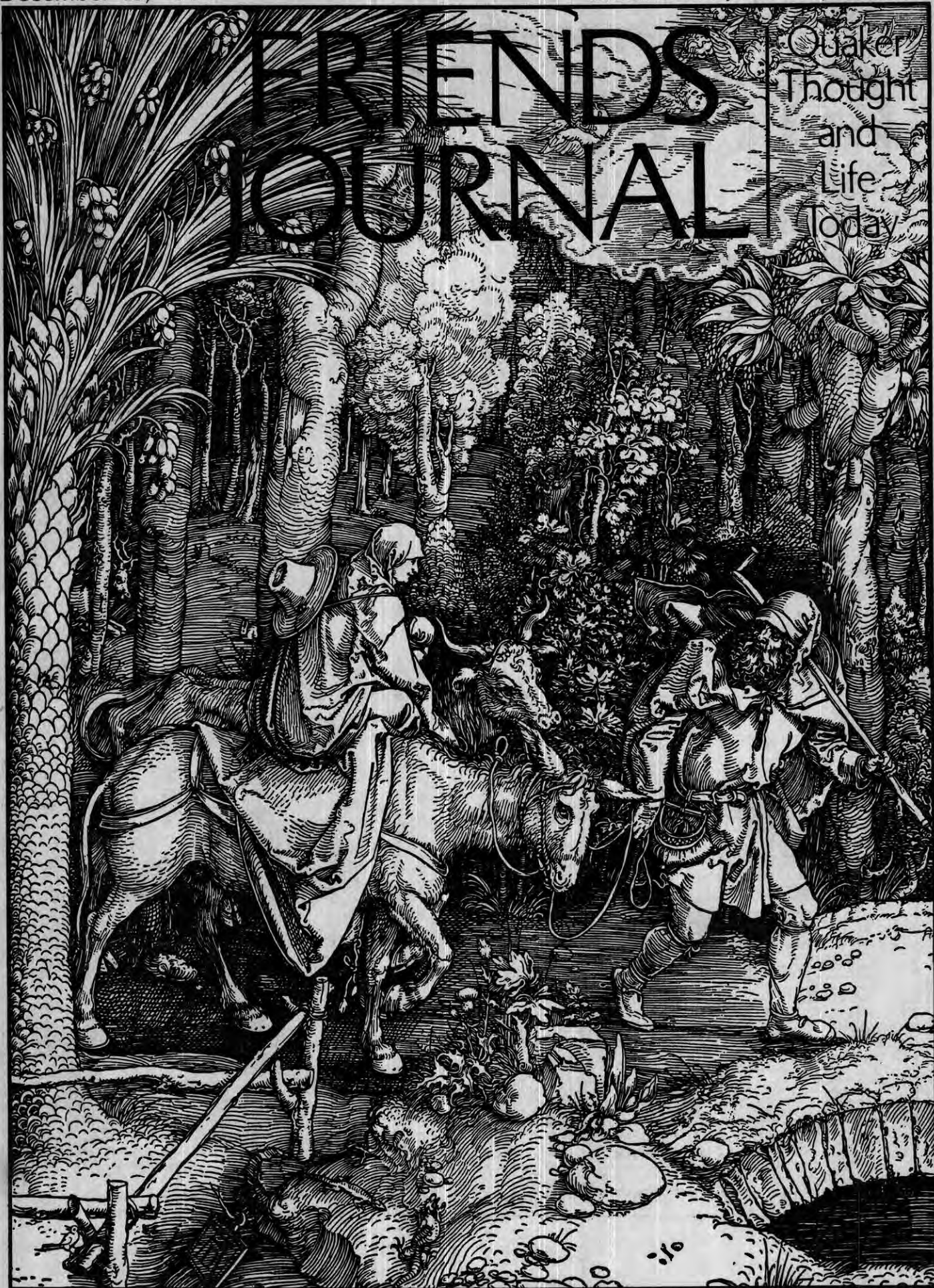


December 15, 1982

Includes the JUNIOR JOURNAL

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today





FRIENDS JOURNAL

December 15, 1982 Volume 28, no. 19

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AMONG FRIENDS

Add a Dash of Salt to the Christmas Pudding

If the recipe calls for sugar, my mother always said, be sure to add a bit of salt. That principle seems to fit this Christmas issue. Several of our features introduce the savory of salty tears in a way that should offset the easy sweetness of the season. The contrasting flavors on the following pages should keep our spiritual and emotional responses more in touch with reality.

The cover art is another reminder of the contrasts in our lives. Albrecht Dürer depicts Jesus' flight with Mary and Joseph into Egypt—as recorded by Matthew (2:13-5). In the Bible narrative this journey to escape the jealous wrath of King Herod comes immediately after the magi have brought precious gifts to the newborn child. To be adored by some and feared by others is a not uncommon experience.

Recent headlines also encourage us to remember the possibilities for happy surprises in the midst of dark times. The California federal judge who dared question the legality of draft registration gave peace-minded people a glimmer of hope. Maybe peace will emerge gradually and gently—in events as minor as the birth of a baby in a Third-World stable.

Here's looking at you. Many readers expressed appreciation for our staff photo last year. We dare to repeat the practice—with new faces and slightly more mature versions of repeats—all to convey our personal gratitude for your friendship and best wishes for the year ahead.

Olcutt Sanders

Front row (left to right): Jeanne Beisel, Olcott Sanders, Vinton Deming. Second row: Pat Caughey, Eleanor Webb, Barbara Benton, Richard Sanders. Third row: Susan Norris, Jim Neveil, Larry Spears, John Gummere.





A Christmas Toast to Amateurs

by Jeremy Pen

Last winter one television drama in particular gleamed with a simplicity and honesty Quakers value. Called "A Christmas Without Snow," the play was about a church choir in rehearsal for a holiday performance of Handel's *Messiah*. After some weeks, two members dropped out for different reasons.

One dropout was an accomplished singer. She had been fuming because another singer had been chosen as the soprano soloist. Corrected by the director once too often, the disgruntled member stormed out of rehearsal in a rage. Not at all ruffled, the director informed the choir members that he viewed them all as amateurs. The word amateur, he explained, came from the Latin verb

amare, meaning to love. His supposition was, therefore, that choir members were rehearsing out of a love of singing, not to have their egos stroked.

That is a mouthful of insight, especially today when many are impressed by large diplomas and long resumes. Amateurs showed great devotion and discipline in their respective callings even before there were professionals. This is not to belittle professionals—they have a contribution to make—but to remind us that amateurs have also sailed the uncharted seas of mind and spirit to the lasting benefit of humanity.

Christmas is an opportunity to honor one true amateur who enabled the lame to walk and the blind to see in ways spiritual as well as physical. His Beatitudes were addressed to common people, who heard him gladly, rather than to religious rulers who, for the most part, did not. His disciples discovered that God's scale of values is inverted from that of the world's perspective. In God's kingdom, the last

shall be first, and the first last. Or, to quote the Apostle Paul, "God chose the foolish to shame the wise, the weak to shame the strong, so that no one might boast in the presence of God."

What message better fits Christmas? Can you imagine professionals giving birth in a stable? I can't. The symbolism of a stable and "oxen lowly" is best exemplified by God's amateurs who love life into an oratorio. And into people as well.

Such was the second singer who dropped out of the choir rehearsing Handel's *Messiah*. Advanced in years, she shrank from the news the director gave her privately: her hallelujahs were no longer melodious. Hurt, she chose to put her disappointment behind her. She asked to continue as his assistant. After all, were not robes in need of mending and ironing? Did not someone need to find mislaid music? "Why," she declared, "ours will be the best-looking, best-organized choir in the city."

