We must empower young people to discover and create with their hands and their heads and their hearts a new vision for this battered, boundaried world.
AMONG FRIENDS

Quaker Power in a Troubled World

As Friends from around the globe headed for Kenya and the FWCC Triennial in August, they anxiously watched the news from Nairobi. There the airport had been closed briefly by an attempted coup against one of the more stable and democratic governments. I started to say “on that troubled continent,” but most continents are troubled these days. (By August 10 Western Hemisphere delegates had arrived safely, except for two Cubans delayed by visa difficulties.)

It is easy to feel cast down by the state of affairs in such places as Lebanon, Central America, Afghanistan, the Horn of Africa, and Poland.

Friends, with their deep-seated optimism about God’s world, keep on trying, as they should. I was grateful for the recent opportunity to be with Friends in Mexico on the perimeter of the Third World. First, it is salutary to worship with Friends where a language other than English predominates. Jorge Fox and Guillermo Penn would be pleased to hear themselves quoted in Spanish, I feel sure. Second, it is sobering to discover how much responsibility the tiny Mexico Quaker group has been able to assume. (The AFSC dollar-account check book is no longer retained as a back-up at the Casa de los Amigos.) Third, it is significant to observe how this former “outpost” of U.S. Quakerism now operates as a self-assured focal point for Latin American Friends in several countries. A tangible example, about which more details will appear next month, is the support from Mexican Friends and COAL (the Organizing Committee for Latin America) for a young Bolivian Quaker who is completing his medical studies in Mexico to prepare for Friendly service back home.

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In world perspective our resources seem so limited. That’s why I was challenged by the message on a T-shirt worn by a young participant when I worshiped with Austin (Texas) Friends a week later. It said “Quaker Power.”

Whatever power we have from a sense of God’s presence is surely enhanced by the fact that we are a “society”—a group of people who belong to one another. If divine love has claimed our lives, we become unsatisfied until we find ways to love and be loved, first in the fellowship of the meeting and then in the wider world.

I am touched by the many isolated Friends who have told me that FRIENDS JOURNAL must serve as their “meeting.” It is possible to keep in touch with Quaker thought and life and commitment under limiting circumstances, but those of us who do have access to a meeting should be grateful and not take it for granted.

Ollie Sands
Whispers of a Dream

by Dean C.T. Bratis

She stood in the middle of a converted meadow. Once there had been all manner of wildflowers growing here, providing bees with an equally bewildering array of nectars. But now it was well manicured and intended to teach girls that great American pastime, softball. There she stood, though, in full view of everyone, gently kicking at a lone, surviving buttercup, no doubt listening to its whispers on the wind. A well-placed ball would surely hit her, and that prompted several of the adult spectators to urge that she "stay awake and quit daydreaming." They tried, at times, with great desperation or anger in their voices to get her to concentrate on the task at hand, but to no avail. She could not be roused, for her world was of a different making.

Their urging, on that day, had been so intense that it plagued me for some time afterward. There was something wrong, desperately wrong about that morning. I could feel that even then, but it was to take time to grasp its full meaning. I thought about how often that same scene must have been played out across the thousands of other converted meadows on a Saturday morning. I thought too of all the little girls who, in order to please the adults or to shut them up or for whatever reason, finally stopped dreaming. How many prophets, I thought, of a better day are lost?

Our relentless insistence that they join the world of "reality" may well be destroying the very substance from which reality is constructed. But she was not to be roused, at least not on this day. She was quite correct to ignore them. To be struck by a softball is painful enough, but the wound would heal and the pain pass. In time both would be forgotten. But to take away her dreams is to imprison her in a body that would be forever scarred. She somehow knew that and stood her ground.

But it was we who were in error. It was we who should have delayed the game and joined her on the field. Imagine how wonderful it would have been to have scores of people gently coaxing the field for its memory of the meadow. Sharing thoughts and feelings with each other as the warm vernal sunlight bathed all. We could have come to understand what Emerson meant when he said the "Earth laughs in flowers."

But we didn't and we won't. Somehow we have come to believe that dreams and reality are mutually exclusive. We are taught throughout our childhood to abandon our dreams and come to grips with the reality of the world. We are prepared for a world of reason, cause and effect, logic and analysis. We are prepared for a world which finally has us seeing things as they are and asking, why? But still we are by nature dreamers even from childhood. And beyond that to be unable to dream is to be without visions. And it is visions upon which reality is built. The great entrepreneurs throughout our history have dreamed the future for us. And only through their devotion to the dream has the reality come to pass. Robert Kennedy reminds us that if we can dream we can "see things as they might be and ask why not?"

All of reality, indeed the universe itself, begins as a dream. Loren Eiseley tells us, "Before act was or substance existed, imagination grew in the dark." It grew in the dark, beyond the parameters of sensory perception. Only there, freed of the chains of sensation, can we dream. Only there can we create a world which knows no bounds. How else can we get to the "ultimate dreamer" behind this great universe but by partaking in God's dreams?

We live in a world caught short; short of resources, short...
of energy, short of hopes, but mostly short of dreams. The poet Rilke tells us, “...if there is nothing in common between you and other people... children are still the way you were as a child,...and if you think of your childhood you live among them again....” There, among the children, we can once again share in the dreaming. Only there, in the innocent, unbounded dreams of a child, can we rekindle the hope of a new reality. Be assured, though, that innocence will be crushed time and again. But there is no other choice, we must live as adults among children. For if we do not dare to dream, reality becomes a nightmare.

Jesus told us, “Truly, I say to you, unless you turn and become like children, you will never enter the Kingdom of heaven.” (Mt 18:3) We must enter as dreamers, who do not prescribe boundaries to reality. We are told, again by Jesus, that the Kingdom is at hand...if only we can share in the dream.

Ed· McCurdy had a dream that he put to music. His “Strangest Dream,” the anthem of peace groups the world over, envisions a place where the “world had all agreed to put an end to war.” Nonsense, we say. Not possible, we say. A dream, we say. But the children ask, “Why do people kill each other?” For to them our “reality” is nonsense. But then they dare to believe in the dream. Where else but as a dream can the reality of peace and the Kingdom on Earth begin? Where else but in the soul of a dreamer can water trickling across a boulder hear the echoes across a majestic canyon thousands of years away? Where else but in a dream can a flower be envisioned by a seed? Only if we share in the seed of childhood dreaming can the reality we so desperately seek flower.

WHICH WAY THE LIGHT?

by John Robert Armando

John Robert Armando was a 1977 graduate of Moorestown (N.J.) Friends School.

Here I sit; once again, my thoughts are no easier to organize than the last time I was here. But then, the benches are no more comfortable and the pattern on the worn carpet is no less distracting than during my last visit. My attempt to make sense of my life is as futile as my attempts to maintain a state of consciousness were when my presence here was mandatory. My mind wanders, from the bench to my back (then I think perhaps they should be considered one thought) to the carpet again, to the faces I recognize but names I forget, to the faces I don’t recognize and names I would like to know.

Then... there it is... I couldn’t avoid it, that window has always attracted my attention, even as a child. Centrally placed above the facing benches, the blinds allow a tunnel of light to penetrate the room and remind me that the outside world is in no way as secure as this meeting for worship. Friends speak of a sincere concern for events occurring in that world, touching my conscience in a way my own thoughts often have. During a time in which such troublesome world events provoke thought, I find myself once again in Quaker meeting, thanking my past mentors for all that they have had to offer. I see now that their persistent concern for human welfare is no less existent than when they guided my childhood.

That’s it! My concept of the window needed to be reversed. All my life I thought the light was shining in, it’s really shining out, it’s really a tunnel for me to take my strength and understanding from the meetinghouse to that less secure world. I thank the Friends and meeting which have given me this insight and the school that they have erected which gives so many other students the opportunity that I have had to “see the light” and to have the light shine on them.
The Only Race Worth Winning

by David L. Bourns

I want to share several of my thoughts and expectations about Friends education in general and George School in particular. (I have come to the conclusion, that a Friends school is not truly a Friends school unless it worries aloud, at least quarterly, about its real purpose.)

Of all the images I have come across in the last several years, one of the most moving and thought-provoking comes from the legend of the white and black knights of King Arthur's court:

There were two brothers, the Black Knight and the White Knight, and they set off on a quest, each on his own, one going north and the other south. After many years they met in a dark wood, and did not know each other. They immediately assumed that they were enemies until, when both were lying bleeding to death on the grass, they undid their helmets and recognized that they were brothers.

The question one asks from that episode is whether genuine recognition of one another can come before the fatal blows are struck. We know that we, like everyone else, will strike the fatal blow first unless our lives are grounded in something deeper than fear and distrust. We must pass on to our students that capacity to ground oneself deeply so that one is connected not only to one's own depth and strength, but also to that common ground and Light connecting us all.

However, I have come to find problems with this legend and its lesson. The imagery of this legend is out of date and has been replaced by an image which grows not out of a legend, but out of our own experience. This is the image of two other mortally wounded men, brought again to our consciousness by the publication of The Physical, Medical, and Social Effects of the Atomic Bombings by the Committee for the Compilation of Materials on Damage caused by the Atomic Bombs in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and by a book entitled Unforgettable Fire, a collection of hand-drawn pictures and written accounts of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

In one of those pictures two men, mortally wounded by one of the atomic blasts, are depicted lying side by side on steps adjacent to a flattened building. One man finally says to the other, “Are you Mr. Matsumaro?” It was in fact Mr. Matsumaro. “His face was dark and swollen. He seemed unable to open his eyes or mouth. The left side of his face, neck, and hands were burned. Soon we were separated. I was bleeding from my eyes, nose, and mouth... although we were lying side by side we did not recognize each other.”

Somewhere in the simplicity and irony of that legend from King Arthur’s Court one can at least find hope, the hope that each of us in quest of his or her own destiny might learn soon enough to trust in love and self rather than to “kill or be killed.”

But I find no such hopeful message, no light at the end of the tunnel, reflected in the image of those two victims of nuclear war. No reasonable person can say that they played any role at all in their own demise. They were passive victims who had no chance, no choice, no part at all in those events which brought about their death and destruction.

