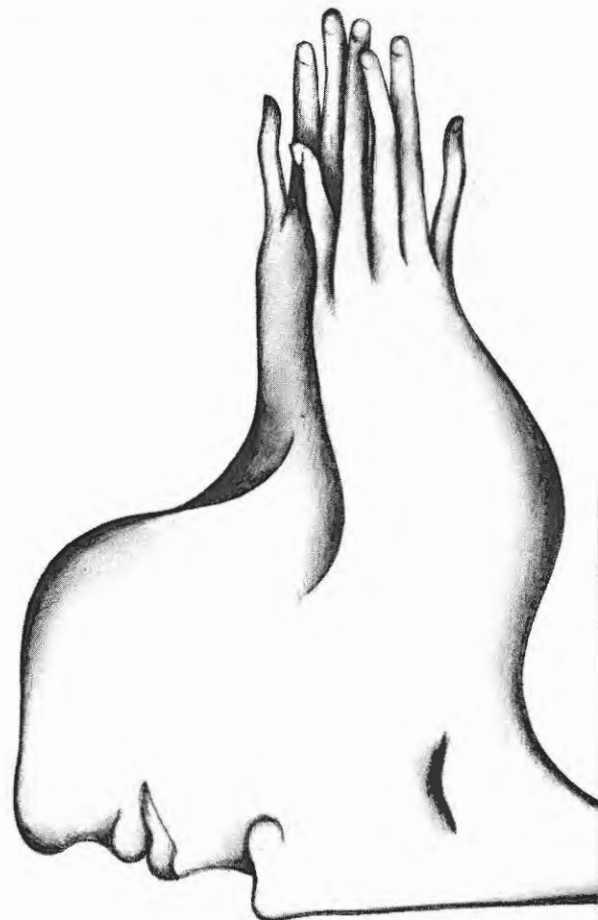
Woolman indeed had a beautiful spirit. His journal radiates it. Yet that spirit also directed him to attack the social evils of his day, in the same way that conscience compelled the 19th century abolitionist and the 20th century believer in integration and foe of apartheid. The same need to be free of complicity in slaveowning that caused Woolman to wear an undyed hat, or Lucretia Mott to give up sugar made from cane, is felt by some Friends about making dividends from investments which support apartheid. Some Friends may not feel the same pull of conscience, but they ought not, it seems to me, to question the motives of those who do.

Nonviolent theory, as first expounded in the 19th century on the basis of earlier Quaker experience by the New England Non-Resisters, and later by Count Tolstoy, Gandhi, Martin Luther King, A.J. Muste, and a host of others, has been based on the belief that the redemption of the enemy is possible, but only if that person is somehow awakened to his or her role as the oppressor. As Lucretia Mott said, "The oppressor does not see himself in that light until the oppressed cry for deliverance." Actions, such as the non-resistance slave rescues of the 1850s, the Salt March of Gandhi, the walk across the Edmund Pettus bridge, awaken the oppressor as mere words do not. Woolman with his little bag of coins was in the same tradition.

Nonviolent theory does *not* mean "seeing the good side" of slavery, or Nazism, or apartheid. It means confronting evil with the moral force, the spiritual force of Truth seeking. It certainly does not mean compromise.

Close up, it is always hard to see tomorrow's heroes, for they may be today's cranks. As a crank turned saint, Woolman would urge us to listen carefully to those voices and those calls for action which now disturb us. Some are surely off base, but do not some contain the voice of the Spirit breaking through custom to urge us on to new growth? □

"Deep Meditation," by Peter Fingesten



Are other Quakers as excited as I am about the implications of right brain/left brain research? In this material I find possible explanations of our Quaker phenomenon of gathering or centering down of the meeting for worship. We have called this condition of our silent worship "quiet," "undistracted," "open," "waiting," "listening," or "peaceful." These terms are descriptive, not explanatory. Young Friends and newcomers deserve to be given a better explanation of our unique form of worship.

I suggest that when we center down we shift to right brain; when the meeting becomes gathered there is a group shift to right brain mode of thought. This is for some of us the only sizeable break in the week's left brain activities.

Our Western education has focused on verbal, analytical, logical skills which are all left brain ways of processing information. We have called this intelligence and often considered it the *only* intelligence. Instead, right brain/left brain research says that our brain has two different modes of perception and information processing. They may be located one in each of the two frontal lobes of the brain as the name suggests. The location may vary from person to person, but the two modes of

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# RIGHT BRAIN

## In Meeting for Worship

by Dorothy Hopkirk Ackerman



thinking do not. Here I am interested in these two modalities and will use right brain and left brain to describe them, regardless of location. The left brain controls the right side of the body. This fact alone makes it clear that we live in a world dominated by left brain. Words, logical problem solving, attention to detail, numbers, time sense, and symbols are all connected with left brain. Right brain functions are intuition, synthesis, analogy, and a sense of the whole involving pattern. Right brain often presents images without words which must be translated by left brain into words. Word patterns that are basically right brain modality are metaphor, simile, parable, anecdote, paradox, and puns.

We have approached problem solving with left brain attitudes for so long that we could be called a "half-brained" world. "Half a brain is better than none, but a whole brain is even better." (Betty Edwards) The left brain approach can be compared to a movie camera with a zoom lens focusing on detail and following a story line. This can be fascinating but incomplete. It can be like trying to understand a small piece of a jigsaw puzzle. When we catch a glimpse of the whole picture with a wide angle lens, we have switched to right brain mode of thought. This is how intuition works. In a flash we see the whole and know how it fits. Often that glimpse of the whole is faint enough or short enough that we have a "hunch." Later we can check out our right brain solution with logic and understand it with left brain also. Simple folk and children rely on right brain function.

They have a poise and spontaneity which comes from *knowing* without laboriously figuring everything out.

We all use right brain modes of thinking, but it has been left to chance, to the dream state, and to artists. For it to function, left brain must turn off and let go, which is sometimes difficult since we have misled left brain into believing that it alone is intelligence and we must not trust this other part. So unless we have firm control of left brain and confidence in right brain, the latter will only function when left brain gets bored or takes a break. And then over a cup of tea, walking home, driving the car, or dreaming, right brain slips in the answer. In our prejudiced way we say, "It happened while I wasn't thinking about the problem." What actually happened was an experience of right brain "thinking."

It must be this right brain process of which St. Paul wrote in Corinthians I, chapter 13, "When I was a child I spoke as a child, I thought as a child, I understood as a child, but now that I have become a man I have put away childish things. Now we see through a glass darkly, then, face to face." If not, he was discounting the wisdom of experience which would appear to be one of the reasons for living. New meaning also appears in Jesus' words, "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter the kingdom of Heaven." To know as a child knows, in religious experience, is to approach mystically rather than theologically. Quaker worship is a mystical exercise.

If you accept my thesis, then the way to help newcomers join in our silent worship is to give them techniques for switching to right brain mode. Interestingly enough, self-consciousness is left brain, so if we watch carefully to see the switch it will not occur. If we say, "Now I am in right brain," we have already switched back to left brain in order to make the observation. If we are in a hurry and get impatient, we stay in left brain. An easier way is to do something which is known to produce right brain activity and to become familiar with that state of mind. After that we can switch just by remembering what it felt like. Seasoned Quakers do this so easily that they can forget or never know what it is like for newcomers. They arrive at meeting and shift automatically.

Friends have failed to offer simple tools for making this switch. Zen and Yoga are full of them but fail to offer the group meditation. There are many techniques. The basics are relaxation, quieting the inner dialogue, and coping with distractions. Relaxation does not mean sleep; it means body resting, mind alert. For this we need to get up early enough to get to meeting with a little exercise (walking?) for the body. We need to wear comfortable clothes and be comfortably seated and let go of our pressures. Consciously exhaling them helps. To quiet the inner dialogue, watching the breath or mantra

is helpful. "Watching the breath" is just that: paying attention to the breath as it goes out and comes in, how it feels on the nostrils, nothing more. (A clear nose is essential.) A mantra or repeated phrase such as "I walk in the Light" can be used over and over till left brain gets bored and turns off. It is not to be continued throughout meeting. What too often happens with adults and children is that when left brain starts getting bored, the body creates diversion by jiggling or twisting. It could be left brain's last attempt before giving up. Inner or outer distractions can take a lot of energy and attention if we fight them. Some meditators name it and let it pass through like a bird in flight, others put it in a pigeonhole for later reference. In the past, Friends have said we stop thinking. Now we can understand the old Quaker saying, "In meeting thee should not have been thinking" as meaning, "In meeting you should not have been in left brain." Groups that feel comfortable with singing can accelerate the shift by singing together early in meeting. I prefer "Kumbaya" or some well-known song where there is not too much left brain involvement with the words. Of course, if there are those with strong prejudices against singing it will slow down the process.

**W**hen the meeting has already gathered and someone comes in late or a baby fusses, the disturbance can easily pull the group back into left brain. It helps to have enough experienced Friends present to pull the group back to right brain. There is a group dynamic at work. A few soft baby sounds or child rustlings can be a contribution to worship just like wind in the trees or bird songs. But the constant fussing, preverbal chatter, or complaining sounds are something meetings will have to deal with individually. They can be as distracting as it would be to have a dog barking in the middle of meeting. I find the energy expended to avoid irritation at the baby's parents very draining. Perhaps that is only a personal problem. For me it is no longer a worship experience but an exercise in self-control. Could some older Friends share with us how this was handled in earlier times?

Right brain functions can be exercised in creative expression. Traditionally Friends with their witness against "worldly" occupations cut themselves off from music, dance, and the arts. Writing alone was approved. That is why we have such a wealth of literature and inspiration in Quaker journals. Journal writing was acceptable. Today many Quakers are learning to express inspiration in song, dance, painting, clay, drama, etc. The fruits of these endeavors are satisfying and pleasant, but the creative experience is an exercise of right brain. The experience of singing for joy, of the dance dancing itself, of the picture painting itself, or the poem being dictated are right brain "turn ons" that are not easily forgotten. After that it is easier to shift the next time.

Speaking in meeting is a combination of right brain/left brain activity. If the message is all decided upon before arrival and worked out carefully, there is very little to distinguish it from a left brain lecture except, hopefully, the subject matter. One can get an image or a picture or an anecdote from right brain with a strong hunch that one should speak. Usually this is resisted at first, but the discomfort grows till one finally speaks. Each group has its own customs. Personally I like it when Friends stand to speak out of the silence. It makes the speaking different from casual left brain discussion; it helps project the voice so more can hear; it clarifies to the group who is speaking and when they are finished.

**R**ight brain inspiration must be clothed in left brain words or it remains a fuzzy daydream. We need left brain's critical faculty to tell us what is appropriate but not to throttle down right brain completely. Nothing is gained by continuing a half-brained existence and merely switching sides, becoming all right brain with wordless sounds or pictures or inexpressible feelings which we keep to ourselves. Manifest action involves words and action. But silent meetings with no speaking can be very rich. One of the most moving messages I ever heard in meeting for worship was incomplete; the speaker could not find the words to finish, and she had the grace to sit down. After meeting she apologized, but it became evident that everyone had finished it individually and was ministered to directly.