Here's to the amateurs at Christmas. God bless them, every one! □

The friend who writes under the pseudonym Jeremy Pen is an attender of Adelphi (Md.) Meeting. His article appeared in the 12/81 issue of the meeting's newsletter. He is assistant to the minister at Bethesda First Baptist Church.

A CHRISTMAS
MEDITATION:

JOSEPH, THE DREAMER

by Dorothea Blom



(INTRODUCTION. As Luke tells us Mary's story, Matthew tells Joseph's story. Scripture not merely happened once, but can happen now and always as Martin Buber and Thomas Merton remind us. Joseph's story (like Mary's) lends form to the formless and helps intangibles determining our lives become more real, thus freeing each of us to find the Divine Intent for our own part in continuing creation. This I prefer to call the mythic process, the existential happening-now, that can unite us beyond all variations of theology.)

THE FIRST DREAM

I another dreamer, witnessed the dreams of Joseph, dreams that live year after year even as dark nights lengthen. After the First Dream I questioned Joseph, "Was that not Gabriel, God's most deft handler of dreams?" No answer came. I spoke again, "Before the angel lingered here, you thought to cancel your marriage vow. Did you not love Mary? In spite of everything?"

A shudder of pain passed through Joseph. Then he settled into a great calm. "You don't understand," he said. "I loved her and I love her still. Ancient law requires stoning of a betrothed woman unfaithful, and Mary carries within her a child not mine. Now please understand, I am a simple man—the law means more to me than anything. Yet, my beloved

stoned? I agonized for days, crying out to God; then in answer to my prayer, the rabbi came to tell me of a provision in the law to set aside the marriage vow instead. I fell face down upon the earth in gratitude and wept. Mary would be spared even though denied to me. Within the law and its provision I can make my peace."

"Joseph," I interrupted, "could you believe in nothing above the law and its provisions?"

"Yes! Yes!" he responded, his breast heaving like an open sea. "But who could have thought God, who spoke to Abraham and Moses, to Joshua and Jeremiah, would speak to me, a simple man?" His voice quivered and his eyes shone with tears: "As I slept, the angel whispered in my ear: 'Twas God gave her the Little One and chose you as a fathering mothering one, the tender protector for both of them.' " Then Joseph sang softly—more to himself, I thought, than to me:

*She is given back to me
By God, no less;
I can care for her and the Little One.
How could I ask for more?*

THE SECOND DREAM

As another dreamer dreaming, I stayed close by, watching I saw the Little One leap from the womb, and all of a sudden miracle of miracles, a strange star lit up the sky. As night

Dorothea Blom—teacher, writer, and artist—is a member of Chappaqua (N.Y.) Monthly Meeting. Her most recent Pendle Hill pamphlet is The Life Journey of a Quaker Artist.

passed I saw shepherds come and go with wonder shining in their eyes, then wise men rejoicing with great joy and leaving gifts behind. Once I noticed the Little One was luminous in the dark of night and casting a glow on Mary's face while Joseph sank into a slumber nearby.

Again the angel appeared. (Surely it was Gabriel?) And again it spoke: "Joseph, mothering-fathering one, gather up the Child and Mary, and take them down to the dark land, the hidden place, Egypt, for Herod would destroy this Child. Go now, in the dark of this very night." I watched Joseph shake awake as the angel faded away.

Quickly all was made ready for the journey even with Mary and the Child upon a mule; they left frankincense as pay and moved out into the edgeless night.

I, another dreamer, followed close behind.

They moved toward Egypt, the unknown, hidden by distance. Joseph carried pieces of gold the wise men left that they might eat bread and curd in that strange land. Joseph appeared no more than a walking shadow in the night as he looked back over his shoulder at the homeland, longingly. The star was gone now but the moon tinted the familiar hills with golden-silver light. Firmly, Joseph jerked his vision back toward Egypt, nor did he look back again, no, not once. I, another dreamer, barely heard his murmured song:

*She is given back to me
By Thee, Thyself
That I may care for her and the Little One.
Could I ask for more?*

THE THIRD DREAM

Strange gods, strange ways, strange words: who can guess what Egyptians say? I, another dreamer, heard a voice one night in Egypt town, a voice barely audible, Joseph's voice, arising out of his sound sleep:

*O my God!
I am a simple man,
And all this strangeness makes me sore afraid.
O my God!
Will we never return to the homeland . . .*



*I beg, God, some day may it be . . .
When . . . When . . .*

And his body shook with silent weeping.

As I, another dreamer, watched and listened to the dreaming Joseph, the angel reappeared (surely it has to be Gabriel?), and this angel spoke to the sleeping Joseph: "Rise up, fathering-mothering one, arise! Take Mary and the Child upon the mule and carry them back to the homeland; he no longer lives who would destroy the Child." The angel dissolved in the night and Joseph leapt from his sleep singing, "We go home . . . we go home! Now, even now, we go home!"

Strange Egyptian words failing him, Joseph placed a gift of myrrh to speak for him at each neighbor's door, and on that same night he led the mule carrying Mary and the Little One through the Egyptian dark—the hiding place—beginning the long journey home. I, another dreamer, again heard soft singing:

*O God of mercy, God of love,
God who hears our prayer!
The light of the moon reveals our path
Toward the homeland . . .
O Ancient Homeland,
We return to thee,
To a daylight land, our own!*

Then an eloquent, if brief, silence hovered over us and, when Joseph sang again his muted song, it found its rhythm in the plod of the mule:

*She is given back to me
By Thee, Thyself, my God,
That I may care for the Little One—
How could I ask for more?*