This I fear is a more nearly accurate image of how all of us on this globe—young and old, black and white,
easterners and westerners, developed and underdeveloped countries—see ourselves and our role in the dynamic of national and international events. Through no one's fault in particular we are all hostages—leaders and followers alike—in the deadly game of nuclear arms racing, euphemistically titled, “nuclear deterrence.” No longer do any of us see ourselves as white knights or black knights in search of victory, with even the modest protection provided by suits of armor. Our only security, as well as that of the Soviet people and growing numbers of others, is now based on the threat to kill millions and millions of innocent people. Each year we must increase the number of innocent people we are prepared and able to kill, if we are to retain our feeling of security. Each year the numbers rise dramatically, and the actual security falls.

On the one hand we would be presumptuous, to say the least, to think that we in this small Friends school are called to stop the nuclear arms race, or even to pit our puny strengths against the forces in the world which daily accelerate that race. But, on the other hand, the race for peace is no longer one important race among others. It is now in all its complexity the only race worth our energies. Few if any important issues in our nation or our world do not fuel the nuclear arms race, and while we must understand the complexities of that deadly race—because no simple answers exist—we must with all our energies and our imaginations attempt to stop that race and remember that peace, achieved nonviolently, is the only race worth winning. For the first time in human history, nonviolent solutions to national conflicts are the only solutions which, in any meaningful way, can be called victories. No longer are there winners or losers. Either we all win or we all lose.

Somewhere we must help our students to understand this. Somehow we must empower them to discover and create with their hands and their heads and their hearts a new vision for this battered, boundaried world, and new tools which will enable us, them, and their children to cross the boundaries and barriers which now paralyze the world with fear, forcing all of us backward upon our weapons.

Having said this, I am immediately reminded of the story told by Douglas Steere about Martin Buber's visit to Haverford College in 1950. Buber was attending meeting for worship there, and in response to a sharp plea about what a great thing it was that people were learning to meet one another across racial, national, and economic barriers, he stood up and began to speak.

He told us that it was a great thing to transcend barriers and to meet another human being, but that meeting another across a barrier was not the greatest thing that one person could do for another. There was still something greater. The greatest thing, he continued, that any one could do for another is to confirm the deepest thing within... There was little more to say. And there is little more to say about the greatest thing that a teacher can do for a student. One can believe in the student; one can have faith, especially at times when all the conventional indicators point the other way in the student; and one can confirm the deepest thing the student has within.

At first glance, I suspect that these two things—"simply confirming the deepest part of another"—seem almost unrelated. But of course they are not, particularly for those of us who are teachers.
I cannot think of a better way to free a student emotionally, intellectually, and spiritually to find his or her best place in the race for peace than to take hold of that student with skill and caring, and find in the individual that center, that deep untapped center which is yet to be confirmed, and one way or another believe in this deepest thing, even when the person is not yet able to believe or even be aware that it is there.

What a miraculous thing it is to be empowered by someone else because he or she has answered, or at least touched on, those depths within us. In the wake of such miracles we are empowered to act and imagine and believe and risk in ways which beforehand we could not even have imagined.

And who knows which one or two or three or four or five or 500 of our students might be given the power and the vision to go forth with a candle which will dispel the darkness?

Meeting for Worship and Children

During the past ten years I have attended worship in four meetings other than my own—the Lehigh Valley (Pa.) Meeting—visiting Rochester (Minn.), McLean (Va.), Bernardsville (N.J.), and Hanover (N.H.) Meetings. These meetings of five different yearly meetings have one wonderful, important practice in common: Worship starts with everyone present, adults and children. The children stay for 15 or 20 minutes and then go to First-day classes.

Rarely that I know of do people of all ages (in my experience 2 weeks to 92 years of age) regularly do the same thing, at the same time, in the same place—which is mostly sitting in silence.

This is the only time that children sit with adults and little if anything is said. As children grow up, their parents seem always to be talking and they are encouraged to learn to express themselves. They find out finally that adults can also keep quiet. When a message is given, sometimes the spoken word is to be thought about and no vocal response or physical action is needed or desired.

In a culture that has so much noise and activity—TV, school, and sports—our children need to experience quiet time with adults and their peers. One needs to understand and feel the joy of sharing thoughts and feelings with others with little being said. It is important to start on this path when very young.

This worship period with all ages present is good for our children not only because adults are there but also because of the presence of their peers. Thus one child is not singled out, and this experience to which they may not look forward can be shared and discussed with another.

It is not easy for children to adapt to unprogrammed worship. In the first two years of life much time is spent in physical activity and learning to talk. It takes months for children to learn to sit and make little or no noise, but the meeting must realize this and be prepared to make the effort. It takes forebearance and patience. There may be a noisy child during a message. Sometimes an older member is needed to tell a parent after meeting that it was not necessary to take the child out as the noise was not excessive.

It can be helpful to have another adult sit with a child of a single parent, especially when there are two or three children with one parent present.

As a child I was glad meeting lasted for only 15 or 20 minutes as I was so physically active. It was not until I was of college age that I learned to enjoy an hour-long meeting.

Our meeting feels that the quiet time is so important for children that the welcomer asks late arrivals to wait until the children leave for First-day classes before entering the worship room. Thus the children's short time is not interrupted by latecomers. When parents arrive too late to have their children be in worship, the parents are spoken to and urged to come earlier.

It is one of the few times, perhaps the only time, that some children are welcomed to be with adults (not relatives but strangers) and behave like adults. When I was a kid (in Brooklyn, N.Y.) I remember going by subway to the meeting on Schermerhorn Street. I do not remember if anyone ever spoke—I counted windows, benches, and people—but I knew I was welcomed, and I enjoyed it.

Another aspect of this complete family meeting for worship is the pleasure-joy it gives those older people whose children have grown up and left home. I remember one man, old enough to be my grandfather, who told me—when meeting and First-day school were over—that he had been glad to see me. Wow! to be welcomed by a strange old man!
On Friday morning at Haverford Friends School, we loitered around the entrance waiting for him to arrive. The first bell rang, but we would not be in trouble until the second bell, five minutes later. We waited. Once in a while it was in vain, and we were told that he was actually sick.

Usually he came, although he never timed it right. Just as he would park and begin to lift the boxes out, Mrs. Miller, the principal's secretary, would allow some eager kindergartener to ring the second bell. We squirmed but waited as he approached, carrying several boxes and perhaps a covered cage. There were two strategies: to ask in begging tones for the contents or to climb the nearest piece of furniture for an aerial view. We usually learned nothing as he lumbered past, smiling his appreciation of our plight. But occasionally we were rewarded with a muffled squawk or hiss. Sometimes his equipment was too large to cover. Then we feasted our eyes on his surprises and ran back to class, jubilant at even a partial discovery.

The rest of the morning was spent waiting for science. At recess the grapevine turned up stories of his other classes. The last half hour before he came to class took forever. Class was usually quiet as Mr. Cadbury began, sitting, closed box in lap. Once in a while, someone kept talking, and we who could be the worst behaved otherwise would vehemently shut the person up.

First came the items that we had brought from home. Some of us had scoured the countryside just to get a few moments with the expert. He wanted to know where we had found it, when, and the circumstances contributing to the discovery. In early years stage fright was too much for some, but he kept the conversation going, and we added the appropriate nods. Everyone wanted to show him something, and there were many last-minute efforts at collection.

After first grade, quantity was no substitute for quality. The bulging bags of stones, shoeboxes full of sand, and jars waving with caterpillars were all finally outgrown. If the rock or whatever was overly commonplace, he’d take a look, say “quartzite,” and hand it back. But if the person was a first or second timer, this same object might be evidence of tremendous pressure deep in the earth which heated and squeezed sandstone harder than 1000 locomotives piled on top of each other. If it was a pebble, it might have traveled thousands of miles and taken millions of years to wear round. The person sat down exhilarated.

After ten minutes of show and tell, the science buffs would begin to get restless. We hadn’t determined the contents of the boxes, and there were only ten minutes left. He ignored the clawing sound from the largest box, patiently listening to a story originally about earthworms, now about somebody’s brother. Once in a while time ran out, and there would be civil war. We marked people who had hogged his time. Finally no one raised his hand. If there was time, he would look over to his boxes.

There was no telling what Mr. Cadbury might have in his boxes. They emitted many sounds. The secretaries, cooks, janitors, and other teachers stayed away from them. There were also jars, cloth bags, wooden crates, and paper bags with holes in them. Our earliest visitors included snakes, worms, salamanders, insects, spiders, slugs, centipedes, and millipedes. We held the more civilized ones...
and watched him hold the others. Sometimes there were larger animals in cages. Most of these pets had human names, from Ezmarelda, a very temporary pet possum, to Susie, a boa constrictor with more seniority than most of the faculty. We saw and handled such a variety that it was hard to leave elementary school with an irrational fear of animals. Most were able to enjoy watching a snake eating a rat, though some would rather have let it eat cake.

Mr. Cadbury brought the physical universe to many of us for the first time, smiling slightly as the ancient-looking solar system turned by itself in his hands. We couldn't learn how far his meteorite had traveled, but we ran into a unit of distance so large that it took a whole year to travel it. And then there was the speed of light itself.

He brought the pickled fetuses and bottled bones, the skulls and the skins. Each taught a lesson and disappeared. We never saw them again and could only imagine the size of his warehouse. Thousands of children, no doubt, have joined that circle through which he passed—his hand-cranked electric current, the children shrieking until they could hold on no longer. Once he brought in an electrolysis apparatus and slowly dissociated water into the exact proportions of hydrogen and oxygen that H₂O called for. This was experience enough for most of us, but he had more in mind, although he didn't warn us how long or how loud the reverse process might be.

We would rather have had science than any of our other subjects.

Live or dead, bats, armadillos, flying fish, octopuses, bird-eating spiders, beaded lizards, rattlesnakes, and flying squirrels passed before our eyes and minds in a parade during those years. He showed us a passenger pigeon and told us we'd never see one alive. He conveyed a reverence for nature and people. This reverence remains.

Late in the school day there were the nature walks. They didn't come very often, because we had to share Mr. Cadbury with the rest of the school. The walks were his class, but topped with the atmosphere of recess. It was the only school time when you could run for several minutes in one direction without stopping. Haverford College had an excellent arboretum (it still does) as well as four or five different habitats. He had an ongoing contest with us and paid a penny to anyone observant enough to discover a bird's nest before he did. No one got rich.