I think there are right brain phenomena occurring in a gathered meeting which are unique to Quaker worship or at least more visible than in other programmed services: when someone speaks and it was just what you were going to say; when no one speaks and later you find that all were having similar images or thoughts; when a message speaks directly to your "condition" so that you wonder how they "knew" and later you find they had an irrational urge to speak (irrational is descriptive of right brain!); when the spoken messages build on one another far beyond what any individual had offered (and not emerged randomly as in a "popcorn" meeting).

This is easily explained as a group shift to right brain. Then each worshiper not only has a chance to see a wider view of life but also seems to extend mental boundaries to include the whole group. Then Spirit moves freely through the group and ministers sometimes directly in the silence, sometimes through the words and nurture of others. This makes meeting for worship so much more than our assembled personalities. This is one way the Inner Light can function (or the Comforter, or the Holy Spirit, however you prefer to think of it in your left brain).

Right brain is the receiver of visions, of inner guidance, and of continuous revelation. We cannot afford to neglect it. □



# CHURCHES IN CHINA



*We were impressed by the health we sensed as now existing in the religious climate of China.*

*by Francis G. Brown*



*Photos courtesy of Francis Brown*

It would be true anywhere, but certainly with China all one can hope for in a short trip to that vast country is to "experience" it: to know first hand that tiny portion of it seen during the course of one's visit. To attempt more would be like "seeing the flowers from a galloping horse," to quote an old Chinese saying used by one of our tour guides.

We were in China with a purpose—an important purpose, and this added to the satisfaction of the trip. Eighteen of us—from across the United States and from many denominations—were representing the National Council of Churches in establishing ties with Christians in

China, now that the country is being opened to the outside world.

Our flight from New York to Hong Kong, stopping briefly in San Francisco, seemed never-ending, but we finally arrived. The next day we entered China by train to Canton. From there our two-week itinerary took us to Shanghai, Nanking, Xian, and Peking before returning to Hong Kong and our flight home.

As guests of the China Christian Council, in each of these cities we were greeted on arrival by pastors and other church people, almost inevitably garbed in the blue Mao jackets and caps worn by virtually everyone in China. While our visits were interspersed with trips to vast and impressive historical sites, in each city we met for extensive conversations with church people and shared enjoyment at many "banquets" in area restaurants or at church suppers. We also went to Catholic cathedrals, Buddhist shrines, and Islamic mosques—each visit including discussions with leaders of those religious groups.

Several things stand out in retrospect. We were impressed by the health we sensed as now existing in the religious climate in China. Organized religion has never played a dominant role in the total life of China. For example, today there are only 1 million Protestants and 2 million Catholics in all of China out of a total population of over 900 million. There are only some 200 churches in all of China. But at each of the worship services we attended on the two Sundays we were there the churches were full, in one case with people standing outside the windows looking in. One of these occasions was a damp, cold day, with the building unheated, as is typical, and was accentuated by the windows being open, and of

*Francis G. Brown retires this summer after 18 years of service as general secretary of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. He is a member of Uwchlan (PA) Monthly Meeting and serves on the governing board of the National Council of Churches.*

course, all of us were bundled up in our overcoats.

Religion, together with all other cultural and intellectual institutions, closed down completely during the Cultural Revolution 1966 to 1976. To witness what appears to be joy and contentment in the lives of the people today, it was hard for us to comprehend that the Cultural Revolution could have occurred, and so recently. The Chinese are keenly aware of how much they suffered as a result. The present Protestant church leadership is aging, and many of those we met had been forced to work in communes in the countryside. Interestingly, they repeatedly laid blame for the Cultural Revolution on the Gang of Four.

Catholics, too, suffered much during the Cultural Revolution. Each of the large cathedrals we visited had been used by the government for food storage and now are devoid of stained glass windows, which had been broken by Red Guards. Now the windows are gradually being replaced with a homemade variety of stained glass as the people have time and money.

To add to their problems, Chinese Catholics are at odds with the Vatican, principally because of its recognition of the Catholic church in Taiwan. The recently installed bishop in China, who serves without Vatican approval, stressed that the Chinese feel it is up to Rome to initiate amends.

Perhaps our most memorable and precious visit was with the one Christian seminary in all of China—the Union Theological College in Nanking. This institution had been used to house the Red Guards during the Cultural Revolution. Only last March did the college reopen, accepting its first new batch of 51 students. We were impressed, however, with the enthusiasm and obvious talents we saw in these young, incipient leaders. The most outstanding Christian in all of China, who is the president of the China Christian Council, and also of this seminary, is Anglican Bishop K.N. Ting, who hosted us most graciously. He has had contacts with Quakers in China, particularly those who were part of the Friends Ambulance Unit in the early 1940s.

We observed that as the seminary and the churches are getting underway again they are proceeding without denominationalism. We who represented a Christianity which is so divided let it be known how much we appreciated that aspect of their emerging religious life.

While religion appeared to be given free rein, it must also be recognized that, as with every aspect of life in China, it is under government control. At one of our final "banquets" in Peking, we were hosted by the director of the Bureau of Religious Affairs. Incidentally, we were pleased that Bishop Ting was present for this occasion and took opportunity to explain to us that "we might never know fully how much our visit had meant to Christians in China." In response to one of our questions,

the director replied that while freedom was extended to the five or so recognized religious groups, including Christians, such would not be the case with fringe religious groups.

Church people repeatedly spoke of their patriotism and loyalty to their government, which they feel metes out social justice and provides religious freedom. In a discussion with faculty and students at the Nanking Seminary, I made the point that, while we also are loyal to our government, nevertheless when we feel our government is erring (as in the case of excessive arms build-up) we feel it is our spiritual mandate to let our view be known. One student responded, "We are patriotic, but not blindly so."

Another frequent theme was the desire of Chinese Christians to be their own church. They are taking every step they can to resist becoming once again a "foreign church" through being the object of outside missionary endeavors. The recent publicity given to attempts from the outside to smuggle in Bibles was much on their minds. They want their own Chinese Bible.

As a parallel organization to the Chinese Christian Council they have formed the Christian Three-Self Patriotic Movement, which we found somewhat difficult to understand, but the title indicates their posture vis-à-vis the government and their desire to constitute themselves as a Chinese church. The organization stresses self-reliance, self-propagation, and self-government. It is composed of essentially the same people but deals with secular matters connected with religious life, including relationships with the government, while the Christian Council deals with spiritual affairs.

Turning now briefly to other aspects of China, one can but speak with awe of China's vast archaeological

*On page 11, top: Students in a Shanghai school for deaf mutes perform for U.S. visitors. P. 11, bottom: Francis Brown stands atop the Great Wall of China outside Peking. Below: The author meets a minister from Honang Christian Church in Canton.*





heritage. Central here must be the Great Wall, which in late November proved for us to be a frigid experience but one which nevertheless left us spellbound.

The other experience was, if anything, even more awesome. I refer to the "digs" at Xian. Discovered only six years ago, here stand in battle formation, life-sized terra cotta figures of soldiers and horses, each figure unique. They guard the main entrance of the tomb of the Emperor of the Qin Dynasty. The tomb itself is not yet

open. Who knows what other treasures lie covered in this particular site, and elsewhere? For me, one glimpse of those figures standing line after line, as they have for over 2,000 years, makes a trip to China worthwhile!

One other bit of information I might add relates to our meeting with the recently appointed U.S. ambassador to China—Arthur Hummel—who Friends will be interested to know has Quaker background and attended Westtown School! □

# AT HOME IN CHINA



The grandparents' cave home is carved out of rock, electric wires entering through the window.

Margret Hofmann

by Margret Hofmann

I used to think that my house is small. But no, it is a palace! And as such it qualifies as one of the most beautiful homes in the whole world. It is so large, comfortable, and luxurious that, since I returned from China, I am almost embarrassed to call it mine.

I had first spent a few days in Hong Kong, and there I saw the tiniest apartments—those I visited could probably have fitted into my living room. Yet, each was

home to six people. I was invited to enter one, the first non-oriental ever to do so, and with a mixture of pride and self-consciousness was shown the rooms: two tiny bedrooms, each holding one set of bunkbeds and one dresser; there was a minute kitchen, and an even smaller bathroom; the living room was almost entirely taken up by a table and chairs.

I was honored to be allowed to share the family's meal. My hosts took pity on me when they saw my awkward fumbling with chopsticks and miraculously produced a fork.

In the eyes of this family, was their apartment not a palace? Did they not have a measure of privacy? Indoor plumbing? A fan? A TV? True, because of the rapidly increasing population caused in part, by the continuous influx of refugees, there is very little space for anyone to "get away from it all." Almost everybody lives in one of the countless high-rises, with little greenspace anywhere. I have seen one public beach, but no playgrounds or swimming pools. But, being refugees or children of refugees, they feel that, compared with the conditions they left behind, they are living in luxury.

Then I took a train into China.

One afternoon, near the city of Xian, I walked into a village where thick brick and earthen walls surround compounds made up of many adobe huts. Often there were rows of these, flanking narrow paths which are closed off to the unpaved roads by small wooden gates topped with little red tile roofs.

There are no dogs guarding these gates. There are almost no dogs in the entire country! Food is in such precarious supply that none can be spared for dogs. But why should the gates be guarded? In China there is very little theft or serious crime.

While I was wondering how people live inside of their compounds, a man motioned me to enter. It was quickly obvious that he was proud of his new kerosene burner which he wanted me to see. I met his wife, and they both seemed pleased to show me their home.

For the first time in my life I was face to face with people whose language I could not understand at all and whose gestures were not even clear to me. I did not know their customs: Do I smile? Do I shake hands? Do I accept

*Margret Hofmann is coordinator of refugee sponsorship development for the Texas Conference of Churches and a former member of the Austin City Council. She serves as clerk of Friends Meeting of Austin (TX) and of South Central Yearly Meeting.*



*Compared with what they used to have, and compared with what millions of people have in countries throughout the world, this cave is indeed a palace.*

the apparent offer to enter their home? Do I sit down first, last, or not at all? How long do I stay? Should I show them pictures of Austin? May I make some photos? When the people nod, does it really mean "all right"? It is awkward enough to be so much taller than the Chinese and to cause them to have to look up to me, but it is totally frustrating to be so ignorant of their culture, customs, and language.

My hosts' home was, at most, six feet by ten feet. A canopied double bed, with no mattress, stood on the left. I could distinguish a stack of goods on the right. In the center a board was resting on some stones. Food was being prepared there. Since it was summer, a lot of the cooking, living, and visiting goes on out-of-doors. But what happens when it is cold? When it rains?

Today, however, it was very hot. The man seemed to have noticed how uncomfortable I was and led the way to a door at the end of the path, where his parents lived. The door led to a cave. There it was, indeed, cool. Here, on another canopied bed, sat the old couple. Like so many elderly Chinese they were incredibly tiny, their growth stunted by poor nutrition and inhumanly hard work in their younger years. The woman's feet were diminutive. How she, and so many others, must have suffered all their lives because of the brutal custom of binding little girls' feet, thereby crippling women forever so that they would hardly know a day without pain! This horrible custom was observed because women with tiny feet were considered more attractive to men. The binding of girls' feet has long been forbidden, but the presence of these elderly ladies is a daily, vivid reminder to today's Chinese women that they once served little other purpose but to obey and please men.