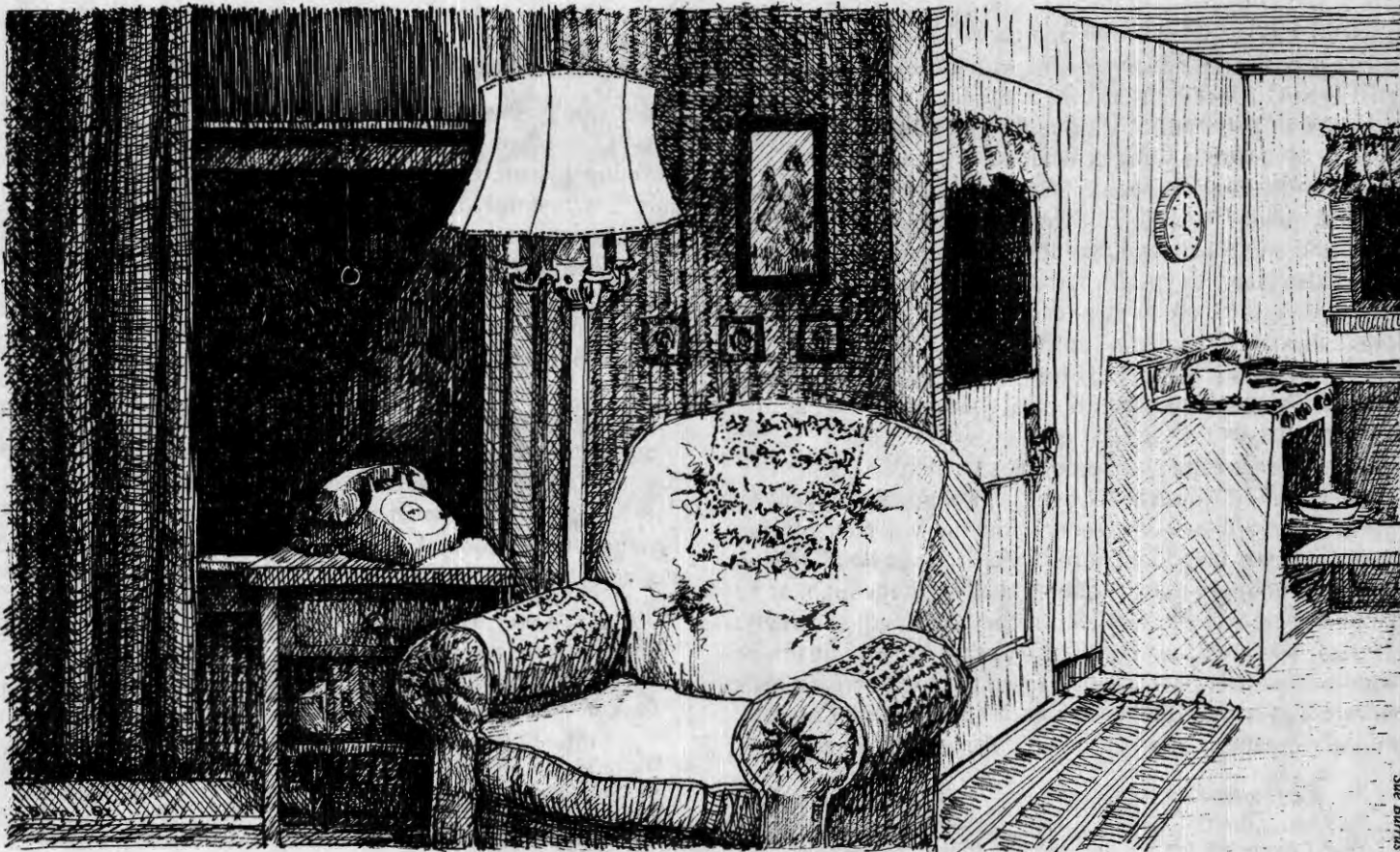
THE FOURTH DREAM

Days and nights pass before the loved horizon draws into sight, and at nightfall that very day, Joseph hears the son of Herod now rules. I, another dreamer, watch him halt at the crossroads, plainly marked for making choices. . . .

They sleep that night at the heart of this cross; as they sleep the angel comes (yes, unmistakably Gabriel!). "Joseph!" the angel whispers, "Turn aside to save the Child. Leave behind the town cradled by beloved hills." Suddenly, no angel is there. As the early light of a newborn day begins to show, Joseph turns his back on the familiar path, leading the mule with its Precious Cargo down the road to Nazareth, even as new light on distant hills beckons from behind. And I, another dreamer, hear the almost silent voice (of course he sings to God, not to me):

*And she is given back to me,
By Thee, O my God!
O my glorious God!
I care for her and the Little One:
I ask no more.*

□



A Day for Love

by Virgie Bernhardt Hortenstine

Zeke Bradford had been gone a long time now. It was 13 years since the lynching, the day he left. A few colored people had been trying to register to vote. Zeke wasn't even one of them; that was too radical for him, but some white men in the white power structure *thought* he was starting a voter registration drive, and he knew that could amount to the same thing. Myrtle, his wife, had been remembering the day every year; November 19, 1954, it was. Myrtle was a great one for keeping track of days. She always remembered their wedding anniversary—their 40th one had been last year. And she always remembered the birthdays of all their seven children.

She had at last accepted his leaving for Decatur, Illinois, knowing he was shocked, knowing he was afraid he might

be next, for the river held many bodies of lynched colored people. Knowing when something happened that was too much for him, all Zeke ever knew how to do was to run. But he was strong and worked hard. And it made her feel strong to be near him.

"Poor Baby Daddy." She had said it so many times, at first with tears and then, because there are only so many tears, with dry words only, like saying the Lord's Prayer; she would be thinking about something else at the same time.

Then on Christmas Eve he telephoned long distance—Illinois to Tennessee.

"Hey there, Myrtle. How's it goin'?"

She had almost forgotten that voice, deep and rich, a real man's voice. "Zeke!" she almost screamed. It had been a long time since a man's voice had spoken in her ear this way, close. Her whole love for him came back to her. "Whu you callin' from?"

"Decatur."

"Oh, I thought maybe you was in the land."

"I got a job."

"Oh?"

Virgie Bernhardt Hortenstine, member of Community (Ohio) Meeting, has worked for over 20 years with black communities in western Tennessee. She is executive coordinator of Fayette-Haywood Workcamps.

"And I got three days off."

She held her breath, waiting. "You—"

"I'm fin* to come home."

Myrtle almost dropped the phone. She could have gathered Zeke in her arms again, and things would have been just as before. She wouldn't have asked any questions, about where he'd been, about why he hadn't come home sooner. She could have forgiven him anything. There were tears streaming down her face when she hung up the phone.

"Christmas be a day for love," she said. She decided the thing Zeke would like most about celebrating Christmas, besides getting in the bed, was to eat some of her cookin'. He told her people Up North didn't know nothing about cookin'. The only time she had was tonight.

First she called Miss Livvy Hopping to tell her she couldn't come to work for the next three days. "Zeke be comin' back."

Miss Livvy sounded shocked and scared like she always did when she found out she wasn't going to have Myrtle to depend on. But then her voice turned friendly, for she knew how long Myrtle had waited.

She had a few greens and purple-hulled peas she had canned. She had sweet potatoes for pies. She had flour and sugar and eggs for a cake. She would make a big one with a lot of icing, the way Zeke liked it. She didn't have a turkey; their daughter, Beulah, had a turkey and she had invited her. The stores were closed for Christmas Eve. Murphy's Store would be open for a few hours Christmas morning. She would go there if she had to walk. If they didn't have any turkeys left, they would have something. Maybe a big hen. Or a canned ham. She would leave this part of the plan till morning and cook the pies and the cake and the greens and the peas tonight. Luckily she had some fat pork meat in the ice box to cook with the greens and the peas.

She worked all night. The thought of Zeke's coming kept her awake. And as she worked, she lived in the world that had been her world ever since she met Zeke, when she was seven years old and went to work for Miss Livvy Hopping at the Great House. She liked to remember that first day when she came to work carrying her doll because she needed her doll for company. And how Zeke, a boy she had never seen before, took care of her doll that day as she ran errands for the cook and grown-up maids and was a nurse to Miss Livvy's children. How she ran her legs off that day, and how Miss Livvy had praised her.

She could still feel the lavender organdy apron Miss Livvy put on her, and how grown-up she felt in her Sunday dress with the ruffle sewed on the bottom to make her seem older.

*"Fin" means fixin', planning.

She liked to think of Zeke the way he was then, a wide smile on his face, not worried about anything. She remembered how he held the white doll's arm against his side and said to it, "I'll 'scort you to the carriage, ma'am," and walked back to the carriage house, a short, wide boy with the doll bobbing at his side. She felt as if her dolly was safe with this boy, although she did not know him.

And later, through the years, she felt as if she was safe with him, too.

By morning she had a fine Christmas cake, four layers high. She had four potato pies, and she could hear the greens and purple-hulled peas bubbling on the stove. She found the tiny celluloid angel she had for years hung at the top of the Christmas tree. She set it in the center of the cake.

When morning came, she looked out and saw that some Christmas snowflakes were drifting down. That make it be just right, she said to herself. She had been so excited the night before that she went to phone Beulah and Ladybell and the other children to tell them. But she wanted some time with him to herself, before all the children and the grandchildren came pouring in. How much better it would be, she decided, if she surprised them, and he was there to meet them at the door when they came to get her. She put the phone down.

As soon as it was time for the store to open, she started off walking down the snow-sprinkled road, more than a mile. At the store they had one turkey left. It was so large nobody had wanted it. It cost all her week's pay. Then she had to carry it the long way home. She was not a large woman; she had to set it down several times so she could rest.

It would be afternoon before it would be cooked done. She wondered what time Zeke would get there. She hadn't heard him say when or how he was coming. When he said, "I'm fin to come home," that was all she heard. The turkey was in the oven by 9:30. She made her dressing and pulled the hot turkey out long enough to stuff it. She turned the radio on and filled the house with Christmas carols.