The lessons we learned weren't always about science. Once in the middle of winter we were on a walk, and as we crossed the bridge over Railroad Avenue, someone decided to test Newton's Theory with a large piece of ice. Unfortunately he hadn't looked in both directions, and there was a loud smash on the hood of a car as it passed underneath. We were 11 or 12 years old, and the impulse was to run like mad. But we couldn't. Mr. Cadbury was there. And he stood there. The man got out of his car, looked at his hood, and said things that made us very glad that we were up on the bridge and he was down on the road. It was really an awful moment, and we were quite frightened. We had no idea what would happen next. The man finally got in his car and drove off. We were certainly relieved as he went around the bend, but then we realized that a teacher had witnessed our crime. The authorities would be grim about such behavior. We had visions of punishment at school, punishment at home. Nobody dared to look at Mr. Cadbury. It was another awful moment, a moment of silence, and then he said, "I think that man didn't like that." It was the only personal opinion he'd ever given us, and oh, how we agreed! The bombardier didn't pick up any ice or snow for a week.

As it happened, the year Mr. Cadbury retired, I took his job. It is a strange experience to replace one's childhood teacher, especially at the school one once attended. But it was not at all unpleasant. We usually think of young children adapting quickly to changes, but a year later, they were still saying to me, "Goodbye, Mr. Cadbury."
It has been said that the "world's biggest junkies" are to be found three times a day in college dining rooms around the land. They are a special kind of junkie; inasmuch as they are addicted to junk food rather than to hard drugs. Many of them have been observed to drink four or more glasses of pop with a meal; to eat cereals which are half sugar for breakfast; to eat an inordinate amount of fried foods; to top it off by filling their faces with pastries, gelatins, ice cream, and candy for dessert; and to consider the hot dog to be an adventure in good eating.

I have observed these junkies in action, both in the dining room and in the classroom. Typically, they gain weight on the empty calories they consume, develop pale and unattractive complexions, and wind up being listless and lethargic in the classroom. They have little energy, find concentration difficult, and do poorly in their school work. In other words, all junkies have a serious and debilitating habit.

To do something about poor eating habits at William Penn College, we introduced our Great Issues Program, based in large measure on learning through debating (one of the most demanding of all intellectual activities) within a framework of mind, body, and spirit. In the process, we have been forced to confront the effects of poor nutrition.

We know, for example, that immediately following the eating of rich pastries and other sweets, there is a quick rise in the blood sugar level. This is the same kind of short-lived "lift" that one gets from a cigarette, but unfortunately such highs give way, within the hour, to lows equal in intensity to the brief highs. Then there is a felt need for more junk food or another cigarette, and the vicious cycle is repeated. This accounts for much obesity, inattentiveness in class, and perhaps for even some of the destructive behavior that rears its ugly head on many campuses.

Being very much aware that, at many of the colleges with unselective admissions policies, almost half of the freshmen do not return for the sophomore year, we have tried to find out the causes of this national tragedy. It is easy and popular to put the blame on teachers in the lower school levels, but we are dealing with a nationwide problem for which all of us are responsible in some measure.

We know from numerous studies, dating back to Terman's studies in the 1920s at the University of Southern California, that there is a positive correlation between good health and good grades in school. People who are obese, who don't exercise properly, who don't get sufficient rest, who eat junk food, who smoke, who drink excessively, who use pot and other street drugs, and who don't have a positive mental attitude, don't do as well in their school work as their opposites.

During my first year (1979-80) as president of William Penn College, I asked for the cooperation of our food service (Consolidated Food Service, Orange City, Iowa) in presenting a more healthful selection of foods to our students. Like most colleges, we were serving oversugared, oversalted, and overfattened foods, coffee, tea, pop, and unlimited desserts to our students. One only had to take a look at many of the students around the campus to realize that excess poundage was a common affliction.

Causes for the overweight conditions were readily observable by looking at the types of food the students put on their trays. I was disheartened primarily by what the students were doing to themselves, but to an extent I was concerned that we were not fully meeting our responsibilities by way of providing a healthy environment, one that would help our students to achieve their full potential as human beings.

The management of the food service was most cooperative and, following my pointed suggestions, began to include bean sprouts...
The heavily-sugared cereals were dropped from the breakfast menu, and granola, with variations, was introduced. Raisins, chopped dates, and honey became available as sweeteners. Buttermilk, perhaps the most delicious and refreshing of all beverages, was introduced. Raisins, chopped dates, sunflower seeds, and wheat germ at the salad bar—the single most popular place in our dining room. Fresh fruits in season, including peaches, nectarines, pears, grapes, plums, melons, and citrus fruits, were made available.

Our budding scholars were encouraged to eat whole fruits instead of just drinking the juices, which have a high concentration of sugar and from which many of the valuable bioflavonoids have been extracted. Because pink grapefruit has six times as much vitamin A plus a bit more vitamin C than regular grapefruit, it became the only kind of grapefruit that we serve. The cooks were encouraged to put eggs and raw wheat germ in the batter when making pancakes and waffles, and also were asked to sprinkle wheat germ on the various casseroles prepared in the kitchen.

The initial reaction to bean sprouts was, “What’s that?” A similar response was made to wheat germ and sunflower seeds; but gradually the consumption of these healthy foods began to increase markedly. Shockingly, however, the demand for buttermilk remains low, although consumption is picking up slightly. A machine for soft ice cream has been installed, since that type of dessert has fewer calories and less fat than regular ice cream, and the equipment can be used for frozen yogurt.

In keeping with our emphasis on mind, body, and spirit, we are urging our teachers to stress good nutrition and health in all their classes. One of the popular debates held on campus was, “Resolved: Junk Foods Should be Abolished from the College Dining Room.” Although such foods have not been banned, there are definite indications that the consumption of the health foods has increased and the use of the less desirable foods has declined. At the very least, our students are becoming conscious of nutrition, and our Department of Home Economics is teaching two courses entitled “Nutrition and Health” and “Nutrition and Global Health.”

I write a monthly column, “The College Scene,” which is distributed to newspapers throughout the United States. When I devoted one of these to our efforts in nutrition, UPI picked up the story and sent it around the world. ABC Radio, both AM and FM, did the same, and now William Penn College is almost as well known for its pioneering efforts in nutrition as it is for its unique Great Issues Program.

We have almost, but not quite, succeeded in eliminating smoking, an even more serious health hazard than junk food, from our campus. We allow no smoking anywhere on campus except for a room, appropriately called “The Embers,” in the Student Union, and in individual student dormitory rooms. Thus we don’t have the problem of students complaining about attending class in smoke-filled rooms, being smoked out of professors’ offices, having to study in a smoke-saturated library, having to eat their meals in a dining room where smoking is permitted, and seeing unsightly cigarette butts strewn around the campus and on the floors of buildings. We don’t allow cigarette machines on campus, and we try to develop an atmosphere in which students feel more comfortable in not smoking than in indulging in such a harmful addiction.

We find that our crusade for good health through proper nutrition is paying off in better diets for our students, who have an increasing awareness of the proper care for their bodies. More than ever, they realize that since the brain is an integral part of the body, it is directly influenced by what the body consumes.

And we have found the food service almost unbelievably cooperative in attempting to prepare more nutritious meals from which not only salt and sugar are largely eliminated, but also the reconstituted meats and cheeses and other heavily processed foods. For a long time only canned soups were provided, and whenever we had turkey, it was of the pressed variety. We strongly counseled the food service to prepare homemade soups and to bake whole turkeys. Not only have these changes brought about more nutritious and tasty meals, but they are also more economical. Leftover turkey scraps and bones make a wonderful base for homemade soups, and the same can be said for other leftover meats and vegetables.
Most of all, any food service wants to have happy customers, so it tends to serve what students like. This means many hot dogs, hamburgers, pizzas, French fries, pop, pastries, and ice cream and other desserts, but only a small variety of vegetables, consisting chiefly of potatoes, corn, green beans, and garden peas.

We are trying to expand greatly the variety of vegetables served to include Jerusalem artichokes, mustard greens, carrots, several varieties of squash, eggplant, turnip greens, rutabagas, okra, parsnips, black-eyed peas, butter beans, broccoli, cauliflower, brown rice, collards, and Swiss chard. One reason vegetables aren't more popular is that not much imagination is used in preparing them. Very frequently they are boiled in water until tender, and then served. We are encouraging the food service to use various herbs and spices, as well as old standbys such as chopped onions and ham hocks, to make the vegetables more palatable.

The consumption of white bread has declined as we have emphasized whole grain and sprouted grain breads. We're also looking for a local source of whole grain buns so that the nutritional value of the several kinds of burgers we serve can be enhanced.

When we have faculty workshops, we no longer have the coffee breaks, which consisted of such nutritional disasters as coffee, carbonated beverages, donuts, and sweet rolls. Instead, we provide grapes, fruit, juices, nuts, and homemade granola bars that are heavily infused with peanut butter. Reaction to the change has been enthusiastic, and a positive result is that we have a more alert group of faculty members present for the sessions than was once the case.

We haven't arrived at a utopia yet, because we have to meet the students where they are while gradually leading them to new culinary experiences. The results are, however, well worth the trouble, and we think good food is an important first step in developing good students with sound bodies and alert minds who are able to take advantage of our very demanding and stimulating Great Issues Program.


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### Aid for Children in Friends Schools

**by John Flagg Gummere**

During the academic year 1981-82, $2,756,831.50 was given in tuition aid to 1,477 children in the 24 secondary and elementary Friends schools of the Philadelphia area. The average grant given was $1,866.50. Recipients represent 19 percent of the 7,819 students in local Friends schools.

Grants are based on financial need, though other factors may be considered. They enable families who cannot afford to pay full tuition to enroll their children; thus a Quaker education is made available to young people from a variety of backgrounds.

Funds come from many sources. Schools under the care of meetings get help from the meetings. Most schools have some funds of their own. The yearly meeting Committee on Education disburses more than $100,000 which comes from half a dozen funds. Some of this income is earmarked for Friends' children, some is limited to certain grades, some is for black children, some is for non-Friends. All of it is allocated with great care and at no cost whatever.

John Gummere, a member of Haverford (Pa.) Friends Meeting, served as headmaster of William Penn Charter School for 27 years. He is secretary of the Corporation of Haverford College.