The cave apartment was a bit larger than the first, and there seemed to be a second room carved farther into the rock. I felt sorry for the old couple, spending the last years of their lives sitting in the semidark on a board which was their bed. But, if I could have understood Chinese, I know what the grandmother would have told me. "Are we not fortunate? Do we not have our own home, our own clothes? Are we not assured of medical care? Are our daughters not certain of an equal place with their men? Is our little granddaughter not ours to keep? She was not killed at birth, or later sold into

prostitution in order to keep the rest of our family from starving. She is given as much food and as good an education as our grandson. Ah, how fortunate the young women are that they can walk without pain, and can run and work, and marry if, and whom, they wish! You may think that this cave is not much. But if you knew how we used to live, you would agree with me: This cave is a palace!"

Compared with what they used to have, and compared with what millions of people have in countries throughout the world, this cave, with no furniture other than one stool, one dresser, one bed, with nothing to cover the earthen floor, with no decoration except one poster, with no greenery except for two small trees planted in the yellow soil, with one bare, weak electric light bulb but with no plumbing, is indeed a palace.

This cave home even appeared superior to some of the huts we saw from the windows of our train, taking us from Chengchow to Canton. There we watched the rice farmers, wading knee-deep in water behind their water buffaloes, doing backbreaking work all day long. They were looking forward to no shower, no ice-cold drink, no easy chair, no air conditioning, and no screening to keep the mosquitos out. These farmers, could they have talked to me, would have admitted that their homes, indeed, were not very good. But they themselves had work and could look forward to gradual improvement. "Home" to them is more than a roof over their heads. "Home" is also a place where they would not go to sleep hungry, where they have a set of clothes to change, where they have a vegetable garden, where one bicycle leans against an adobe wall. Who is to say that such a home is not a palace?

I used to think that mine is not a fine home. Oh, how relative it is! Does my house not have a lawn in the front and a fenced yard in the back? Is it not surrounded with trees? Does it not have indoor plumbing which even dispenses hot water? We have a bathtub. There is water fit to drink coming from a tap. We even have a refrigerator! My house has carpets. Cement covers the earthen floor. Tiles cover the cement. And then carpets! We each have our own room. Yes, I have a dog. There is central heat, an air-conditioning unit, a washer, even a dryer. And we use these (in fact, we think we actually need these!). We have several choices of clothes. True, we have no furniture which could be considered elegant, but what we have is meaningful to us. For example, there is a wooden chest which, in the '20s, stood in the attic of our home in Berlin, survived all bombs, and survived the Nazis and immigration, and now holds our extra blankets for the winter. What treasures we have! What a palace we live in!

I do believe mine is one of the finest homes in the world. □

# JUNIOR JOURNAL

## Sharing Groups At FMI '81

by Deborah Hattes

The following essay was written at Friends Music Institute 1981. FMI is a four-week camp emphasizing music, Quakerism, and community, which meets each July on the campus of Olney Friends School in Barnesville, Ohio. The 27 12-to-17-year-olds came from a dozen states and Canada in 1981. Deborah Hattes, 14, comes from Danvers, Mass.; she plays piano and flute and helped start a camp newsletter.

At FMI '81 an important part of building a community based on trust, love, and other Quaker values is the sharing group. Sharing groups meet twice a week, every Tuesday and Saturday evening. I sometimes wish the five sharing groups met more often than they do, because sometimes I have a "goodie" or "baddie" which I can't wait to share with my group. But we're not scheduled to meet until three or four days later.

Let me introduce the members of my sharing group. There are two staff members—Peg, co-director of FMI, and Diana, the violin teacher. There are five campers—Ben, Adam, Liz, Rachel, and myself. Since we all have our own individual personalities, someone may say something jokingly, yet another person may always speak seriously during our gathering.

Our usual procedure is to gather in the faculty lounge, sitting in a circle on chairs or couches, and tell that day's "goodies" and "baddies." Individual "goodies" and "baddies" vary from day to day and person to person. For example, one day Rachel's "baddie" was not receiving any marzipan in her food package, while the same day Peg's "baddie" was that her hands were peeling for an unknown reason.

But we share with each other in other ways. One evening Diana brought to our sharing group a beautifully illustrated book of Walt Whitman's poems which she had borrowed from the Olney Library. She read one of the poems that discussed the author's feelings concerning music, which relates to what we at FMI are trying to do.

Another time Peg had us do an

Workcampers  
Tom Kangas,  
Karine Maalouf,  
& Karen LeMaire



## Workcamp at Scattergood

by Lois Laughlin

A basic premise at Scattergood School is that work is essential to wholeness. In our farm setting, students and faculty share all of the school housekeeping and maintenance as well as all food-related tasks. There are many opportunities to learn manual work skills and efficient procedures. These are not considered something unrelated or low caste.

Because of our self-sufficiency, Scattergood faces an annual problem: during the summer when garden and grounds chores are heaviest, students and many staff are on vacation. While director of the school, John Sexton thought that a workcamp might help the school and also provide opportunity for city folk to experience, with little expense, a genuinely rural life.

Twenty-six persons responded to this idea and made Scattergood's first workcamp a happy success. Attendees came from both coasts and from as far south as Mexico. Ages ranged from 16 to middle-aged, with high school and college students predominating. There were also two college professors, office workers, a librarian, and homemakers, each with unique character and talents. One week there were only four workers; the fullest week included 14; one hardy

Lois Laughlin is a neighbor and long-time supporter of Scattergood School. She is a member of West Branch (IA) Friends Meeting.

high school junior remained for the entire nine weeks.

Dorothy Treadway, a capable Scattergood alumna, managed the daily schedules and work assignments. Campers worked three hours each day, six days a week, weeding, mulching, harvesting, and freezing, as well as doing some housekeeping and poultry care. Many participants had never before experienced the numerous processes necessary for food preservation. Workcampers were also responsible for their own meals.

Time for fun was important. One day the students from south of the border declared "Mexican Day," a celebration complete with homemade tortillas and frioles and an evening piñata and dance. University of Iowa summer school featured Mozart's opera, *The Magic Flute*, and other musical and theatrical performances. Canoeing, visits to a family farm, Cedar County Fair, and Iowa Yearly Meeting were special occasions for some. Attendees especially appreciated the blocks of unscheduled time which allowed them to follow quiet individual interests such as weaving or other craftwork, reading, writing, or floating free while away from pressures of job and home.

Scattergood intends to sponsor another workcamp in summer '82. Contact Peter Ewald, Scattergood School, West Branch, IA 52358 for more information. □



exercise. We had to write three things we liked about ourselves, three things we wanted to change about ourselves, three people we respect, three career possibilities, three things we hoped to accomplish in the next ten years, and three books we had read and liked. Our answers revealed an enormous amount of information about our personalities to the other people in the group.

We don't always meet in the faculty lounge, for last time we decided it was too hot and stuffy in the room; thus, we moved to the island in Livezey Lake at Olney Friends School. There, as we sat in a circle, Rachel talked to us about something she had wanted to say in meeting, but had not found the courage to speak. She told us that her father had

found a crow which the family nursed back to health and loved. Unfortunately, the crow was killed on the road while the family was away. Rachel then expressed the thought that maybe her family had fooled itself into believing that they had helped the crow, when actually they had exposed it to the danger of the road. But I don't believe that Rachel or her family should feel guilt.

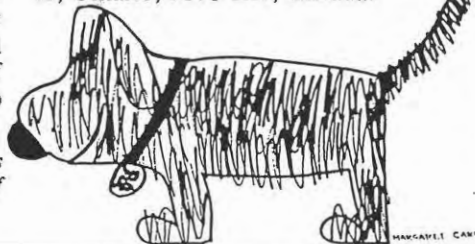
I enjoy sharing group and believe it to be an important part of FMI's community feeling. Sharing groups provide campers and staff with a chance to share their everyday concerns about FMI '81, and to learn to understand other people at FMI better. How could FMI '81 run so smoothly without the sharing group?

mixed attitudes of apathy and almost hostility towards us.

Nevertheless, this summer was perhaps the most educational and character-building time of my life. I also learned about the lifestyle of the Canadian Indians in a way that a tourist could not, picked up many useful carpentry skills, and made five lasting cross-cultural friendships.

Frontiers Foundation sponsors development work in Haiti as well. Unfortunately, the organization must operate on a limited budget since it relies almost completely on private donations. In Canada most of the work (although not my project) relates to rural housing for the needy. My project was but one of a number spread throughout the Territories, Alberta, British Columbia, Quebec, and Northern Ontario. They are part of a program named Operation Beaver. All communities must apply to Beaver and be approved before volunteers are sent.

Applications are accepted from volunteers "between the ages of 18 and 81." Those from first world countries are expected to finance their transportation to and from Canada. Additional information may be obtained by writing to Frontiers Foundation, Operation Beaver, 2328 Danforth Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, M4C 1K7, Canada.



## A Prospective Summer Experience

by Lisa Grauman

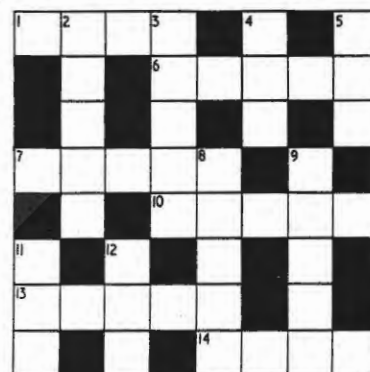
For many of us, summers are a time of vacation, a time to be free to seek fulfillment in pursuing our interests or exploring new places. I myself spent this past summer as a volunteer in a Canadian workcamp.

Under the complete sponsorship of Frontiers Foundation, a non-profit voluntary Canadian organization, roughly 100 volunteers from around the globe met in Toronto for a week-long orientation session before being sent off to their respective camps. The summer later ended with an assessment in Alberta. I was placed in a tiny, isolated town called Fort Resolution in the Northwest Territories. I was joined by an Englishwoman, a German, a Moroccan, a Zambian, and our leader, a man from St. Kitts, in the Caribbean.

Our task was to create a new training center for community development. This was not at all a relaxing, pleasurable sojourn in a scenic resort, but rather a difficult, endurance-testing period. Poor accommodations were the least of our problems. In addition, lack of organization on the part of our local hosts and an unusually high rate of alcoholism in the community lead to

*Lisa Grauman is a college student and attends St. Louis (MO) Meeting. She is a member of Abington (PA) Monthly Meeting.*

## QUAKER CROSSWORD



### CLUES ACROSS:

- Some fell by the wayside... some upon rock... some among thorns... and some on good ground (Lk 8:5-8).
- We do not live by bread \_\_\_\_\_ (Mt 4:4).
- Early Friends used \_\_\_\_\_ language, like *thee* and *thy*.
- A strong person \_\_\_\_\_ to follow the leading of conscience.
- Martin Luther King said, "I have a \_\_\_\_\_."
- A thought.