"It be Christmas," she said to herself, happy in her heart. She dozed in her chair.

The phone rang. She awoke excitedly and caught it on the second ring. But it was Brother calling to tell her what he had found in his Christmas stocking. During the morning there were three such calls from grandchildren. As much as she loved to talk with them, still Zeke might be trying to get through.

The turkey was browning, and the crumbs of dressing were sticking to the bottom of the pan. She added water; steam came up in a cloud. In a few hours the turkey would be tender enough to fall apart, the way Zeke liked it.

At two o'clock she set the table. A house look more

By morning she had a fine Christmas cake, four layers high. She had four sweet potato pies, and she could hear the greens and purple-hulled peas bubbling on the stove.

homeylike when all the plates be on the table, she said to herself. But Beulah and her husband would be coming soon to get her. She put the plates away again.

Since Zeke hadn't come yet, she couldn't leave the house because he might call. She called Beulah and told her she wasn't feeling well and better not go out.

"What you talkin' about, Mamma?" said Beulah on the phone. "I been cookin' and doin', fin to have Christmas directly. It won't be Christmas till you come. The children been wrappin' your presents all the mornin'."

"I better stay home today," she said.

"Mamma, that ain't like you," said Beulah. "You sick? You want me to come over?"

"No," she said, "I'll stay home for now. I may could feel better later. I might could come to your house tonight. I'll take a nap."

"Well, okay," said Beulah, "but I mo call you after while."

After the phone conversation she sat and rested in the big armchair by the phone. As she sat she dozed, and as she dozed she dreamed, the same dream she had had over and over through the years.

It was that nightmare again, about the time their boy, who had grown to be so tall and so handsome, had been dragged away at night by the Night Riders. They had called him an "uppity nigger." He had been going around trying to get black folk to register to vote. And as far as she knew, he had never done a mean thing in his life. In her dream it came back, the part she had not seen but had only heard about, when they put him in the river.

But she did see in her dream the look on Zeke's face when he found out. She saw him packing his clothes, and she begged him to stay.

"No, I'll be the next one," he said. "They done put four colored in the river already." And then he was gone.

She felt again that emptiness, like a great black hole in her heart.

When she awoke, it was dark. She sighed with happiness because her dream was only a dream and Zeke was coming home. She opened the oven and looked at the turkey again. It was done, slightly burned on the outside, but tender and tasty on the inside.

Then she busied herself with wrapping her presents for all her children, a small gift for each one. A round red cap for Lonnie, a shirt she had made for Brother, bath salts from the Avon Lady for Beulah, perfume from the Ben Franklin store for Ladybell.

When the presents were all wrapped, she looked out. It had started to snow again. Could he have had an accident? Could he be in trouble? She looked out at the blackness of the night with the white flakes flying through, searching for Zeke in there, always searching. How many times in how many years had she searched this way?

And for the first time she let herself give him up. "It would have been so beautiful," she said, crying into a corner of her

apron.

She gave him up, and yet she kept on looking; the tenacity in her small body was limitless.

She would not call Beulah. She could not do anything else but wait all Christmas night for Zeke if he was trying to come home, to look for him in every snowflake.

At five minutes past seven Beulah and her husband were pounding at the back door. Luckily Myrtle had put away the pies and the big Christmas cake.

"It sure do smell good in here," said Beulah. "Mamma, somethin' be the matter." She put her arm around her mother.

"I just ain't been had the spirit to go," Myrtle said, "but I got presents for you all."

"Mamma, I think I know how you feel," said Beulah. "You don't feel right at Christmas with Papa away."

"I reckon that be it," she said. "So just let me stay here this time and I'll be better off."

"We didn't bring your presents," said Beulah. "We was fin to snatch you and carry you back home with us."

After they had gone she waited all night, sleeping and waking by the telephone, searching in the snowflakes.

She didn't go to Miss Livvy; she didn't leave the house for anything.

"It was my wanting made me believe it," she said to herself. "He was fightin' the Fear, the Big Fear. It was either Zeke or The Fear would win. I thought this time it would be Zeke."

She waited three days before she cut the turkey. □



PATHWAYS

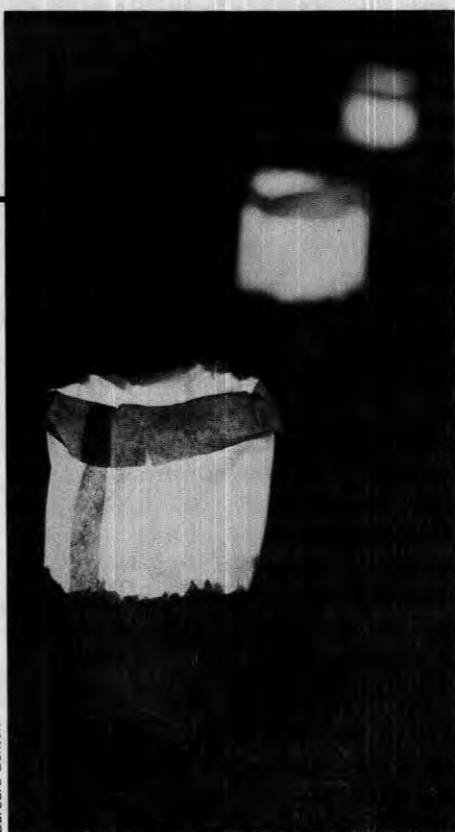
by Judi Lechman

When I entered the dining hall, unexpected silence greeted me. Forty-five women and men concentrated intently on plates piled high with turkey, mashed potatoes, and trimmings. The only sounds to be heard were the clattering of forks and knives against plates and teeth.

Searching for my sister, Bet, whose life so often revolves around these 45 people, I felt a plastic smile fall into place on my face as I tried to ignore the spastic, uncontrolled motions before me. For so many enjoying this meal, food never made it from plate to mouth. Despite the intense concentration, gravy dribbled down shirts and dresses while peas careened across tables onto the floor.

I was witnessing Christmas dinner at a unique school in Albuquerque, New Mexico, for adults who are autistic, mentally retarded, emotionally disturbed, or severely handicapped. In the past, many of these people would have been assigned to the back wards of state institutions. Others would have remained at home with the care and support of loving families. Today they attend classes daily to learn social, vocational, and recreational skills. With state funding, private donations, and work contracts from local industries, this school has grown rapidly in its four years of existence as it attempts to meet the increasing need for such facilities in this city.

Yet none of these statistics flowed through my mind while I helped the school staff prepare dessert in the kitchen. I was too busy asking myself why I had agreed to visit for dinner and



Barbara Benton

the program to follow. I had been to the school several times before, and not once had I felt at ease with either myself or these adults. I didn't know how to respond to the inappropriate grins or hostile stares, the garbled questions or withdrawn rocking motions of these grown men and women. Many were larger and older than I and had so little control over what I took for granted—toilet and grooming habits, the quiet flow of conversation, reading and writing, taking a bus or buying groceries.

Today was no different. I knew from past experience that before the dinner came to an end an angry outburst or hysterical cry would punctuate the silence. And as usual one of the teachers, counselors, or aides would calmly work through the problem, talking, reasoning, or restraining, if necessary.

I still wasn't certain why I had come. During these last few days before Christmas, I had work deadlines to meet, baking and shopping to finish, my children's costumes for the traditional school plays to make. Rarely has lack of assertiveness been a problem for me. I could have said no to my sister's invitation. Yet I had wanted to visit again and not because this was the

season for sharing, of giving as well as receiving. I searched for the real reason and knew only that I felt uncomfortable in this place where the polite mechanisms of society were stripped away, where the ordinary no longer existed.