Friends Education Fund, Inc. allotted $52,500 last year, and will give more next year. Many people respond to the appeal of this fund each year; it makes grants for other school purposes, too.

Rising tuition costs have stimulated efforts to find tuition aid. The total for last year shows that a good deal has been accomplished; much more is to be done.

A ten-hour session with the Scholarship Committee of the yearly meeting Committee on Education would show how much is to be done. It would also show the sacrifices being made by families to enroll or to keep their children in our schools, how limited are the resources of many of them, and how much they value the education which the schools provide.

The need for help has long been apparent, and many people have worked hard to help meet it. Now we find that at last another possible source is to be considered by our schools: loans.

Loans have for many years been a part of the program of financial assistance in colleges and a few Friends schools (Haverford College, for example, granted $1,500,000 in loans in 1981-82). Now Independence Foundation, in Philadelphia, with characteristic foresight has led the way by giving grants to set up loan funds in 85 independent schools, including four Friends schools, throughout the U.S. Money will be given over a period of seven years.


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September 1/15, 1982  FRIENDS JOURNAL
DIRECTION, DEPTH, DURABILITY:
Maintaining the Religious Character of the American Friends Service Committee

by Jim Matlack

Inclusiveness is a divine principle as we seek to serve all God's children.

It seems to me essential to the health, vitality, and proper calling of the AFSC that it should recruit and nurture persons of deep religious conviction and persons respectful of the deep religious conviction of others. Insofar as we fall short of this goal, our endeavors will be faltering or inadequate in three basic ways—in analysis, in morale, and in steadfastness. (With my habit of alliteration I am tempted to list my major points as Direction, Depth, and Durability—both of individuals and of program efforts within the AFSC.)

The first point is analysis. A religious dimension is critical to understanding: “What are we about?” “What is the full scope of our work?” We will be ill-equipped to succeed in particular program objectives and short-range goals to the extent that those who serve the AFSC lack an overarching sense of the religious significance of our work. Beyond the specific issue, the focus on a legislative action or a community-organizing effort, we must see the larger vision and ultimate goal to which all else is directed.

G.K. Chesterton once said, “The trouble when people stop believing in God is not that they thereafter believe in nothing; it is that they thereafter believe in anything.” A sense of religious commitment is particularly important to give clarity. It cuts through the welter and confusion. It has a centering effect. A dimension of faith will be more cohering than any political, economic, or social theory. Faith will be sure than any of the particular bases from which very well-intentioned action may be taken to redress the world’s troubles or to meet human needs.

What we are about is grounded ultimately in divine leading. We are not about the business of social engineering. We are, with varying degrees of success, laboring to bring the Kingdom of God, in whatever terms that is meaningful. A recognition of this central task seems an important part of the assumptions and outlook of those who come to and stay with AFSC. Our calling and our guidance are beyond ourselves—not self-projected, but taken with a sense of leading.

A quotation from Lionel Trilling suggests one of the pitfalls for analysis when it lacks religious awareness. Trilling said,

Some paradox in our nature leads us, once we have made our fellow [persons] the object of our enlightened interest, to go on to make them the objects of our pity, then of our wisdom, ultimately of our coercion.

In the kinds of work AFSC does, there is a peril that we may become insensitive and manipulative, more self-serving and less appreciative of those with whom and for whom we work. The proper perspective and crucial sense of humility needed as an antidote to this tendency are derived from a depth of religious understanding. It is not our work alone, not our business that we do, but some reflection of God’s will. When we see our work in this light, we will be less likely to misuse others in the process of working and struggling.

My second heading is morale. By this concept I intend to cover the mood, spirit, vitality, and good humor with which the AFSC enterprise goes forward. I believe that a grounding in religious leading is essential to prevent shallowning out, flagging, and souring of mood and morale. The work we are about is tough and demanding. It often puts people in situations where their immediate resources and means of support seem terribly scant. What sustains them?
In thinking about an answer to that question, I was struck by a vivid remembering of the very familiar quotation from George Fox’s *Journal*—“to walk cheerfully over the world, answering that of God in everyone.” What came back with fresh emphasis was the word “cheerfully.” The man has some gall. We are not only to go about saving the world but we should be happy and sweet in disposition while doing so. Instead we are prone to a mood that finds expression in a couplet from *Hamlet*. Too often we identify with Hamlet’s lament:

*The time is out of joint; O cursed spite,*  
*That ever I was born to set it right!*  

The weight of the world and of our tasks presses us down. What cheer is possible as we go forward under such burdens? The burdens are real. If we lack religious faith, if we work without a sense of power and resource beyond our individual, mortal frailties, we will most likely be ground down. The corrective to such weariness, despair, or curdling of good intentions is rooted in religious conviction. To be able to experience joy in the midst of duress should be a mark of the mood and disposition of those who take on the tasks of the Service Committee. 

Another important aspect of morale in AFSC is not to allow religious commitment and religious character to be equated merely with “Quaker.” This poses sensitive issues in the recruitment process and the interpretation process to constituencies for whom we have special regard, both within the Society of Friends and beyond. The question is frequently posed whether or not we are sufficiently Quaker in a way that suggests that Quakers alone are bona fide applicants or successful workers. In this view others are not quite so good as the genuine article.

We must be not only respectful but appreciative and celebrative of the devotion to the values and ideals of Quaker heritage that many in the AFSC demonstrate who are not formal members of the Society of Friends. In no way should we lessen our attention to Quakers, but we should not allow Quakerishness or formal membership to be taken as the standard to which all should aspire but which is achieved only by those in monthly meetings. Surely one dimension of religious rootedness is respect beyond mere tolerance for the faith of others. Inclusiveness is a divine principle as we seek to serve all God’s children.

I offer an anecdote to suggest the importance of gathering into AFSC persons with a diversity of spiritual gifts. A Quaker farmer had a particularly stubborn mule. One morning the mule was utterly balky and would not move in the traces. The farmer was barely able to control his anger. Feeling badly to be so close to open rage, he walked around to the mule’s head and spoke directly into his ear. “Thee knows that I cannot whip thee, but does thee remember that I can sell thee to a Presbyterian?” I am not entirely easy with the analogy that attributes the whip hand to another denomination, but the story reminds us that there is a complementary diversity of gifts and callings. The AFSC is blessed and enriched by the religious convictions of many who do not hold membership in the Society of Friends.

A relevant observation comes from a recent conversation about the earliest days of Quakerism. As I understand the history of the 1650s, recorded membership started after persons who were swayed by Fox and his preaching began to gather themselves into self-identified groups—not yet a sect or organized body. Since Fox’s followers were being taken off to prison quite regularly, often leaving children or family members in distress, it became necessary to keep membership rolls in order to minister to those in distress. The critical sequence, therefore, was that sufferings came before membership and not the other way around.

My third heading is *steadfastness*. Those of us associated with AFSC are in for the long haul. This commitment arises from a religious perspective on our tasks and purposes. We do not seek a short-term victory, a single revolution, a particular political theory or economic change. We seek the coming of the Kingdom of God, in whatever terms that concept is meaningful. Lacking the broad view and sustaining energy derived from such a vision, we face overload and burn-out. Persons with the best will and with magnificent comprehension of the issues and how to work on them will be drained when they call upon their own capacities rather than spiritual strength and faith to bear up in the struggle.

I illustrate this point with quotations from two poems that have, ironically, a relation to war themes. This first is called “Meditations in a Time of Civil War” by W.B. Yeats.

*We had fed the heart on fantasies,*  
*The heart’s grown brutal from the fare;*  
*More substance in our enmities*  
*Than in our Love.*

In place of “fantasies” one could say abstractions of any kind, dogmas, doctrines, beliefs of a worldly, secular, and
"We must see the larger vision and ultimate goal..."

manipulative kind. These stand in contrast to a sense of divine leading, a power and presence in the world beyond human endeavor and manipulation. Without that deeper faith and reality we remain in circumstances where there is likely to be more substance in our enmities than in our love.

The other passage is about—and then from—Ralph Waldo Emerson. I am a little hesitant to use Emerson. He is not altogether crisp on social issues. His overall philosophy is a bit fuzzy, but a splendid affirmation of vision and living the vision is conveyed in the following quotation from William James, who then refers to one of Emerson's poems. James writes,

Emerson himself was a real seer. He could perceive the full squalor of the individual fact, but he could also see the transformation....His life was one long conversation with the divine expressing itself through individuals and particulars:

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man.

The fragment is from a poem called "Voluntaries" that Emerson wrote about a regiment of black soldiers in the Civil War who were massacred at Fort Wagner in South Carolina. For those who know Boston there is a direct connection to the Shaw memorial to Mary Dyer on the Boston Common where AFSC sponsors an annual peace vigil at Easter. So the short verse comes with a host of meaningful associations to affirm the nearness of God to all persons.

In maintaining the religious character of the AFSC—that is, keeping people of religious character coming into and well nurtured in the organization—we must seek persons who exemplify the qualities of the Emerson passage rather than the Yeats poem. Their love should have more substance than their enmities. They should manifest in their own distinctive way a clear impression that their lives are one long conversation with the divine, able to take the squalor of particular facts and relate them to a transforming vision and overall faith. In whatever form is personally valid they would be persons of spiritual direction, depth, and durability in the struggle.

There is a biblical phrase that sums up my sense of AFSC’s people—staff, committee members, volunteers, and supporters. There went forth with Saul a band “whose hearts God had touched.” (1 Sam 10:26) This is a reference to the Children of Israel at a time of great stress when they were in peril and beset by fear. Yet they retained their dedication, commitment, even hopefulness about the future as they faced great challenges because their hearts had been touched by God.

**Noon in September**

The sleepy quiet of the noonday woods,
Each drowsy leaf and humming bug,
Bathed in soft sunshine, kissed by gentle winds,
Rests in the Force Eternal.

The red-brown floor, soft, soft beneath our feet,
Accepts the finished husk.
The well-used feather from a scarlet wing,
Each limp and empty shell of life that's been;
A starling, bee, a snake or burrowing mole.

And on we tread, gently
In love and tenderness,
Knowing we too will join the rust-brown leaves
With all the other used-up husks;
A great created family lain to rest,
To lie awhile and change, and then perhaps
Become once more a sleepy member
Of some noonday woods.