### CLUES DOWN:

- They shall mount up with wings like \_\_\_\_\_s (Isa 40:31).
- The psalmist.
- People who don't believe in fighting (abbr.).
- The \_\_\_\_\_ Testament tells about Jesus.
- Mother-in-law of Ruth (Ruth 1:1-4).
- Friends are known for their \_\_\_\_\_ testimony.
- Not even.
- Swear not... but let your \_\_\_\_\_ be \_\_\_\_\_, and your nay, nay (Jas 5:12).

(Answers to Quaker Crossword on page 27)

## Junior Queries

*Queries are questions that Friends ask themselves to help their personal and group life. Paralleling traditional adult queries, here are "Junior Queries," collected by Alison Lawrence of La Jolla (CA) Meeting. Most come from New England Yearly Meeting; August and September are from Australia Yearly Meeting; May is by Sheila Vogel.*

### January

Do you think of God often during the day and try to understand what God's spirit says to you?

### February

Do you try to be honest and truthful in what you say and do? Do you stand firmly against acts that are sneaky and underhanded? Do you realize that we get the greatest enjoyment from the things for which we work, and that trying to get something for nothing seldom brings lasting happiness?



### March

Do you go to your place of worship as regularly as you can, and do you make an effort to prepare your mind for helpful thoughts during the worship? Do you try to find out what God wants you to be and to do?

### April

Do you try to act, as Christ showed the way, so that there is no cause for quarreling with other children? Do you forgive those who injure you by word or act? Are you careful to speak well of others? When your friends quarrel, do you try to help them to feel friendly again?

### May

Are you careful not to hurt other people's feelings? Do you avoid teasing and name-calling even when others tease you? Do you forgive those who hurt your feelings and are you gentle with your own mistakes knowing you'll do better next time?

### June

Are you encouraging fair and honest games? Are you reading worthwhile books and getting acquainted with good music? When you go to entertainments, do you try to choose the good and avoid the bad?

### July

Knowing that God gave you your body for your spirit to dwell in, do you make the effort to keep your bodies and your minds strong and healthy by using moderation in all that you do and by avoiding those things which you know to be harmful to yourself or others?

### August

Do you study the life and teachings of Jesus as told in the Bible, and do you try to follow him? Do you treat others as you'd like to be treated yourself?

### September

Do you stand out against actions that you believe to be wrong? Do you keep your courage even when you are afraid?

### October

Do you try to feel and to show friendliness toward people of all other races and nations, who like ourselves are children of God?

### November

Do you try to realize what it would be like to live as others do who are less comfortably cared for than you are, and do you try to make their lives happier?

### December

Do you work hard to be cheerful, unselfish, and cooperative in your home, your school, and your play, so that every day you can put into practice some of the lessons that Christ taught?

# Come Laughing-3

by  
Paul Blanshard, Jr.

know. But thee raises a beard and thee also shaves. That is ostentatious!" (Everett Hunt)

\*\*\*

As a conscientious objector eager to learn more about the peace testimony, John Van Tine enrolled at Earlham School of Religion. With a family to support, it was not long before he accepted a student pastorate at a small Friends church in rural Indiana. As a "silent meeting" Quaker accustomed to unprogrammed worship, John had an idea of vocal ministry quite different from that of these rural Friends, who expected a well-prepared evangelical sermon every First-day.

At one such meeting, the congregation sat in restless silence for the entire hour, for John had not felt moved by the Spirit to speak, and no one else in the meetinghouse had been moved to lead worship. After meeting, a church elder offered him this counsel: "Friend John, if you wish us to feel moved by the Spirit to pay you next week, you should come prepared to be inspired to preach." (*The Christian Century*)

\*\*\*

There was the Friend who found the sad message pinned to his meetinghouse door: "Spiritual Healing—We regret that Sunday afternoon meetings have been cancelled until further notice owing to illness." (We must all hope that normal service was quickly resumed.)

(David Firth, *The Friend*) □

\* from *Friendly Anecdotes* by Irvin and Ruth Verlenden Poley, © 1946, reprinted by permission of Harper & Row Publishers, Inc.

### Still in Print

William Sessions of York, England, has written to say that both his father's books of Quaker humor are still in print, namely: *Laughter In Quaker Gray* by William H. Sessions, 1952, third imprint (with small revisions) 1974; *More Quaker Laughter*, first published 1967; second edition (slightly revised) 1974. Both of these books are regularly stocked at The Friends Book Stores—in Philadelphia, in Richmond, Indiana, and in London, England—or are available direct from the publishers, William Sessions, Ltd., The Ebor Press, Huntington Road, York, England YO3 9HS.

In England one day, Richard Tapper Cadbury passed a fop (fancy dresser), who looked at the Quaker's plain dress and remarked: "I don't step aside for fools."

Cadbury moved quietly out of the fop's way and retorted: "But I do." (Poley) \*

\*\*\*

Elton Trueblood told me of a letter he saw in Friends House archives, London. George Fox was replying to a woman Friend. She had complained about William Penn wearing a wig. The Fox letter went like this:

Esteemed Friend:

I have received thy letter complaining of our Friend William Penn's wig. I wish to make three observations. One, it is a very small wig. Two, our Friend William is totally bald and it may be that without a wig his head is cold. Three, it may be wrong to wear a wig, but censoriousness is worse."

(Richard Wood)

\*\*\*

Commenting on the way earlier British Friends ate, the noted Charles Lamb wrote: "[The Quakers] are neither gluttons nor winebiblers as people.

"They eat, as a horse bolts his chopt hay, with indifference, calmness and cleanly circumstances. They neither grease nor slop themselves." (Sessions)

\*\*\*

My grandfather was read out of meeting in Richmond, Indiana...for raising a beard. He had raised what was then called a Herbert Spencer beard—the front chin shaved and a long beard hung down below the other part.

Grandfather protested: "I don't see why they should try to read me out of meeting. Many members ... raise beards."

The meeting elders told him: "We

Paul Blanshard Jr., now retired in Florida, is a dual member of Chestnut Hill (PA) and Clearwater (FL) Meetings.

# DAVID H. SCULL: Pioneer for Human Rights

by Chuck Fager

Every weekday morning my two older daughters walk to a public elementary school in Arlington, Virginia. There they take their seats among a student body of amazing diversity—about a third white, a third black, and a third other, mainly Asians.

The girls are not much aware that this polyglot school was conceived in segregation, and constructed in a time of "massive resistance" by the Virginia government to any steps away from its long tradition of strict separation of the races. Indeed, it is hard for me to walk by the playground and imagine that it was ever different here.

But David H. Scull remembers when it was different. He not only remembers, he played an important role in bringing the transition about. In the process, he risked jail and saw a career of public service destroyed by the upholders of segregation within the federal government. Today, however, the changes wrought in his home area have been so far-reaching and of such seemingly permanent character that David Scull's career has seemed worthy of public recognition: last June he received the Human Rights Award of the Fairfax County, Virginia, Human Rights Commission.

That there is even a Fairfax County Human Rights Commission is substantially due to David Scull's four decades of work in his adopted home area. But such recognition is a relatively recent development. Less than 25 years ago, another local government agency wanted to pack him off to the penitentiary for the same activities.

That particular episode came in 1957, when the state of Virginia set up a special committee of the legislature called the Committee on Law Reform and Racial Activities, whose main objective was to hound supporters of the

National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) either out of the state or out of the business of challenging segregation. In its efforts, the committee soon found that many of the roads toward change seemed to converge at David Scull's address: he was the state's contact person for the American Civil Liberties Union; he was a life member of NAACP; his printing business was the only union shop and the only meaningfully integrated enterprise in the



state; and numerous other reform organizations listed him as an officer or a prominent member.

The Thomson Committee, as it was called (after its chairman, Delegate James Thomson), was put on the trail when the Virginia White Citizens Council put out a leaflet, "Who is David Scull?" Thomson issued a subpoena for Scull to testify before the committee in September 1957.

David Scull testified all right, but not the way the committee thought he would. Rather than telling them about his memberships and activities, he told the committee that in "trying to carry out my religious convictions" as a

Quaker, he felt obliged to state that he was "still convinced that this committee is unconstitutional in its authority, unlawful in its objectives, and immoral in its methods." He added that "it is sad to see men in public office, who could be capable of so much good and constructive work in a time which cries out for statesmanship, so blinded by prejudice, driven by fear, or greedy for political advantage that they stoop to acts which make a mockery of our pledge of liberty and justice for all."

This eloquent defiance took the committee by surprise, but they soon hauled him back for another try. He refused again, pointing out:

I have nothing personally to hide, and I have most emphatically not claimed any privilege against self-incrimination. But there are men and women in Virginia who because of their own personal circumstances...are much more vulnerable to social and economic pressures than I happen to be, who may be subjected to extreme personal violence if it is publicly known that they support a cause which is highly unpopular among their neighbors. These citizens, white and Negro, must be guaranteed the right to help achieve justice in the courts for any cause in which they believe, without being subjected to hostile snooping into their private affairs under the guise of legislative investigation. These tactics, now used against the NAACP and others in the integration controversy, could, if allowed to stand unchallenged, be used in the future against any other unpopular cause.

The committee then went into Arlington District Court and obtained a contempt citation against Scull, ordering him to testify or face ten days in jail and a \$50 fine.

With the help of many other Friends and friends, including the American Friends Service Committee's program for the support of conscience, David Scull fought this contempt citation all the way to the United States Supreme Court, where he finally prevailed, by a unanimous decision, on May 4, 1959.

*Chuck Fager is a free lance journalist and publisher of A Friendly Letter. Author of White Reflections on Black Power, he is a member of Langley Hill (VA) Friends Meeting.*

As dramatic as this case was, it was not David Scull's first appearance before the courts on behalf of racial justice. In 1948 he joined three black citizens in the District of Columbia in an early, landmark suit against restaurant segregation in Washington, DC, a case which was also fought all the way to the Supreme Court before being ultimately won.

But litigation and the associated media publicity were not David Scull's typical *modus operandi*. Most of his work as a concerned Quaker followed the much more characteristically Quakerly pattern of membership and labor on committees: committees for cooperatives, committees for international relief and development, and a long, long list of Quaker committees. One of the achievements he is proudest of is being the founder of Partnership for Productivity, a foundation which works to bring training and assistance to Third World business enterprises so they can function more effectively and more independently in pursuit of their own goals. He also helped start two monthly meetings, Atlanta, Georgia, and Langley Hill in nearby McLean, Virginia, where he is now a member. For the past two years he has been presiding clerk of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, and last August he was reappointed to a second two-year term in that post.

David describes himself now as "quasi-retired" from his printing business, which in practice means he now has more time to devote to committees. He plans to attend London Yearly Meeting this year to learn more about styles of clerkship in the British context. He describes his religious outlook as displaying a "practical rather than a mystical approach to religion... but increasingly aware of the importance of Christ in our lives."