Long ago I had realized that for the adults at this school different standards and expectations reigned. I remembered the time Bet required surgery after being punched in the eye by an upset student. Shortly before that incident, another staff member had lost a handful of hair from her scalp when a young man vented his frustration on her. These events were ordinary—as were the triumphant smiles when an older man mastered the art of shaving or a young woman proudly memorized her name and address after months of hard work. Here success was measured on a miniature scale that made it no less rewarding.

I knew, too, that the world of these special people was a world apart. How often did I ever see them on the city streets, in malls or churches, museums or parks? Only at the school did I meet them face to face, reminding me once again of their existence and needs, desires and hopes. And my own discomfort. I admired those who work for and cared deeply about them and realized how far short I fell.

But I didn't have time to delve further. Dinner was over, and I took my place with parents and friends in the audience waiting for the program to begin. Amid nervous giggles and a halting narrative, a Santa scene unfolded, and I found myself holding my breath, hoping the production would go right for those who had worked so hard.

And it did. Quick elf and reindeer skits moved smoothly one after another. By the time the Nativity finale arrived, I no longer noticed the backstage confusion or muffled lines, the shy smiles or self-conscious stares. Then the young woman playing the part of Mary arrived onstage, riveting my attention. Gentleness transformed her face, which so often had stared sullenly at me during

Judi Lechman, formerly managing editor of FRIENDS JOURNAL, now lives in Albuquerque, N.M. She is a free-lance writer and photographer.

my visits. As she looked upon the plastic doll Jesus, her son, her eyes glowed softly from a steady spark of loving deep within.

The image haunted me through the rest of the afternoon and evening. Haltingly, I tried to tell my husband and sons about this world far removed from our ordinary lives. But it still didn't make sense to me until later. Until Christmas Eve.

With its rich cultural diversity, New Mexico has many customs that charm and delight the newcomer to the state. For me, the simple reverence and beauty of the *luminarias*—those mellow lamps placed along the sidewalks, roofs of adobe buildings, and courtyard walls on Christmas Eve to light the pathway for the Christ Child—touched deepest.

On this Christmas Eve, walking among these tiny votive candles

Barbara Benton



anchored in sand-filled paper sacks, I grasped the drama of Christ's humble birth in a way that monstrous commercial creches and electric light displays never had achieved. While my family and I traveled along the ancient brick walkways in the plaza at Old Town, the image of the young Mary in the school program sprang to mind once again, and I found the elusive words I had sought

at last.

The soft glow in the young woman's eyes. The mellow light of beckoning *luminarias*. The harsh glare of flashing electric bulbs. We try, in our own fashion, to light the way in our hearts, homes, and lives for the Child. Yet we express these attempts differently, in ways as diverse as our concepts of the One who created us. In that expression, we may disdain some approaches and people while embracing others. Some we may ignore; still others we struggle to understand and accept.

And occasionally we may find ourselves among unique people in a unique place, where the protective barriers and defenses of ordinary living are removed. If we can only acknowledge our fears and discomfort, we then are free to follow yet another pathway, reaffirming that of God found within us all. □

Six Reasons for Hope for Peace

by Edward F. Snyder

I have identified six reasons for hope on a national/international level which I think are relevant.

1 One of them is that **today more people care**; more people are concerned; more people are turning their minds, their talents, and their energies to problem solving. This is a major advance. A great deal of danger comes not from problems which have been identified and on which people are working and seeking solutions. I think danger is more likely to come from the "oblivion factor"—the problems that we don't realize are there. When they suddenly erupt, our leaders react in a panic and revert to a more primitive way of dealing with conflict. I think of the Cuban missile crisis and the Falkland/Malvinas dispute as two examples. I believe that people who attempt to identify future problems are performing a very real service. Also those people who counsel patience and who see complexities are aiding the cause of peace. We

Edward F. Snyder, Adelphi (Md.) Meeting, is executive secretary of Friends Committee on National Legislation. His article is taken from his address last summer at New York Yearly Meeting.

need more people who care.

2 The second ground for hope is that **the survival of the human race is now at stake**. We have always had the problem of personal survival. But never before in history have we had the survival of the human race itself at stake. I don't think there's yet any real awareness of the positive energy that may be released by this new situation. But we have already seen on the streets of Europe's capitals and in New York City in June a great manifestation of concern that sooner or later is bound to have a profound effect on politics and governments. I remind you of that statement of President Eisenhower that someday people are going to want peace so much that governments are going to have to get out of the way and let them have it.

3 A third reason I see is that **morality and common sense demand an end to war**. The churches have the opportunity to lead the way in making the case for morality.

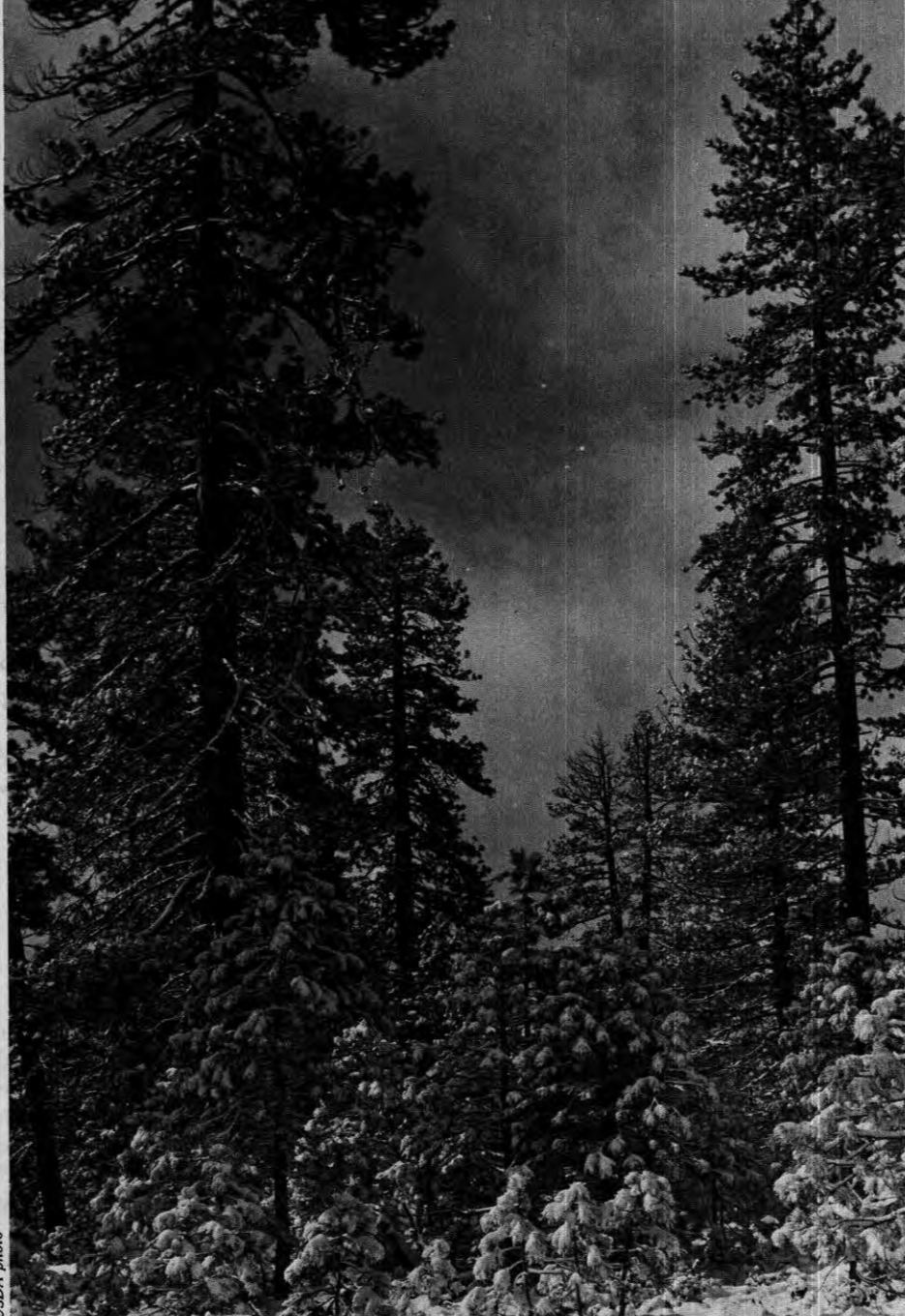
4 The fourth is that there is **increasing interdependence among all the people on this planet**. We are one

world. We have the space photos of our earth showing very graphically that we are all in this together. We can take very little solace when the boat in which our supposed enemy is sinking is the same boat on which we are standing at the other end. We all have to survive together.