—Rosalind W. Cobb
Peace Essay Winners

In May of this year, the Lancaster (Pa.) Friends Meeting sponsored a Lancaster County Peace Contest on the question: “What non-military steps would you propose in order to establish a peaceful world?” This gave high school students in the surrounding area an opportunity to express their views and share their feelings about nonviolence, militarism, and the arms race. Cash prizes were awarded for the best essays. What follows are excerpts from the winning essays.

History shows us that almost every war fought was preceded by a period of argument and lack of communication between nations. Only after lines of communication between all peoples of the earth are opened will the animosity that discourages peace be put to rest.

Joseph C. Paviglianti

Most people know very little about the culture, interests, values, and aspirations of the people of other countries. This situation is conducive to misunderstandings, false perceptions, suspicions, and disputes.

Joanne Ramist

More education is needed in powder-keg areas, not more arms. We have such an abundance to share that to ignore these opportunities encourages the poverty and ignorance leading people into the desperation that precedes war.

Bradden Weaver

We first of all have to love ourselves before we can love others. How can we be at peace with others when there’s a war raging inside of us?

Deb Weaver

Wars have been fought with the thought that after the war there would certainly be world peace, but there is not. It is only through the use of peaceful means that we will have a peaceful world.

Mary Urban

To establish peace, one must first find roots and plant it firmly in the individual, for a society is only as strong as its weakest member. Establishing peace in this world, therefore, begins with me. If I am not at peace with myself, God, or my neighbor, how can I expect nations to get along with each other?

Mariene Brubaker

The Light Within You

Sing, break in-to song, for with-in you is the Light.

Sing, O Sing, Sing, O—Sing.

For with-in you is the Light.

A Biblical Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Isaiah wrote about the suffering...
4. No one can serve ______ masters. (Mt 6:24)
6. God made of _______ blood all nations. (Acts 17:20)
7. A segment of a circle.
8. Thou shalt ______ steal.
10. Peace people support a ______ weapons freeze.

DOWN

1. A wise King. (1 Ki 3:16)
2. Promise. (Ps 61:5)
3. Jesus came as a _______. (Jn 3:2)
4. ______ commandments.
5. A cereal.
9. “Thou anointest my head with ______.” (Ps 23:5)

Answers on page 26.
The Youth Peace Campaign by Cedric Wentworth

We are young American high school students who are concerned about our future and the future of the world. The accelerating arms race, the aggressive militaristic posture of world leaders, and the continuing draft registration in this country are all part of international preparations for war.

All our lives we have lived under the danger of the nuclear threat, a threat created by older generations. Today, world nuclear arsenals approach the equivalent of one million Hiroshima bombs. These armaments and the present war preparations jeopardize our future and our survival.

Members of the Youth Peace Campaign join together in their opposition to war. We condemn war preparations and the draft as profoundly immoral and we call for a halt to the arms race. We demand a peaceful future, our most basic birthright.

Around 1,000 high school students from the San Francisco Bay area have joined the Youth Peace Campaign in support of the above statement. Since March 1982, when I started the campaign, interest and participation has continued to grow. Since the campaign is organized and directed by high school students, participants really feel that this organization represents their concerns.

The Youth Peace Campaign has three major interests: support, education, and action. We gain support from each other by discussing our concerns about war, the arms race, the draft, etc. Many students feel overwhelmed or panicky when their thoughts turn to these subjects. Some even admit that they can't stand thinking about these issues, because they feel so trapped. Just talking about these fears helps us to overcome them.

To educate ourselves, we share information. At each meeting we review educational peace activities we have gone to, and we bring announcements of future events. These include films, speakers, conferences on peacemaking, etc. We discuss different books and recent news articles on disarmament. Some of our discussions have centered on issues such as these: why our campaign opposes all wars, conventional or nuclear; why our country's policy of basing our national security on the threat of extermination of millions of people is profoundly immoral and a crime against humanity.

Our third major interest is translating our concerns into action. On June 12 we marched together in San Francisco in support of disarmament. Hundreds of high school students marched behind our banner which read "Youth Peace Campaign—We Want Our Future." Some of our members went to Washington, D.C., and New York City to observe lectures and presentations at the Second U.N. Special Session on Disarmament. Other activities included participation in a children's walk for disarmament (San Francisco), a no-draft, no-war peace march (San Francisco), a candlelight peace vigil (Marin County), and the blockade June 21 at the Lawrence Livermore Laboratory (Livermore, Calif.). We have also sent letters of protest regarding the arrests and indictments of draft resisters.

Our future plans include joining in more peace marches and vigils protesting war preparations and the draft. We hope that other high school students who support the Youth Peace Campaign statement will start their own chapter. I envision high school students from all over the country joining the Youth Peace Campaign and becoming actively involved in working for peace.

For more information write or call Cedric Wentworth, Youth Peace Campaign, P.O. Box 12, Sausalito, CA 94965; (415) 383-7436.

OF A THOUSAND PAPER CRANES

There are five charms to this earth given by god.
Five cranes they are of different color and different charm.

Bright blue for ocean,
lake, pond, puddle.

Deep red for blood
which makes us able to live.

Georgeous green for our fields of grass and flowers.

And last of all bright silver and gold.

Gold for sun, silver for man.

May I meet these five cranes.
May the inner light live on.

—ADRIENNE COBY—Age 8

Japanese Buddhist monks walked across the U.S. to attend the June Special Session on Disarmament at the U.N. To greet the marchers as they passed through Boston, some colorful peace banners and paper cranes were made by students, teachers, and parents at Cambridge Friends School. The banners were hung at a local church for a reception honoring the peace marchers; 1,000 paper cranes—a symbol of hope for the Japanese—were made by students of the middle school and were presented to the monks.

(CFS Newsletter)

Adrienne Colby is a student at Cambridge Friends School, Ellen Flanders, Albany (N. Y.) Meeting, likes to share music and dance with young and old. Cedric Wentworth, a high school sophomore, is a member of San Francisco (Calif.) Meeting.
Southeastern Regional Gathering

Ponders World Refugee Problems

"God speaks to us through you!" So said a Haitian refugee in Florida to Phil Buskirk, a Quaker worker among the Haitians, when he asked them how they maintained their faith in spite of their suffering. These words described their responsibility to representatives of five yearly meetings—North Carolina (C), Baltimore, North Carolina (FUM), Southeastern, and Southern Appalachian—when they gathered at Frogmore, S.C., May 28-30, to discuss the worldwide problems of refugees.

The occasion was the second regional conference for Friends in the Southeast, sponsored by Friends World Committee for Consultation. Concern for refugees will be one of the main agenda items at the FWCC's 15th Triennial Meeting, to be held in Kenya in August.

Friends gathered in the meeting room of Penn Conference Center to hear Barrett Hollister, clerk of FWCC-Section of the Americas and former Quaker representative at the U.N., describe the worldwide refugee situation. He asserted that the situation is bad and will get worse as political and social upheavals continue. Barry said we should work on the refugee problem on three levels: with individuals face to face, which is the level which appeals to most Friends and at which Friends have done their best work; with institutions, governments, transnational corporations, and other organizations whose actions and policies can either contribute to or remove the pressures which create refugees; and with global resources, chief of which is the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees. UNHCR works through other agencies like UNICEF and UNESCO and through non-governmental organizations, such as Church World Service, Caritas, and Lutheran World Service.

Even in our Friends meetings, Barry said, political interests tend to color our humanitarian impulses. War, poverty, and large-scale social change tend to produce refugees. Work for reconciliation and justice must go hand in hand. Cultivating the qualities of the spirit in human relationships helps Friends to combine them.

The conference heard two other major addresses, both given by Phil Buskirk, AFSC staff person in Florida working with Haitian refugees. Citing the difference in treatment given the Cuban boat lift refugees and the Haitians, he described the perilous and cruel experience which has been the lot of most Haitians because the U.S. government will not accept them as political refugees. They are subject to inhumane treatment in detention centers which are like concentration camps. He referred to nine attempted suicides among the Haitians and a hunger strike by Haitian women as evidence of their desperation. Peaceful change in the social and economic situations in Haiti itself would be the best answer to the refugee problem, but Friends were also urged to support the Haitian Refugee Center, Inc., which seeks to protect legal rights of Haitians and to minister to their needs.

In his second address, Phil Buskirk observed that decisions about land and its uses made by governments, banks, corporations, and other economic institutions have shaped the experiences not only of Native Americans but of indigenous peoples all over the world. Friends have an inherited concern for Native Americans and should be encouraged by the Native American renaissance of the last two decades. Friends need good information and the determination to influence our institutions to uphold the values that we hold dear.

An especially joy of this regional gathering was its locale. Penn Community Center (see page 20, Ed.) had been originally Penn School, founded by missionaries to educate the newly freed slaves of the sea islands when the federal fleet drove off the Confederates in 1862. Courtney Siceloff, for 19 years director of the center, told of its long Quaker connections. Philadelphia Quakers had a three-room schoolhouse floated to the island; Whittier wrote the school hymn; Friends served on the school's board all through its history. The island community made the school a true community school, to which the community continues to show great loyalty. The school became a community center in 1953. It is now a conference center, also, and a training center for Peace Corps candidates.

Small group discussions on the issues raised during the weekend, a discussion of FWCC concerns and of plans for the Triennial in Kenya, and a masterful summary of the weekend by the conference "gleaner," Lloyd Swift of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, completed the formal program, but the fellowship among Friends from different yearly meetings was one of the real riches of a full and satisfying weekend.

Gordon Browne

Switzerland Yearly Meeting Faces Contradictions of Peace Stand

One hundred people, from eight different countries, came to Gwatt for Switzerland
Yearly Meeting, May 29-31. A devoted group of young adults helped provide activities for the younger children so parents were free to attend worship and discussions. Business matters had been taken care of at a preliminary meeting early in May, in Bern. Thus there was nothing outside us to hinder our coming together in worship and fellowship with minds and hearts prepared.