Although he only became a Friend while attending Swarthmore College in the early 1930s (he says when he arrived at Swarthmore he did not think there were any living Quakers left), David Scull has had an exemplary Quaker career. There are unlikely to be any statues erected in his memory, but his mark is on the world, and particularly on the community he has served so well, so persistently, and (mostly) so quietly. My own daughters, and their multi-colored classmates, are direct heirs of his testimony, even if they are unaware of that fact. The Human Rights Award he recently received is but a tiny measure of the impact such a religious career as his has had. □

## IREPORTS

### Consultation on Ministry: Discerning, Nurturing, Recording, Releasing

Patricia Brown, a member of Abington (PA) Meeting and a student at the Earlham School of Religion, was reading from old minutes of London Yearly Meeting:

At a Second Day's Morning Meeting the 10th mo., 1700. This Meeting finding that it is a hurt to Truth for women Friends to take too much time as some do in our public meetings, when several men Friends are present, and by them are prevented from service. It's therefore advised that the women Friends should be tenderly cautioned against taking up so much time in our public meetings.

And Pat concluded in her paper on the recording of ministers and elders in London Yearly Meeting, "At the beginning of the 18th century, Quaker women took no part with the men in the legislative activity of [London] Yearly Meeting, but their energies and abilities were directed into social service.... They were recognized to be of equal worth rather than equal status or power with men."

The 30 men smiled a little self-consciously at the 13 women also present at the Quaker Hill Conference Center November 19-22, 1981, recognizing that one of Quakerism's favorite legends about the equality of women—"in the ministry at the very least"—had just shrivelled a little further.

Sixteen yearly meetings from all five branches of the American Quaker tree as well as from London Yearly Meeting were represented at this conference, which was called to focus on discerning and nurturing gifts in the ministry and on the effectiveness of recording and releasing Friends for ministry. Howard Macy of Friends University in Wichita put it this way: "The desire for a living ministry brings us here," but there is widespread apathy and lack of expectation among Friends. We must be sure that if there is no powerful ministry, and if that ministry is not in the Truth, the Society of Friends is doomed. "Let's abandon our gray niceties." George Fox would have approved of Howard's urgent emphasis upon this living ministry as having its source in God only, as being unpredictable and unassailable,

and as needing a community of faith to discern, nurture, and liberate the varied gifts of ministry.

David Castle, of Eldora, IA, defined ministry as "living love out of choice" and gave us what he called "history in a nutshell": "If we do not love because we want to, we shall learn to love because we have to—at a price. The fruits of the Gospel are personal redemption *and* social change." But Americans "worship their work, work at their play, and play at their worship." Too often there are no acceptable situations in which a serious discussion of the state of one's soul, one's spiritual health, can take place even though we all do so regularly with our bodies' health. Friends could render an important ministry by providing for such examination and healing in a non-professional setting. Quakerism is at its best on frontiers like this.

There was widespread discussion of the apparent dilemma embedded in our Quaker commitment to the universal ministry—"the priesthood of all believers"—on the one hand, and on the other, in our grateful recognition of the life-giving ministry of the well-trained pastor, meeting secretary, quarterly meeting coordinator, all of whom serve under the clear sense of God's calling.

The group wrestled inconclusively with the challenge posed by the striking shift of power from the spirit-directed, compelling public ministry of the Valiant 60 to the elder-dominated Quietism of the middle years, and then to the diminution of status of both elders and ministers, the disappearance of Friends traveling in the ministry, and the increasing importance of trained, residential pastors and meeting workers.

Would a return to the recognition and recording of gifts in the ministry and in eldering by local meetings be helpful in the renewal of a living ministry among us? Possibly, even probably, but certainly only within a supportive, liberating community of faith—a monthly meeting that really wants a spirit-led ministry in all its forms and with all its disturbance of the *status quo*.

Fifteen of the 31 U.S. yearly meetings report that they now record ministers (in some cases this seems to be limited to pastors), nine do not. Nine yearly meetings apparently recognize the status of "released" or "liberated" Friends, but the terms cover almost meaninglessly wide interpretations. Ministry among Friends, especially among the "unprogrammed" meetings, seems to have been dampened by an egalitarianism, born



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out of pride and mistakenly assumed to be the same as the Quaker conviction, born out of humility, of the equal worth of all individuals as children of God.

Very specific recommendations were proposed, however, by individuals at the conference. Wilmer Cooper of the Earlham School of Religion pleaded that all meetings whether programmed or unprogrammed take a fresh look at the recording and releasing of individuals for special ministries, with special attention to an increasing recognition of women as leaders and ministers. Orville Winters, pastor in Fresno, CA, urged us to dream and prepare for the world 50 years from now, to take the risks of recognizing leaders, and when leaders emerge, not to clamp controls upon them.

Jack Kirk, editor of *Quaker Life*, stressed his hopes: 1) that a living vocal ministry be more valued than silence; 2) that the pastoral function of ministry should be valued as highly as that of the spoken word, with a renewed emphasis on the household visit, especially by travelling ministers; 3) that we not be afraid of numbers and size—as though

smallness were in itself a virtue; and 4) that all of us be zealous in holding up before ourselves models of excellence for from this may come for some the calling to make vocal ministry the central commitment of their lives.

This conference was remarkable for its lack of bickering, for its freedom from status-pounding, and for the presence of a spirit that enabled us, as one Friend noted, "to laugh deeply" (and we did laugh a great deal). It was principally organized by Eldon Harzman, director of the Quaker Hill Conference Center, and Wilmer Cooper. Several Quaker funds including Philadelphia Yearly Meeting's bequests committee made grants to help with travel costs of those from a distance. Inquiries about copies of tapes and transcripts of major addresses and a summary report prepared as a Minute of Exercise by Ellie Castle and Charles K. Brown should be sent to Eldon Harzman, Quaker Hill Conference Center, Quaker Hill Dr., Richmond, IN 47374.

Thomas Brown

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# WORLD OF FRIENDS

**The Swiss Yokefellow Retreat House** celebrated its tenth anniversary last fall. The house was started by two Swiss Friends, Ursula and Hans Schuppli. Located ten miles from Berne, the house serves as a conference and retreat center—a center which Douglas Steere has described as “a Swiss island of healing in a bruising world.” Visitors are welcome with adequate notice. Meeting for worship is held daily. Contact Jochgruppen Haus, 3432 Lutzelfluh, Switzerland.

**Meetings for clearness** are a concern of Flushing (NY) Meeting. The meeting is considering holding a training session so that clearness committee members are prepared to hold meetings in a reverent spirit in the Quaker tradition. Meetings for clearness, for friends unfamiliar with the term, are composed of people who meet by request with persons seeking clarity in an important life decision—marriage, separation, divorce, adoption, resolution of family differences, a job change, etc. The sessions are held in the spirit of a meeting for worship in which guidance is sought. Attentive listening, in a non-judgmental way, is a major function of clearness committee members. It should be stated that meetings for clearness are not a substitute for professional counselling or therapy.

**This brief prayer** was given at the planting of a cherry tree by nuclear disarmament groups and Friends Meeting of Hammersmith (England) for victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki:

Creator Spirit, in whose infinite sight the Earth is a speck of cosmic dust, but in whose infinite love it is a living world, forgive the greed, stupidity, and blind fear by which we put the whole of life at risk, and help us to find such faith in the strength of purpose of all men and women of peace and goodwill that, working together, we may come to see common sense, reason, and a sense of responsibility for one another prevail.

The Norwegian Quaker periodical *Kvekeren* has requested permission to translate and publish Susan Furry's article, “The Peaceable Kingdom Is at Hand” (FJ 8/1-15/81). According to Hans Eirik Aarek of the editorial committee, earlier articles from the *Journal* “have been received with great interest among Scandinavian Friends.” We welcome this opportunity for outreach to the wider community of Friends.

Closer to home, Helen G. Forsythe's poem which appeared on the “Junior Journal” page (FJ 12/1/81) will appear in a forthcoming issue of *Windows to Truth*, a monthly newsletter of sermon illustrations and ideas for parish ministers published in Estes Park, CO.

A collection of science materials has been presented to George School, Newtown, PA, by the Rodale Press. The materials, to be used by the school's science department, include sets of textbooks, soil kits, posters, and research reports. All are printed by Rodale Press and many have been prepared by researchers at the Rodale Organic Gardening Center, Emmaus, PA. In making the gift, Rodale cited the school for “its initiative and foresight in exploring alternate energy systems and in developing a curriculum which includes organic gardening and solar technology.”

**The plight of the Aborigines in Queensland** has become the grave concern of Australian Yearly Meeting, a concern which they wish to share with Friends abroad. Having occupied their land for 30,000 years, the Aborigines are likely to be completely disinherited. The land on which they reside is wanted for mining, and government plans to promote tourism are also a threat.

In July 1981 the Queensland government announced that the Aborigines' land will in future be held by them as 50-year leases. Leasehold tenants cannot prevent mining on their land, and Aborigines are contesting this plan. Their religion, culture, and self-esteem are based on a continuing sacred relationship with the land which far outweighs any possible economic benefit from land ownership. They favor freehold title to the land, thus being assured that the land will not be snatched away from them at the whim of future governments.

Australian Friends feel that overseas

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opinion is vital in putting pressure on the government. Letters expressing support for land rights should be sent to Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser, c/o Parliament House, Canberra A.C.T. Australia 2600.

(A book which is recommended on the subject is *From Massacres to Mining: the Colonisation of Aboriginal Australia*, published by War on Want, 467 Caledonian Rd., London, England N7 9BE.)

The so-called "Moral Majority" is becoming an even smaller minority than we thought! According to the Television Information Office of the National Association of Broadcasters, the TV ratings of all ten major "devotional programs" fell significantly between May 1980 and May 1981. As a group, the ten programs lost more than 600,000 viewing homes, or 6.6 percent, according to an analysis of A.C. Nielson, Inc., data. Some of the best-known names in religious broadcasting were among the biggest losers. Jerry Falwell's "Old Time Gospel Hour" lost 16.8 percent of its household viewers. Oral Roberts lost 12.3 percent. Viewer loss occurred at the same time that the number of stations airing the programs increased, making the figures even more significant.

This fund raising idea for monthly meetings comes from the newsletter of Langley Hill (VA) Friends:

Our Peace Committee is revitalizing an old Langley Hill tradition—"Dinners for Funds." Six or seven years ago members used to host a dinner for which Friends would sign up at meeting. When they arrived at their dinner they would pay their host a fee as they would a restaurant. Funds were generated for a variety of purposes in this way and a wonderful fellowship resulted. Sometimes three dinners would take place in a weekend.

Now funds are vitally needed for a variety of organizations working for peace. The Peace Committee is asking that everyone interested in helping with this fund drive will host a dinner. The committee can suggest peace organizations in need. It also can arrange a variety of films, slide shows, or speakers to go with the occasion if the host desires.

A prisoner in Ohio is looking for friends with whom he can correspond. He writes: "Loneliness is a terrible burden under any circumstance, but when you

are imprisoned, it becomes unbearable. You can almost feel your spirit wither and die... I am seeking friends, and I know not where else to turn." Those wishing to correspond can write: Robert F. Whitehead, #164-080, P.O. Box 69, London, OH 43140.