5 The fifth reason, I think, is **rapid communication, exchange of persons, travel**. These are increasingly binding us together. They make us realize our common humanity and our common vulnerability.

6 The sixth is that **there are serious problems facing our nations and all nations**—the threat of nuclear war, pollution of our environment, world hunger and poverty, resource depletion, overpopulation. None of these problems can be solved by one nation alone. All require cooperative action if they are to be solved.

The proverbial "man from Mars"—said to be the only thing that could ever unite the human race—has already landed. These problems threaten our survival, and we must unite to meet them. □



winter sky

oh mute leaden sky
 keeping silent hooded watch
 over us
 you hide such God-made treasures
 in your thick pewter folds
 silver rain
 gold sun
 diamond snows
 won't you open
 your hard grey heavens
 and shower
 some of their blazing beauty
 into our dark and weary
 winter lives

—Virginia A. Pleasants

All in a Vast

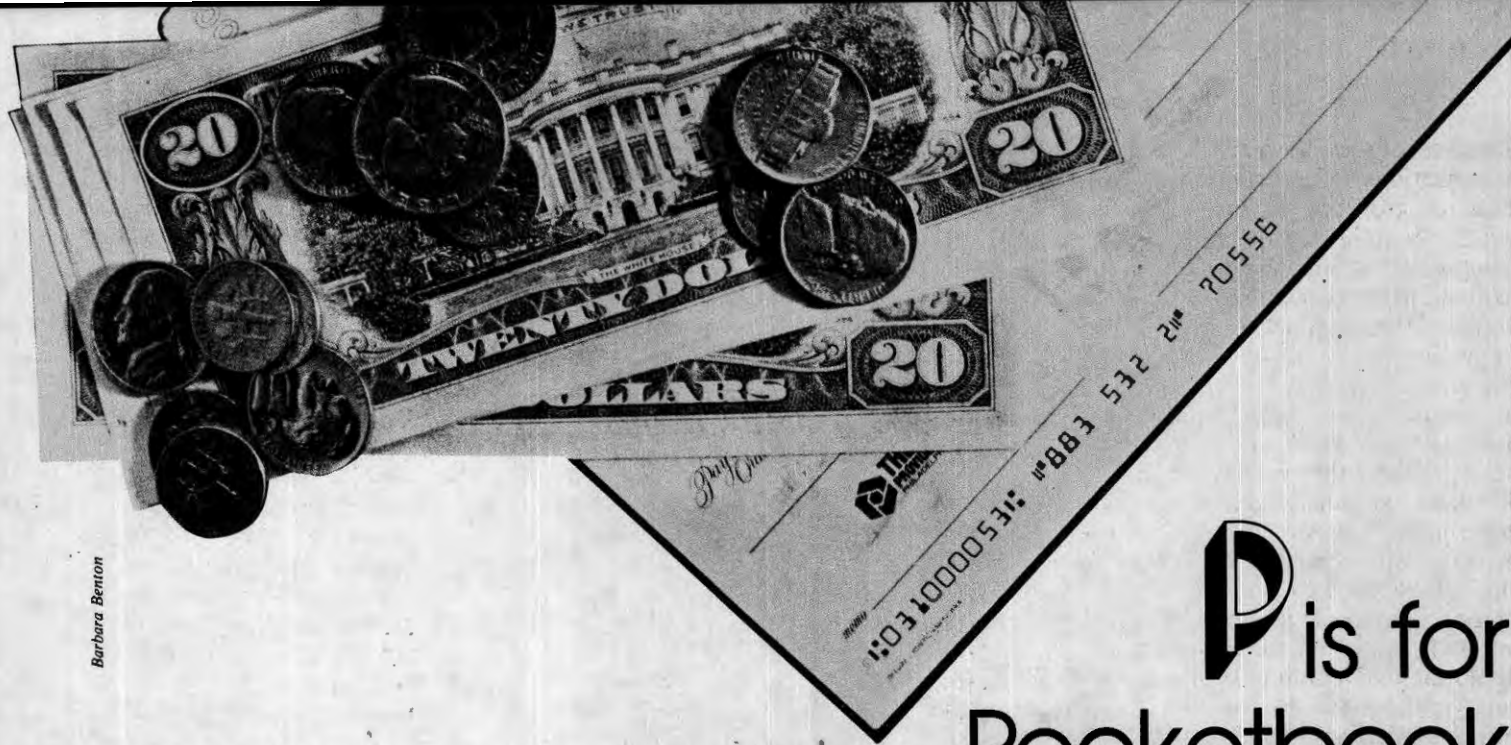
*My heart glows warm
 Behind me
 As I leave my winter home
 To walk in silence
 Through the night.*

*The soft smoke curls,
 And wafts,
 And thins,
 And slowly tiptoes off
 Between the branches of the pines.*

*In deep green winter garb
 The pines stand
 Smoothly snow-encrusted;
 Towering guards
 Of vasty skyness.*

*I have heard
 That out beyond the faintest star
 Are more. And yet,
 And yet I know
 That I can stand
 Amid this tiny vastness,
 And lifting out my arms
 Cry,
 "I am here, God.
 See!"*

—Robert Daubenspeck



Barbara Benton

by Thomas S. Brown

P is for Pocketbook

Saint Paul was right on target: money is not the root of evil but our love affair with money is. Money is no more evil than is gasoline or electricity or muscle. The lover, not the money, makes the choices. Nevertheless, in our age of termite-riddled religious belief and self-centered materialism, it is difficult not to love money.

The very mention of money does tend both to rouse us and to make us wary. The wariness and the excitement are not so cogent in the word "money" by itself as in the phrase "my money," especially when you ask me to part with or to add to what I call "my" money.

Nor is it strange that this should be so. It is generally assumed that my possessions are a reliable statement of who I am and what I can do. My money is the least limited and limiting external power that I have, the culturally designated basis of my self-respect and measure of the respect due me from others. The acceptable use of such power is to insure, insofar as possible, my own well-being and that of those dear to me.

We know, nevertheless, that both power and powerlessness, wealth and poverty, tend to corrupt. If I am

powerless or impoverished, and am made to know it, the seeds of violence take root in my frustration, hatred, and despair. Much of the world today is tragically so corrupted. Ask the parents of tortured children in Argentina for corroboration, or the poor in the United States, or the blacks of South Africa, or the people of Lebanon.

Power and wealth also have their own agents of corruption for they lay open the road to anxiety, pride, and idolatry. To anxiety because those who have power and wealth know the tenuousness of their grip on these. Ironically, the thirst for power and the hunger for security are insatiable. Some people, fortunately I believe, seeing clearly that neither impregnable security nor unimpeachable certainty is available to us in our universe of time and space, move instead into patterns of life based upon the trusting interdependence of persons. But for many the step from anxiety to pride is swift and easy.