In this preparation we were greatly aided by Elisabeth Kleiner's thoughts on "Inner Peace," delivered in German with French text for those unable to follow the German. Shifting from one language to another is a characteristic feature of Swiss Quakerism, with English often having to be stage-whispered on the back benches. This year we were exceptionally fortunate to have with us a lovely young woman who works as interpreter from French and German into English. She enabled a fair-sized group of "Anglophones" to keep constantly abreast of the sense of the meeting. This was valuable during the spiritual preparation we experienced with the talk on inner peace, whose message set the tone for our subsequent work: God, the Great Potter, created each of us as a vessel, with our perfections and imperfections, to be filled with the sense of God's special purpose for us, through which we may become instruments of divine peace.

In this spirit we considered the material brought to us by "Woodbrooke on the Road" through David Gray and Michael Lee. In discussing the relevance of the Quaker peace testimony to the world of today, we reflected upon the implicit contradiction between the prophetic, uncompromising nature of our commitment to the way of love which excludes all forms of violence, and our pastoral duties toward one another as fallible pilgrims on a path strewn with conflicting loyalties, in a world threatened by imminent doom and characterized by almost impenetrable complexity. Is it wrong to have a police force? Are we in the developed countries too well off? How can we sympathize with liberation movements taking violent forms in the developing countries? Can there be true peace without social justice? At every turn we confront our shortcomings as witnesses to a gospel of true caring and sharing.

We seemed to emerge from the thorny thicket of questions, not with answers, perhaps, but with a refreshed vigor to engage once more in the search for them. "The flooding in of God's being upon us takes diverse forms," one of our Geneva members said many years ago, and at Gwatt we again rejoiced in the diversity.

Marianne Gunther
The Unspoiled Resort

Mohonk Mountain House

The October Fest of Chamber Music (Oct. 27-31) is an opportunity for amateur and professional chamber musicians to share the delights of playing and staying at Mohonk. Players have access to round-the-clock playing areas, partners, music libraries, and expert coaching. Listeners enjoy the opportunity to see and hear professional musicians on an informal basis. Join us for our marathon of delights of playing and staying at Mohonk. For more information call (914) 225-1000 or write:

Send 50 cents and a 40-cent SASE to Sandra Marie Fluck, 746 N. Pine St., Lancaster, PA 17603.

Support for young men faced with draft registration has become a strong concern for many meetings. The following is a portion of a statement prepared recently by Madison (Wis.) Meeting:

In light of our historic peace testimony and religious faith, we reach out to be of service to all young people who face registration. Through our Registration and Draft Counseling Center, we encourage young people to explore the issue of military registration and to follow the dictates of their individual consciences.

We realize that for some this will mean conscientious refusal to register for the draft, and for some this will mean conscientious objection to military service within the law following registration.

The Madison Monthly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends will do its utmost to assist conscientious nonregistrants and conscientious objectors even though our willingness to do so may result in our prosecution.

Draft counseling services are available to gays—and all young people who face the question of draft registration—through the Washington (D.C.) Peace Center and the Friends Peace Committee of Friends Meeting of Washington. Young gays, especially, are confronted with an essential, and very difficult, decision in registering for the draft. Gays who register and do not resist induction need to be aware of the hazards they face once in the military. Under current Department of Defense policy a person who only desires to engage in a homosexual act is subject to discharge, and could receive an other than honorable discharge.

Both the Peace Center and the Friends Peace Committee can refer gays to gay draft counselors. In addition, the Friends Peace Committee is prepared to offer sanctuary to any draft resister whose stand is the result of conscience, and whose resistance is nonviolent. For information about draft counseling services or sanctuary call the Friends Meeting of Washington, (202) 483-3310, or the Washington Peace Center, (202) 234-2000.

The Penn Community Center on St. Helena Island, Frogmore, S.C., is in great need of funds to sustain its operations and programs. In its 120-year history, the center has made a valuable contribution. (See FWCC report on page 18.) The need for programs continues to be great. Executive Director Emory S. Campbell writes:

Conditions which existed in the 1880's during the early years of Penn Center have shown up again. Social institutions the likes of Penn Center, established for the purpose of assisting blacks, were not popular then and neither are they popular today. Equal rights and principles of equal opportunities were being de-emphasized then and are being de-emphasized today.

Contributions for the center should be sent to: Penn Center, P.O. Box 126, Frogmore, SC 29920.

Running for Congress in Pennsylvania's Fifth Congressional District, Robert S. Burger, member of Concord (Pa.) Friends Meeting, is expressing his commitment to peace and justice.

Support for his campaign is greatly needed. Contact Robert S. Burger & Associates, Glen Mills, Pa 19342.

New Faces, New Places: Economist and author Kenneth E. Boulding, member of Boulder (Colo.) Meeting, has been chosen to be the first Eugene M. Lang professor of social change at Swarthmore College. He will teach at Swarthmore for one academic year, beginning this month.

Former JOURNAL editor James D. Lenhart has been appointed associate executive secretary for information and interpretation of the American Friends Service Committee. Prior to joining the AFSC staff in Philadelphia, Jim was director of the Arthur Morgan School, where he and his wife, Ann, also were managers of Celo Press.

Twenty-one countries do not have an army, according to the Geneva International Peace Research Institute. These countries are—in Europe: Andorra, Iceland, Liechtenstein, Monaco, and San Marino; in Africa: the Gambia, Lesotho, Mauritius, and Swaziland; in the Americas: Costa Rica, the Bahamas, Dominica, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, and St. Kitts-Nevis; and in the Pacific: Kiribati, Nauru, Solomon Islands, Tuvalu, Vanuatu, and Western Samoa. If only the list were longer.
Facing Nuclear War

"Donald Kraybill penetrates the rhetoric of the arms race and gives Christians the help we need in understanding what is going on, and what God thinks about nuclear madness..."—John Kenyon, associate editor, Christian Herald magazine.

Paper $8.95

The New China

Winifred Beechy reacquaints us with more than one fourth of our world neighbors in the People's Republic of China. We get a glimpse of their daily lives—how they work and play, fall and succeed, dream and hope, live and worship.

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Into Jeanne Yoder and Bruce Yoder edited this call for dialogue. "Regardless of your marital status, you will find Single Voices one of the best books available on the 'single life'—refreshing, stimulating, thought-provoking, and genuinely helpful."—Jerry Jones, editor of Solo magazine

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Donald B. Kraybill and Phyllis P. Good edited this look at the relationship between Christian faith and professionalism. What effect does one's faith have on setting fees, protecting monopolies, and maintaining professional distance? Does faith make a difference?

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FORUM

On the Vegetarian Way

I was pleased to see “Friends and the Vegetarian Way,” by Robert Heckert (FJ 6/1-15). It disturbs me that many of my fellow Friends treat the subject of vegetarianism as an insignificant one. A nonviolent lifestyle does not begin and end with the peaceful co-existence with our fellow human beings, as Mahatma Gandhi so clearly recognized. Our ultimate goal of world peace will be infinitely more difficult to achieve without a much more sensitive attitude toward our fellow inhabitants of God’s creation. Let each of us seriously consider our eating habits to be a vital link to a world without violence and war.

Steve Kretzmann
Beverly, Mass.

As a nutritionist I feel Robert Heckert is correct in saying that one can be well nourished on a vegetarian diet. It is possible, however, to also be well nourished on a diet that contains meat. In either case the individual is responsible for being informed about nutrition and for selecting foods which promote good health.

There are many positive reasons for becoming a vegetarian, some of which are mentioned in the article. It seems likely that Robert Heckert would do his cause more good by stressing these positive aspects.

Sue Richardson
Blacksburg, Va.

We have many humane societies and people who fight for the rights of animals, but I have never in all my years heard anyone give a sermon to children or adults calling for kindness to animals. If respect for the “lower creatures” was taught early in life—and love and understanding—then we’d all be much closer to the paradise here on earth.

I’ve been a vegetarian five years and not only do I feel better, I also feel one with all life.

Catherine Tummillo
Palenville, N.Y.

In Support of Land Reform

A letter circulated in spring 1982 by the American Friends Service Committee shows that they realize that there is a connection between economic injustice and war, and that demands for disarmament are not enough.

The Quaker Land Value Group (of London Yearly Meeting) has clear views on this subject, which it has already in part communicated to AFSC; but there must be American Friends, readers of their great economist Henry George, and knowing that his conclusions about land reform are not only right but vital for the future of human society, who would like to support us. They may also consider forming a similar group themselves.

Those who are not familiar with Henry George’s writings may easily make good the deficiency by referring to: The Robert Schalkenback Foundation, 50 East 69th Street, New York, NY 10022. They will not regret having made the experiment.

David Redfern
Bedford, England

Can You Swear to It?

The George Fox song is a favorite among Quakers. But it has a serious flaw in the third verse—a quotation from George Fox that I believe he never said or wrote:

“Will you swear on the Bible?” “I will not,” said he, “For the truth is more holy than the book to me.”

Can any reader find any evidence that Fox ever said or wrote such a reason for not swearing? Fox wrote 13 times in his Journal about his refusal to swear any oath. Each time he referred to Christ’s command in the Bible for not swearing. Often he wrote, “We are commanded in Matthew 4 and James 5 to keep to ‘Yea’ and ‘Nay’, and not to swear at all.”

How many people, especially young and new Friends, have been misled by the third verse of the George Fox song? Can someone rewrite that verse or should it be deleted as untrue?

Robert D. Hubbard
Morrison, Colo.

Views from Prisoners

Life prisoners in Pennsylvania are never eligible for parole, may not participate in vocational, educational or work-release community-based programs, may never receive a furlough, are dependent on the commutation power of the governor, and may not earn time off for good behavior.

The Life Force Communication Network wants all prisoners to be treated equally and constructively. We need to hear from people who care.

David Brown, H 4525
SCI Dallas, PA 18612

I want to find some people to correspond with. I am still in prison and am almost sure that I will be released January 1983.

Scott Abrams, #31909
Kentucky State Penitentiary
Box 128 2-A-13
Eddyville, KY 42035-0128
I am a life prisoner in the state prison here at Arizona. I am on my 11th year and have been imprisoned since the age of 17. Each of my three convictions involved violence. A Chicano organization in the free world and I wish to form a program that will address itself to the problem of barrio/gang warfare among Chicano youth in our communities. It has reached crisis proportions. As much as we are beset by violence, in both prisons and society, it is shocking to realize how very little we actually understand about it; how very little time we ever actually ponder its nature and origin and acceptance as a part of our day-to-day lives. It’s as American as baseball.