Protests against nuclear power plants have continued to involve individual Friends and meetings. The nonviolent action at Diablo Canyon, California, was reported extensively in a recent issue of *Sequoia*, a publication of the Northern California Ecumenical Council. One of those featured was Russ Jorgenson, AFSC staff member for 28 years, now retired and living in a rural community in Sonoma County. Russ participated in the Diablo blockade with the support of his meeting, Redwood Forest (CA). Russ took with him a statement from the meeting, "A Gesture of Profound Hope," which said in part: "The bearer of this letter brings with his presence on the blockade the spirit of 300 years of Quaker tradition of religiously speaking Truth to Power. Where there is conflict between the authority of God and the state, we will stand with the authority of God."

Also mentioned in the article were two members of Santa Barbara (CA) Meeting, Nancy Lynch and Dennis Allen. Dennis is a builder of solar homes. Nancy is personally familiar with the effects of radioactivity; her husband, Mel, was exposed to radiation as a GI during atom bomb tests in the 1950s and developed cancer as a result.

As BBC religious affairs correspondent, Gerald Priestland, of Golders Green (England) Meeting was recently honored, finishing second only to the Prince of Wales in the "Today" program's "man of the year" poll. A popular Radio-4 commentator, Priestland aired the 13-part religious program "Priestland's Progress" recently concluded, and now available in England in book form.

The Rufus Jones Peace Award, established by the World Academy of Arts and Science, was made this past fall to Kinhide Mushakoji of Japan. Mary Hoxie Jones attended the ceremony in the Peace Palace in The Hague and gave a brief account of her father's life work for peace. These excerpts of her remarks appeared in the London *Friend*:

My father's whole life was dedicated service. For 40 years he was a teacher of philosophy and psychology at

Haverford College....During the First World War he devoted his efforts to bring relief and reconciliation to war-torn countries, hoping to bring peace and understanding among them. He was the first chairman of the American Friends Service Committee, founded in 1917 for this very purpose....

He would have been pleased to have this award go to a Japanese citizen....He found the country most beautiful and was much interested in the similarities and differences between Zen and Quakerism....

One of the great events in my father's life occurred in 1926 when he visited Gandhi in India: it was a moving sight to see these two men, Hindu and Quaker, as they talked together about their hopes for nonviolent, peaceful solutions for the world's tensions. In 1938, when my father was 75, he went to Germany after "the day of broken glass" to talk with the Gestapo in an effort to ease the suffering of German Jews....

The World Academy of Arts and Sciences would have appealed to Rufus Jones....He would also have been pleased that his dear friend and former neighbor, Gilbert F. White, had served as chairman of the committee to nominate Kinhide Mushakoji.

**Arizona Friends have been deeply involved**, as is the FCNL in Washington, with support for the Yavapai Indian effort to prevent construction of the Orme Dam ("On Honoring Indian Rights," *FJ* 5/15/81). The latest report from FCNL is very hopeful. An alternative site for the dam is now being recommended which means that the Ft. McDowell Indian Reservation land will be saved from flooding. Secretary of Interior Watt has tentatively agreed to the new plan, subject to completion of an environmental impact survey, which is under way.

**The John Milton Society for the Blind** has requested permission to publish three recent articles from the *Friends Journal* in its publication, the *John Milton Magazine*. This "Talking Book Magazine" is sent free on request to blind persons. Appearing in the publication will be Brand Blanshard's "Time," Richard D. Cooper's "A Second Gift of Life," and Norman MacGregor's "Neo-Evangelicals and Peace" (all from the 1/1-15/82 *Journal*).

**The Children's Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament** took 2, 832 letters written by children to Washington on October 17 and read them aloud in front of the White House. Encouraged by good media coverage and a personal reply from President Reagan, they plan to stage another public reading next summer.

Children interested in calling for nuclear disarmament, send letters before June 1, to CCND, Box 550, RD 1, Plainfield, VT 05667.

**Forty-four whale watching trips** off the Massachusetts coast will be sponsored this spring by Greenpeace, an organization devoted to the protection of our fragile environment. The four- to five-hour excursions will observe the many species of dolphins, porpoises, and seabirds, as well as the whales. The money raised from the sale of the tickets will help Greenpeace continue its work in leading the struggle to end commercial whaling, the annual seal slaughter in Eastern Canada, and a wide spectrum of other environmental issues. Greenpeace is also returning to a strong emphasis on worldwide nuclear disarmament in 1982.

To find out more about the Greenpeace whale watching trips, which begin in mid-April, write or call Greenpeace New England at 286 Congress St., Boston, MA 02210: (617) 542-7052.

**"Spiritual Appetizer"** is the designation used by Multnomah (OR) Monthly Meeting for its informal sharing period about things of the spirit, which is scheduled on some Sundays at 8:30 a.m. preceding the regular 10 a.m. meeting for worship. Coffee and conversation follow at 11:15 a.m.

**The Avon Institute** is a week-long summer conference sponsored annually by the New England office of the AFSC. This year's dates are July 17-24, the conference being held at Lake Winnepesaukee, NH. Special focus will be on ending the arms race.

**Visiting in the ministry has not ceased!** Curt and Rosalie S. Regen of Plainfield (NJ) Monthly Meeting returned their travel minute, with 40 endorsements covering 46 of their visits among Friends and friends in Egypt (the Mills family), Hong Kong, Manila, Mainland China, and Victoria, BC. The Regens have been active Friendly travelers for years.

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# LETTERS

## We Have Our Better Moments, Too

This is a special "thank you" for the beautiful Christmas issue of the *Journal*. How nice to be greeted by the picture of the staff and the lovely Christmas poems!

M.C. Morris' account of a Christmas in Normandy back in 1946 makes me so grateful for his and Libby's friendly help. This has extended through the years, bringing them devoted friends in Germany, France, Switzerland, and other nations they have touched.

I can't remember when I have laughed aloud over a *Journal* article! But Ann Morrisett Davidson's "Confessions of a Closet Quaker" made me do just that! I often find one of her letters to the editor in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*—and always assumed she was a Quaker! Many of my own reactions are like hers (though I'm a birthright Friend) and we are annoying, boring, frustrating, and hypocritical often. But we also have our precious moments of love and co-operation which she, too, admits. Anyway, few of us have the courage to tell so graphically our inner conflicts! Thank you, Ann.

Elizabeth Leeds Tait  
Rancocas, NJ

## More Quaker Humor

I have just read with great pleasure, as is customarily the case, the latest issue (12/1/81) of *Friends Journal*. I particularly enjoyed Paul Blanshard, Jr.'s "Come Laughing!"

Whenever Quaker humor is mentioned, I always think of that wittiest of Friends, Emily Simon, whose light-hearted and sometimes irreverent sense of humor in no respect belied her support of Friends' principles. She often quoted *Friendly Anecdotes* (and if anyone, by the way, wants to do the Religious Society of Friends a really good turn, he/she will get that compendium back into print), but some of her best stories were her own, about other Friends.

For instance, she told of going with a small-F friend, a native of one of the Baltic countries, to one of the Philadelphia Friends' boarding homes, where they watched innumerable Quaker octogenarians, pink-and-white, energetic, going about their various activities with great vim. Emily's friend watched these elderly folk with admiration and evident amazement for some while, and then announced, "I think I will have to join Friends. It is

such a *preserving* religion!"

Another time, Emily went with Anna Brinton to a wedding at one of the meetings on the Main Line. The bride and groom were members of *very* important (and affluent) Friends' families, and there were a dozen bridesmaids in crimson velvet, or some such thing. On the way back to Pendle Hill, Anna Brinton, after a silence of some miles, said musingly, "Well, I suppose it was very nice, but I couldn't help feeling they were really the world's people, with just a Quaker muzzle."

Elizabeth Moger  
Roslyn, NY

## Worth Getting Out of Bed For

I guess I am one of those Friends who is "obsequiously pliant or chummy" because I hope to respond to Ann Morrisett Davidson's "Confessions of a Closet Quaker" (FJ 12/15/81) without sounding unkind.

But, dammit, this article got under my Quaker skin as no preaching of the Moral Majority has ever succeeded in doing. After welcoming this "friend" into our Quaker midst for years we *now* learn how she really feels.

In various parts of her article we are described as: "Fools," "trite," "rambling," "fuzzy-minded," "speaking boring platitudes," "annoying," a "pretense of a shared community," "artificial." *These are all her words.*

I certainly agree, Ann, that we Friends are not perfect. But *after all*. Did it take you so *long* to recognize what idealistic fools we are? We are idealistic fools to have clung to the Peace Testimony in a world such as this today.

Here in Florida where we are virtually lost in a sea of Baptists and other born-again Christians, if we Friends did not have organization and make the commitment of membership, we would quickly cease to exist as a religious group. Even though the entire Southeastern Yearly Meeting has a membership of only about 430, they have had the vitality to have set up a Quaker Center in Orlando.

Ann says, "Is there any meeting I really want to get out of bed on Sunday for?" Well, this could apply to the whole of life. There is always something that justifies making a commitment and getting out of bed on Sundays for.

N. Sumner Passmore  
Sarasota, FL

## Include a "Key Contact" Page

Always in writing to you I like to begin by saying thank you for the work you folks do, which means so much to Quakerism in America.

Now I want to share an idea with you. A wonderful local Baptist minister has been a force in getting a local Fellowship to Reverse the Arms Race going. This month's little news sheet reported that George Kistiakowsky, head of the Council for a Livable World (and President Eisenhower's chief science advisor), says that senators tell him they are not hearing enough from people opposed to the nuclear arms race. Would it be possible for the *Journal* to further disseminate this statement, along with the suggestion that when monthly meetings are putting together their telephone/membership directories, that they work up a sheet of "contact" people such as their senators and representatives. Friends appreciate being able to quickly put their hands on addresses when they are sending in letters to key people/groups. The inclusion of a "contact" page in our meeting directories is appreciated by all, once it has been prepared, especially by persons new to Quakerism.

Marilyn Dyer  
Chapel Hill, NC

## Contradictory Viewpoints Appreciated

I am especially grateful for your editorial discretion in the kind of fracas that sometimes overtakes us Friends. I refer to the contradictory perceptions and reactions about El Salvador and our national involvement there (FJ 10/15/81).

I think the pieces printed and letter responses are a sobering revelation of the humility we all need with each other in our expectable response to suffering and poverty. We are moved to compassion and understanding—and also we are warmed!

Anton Nelson  
Berkeley, CA

## A Longer Half-Life

Being responsible for the outpatient services of the largest federally funded mental health center in New England, I get to walk through our waiting room repeatedly each day.

Magazines are literally consumed when they are put out for the patients to read. The half-life of a magazine is maximally two days.

I share my copy of *Friends Journal* by putting it out with the other periodicals. A testimonial to the *Journal* is that it is treated with great respect. It is read and returned in original condition. You and your staff are appreciated.

Edward I. Haupt III  
Worcester, MA

## In Search of a Researcher

I am luxuriating in the December 1 issue of the *Friends Journal*. Beginning with the whimsical cover drawn by Brinton Turkle, through the variety of ads, the chill is taken from one's spirit. Your editorials unfailingly remind your readers of your whimsy, mixed with sober content.

The interview with Brinton Turkle is a delight, both in text and illustrations. Carol Woolman Horner, who has a real flair for communicating her enthusiasm for life, and for her visit with Eskimo Friends, is a fine writer—and Dee Karnofsky's illustrations are sensitively done. The third yummy is Paul Blanshard, Jr.'s "Come Laughing." We enjoy Quaker humor and have presented two programs for the Madison Meeting on Quaker humor.