Pride, strictly defined and distinct from a justifiable sense of excellence, is the active affirmation by a person—or a nation—that the needs and interests of no other can be allowed to take precedence. Such pride is, therefore, the general source of all other specific sins such as envy, gluttony, greed, lust, indifference, and anger. Pride in its nakedness, stripped of its costumes, announces, "You can have anything

that's left *after* I've got mine, be it status, possessions, or power. Until then, if it ever happens, stand back!" Pride, however, seems compulsively prudish, rarely seen in the buff, most often decently dressed in fashionable clichés about the glories and best interests of my race, nation, party, sect, institution, family, or my own individual well-being, my self-realization.

The slide from pride to idolatry is scarcely noticeable. Idolatry is a fallacious affirmation about the ultimate, the treating of the contingent and accidental as if it were substantial and absolute. So youthfulness or sex or the white race or America—or money—singly or in combination may come to be deified, that is, worshiped as ultimately real, allowed to become the fundamental determiners of our choices. Our true gods are revealed in the patterns of our choices. Our culture pushes us to idolize beauty (sexy, of course), our physical prowess, our status in the university or the office, our rank in the wage scale. Indeed I may be both proud and idolatrous as I bend over my baby's cradle, or deride a foreigner or a member of another branch of Friends; and possibly, though more subtly and indirectly, when I impatiently toss aside an appeal for my money.

Only one in ten viewers contributes to our local PBS station. Only one in five members contributes to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting's Combined Appeal.

Tom Brown is a retired educator, having worked for many years with Friends schools. He is a member of Westtown (Pa.) Meeting and has served as clerk of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

Schools, colleges, hospitals, and service organizations often come perilously close to groveling in their desperate search for funds. In the current "new federalism" it may be true that our national leaders are indeed blind to the plight of the poor and the old, but our righteous anger becomes a shoddy charade if it masks our own reluctance to resume, insofar as possible, the indeterminate costs of the hands-on neighborliness that we have in the last 40 years gradually turned over to government. If we become directly involved with someone in distress, we clearly risk the loss of control of our time and of our money. We dread parting with something of ourselves; any diminution of our power and control cuts very close to the quick. To illustrate, an acquaintance in a major engineering firm has told me that the men in his office firmly resist having their handsome Christmas bonus checks mailed home. Like Samson, they guard the final secret of their true strength from the conniving Delilahs who are their wives.

Why are we so reluctant to part with our money? What might be the deeper motives behind some Friends' refusal to give to the Combined Appeal because they cannot absolutely designate the use of their money? Why are we more secretive about our financial affairs than we are in almost any other aspect of our lives? Why is there so much professed embarrassment about "making money"? What basis is there for the widespread assumption among Friends that teachers and professors and people in service organizations are more virtuous than business people who "make

In our age of termite-riddled religious belief and self-centered materialism, it is difficult not to love money.

money"? Why are we so unwilling, so diffident and self-defeating about asking friends to share their money in support of programs and institutions of acknowledged worth and service?

Some light might be thrown on these paradoxes in our attitudes toward money and power if we concede that many of us are confused, even self-deceived, possibly retarded in our capacity to deal honestly and directly with power, and by derivation, therefore, with money and possessions. A cogent and important discussion of our confusion about the use of power is available in Paul Lacey's Pendle Hill pamphlet (#241), *Quakers and the Use of Power*.

David McClelland, also a Friend, in his book *Power: The Inner Experience* proposes an illuminating model of the changes in one's perceptions of power: a spiral divided into quadrants or four stages. As infants we perceive power to be benign, feeding and hugging us, tending to our needs. As adults we may be uplifted and strengthened by the power of heroic figures and charismatic leaders. In this stage we may say of power, "It strengthens me!"

In the second stage of growth we want to acquire and use power for our own purposes under our own control. Power enables us to control our actions and our environment. Children want to "do it myself," and they discover the power of NO! in response to requests. As adults we acquire possessions and status symbols (cars, homes, degrees) as evidence of self-control, self-reliance, and the feeling of being strong. As senior citizens (note the euphemism) we cling, often pathetically, to whatever tattered rags of power remain to us to control our own lives.

Stage III, as McClelland calls it, is summed up in "I have impact on others." The techniques of gaining and using power to control others change as circumstances change: the child's tantrums may blossom as the Olympian rages of some head of state; the win-some helpfulness of childhood may become the service work of adulthood with all the accompanying ambiguities of motives and of effect upon those served.

Stage IV is "the most advanced stage of expressing the power drive in which the self drops out as a source of power and a person sees himself [or herself] as

an instrument of a higher authority which moves him [or her] to try to influence or serve others." Such subordination to a higher authority does indeed run the risk of idolatry or messianism. But it is also the hallmark of creative leaders, be it in religion, politics, art, science, or in Quaker worship, ministry, and clerking. Such people feel themselves to be the channels through whom the power of guiding and healing flows from a source beyond themselves.

These stages are part of a spiral along which, it is clear, we move back and forth with considerable fluidity. Note Paul's "work out your own salvation in fear and trembling; for God is at work in you, both to will and to work for his good pleasure."

Given that money is power, which stages of McClelland's perceptions of power have I traversed? Or have I become embedded in some idolatrous niche of imagined security? How have I acquired my money? How does it become "mine"? What does it mean to "earn" money? For whose well-being do I "own" it? To whom am I accountable for its use?

These are not idle cocktail party questions or chestnuts at a philosophers' bash. Friends have had an enviable record of perceiving real human needs and setting up institutions and businesses to meet those needs. In Philadelphia alone one thinks among others of S.L. Allen (garden tools), Stokes and Smith (paper box machinery), Arthur H. Thomas (chemicals), Leeds and Northrup (electrical devices), Yarway (valves), Philadelphia Quartz (silicon products), Provident Life Insurance and Provident Trust, all companies set up by Quakers to meet real needs. That same spirit of service and venture established Friends schools, colleges, hospitals, and associations of many kinds for specific purposes, and Friends supported them financially.

But Friends have floated upward with the rest of middle-class America in their assumptions about the level of things (including status and security) we simply cannot do without. The proliferating need for respectable possessions has frozen the fluid power of the money under our control. As a consequence the service institutions we have set up under leading to witness to our Quaker experience and conviction are severely con-



Why are we so unwilling, so diffident and self-defeating about asking friends to share their money in support of programs and institutions of acknowledged worth and service?

strained by our following the Pied Piper of cultural conditioning.

We speak appreciatively of "stewardship." A steward is one who guards and nurtures the possessions of someone acknowledged to be of higher authority. The concept fits easily into Quakerism. But one can perceive a spectrum of interpretations of stewardship, ranging from the loving and conscientious care of what is felt to be another's, to the caution of the prudent person dutifully adhering to the letter of the trust, to unacknowledged possessiveness (note Friends' struggles over graveyard trusts), to undisguised greed.

One occasionally meets people who deny that they have or ever want to have

power. But to deny that power is an active and inescapable part of one's life would, I believe, be symptomatic of serious inner sickness. It is intellectually dishonest and socially irresponsible to refuse to use those powers and capacities one has to meet another's needs because one assumes that power is inescapably corrupting and those who exert power are ipso facto less virtuous than those who exert no power even if they could. Literature and daily life are full of people who are proud of their humility and egocentric and self-serving in their powerlessness. And the self, "curved in upon itself" as Luther described it, is like the prominent citizen of whom the local paper reported at his death that "he was a self-made man and worshiped his creator."

In 1948, as a birthright, hardnosed Quaker pacifist, I stood on the outer wall of the dome of Saint Paul's Cathedral in London. The intensity of the German assault and the stubbornness of the British defense were vividly symbolized in the burned-out docks along the Thames, the fireguttled workers' houses, the rubble vacancy that had been office buildings. I climbed slowly back down to ground level; slowly because on the dome I had come to see that my non-participation in the violence of the war was to a very large extent the consequence of circumstance beyond my control and did not spring from my superior knowledge or deeper religious commitment. I began then gradually to understand the place of grace, God's grace, in my life—grace, that divine help, continually afforded, by which I am kept and sustained and enabled to do what otherwise would be beyond me.