Indeed, I realized that among many of our youth, and certainly among prisoners, we practice the policy articulated by Alexander Haig toward the Soviet Union: “Others must fear us if we are to be respected, if we are to be accepted as equals…otherwise we will be subject to manipulation and domination by outside forces.”

I have come to realize that Haig and his ilk embody and articulate the mentality among many of us that the capacity for aggression is the real measure of one’s merit/substance. Indeed in prison, the most respected (misnomer) prisoners are those with the longest and most vicious records of violence. Social attitudes out there, I see now, are not much different. But I’m sure the matter is much more complex than this simplistic observation.

I write to ask friends who would like to share their insights or furnish me with some literature on the issue of violence how much different. But I’m sure the matter is much more complex than this simplistic observation.

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The Need to Give Up Sexist Language

The May 1 FRIENDS JOURNAL is incredible! Each article has something for me. I especially appreciate Alice Wiser’s article, “Sexism, Power, and Peace.” I, too, want friends to understand how important it is to change our sexist language. Alice expresses it in a clear and well-thought-out way. The refusal to see sexist language as important, and to give it up, has kept me on the outskirts of Quakerism for the past ten years. If you want the young, lively, powerful women to participate, you’re going to have to respect the language!

Marjorie W. Smith
Raleigh, N.C.

Remembering Fran Hall

Memories of Francis Hall move by in swift succession. Friend, co-seeker, former colleague in the FOR, marvelous example of how one so modest can yet be so intent in following his calling.

Decades ago in New York City, in the basement of a church, he had organized the yearly meeting of the New York City FOR. He in turn introduced A.J. Muste and Gerald Heard, and said: “This has been a dream of my life to introduce these supreme exemplars of the active and the contemplative.” As sometimes happens, the speakers reversed roles: Muste relied heavily on poetry, Heard on building a movement. Fran Hall was deeply immersed in both; we could use his own words: “vaunting for the truth and love in proclaiming the word and in the work of social action.”

Charles C. Walker
Cheyney, Pa.

When Should One Speak in Meeting?

When should I speak in meeting and when should I remain silent? I believe that my prayers are synonymous with my breathing and that I’ve felt the nearness of a higher presence countless times. This impels me to stand up on my feet and say, “The most remarkable of my experiences of the presence of God have been each time that I’ve defiantly shaken my verbal fist at God.”

“Oh God,” I’ve said, “if you are God, if you are there, I suppose you’ll send me another rope now that I’ve come to the end of this rope. Well, don’t bother. I don’t want a rope. I don’t want to be saved. Allow me to drown!”

You know the answer. One of God’s “angels” towed me back to shore; and I was glad afterward and I did rejoice eventually.

Mabel M. Jasut
Newington, CT

Alternatives for Dialysis Centers

Led by a concern for members of our meeting community requiring regular hemodialysis for chronic kidney failure and for members of their families, Santa Barbara Meeting has established an ad hoc committee of support for them. Because the local dialysis center owned by a subsidiary of National Medical Care, Inc. failed to meet our friends’
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needs, this committee has been following a locally-owned unit's efforts to win licensure—testifying at public hearings on its behalf and writing to our state and federal representatives to point out the need for alternative facilities.

Readers may have read the June 9 column by nationally syndicated columnist Jack Anderson exposing the questionable profit-maximizing methods practiced by NMC and some of its subsidiaries. We encourage those who have had experience with dialysis units associated with NMC to write to Jack Anderson.

We would also be grateful if Friends having experience with alternatives to NMC-owned dialysis centers would communicate with us (attention: Barbara Cartwright). All letters will, of course, be treated as personal confidences unless they explicitly authorize dissemination of their contents.

James Robertson, Clerk
Santa Barbara Meeting
P.O. Box 5594
Santa Barbara, CA 93108

Learning to Love Ourselves

I was impressed by Ruth Morris' article, "Loving Farthest Out" (FJ 5/1). As an extension of her ideas, perhaps at times the object of one's "loving farthest out" might be, indeed, oneself. How often do we fail to live up to the expectations we set up for ourselves. And then, how difficult it is to accept our own failures and frailties. Yet there seems to be a terribly close relationship between our ability to forgive and love ourselves and our ability to genuinely forgive and love others, especially those most difficult, "farthest out" ones.

Lucy Garber Aron
Los Angeles, Calif.

Some Thoughts on Membership Lists

The root of the problem of keeping membership lists is that people grow and change, and lists do not. I would like to see us give up the keeping of lists, except as current directories. The searching conversations of membership committees are valuable but could be continued apart from recording memberships, and could be expanded to help all of us continue to develop our spiritual gifts. Of course there would be practical problems with this, but early Friends did not let such things stop their search for the truth, and we shouldn't, either. We might be more conscious of each other's growth without the distraction of recorded memberships.

Cathy Lange Hayward
Minneapolis, MN

September 1/15, 1982  FRIENDS JOURNAL
SEPTEMBER 16-E. Raymond Wilson, speaking on "Pending Legislation," at 7:45 p.m., Medford Meeting, Union Street, Medford, N.J. Everybody welcome.

24-26—Virginia Friends Conference, theme "Imagining a World Without Weapons." For information write Evelyn Bradshaw, 1732 Byron Street, Alexandria, VA 22303, (703) 765-0669.

24-26—Missouri Valley Conference, Camp Chikowa near Lawrence, Kan. Write Corky Stark, 719 Brookfield Road, Wichita, KS 67206.

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September 1/15, 1982

Rachel Hubbard, also of Cincinnati. Both Allen and his parents are members of Community Friends Meeting. The couple are graduate students at the University of Illinois, Urbana.

Scott-Macnow—On June 10, in Silver Spring, Md., Wallace Macnow and M. Roberta Scott, a member of Baltimore (Md.) Monthly Meeting, Stony Run. Roberta Scott-Macnow is the daughter of Harri S. and Marjorie Forbush Scott and the granddaughter of Bliss and LaVerne Forbush.

Young-Rump—On May 29 at Birmingham (Pa.) Meeting, Samuel Warren Rump and Elizabeth Ruth Young. The bride is a member of Birmingham Monthly Meeting as are her mother, Ruth Passmore Young, and her maternal grandparents, S. Ralph and Mary C. Passmore.

Deaths

Bally—Leon D. Bally, Sr., 71, on July 2 at his home of an apparent heart attack. He was a member of Birmingham (Pa.) Friends Meeting. He is survived by his wife, Janel Worrall Bally; son, Leon D., Jr.; daughter, Janet B. Schavnis; three grandchildren; a brother; and two sisters.

Barney—Betty Barney Cooper Barney, a member of Baltimore (Md.) Monthly Meeting, Stony Run, in Clearwater, Fla., on June 10 at the age of 92. She had a strong love for the goodness in others which she expressed in her four books. She is survived by one son, John M. Barney, and one grandson.

Brookings—On June 13, Dale K. Brookings, 83, a long-time member of St. Petersburg (Fla.) Meeting. Peace and justice were his life-long concerns.

Edwards—Ruth Mabee Edwards, 70, of Tangle Homesteads, Pa., in Florida, February 25. Ruth died as a result of random shots fired in a robbery attempt as she and her husband were getting out of their car in a parking lot. Ruth was a member of Concord (Pa.) Friends Meeting, and was active in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. She devoted her time with vigor and enthusiasm to many humanitarian causes, among them Friends Suburban Project, the Youth Advocate Program, prison visitation, and WILPF. She also had a long interest in cooperative living. In the late '30s and early '40s she worked with the YWCA. In 1940 she was co-director of an AFSC work camp. Ruth is survived by her husband, Charles D. Edwards; children, Judith B. Forbes, David L. Edwards, and Sally M. Edwards; brothers, Irving and Carleton Mabee; and two grandchildren.

Flitcraft—Harold Wilson Flitcraft, 81, on July 7. Harold and his wife, Alice, centered their lives in the life of 57th Street (III.) Meeting, where they were founding members. The Flitcrafts also attended FGC gatherings for 61 years—a record. Harold served in many capacities for AFSC. In 1942 he helped establish the AFSC Midwest Regional Office and later served as interim executive secretary in the 1950s. Harold also gave his unflagging support and encouragement to FCNL. In the 1940s he expressed his concern for the maltreatment of Japanese-Americans by helping them relocate and secure jobs in the 1940s. The Flitcrafts opened their home to a German refugee family during this same period. Alice Flitcraft survives her husband.

George—Sarah Bell Brown George, 98, on May 11. Born in Pennsylvania, she worked with the YWCA. In 1940 she was co-director of an AFSC work camp. Ruth is survived by her husband, Charles D. Edwards; children, Judith B. Forbes, David L. Edwards, and Sally M. Edwards; brothers, Irving and Carleton Mabee; and two grandchildren.
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Eunice Kenworthy Pidgeon, 82, in Winchester, Va. She lived for many years in Clarke County, Va., and was a member of Hopewell (Va.) Meeting. She is survived by her husband, Samuel L. Pidgeon; three sons, Donald, David, and Robert; 14 grandchildren; and six great-grandchildren.

Richard—Howard Richards, 71, on June 5. Howard was a member of Multnomah (Ore.) Friends Meeting.

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Wider Quaker Fellowship, a program of Friends World Committee for Consultation, American Section, 1506 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. Quaker-oriented literature sent 3 times/year to persons throughout the world who, without leaving their own churches, wish to be in touch with Quakerism as a spiritual movement. Also serves Friends cut off by distance from their Meetings.

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House to share in Rosemount. Woman sought to share lovely Philadelphia-area house with a Friendly woman 80 years young. Inexpensive rent ($150 a month) in exchange for helping with household chores and companionship. Write: P.O. Box 104, Bryn Mawr, Pa. 19010.

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Religious Education Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting is seeking an Executive Secretary. Position available August 1. Responsibilities include religious education consultant to the Monthly Meeting, office administration, workshops, teaching training, curriculum and resource development. A car is required. Send resume to: Search Committee, Religious Education Committee, PYM, 1516 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.
MEETINGS

A partial listing of Friends meetings in the United States and abroad.

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BUENOS AIRES—Worship and monthly meeting one Saturday of each month in Vicente Lopez, suburb of Buenos Aires. Phone: 791-5880.