I have in my possession a box full of notes which my aunt, Mabel Leigh Hunt, accumulated over the years on the Quaker child. Prior to her death almost ten years ago, she wanted to write on that subject, and deeply regretted that she was not up to doing it. She wrote many Quaker books for children, published by Lippincott, and had a deep interest in and understanding of Quaker children in particular, and young people in general. To date I have not located a Quaker who would find my aunt's research something they would like to tackle. I would be delighted to hear from any of your readers, or others, who might learn of this opportunity.

*Agnes C. Hole*

2201 Center Ave., Madison, WI 53704

## "The Glory of the Nation"

The report of the 50th anniversary of the Swarthmore College Peace Collection (*FJ* 1/15/82) lacks the excitement of the actual event... excitement engendered by leaflets distributed to those attending the ceremonies. The flyers pointed out the contradiction between the presence on campus of the world's largest peace collection and a portfolio of Swarthmore's holdings in the nation's largest defense manufacturers. Another high point was Ramsey Clark's reference in his opening remarks to a letter from John Schuchardt, former dean of admissions at the college in which John expresses his love of Swarthmore and his sadness at this discrepancy. Ramsey emphasized that he would not have paraphrased John's letter had he not agreed with it. The president and the board of managers were present at this occasion during which Ramsey Clark described peacemakers as "the glory of the nation."

*Mary Bye*  
Doylestown, PA

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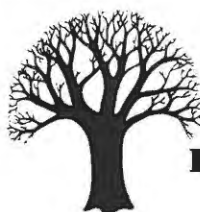
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## BOOKS

**Affirm Life: Pay for Peace** edited by Maynard Shelly and Ron Flickinger. *Historic Peace Church Task Force on Taxes*, Box 347, Newton, KS 67114, 1981. 86 pages. \$3/paper

A wedge of contradiction is opening a wide fissure in our peace testimony. While nearly all of us declare ourselves to be conscientiously opposed to war and preparations for war, and while many work tirelessly for its elimination, the overwhelming number of us continue voluntarily to pay for what we openly abhor. The great question looms larger every day for Friends of tender conscience: can we continue to witness to the Gospel of Peace with integrity of heart without coming to terms with this obvious contradiction?

It is good news that we now have an important resource to help us come to terms with this question, *Affirm Life: Pay for Peace*. Commissioned by the New Call to Peacemaking and published by the Mennonite Central Committee, this handbook explores the biblical and historical basis for military tax refusal and gives a systematic exposition of the proposal for a World Peace Tax Fund as an alternative for conscientious objectors to conscription of their wealth.

This handbook has a number of refreshing qualities about it. Chief among these is that it is not merely a political action guide (although it dispenses plenty of organizational wisdom). It gives large place to the significance and importance of achieving religious clarity and motivation. Nor does it count as irrelevant or trivial the task of wrestling with the scriptural witness—a thing I, for one, am particularly gratified to see. The sections on the biblical and historical roots of the military tax concern, along with the section on styles of witness (there is a telling commentary here on the "prohibition" approach to social concerns) are particularly edifying.

The handbook is not without a few minor shortcomings. It does not, for instance, adequately address the actual mechanics of military tax refusal—a deficiency which is easily remedied by referring to *People Pay For Peace* [see review on this page]. It condenses, and thereby greatly compromises, the critical power of Willard Swartley's fine article, "What Does the New Testament Say About War Taxes?" Interested Friends

are heartily encouraged to read this article in its entirety (available from Bill Strong, War Tax Concerns Committee, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102).

Apart from these very minor deficiencies, *Affirm Life: Pay For Peace* sheds a welcome light on a pressing issue in a dark hour.

Sam Caldwell

**People Pay for Peace** by William Durland. *Center Peace Publishers, P.O. Box 1584, Colorado Springs, CO 80901*, 1982. 104 pages. \$3/paper

This book has been used for several years by those who, for religious or moral reasons, are considering the question of war tax refusal. The 1982 edition is enlarged to provide a good deal of new material. It starts by providing a useful background to the subject: a history of war tax resistance, theological responses, whys and why nots. Most useful, I think, is the section entitled, "How to Refuse to Pay the Military Tax." Various approaches are considered: the problem of withholding, problems encountered by employers, war tax credits, deductions, and refunds. The question of telephone tax refusal is also considered. The two concluding sections of the book explain the court process and explore the major constitutional cases on war tax resistance. The book is carefully written and attractively presented. It is a valuable resource to all who are considering their position on taxes as military spending increases and social programs are cut.

V.J.D.

**A Bonhoeffer Legacy: Essays in Understanding** by A.J. Klassen (ed.) *Eerdmans Publishing Company, Grand Rapids, MI*, 1981. 382 pages. \$18.95

If Karl Bonhoeffer is known at all by most readers of the *Friends Journal*, it is merely as the name of an important theologian of recent times and as a martyr to his Christian faith in Nazi Germany. He deserves better recognition than that, for he is among the Matterhorns or Mount Everests of contemporary Christendom, alongside such towering figures as Barth, Har-nack, Niebuhr, Niemoeller, and Visser't Hooft.

This volume could serve as an introduction to Bonhoeffer, as the editor, A.J. Klassen, has brought together in it the essays of 23 interpreters,



in addition to his own reflections on Bonhoeffer. Some sections may be too theological for many readers, but most of the essays are highly readable and provocative. For example, John D. Godsey concentrates in his chapter of only nine pages on Bonhoeffer's chief contributions, which he believes have been the Christ-centeredness of Christianity, the costliness of Christian discipleship, and the intricate interweaving of the sacred and the secular.

Others may read this book with profit because of their interest in Germany under the Nazis, and Bonhoeffer's role as one of the opposition leaders to that diabolical movement.

*Leonard S. Kenworthy*

**Team Ministry: A Model for Today's Church** by David W. Kingrey and Jack L. Willcuts. *Barclay Press, Newberg, OR, 1980. 128 pages. \$5.50/paper*

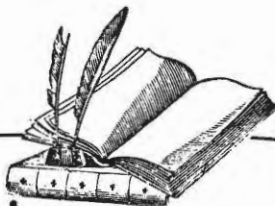
Friends in unprogrammed meetings who look past the title will find helpful Quaker-oriented insights for strengthening their worship, study, fellowship, and outreach. This book is based on the practical experiences of Reedwood Friends Church (Northwest Yearly Meeting) near Reed College in Portland, Oregon, and University Friends Meeting (Mid-America and Nebraska Yearly Meetings) in Wichita, Kansas. It draws on the words of Woolman, Kelly, Steere, Jones, and others to support the idea of shared leadership. Where there is no paid pastor, the meeting or committee on worship and ministry has the potential to be a "team ministry."

If Oregon has seemed somewhat outside your Quaker orbit, consider this quotation (introducing a chapter on worship) from "The Constitution and Discipline of Northwest Yearly Meeting of Friends Church":

Worship is the adoring response of the heart and mind to the influence of the Spirit of God. It stands neither in forms nor in the formal disuse of forms; it may be without words as well as with them, but it must be in spirit and in truth.

And any meeting would be enriched by fellowship groups like the ones at University Friends Meeting. One, for example, explored their vocations in relation to their religious commitment. Another studied major personalities and movements in the Christian church. A third studied the Christian classics (15 volumes from Pascal and St. Teresa of

## Poets & Reviewers



**Sam Caldwell** is executive secretary of the Religious Education Committee, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and a member of Germantown (PA) Meeting. **Emily Sargent Councilman** will be moving this year to Friends Home in NC. She is a regular poetry contributor to *Friends Journal*. **Mary Davidson**, a member of West Chester (PA) Meeting, is librarian of the Henry J. Cadbury Library of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. **Ann Deschanel** is a member of Boulder (CO) Friends Meeting. **Esme Dick** is a member of Stamford-Greenwich (CT) Meeting and is former director of the American Film Festival. **Leonard S. Kenworthy** is presently writing a book, *An American Quaker Inside Nazi Germany*. He is a member of Brooklyn (NY) Meeting.

Avila to Robert Louis Stevenson and William Penn).

The engaging format uses the device of an exchange of letters between the two authors.

*O.S.*

**The Company of Strangers: Christians and the Renewal of America's Public Life** by Parker J. Palmer. *Crossroad, 1981. 169 pages. \$9.95*

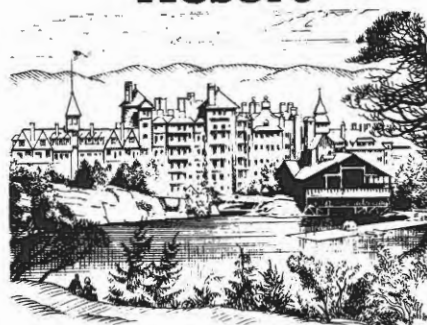
The public life, writes Parker Palmer, is that life where people who are strangers to each other "occupy a common space, share common resources, have common opportunities, and must somehow learn to live together."

If, as the book's title suggests, this public life needs to be renewed, has it been lost? Yes, says the author. We have lost the vision of the common good and live in a society which values individualism and autonomy. We have also lost the opportunities for a public life—the times and the places—preferring our privacy. But the price we pay for this individualism and privacy is terrible: fear, loneliness, boredom, paranoia, and loss of power.

Why we should and how we can recover the joy, hope, and empowering spirit of life lived together is fully explored in this exciting and readable book. I, for one, found this to be the right book for me at this time when the world's future seems so dark. Here is hope that a life lived together is not only possible but to be highly prized. In *The Company of Strangers*, Parker Palmer shows us how we can again put our faith and hope in each other and turn strangers into friends with our love.

*Mary Davidson*

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## ANSWERS TO QUAKER CROSSWORD (page 16)

ACROSS: 1. Seed. 6. Alone.  
7. Plain. 10. Dares.  
13. Dream. 14. Idea.  
DOWN: 2. Eagle. 3. David.  
4. COs. 5. New. 8. Naomi.  
9. Peace. 11. Odd. 12. Yea.

# FILMS

**Once Upon a Choice.** Produced and directed by Liane Brandon, 1980. New Day Films, Post Office Box 315, Franklin Lakes, NJ 07417. Purchase \$295. Rental \$35. Color, 15 minutes.

Several years ago, while teaching in Newton, Massachusetts, Liane Brandon made a film about sex stereotyping, *Anything You Want To Be*. It was a great success and one of the first of the women's films of recent years. Liane's new film is also on the same theme but in a very different style. It is a tongue-in-cheek version of a very familiar fairy-tale theme.

In *Once Upon a Choice* we start at the castle home of Princess Frances. Her royal parents are waiting to see which of three eligible young princes she will marry. Dressed in her best, Frances meets each of the princes in turn and has a long discussion with each. Afterwards the princess muses about the three and wonders whether indeed there are no more choices.

Later the Princess meets with her parents. She has decided that she will not in fact marry any of them. She feels that there must be more to life outside the kingdom and that it might be fun to explore some of the options for herself. Her parents listen to her proposal with interest but no alarm. Though they had rather hoped for the conventional solution to the question of the future, they are willing to allow Frances her

own decisions. So, off she goes on her bike to find out what she will do in life.