Canada
EDMONTON—Unprogrammed worship every Sunday 11 a.m. YWCA, Soroptimist room. 1000 100 Ave. Phone: 423-9922.
OTTAWA—Worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m., 9th Avenue Fourth Ave. (613) 232-9232.
TORONTO—60 Lowther Ave. (north of corner Bloor and Dufferin), Meeting for worship every First-day 11 a.m.

Costa Rica
MCONTEREDE—Phone: 61-16-87.
SAN JOSE—Phone: 24-43-78. Unprogrammed meetings.

Mexico
MEXICO CITY—Unprogrammed meeting, Sundays 11 a.m. Casa de los Amigos, Ignacio Mariscal 132, Mexico, 1, D.F.

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

Alabama
BIRMINGHAM—Unprogrammed worship meeting for 10 a.m. on Sunday. Betty Jenkins, clerk, (205) 879-7021.
FAIRHOPE—Unprogrammed meeting, 9 a.m. Sundays at Friends Meeting House, 1.2 mi. east on Fairhope Ave. Ext. Write: P.O. Box 319, Fairhope AL 36532.

Arizona
MCNAR—Unprogrammed meeting, First-day, 10 a.m. Mountain View Worship. Phone: 353-4425.
FAIRBANKS—Unprogrammed worship, First-days, 9 a.m. Home Economics building, third floor, Eleension Building, Univ. of Alaska, Fairbanks.

California
PHOENIX—1702 E. Glendale, Phoenix 85020. Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. Lou Jeanne Catlin, clerk, 502 W. Tam-O-Shanter Dr., Phoenix 85023. Phone: (602) 942-7089.
TEMPLE—Unprogrammed, First-days 9:30 a.m., child care provided, Danforth Chapel, ASU Campus, 65281. Phone: 946-1616.
TUCSON—Pima Friends Meeting (Intermountain Yearly Meeting), 739 E. 9th St. Worship 10 a.m. W. Russell Ferrell, clerk. Phone: (602) 889-1874.

Arkansas
LITTLE ROCK—Unprogrammed meeting, First-day school, 10 a.m. Cell 681-9713, 225-9285, 683-6283.

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Florida

CLEARWATER—Meeting 10 a.m., YWCA, 222 S. Lincoln Ave., October through May. In homes June through September. Clerk: Paul Blasichard, Jr., 447-4387.

DAYTONA BEACH—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., 201 San Juan Ave., Phone: 932-6200.

GAINESVILLE—1821 N. 2nd Ave., meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m.

JACKSONVILLE—Meeting 10 a.m., YWCA, Phone contact Mr. John C. Hume, 333-1675.

LAKE WORTH—Palm Beach Meeting, 10:30 a.m. 822 North A St. Phone: 585-8605 or 848-3146.

MIAMI-CORAL GABLES—Meeting 10 a.m., 1185 Sunset Dr., 561-7374 Clip. Ken Woodside, 233-9815, APSC Peace Center, 663-9234.

ORLANDO—Meeting 10:30 a.m., 316 E. Marks St., Orlando 32803; Phone: (305) 425-5125.

Sarasota—Worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m.; at 2880 Ringling Blvd. at Tuttle Ave., Gold Tree Shopping Plaza. Phone: 371-8475 or 965-8365.

ST. PETERSBURG—Meeting 10:30 a.m. 130 19th Ave., S.E. Phone: (813) 966-0310.

Tampa—Meeting 9:30 a.m., Episcopal Center on University of South Florida Campus, Sycamore St., Phone: 877-8288.

Winter Park—Meeting 10 a.m. University House, Rollins College. Phone: 644-7402.

Georgia

ATLANTA—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m., 1344 Fairview Rd., N.E. 30306; Clerk: Steve Meredith, Quaker House phone: 373-7898.

AUGUSTA—Worship 10:30 a.m. 340 Telfair St. 730-6529 or 730-1100.

ST. SIMONS—Alternate Sundays 11 a.m. Phone: (912) 638-8346 or 638-1250.

Hawaii

HONOLULU—Sundays, 2425 Oahu Avenue, 9:45 a.m. hymn singing; 10 a.m. worship. First-day school 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m., 1443 South St., phone: 574 Hilgard (across from Harold N. Burnham, M.D. 982-7373.

PARK FOREST—Thorn Creek Meeting. Call 748-0184.

Idaho

SANDPOINT—Unprogrammed worship group. Meeting in members' homes. Call Lois Wythe, 263-8038.

Illinois

BLOOMINGTON—Unprogrammed worship; Middle Grove, 6311 Oakwood Ave., 10 a.m.; phone: (812) 988-7631.

BROWNSVILLE—Meeting at 10 a.m. in homes on first Sunday; phone: (812) 232-2525.

DECATUR—Worship 10:30 a.m., First United Methodist Church, 11th and Main Sts., phone: 658-2642.

INDIANAPOLIS—North Meadow Circle of Friends, 1100 Edgemont Dr., 10 a.m., Children's Center, 1703 Roosevelt Rd., phone: (317) 283-9737 c/o Tharp Perrin, 4026 Cambridge Blvd., Indpls., 46207.

RICHMOND—Unprogrammed worship, 10:30 a.m. Meeting, 221 North 6th St., phone: 663-6215.

WEST LAFAYETTE—Worship 10 a.m., 176 East Stadium Ave.

Iowa

AMES—Meeting for worship 10 a.m. form: 11 Collegiate Methodist Church, 221 W. 22nd St., phone: 295-2325. For information and summer location call (515) 232-9626 or write Box 1021, Welch St., 50010, Charles Cole & Brent Wilson co-clerks. Visitors welcome!

DES MOINES—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; classes 11:30 a.m. Meetinghouse, 4211 Grand Ave. Phone: 274-4851.

JOHNSTON—Child's meeting 10:30 a.m. each Sunday. Phone: 256-0653 or 253-8672 for address.

VALPARAISO—Unprogrammed worship Sundays, 10:45 a.m., First Methodist Church of Valparaiso, Room 106B, 100 Franklin St., phone: 256-0653.

West Lafayette—Worship 10 a.m., 176 East Stadium Ave.

Kansas

LAWRENCE—Oread Friends Meeting, 1146 Oregon Ave. Unprogrammed meeting for worship 10 a.m. Phone: (913) 643-8528.

Wichita—University Friends Meeting, 1840 University Ave. Unprogrammed meeting, 8:30 a.m.; Sunday school 9:30 a.m.; meeting house, 10:45 a.m. Don Maloney, clerk. Ministry team. Phone: 352-4971 or 262-6215.

Kentucky

BEREA—Meeting 10 a.m. Berea College, 868-4465.

LEXINGTON—Unprogrammed worship and First-day school, 4 p.m. For information, call 260-2553.

LOUISVILLE—Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. 3050 Bon Air Ave., 4205 Terry Ave. Phone: 452-6812.

Louisiana

NEW ORLEANS—Worship Sundays, 10 a.m. 3008 Louisiana Avenue Park Ave. Phone: 822-3461 or 611-8022.

Maine

BAR HARBOR—Acadia meeting for worship in evening. Phone: 288-5414 or 244-7113.

MID-COAST AREA—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 10 a.m. at Damariscotta library. Phone: 583-3484 or 663-8365.

ORONO—Forum, 10 a.m., unprogrammed meeting, 10:30 a.m. at St. Mary's School. Main St., phone: 686-2186.

PORTLAND—1845 Forest Ave. (Route 202.) Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m.; unprogrammed worship. For information call Harold N. Burnham, M.D. (207) 839-5551.
by Elizabeth J. Kolling-Summers

Often nature visually reflects my sense of inner terrains involved with spirituality. Thus, whenever frustrations, uncertainties, and concerns fragment my sense of wholeness, “getting away from it all” by retreating into the wilderness actually becomes a process of grounding and returning perceptions of being.

Blurry-eyed, I stumble into morning crispness. Cool mists saturate horizon layers and canyon intricacies. Hazy light patterns emerge with dawn’s approach. Subtle illumination of darkened canyon walls reveal scrub trees, sagebrush, cacti, sand paths, fluttering wings catching at light. Hovering clouds slowly unveil another mountain range layer, bringing sloping angles into sharper focus and nearness.

Steep mountains and distant spaces flood with sudden warmth. A soaring sun splashes rays. High-floating clouds superimpose patterns of everchanging shadows over mountain rims, exposed surfaces, arid vulnerability.

Amidst the shadow patterns, I climb an overlook for a clearer view into the depths of being. I gasp at stomach-fluttering sharpness and suddenness in drops. Dizziness washes through as my perceptions perch precariously. With shaky legs easing onto firm rock surface, my bare feet absorb the sponge-like lichens and moss.

Gradually feeling the rock’s penetrating solidness, I steady breath to slow and deep movement. I settle into worship as the late-morning sunlight burns a drugging haze. Meditation filters through another spacial level.

The stillness of wind’s gentle breath builds. Out of the powerful silence pierce birdsong trills, echoing down the depths of canyon contours. Crickets and grasshoppers murmur a music of the spheres beyond. Grazing deer prick and turn large oval ears, tuning to the sound of movement: stellar rotations, moon phases, river rapids, atmospheric mist flotations.

A cloud shades intensity, bringing relief from direct concentration. Gradual awareness seeps in, focusing upon the outer canyon world. Blue sky purity clarifies inner cracks, solid veins of molten lava flow, branching patterns, walls of oriental linear design. Tall islands sculpture curves of the human brain. I sight occasional shiny strips fringed in shades of green. A hummingbird drones and hovers over a crimson cactus flower.

Sunset orange glows of joy and power. Vibrancy streaks along mountain scalloped edges; along silhouettes of darkening slate gray and violet. Elongated clouds mirror asymmetrical forms along the horizon. Venus flickers a shining point in the spherical vastness.

Umbra steepes the evening twilight, cooling earthen skin. I draw closer to campfire warmth. Coals emit incandescent joy and awe of human connectedness with time’s expansive movement, growth cycles, and spiritual being.

Elizabeth J. Kolling-Summers is a member of Boulder (Colo.) Meeting. She wrote this meditation after participating in a meeting for worship at the Black Canyon of the Gunnison River National Monument with Western Slope Traveling Worship Group.