The script is witty and the acting generally good. The film moves at a good pace though some of the political issues may not be altogether clear to young children.

The film would have many uses for parent and teacher groups as well as junior high students. It points up in an amusing fashion the ways in which children are brought up with definite assumptions about their roles in society. Even in our more sensitive time it is not always clear to many of us just what the complaints of women are. The film raises this well.

First-day schools should find the film useful in discussions of such issues also.

Esme Dick

## On Hearing of the Death of Cecil Hinshaw

A quiet presence gone—  
A living witness still  
In the sombre silence of the afternoon.

His tentative smile  
And gentle manner,  
radiant in the meeting hour;  
His delicate voice  
Speaks to us dynamically  
Of understanding violence and of peace,  
Self-determination, just causes...

He loved the earth  
And respected God's growing mind.  
Now, he has grown out of this life's mold.

He was a robust spirit  
In a delicate frame.  
In spite of the sorrows of this world  
And his own,  
He never once felt sorry for himself—  
Only for the threat to earth's fragility.

Let us remember him,  
And remembering know  
That no other memorial is appropriate  
Than that which is a witness to the world  
Of justice, peace, understanding, love—  
And God requires relentless work of us  
To fashion this memorial  
Out of our lives, our thoughts  
and our creative souls.

Ann Deschanel  
February 1982

# MILESTONES

## Births

**Abell**—Clara Leona Abell on December 29, 1981, to Larry G. Abell and Karen E. Towle of Burlington (VT) Monthly Meeting. The maternal grandparents, Virginia R. and Philip A. Towle, are members of Monadnock (NH) Monthly Meeting. The paternal grandfather, Dana L. Abell, is a member of Davis (CA) Monthly Meeting.

**Edgerton**—On December 12, 1981, Philip McIlvain Edgerton to Bruce M. Edgerton and Amy Meigs McLean of Doylestown (PA) Monthly Meeting.

**Foster**—A daughter, J. Ashley Foster, on December 11, 1981, to Sallilee and David H. Foster. The Fosters are in the process of becoming members of Scarsdale (NY) Meeting.

**Frisone**—Jeffrey John Frisone on December 29, 1981, to Linda R. Jeffrey and John Frisone in Woodbury, NJ. Jeff's mother is a member of Lincoln (NE) Friends Meeting.

**McNitt**—On December 16, 1981, David Joseph Garven Milliken McNitt to David Garven McNitt and Mary Ellen Davis of Doylestown (PA) Monthly Meeting.

## Marriages

**Anderson-Warren**—On April 18, 1981, in Tucson, AZ, under the care of Pima (AZ) Monthly Meeting, Peter Lynd Warren and Susan Anderson. Peter's parents, R. Lynd and Mary Maris Warren, belong to Whiteleaf (CA) Meeting.

**DuVall-Kershner**—Howard E. Kershner and Mary Hagedorn DuVall on February 14 at Northwood Institute, Cedar Hill, TX. Howard writes and lectures on economics at Northwood Institute.

**Weeks-Bilyeu**—On December 27, 1981, Michael Bilyeu and Marjorie (Muffie) Weeks at Urbana-Champaign (IL) Meeting, where the bride is a member. Muffie is the daughter of Francis and Dorothy Weeks of Urbana.

The groom is the son of Winsel and Vera Bilyeu of Stillwater, OK. Muffie and Michael are making their home in Hayden Lake, ID.

## Deaths

**Bansen**—On December 16, 1981, in Bradenton, FL, Donald C. Bansen, 89, formerly a member at Race Street (PA) Monthly Meeting, Lansdowne (PA) Monthly, and more recently a member of Newtown Monthly Meeting. A resident of the Bucks Quarterly Meeting Home in Newtown, he is survived by his wife, Anna Sherwood Bansen, also a resident of Bucks Quarterly Meeting Home and a member of Newtown Monthly Meeting; a daughter, Marjorie B. Lockwood, of Colorado Springs, CO, a member of Central Philadelphia Monthly Meeting; two sons, Donald C. Bansen, Jr., of Farmingdale, NY, and Richard P. Bansen, of Philadelphia, a member of Green Street (PA) Monthly Meeting; and 12 grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

**Hamm**—Mabel Hamm, suddenly at home on December 12, 1981. She was a strong leader in her meeting, Ann Arbor (MI) Friends Meeting, particularly in religious education. Mabel helped to establish Lake Erie Yearly Meeting and served on the Friends General Conference Advancement Committee and the Community Relations Committee of American Friends Service Committee. Mabel was an active force for harmonious race relations and peace education within the meeting and through such interracial organizations as Interfaith Council of Congregations and interreligious groups as Southwest Michigan New Call to Peacemaking. Mabel's husband, Eldon, and children, Doug, Tania, Lois, Carolyn, and Bruce, survive her.

**Handsaker**—Lois Mae Handsaker, aged 77, on November 15, 1981. Lois was a long-time member of Sacramento (CA) Meeting where she was a symbol of tenacity, religious fervor, and social passion. She had a distinguished career in professional social work, wrote for professional journals, and came to Sacramento to develop civil service standards and examinations for the state when California began to employ large numbers of social workers.

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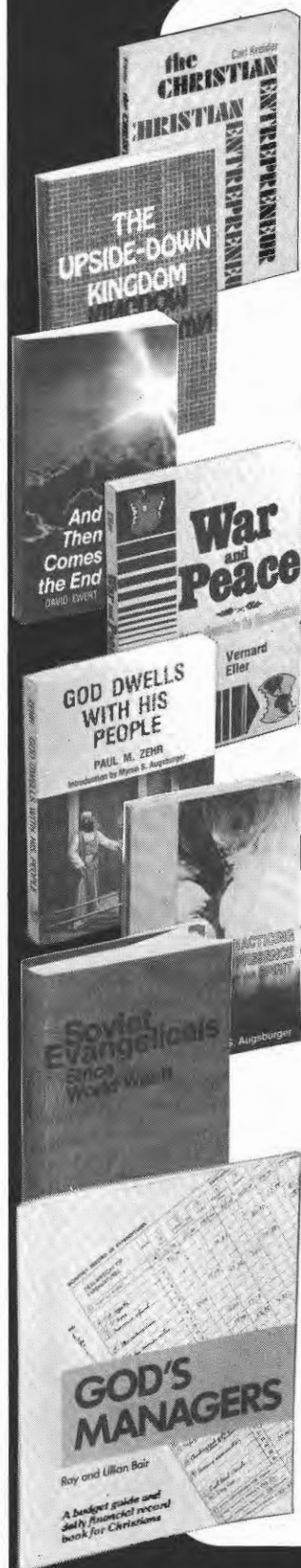
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When she became associated with Friends, Lois worked for the American Friends Service Committee on hurricane relief and became a lifelong supporter and worker for AFSC, the Friends Committee on Legislation, and other Friends causes. Before there were any peace marches in the '60s, she was apprehended during the picketing of the local post office to protest the use of income taxes for war. During her last years she struggled to maintain herself in her own home until the first Friends Association for Services to the Elderly facilities would be available.

**Hinshaw**—Cecil E Hinshaw, 70, at home in Boulder, CO, February 3, after a long illness. Cecil had been a recorded minister since 1934 and was in great demand much of his life as a Quaker lecturer. At one time he was pastor of Gonic (NH) Friends Meeting, and while at Iliff School of Theology was pastor of Denver (CO) First Friends Church. From 1940 to 1943 Cecil was religion professor at Friends University, Wichita, KS, and from 1943 to 1949, president of William Penn College, Oskaloosa, IA.

Cecil worked as a free lance writer and lecturer from 1949 to 1956, chiefly under the auspices of the American Friends Service Committee and the Fellowship of Reconciliation. He also taught at Pendle Hill for two terms. In 1956 he joined the staff of AFSC's Des Moines regional office as peace education secretary and became the regional executive secretary in 1964. In 1971 he transferred to the role of regional finance secretary and retired from AFSC in 1972.

He is survived by his wife Pauline; daughters, Elizabeth Hinshaw Baxter, Eleanor Hinshaw Mullendore, and Esther Hinshaw-Barbknecht; son, Robert Hinshaw; eight grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren. The family has asked that any memorial contributions be made to AFSC, 1660 Lafayette St., Denver, CO 80218.

**Marshall**—Elma Gregg Marshall, aged 88, on October 1, 1981. Elma was both a birthright and a convinced Friend. Wherever she traveled, she contacted Quakers and made friends. Elma was a member of Corvallis (CA) Friends Meeting, formerly a member of Whittier (CA) Meeting. She is survived by her daughters, Mildred Burck, of Corvallis, Mary Alice Reed, of Storrs, CT, and Esther Morgan, of Santa Rosa, CA; her son, Alan Marshall, of Sydney, Australia; and ten grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

**Mutch**—On November 18, 1981, in Baltimore, MD, Helen Reed Mutch, 82, a long-time and valued member of Green Street (PA) Monthly Meeting. She was the widow of Albert Mutch, M.D., and is survived by two daughters, Shirley M. Bansen, of Philadelphia, also a member of Green Street Meeting, and Helen M. Riley, of Baltimore, a member of Stoney Run Monthly Meeting, and six grandchildren.

**Reagan**—Wendy Dove Reagan—daughter to Paul and Elspeth, sister to Robyn, Dan, Heather, and Jennifer—on November 7, 1981, after a long struggle with anorexia and depression. She asked us to "keep finding joy in life and living for my sake." A memorial fund to develop and distribute resources for children's education in peace and conflict-resolution has been established by Lloyd Harbor (NY) Meeting.

**Simkins**—Martha Balderston Kirk Simkins, 107, on December 16, 1981. She was the last surviving member of the first graduating class from George School. She was an active member of Old Haverford (PA) Friends Meeting and served for many years on the Stapeley Hall Board of Trustees. Martha is survived by her sister, Julia Balderston, now 104; a daughter, Martha Kirk Goebel; eight grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren.

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**Instructor in mathematics.** Masters degree in mathematics required. One year appointment starting September 1982. Duties include teaching a variety of mathematics courses. Please send a vita, transcripts, and three letters of recommendation to: Richard Rodgers, Dept. of Mathematics, Earlham College, Richmond, IN 47374. Earlham College is an EOE/AA.

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**Canadian Yearly Meeting (CYM)** has started a search for a General Secretary to begin service in 1983. The applicant should be a Friend with good organizing and office skills. Will represent CYM through contact with regional, monthly, and certain Friends' meetings outside Canada. Responsibilities include administering CYM office in Toronto—serving Yearly Meeting and liaison with standing committees. Desirable to have some knowledge of CYM but not essential. Important to want to give service to Quakers through Canadian Yearly Meeting. Salary range starting at \$20,000 commensurate with experience. Approximate starting date June 1, 1983. Necessary to have Canadian citizen or landed immigrant (approved legal residence) status. Inquiries, suggestions, contact: Donald Laitin, R.R. #5, Mono Mills, Orangeville, Ontario L9W 2Z2, Telephone (519) 941-1654.

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