Grace, available to every person, is, I believe, adequate to the temptations inherent in the possession of money. Since money is simply one of the instruments of power that God has made available to us, leaving to us the responsibility for its use, money has a sacramental dimension not unlike that of intelligence and sex. "A coin is so much minted grace," and its misuse becomes a dis-grace, a denial of the leading and empowerment of the Inward Christ and disbelief in God's care. For idolatry is the root of the matter, a misshapen and dwarfed relationship to reality.

Yet to be certain that I know beyond peradventure the real from the less than

real is in itself dangerously close to idolatry, asserting as it would that my mental and spiritual powers are adequate to map the parameters of God. I would have presumed to put God in my lantern to light me where I was planning to go already, my light blessing my powers and my possessions.

There is something to be said for the *via negativa* espoused by certain mystics, a recognition that nothing that one can think of or say or make is even remotely adequate to the immensity of God. But between the *via negativa* and absolute certainty there is a middle ground. It is a place to stand where we recognize that absolute uncertainty is not appropriate. At the same time we acknowledge that the human spirit needs the firmness of consistent metaphors about God. Thus our experience of God's presence can be remembered, understood, and refined as it is thought about and shared with others. Such metaphors are like colored slides taken during a trip to the high mountains. The slides are neither the mountains nor our spiritual response to them, but they remind, refresh, open the way for reflection and deeper understanding of the mountains as we communicate something of our experience to our friends. Our metaphors shape our lives even as they are shaped by our experiences.

The point is neatly illustrated, I think, in a passage near the end of Robert Bridges' *Testament of Beauty* in which he speaks of friendship:

*As happ'd with the great moralist
(Aristotle) where his book saith
that there can be no friendship
betwixt God and man
because of their unlimited disparity.
From this dilemma of pagan
thought, this poison of faith,
Mansoul made glad escape in the
worship of Christ;
for his humanity is God's Personality,
and communion with him is the life
of the soul.*

To substitute the love of God for the love of money is a poor bargain. God's love for us is both infinite and deeply personal, but no dollar bill ever yearned over the well-being of its current lover. As good Quakers we always need to be sure that we get our money's worth, but we must also be clear what that worth is and worship accordingly. □



Toward A New Volunteer Spirit

by Teddy Milne

Last spring several young Quakers in their 20s were going the rounds of Quaker agencies (Quaker United Nations Office, American Friends Service Committee, Friends Committee on National Legislation) looking for something worthwhile they could do for peace. They were willing to work for a bare minimum, at least for a year or two, because they felt strongly about peace and were eager to help. But because Quakers have adopted a policy of expecting to pay reasonable salaries to their workers, there were no jobs available.

What has happened to the volunteer spirit among Quakers? Didn't the Society of Friends start out as a group of seeking, concerned Friends, working together? They didn't pay someone else to do what they felt they should be doing themselves.

I don't suppose we will ever get back to a totally volunteer system. But neither do I see why we have so little in the way of volunteer opportunities. There are many, many Quakers, particularly young people, who haven't yet gotten tied down by careers or parental commitments, who would like opportunities to serve. Retired Friends, too.

It seems incredible, but encouraging, to see so many people who have not been brought up with the idea of volunteer service, who are still willing to give themselves to it.

Teddy Milne, a former co-director of Powell House, is a member of Mount Toby (Mass.) Meeting. She can be addressed at 168 Bridge Rd., Florence, MA 01060.

Other religious organizations, like the Brethren, Mennonites, and Mormons, recognize the desire to serve and provide opportunities for their dedicated young (or older) people to enjoy that service.

Suppose, just as a fantasy, that 20,000 Quakers each donated \$6 to a support fund. With our present attitude towards giving reasonable pay, we could hire only perhaps 12 people, at \$10,000 a year, with that \$120,000. How far can the work of 12 people go?

Suppose we tried to make better use of those willing to, and wanting to, work for peace. Suppose we:

1. Asked people in New York City, Washington, Philadelphia, and other cities if they would offer room and board to a volunteer willing to work in QUNO, FCNL, AFSC, or other peace organizations there.

2. Asked others to contribute to a volunteer support fund—or pledge so much a month—to pay other expenses for those volunteers who would be working for us.

3. Asked those organizations to have enough vision and flexibility to be able to train and utilize these volunteers. For example, retirees might help train the younger ones.

There are many good causes, and our money only stretches so far. I suppose the question is, how vital do we consider the question of peace? If the buttons were going to be pushed tomorrow, we would probably be willing to give 100 percent of our time, money, and effort toward stopping it. With the Doomsday Clock set at four minutes to

midnight, what percentage seems adequate to us?

I recently learned that our local AFSC worker, a human dynamo who works harder for peace than anyone I know, and has done so for many years, works as an *unpaid volunteer*. How many others are there who do that, also unpublicized?

Would we be more willing to do the same if we realized it is still part of our tradition, under the surface?

I'm willing to start a volunteer support fund, the "Frances Crowe Fund," after our AFSC volunteer, with \$100. Are there enough others who would be interested enough to make this work? I'd be happy to receive offers of room and board or pledges to an expenses fund, to see whether the idea is worth taking to my meeting for backing.

Let's not keep on depriving our young people of opportunities of working for peace, but pool our resources and open up the possibilities, not only for their sakes, but for our own. □

(Editor's note: After receipt of the above communication, FRIENDS JOURNAL received a notice from Quaker Volunteer Witness, 101 Quaker Hill Dr., Richmond, IN 47374. It announced a new program of voluntary service opportunities, with volunteer units being established throughout the U.S. to work with the elderly, handicapped, juveniles, doing home repair and maintenance, and peace research interns. Volunteers must be at least high school graduates.)

JUNIOR JOURNAL

Jeremiah and the Day It Knowed

by Roger Stritmatter

One day, many years ago, when Jeremiah Joseph Baird was still only two and his sister, Rebecca Hope, was eight, in the midst of a long, dark, cold, mysterious winter, it *knowed*.

Jeremiah was the first to notice. He pressed his nose against the freezing windowpane and watched the huge, wet, white flakes cascading over the brown and green land. "Look," Jeremiah announced, his eyes glowing with the delight of discovery, "It's *knowing*."

Jeremiah's mother was baking pumpkin pie in the kitchen. She came into the room and saw that it was knowing. "Why, so it is," Jeremiah's mother said.

Rebecca Hope was calculating her math homework. "Snow!" Rebecca exclaimed. "Snow! Mother, can Jeremiah and I go outside and play?"

"Thee must finish thy homework first, Rebecca," her mother said.

Jeremiah's grandfather, Joe, awoke from his snooze by the fire and set aside his book. "Ah," said Grandpa Joe, "knowing it is. But what, Jeremiah, is it knowing?"

Jeremiah turned back to the window and watched the slow turning of white flakes of snow. "White," said Jeremiah. "Wet. Cold."

"Games," interrupted Rebecca. "It's knowing games and snowfights and sledding and . . . (she said it very slowly, with proper Quaker emphasis, as if the coming of the Kingdom were at hand) . . . *staying home from school*."

"Ah," said Grandpa Joe, "very wise of it to know such things. Caroline," he called to Jeremiah's mother in the kitchen. "What is it knowing?"

"Maple sugar," said Caroline, remembering a winter ten years before when she courted Jeremiah's father. "Frost

on windowpanes. Woolen things. It's knowing—well, wonderful old things—the shape of snowflakes, hot cocoa, icicles hanging from the red barn."

"Yes," said Grandpa Joe. "How it knows and knows and knows. Why, it's knowing the insides of clouds and the shape of mountains and even the color of God's eyes."

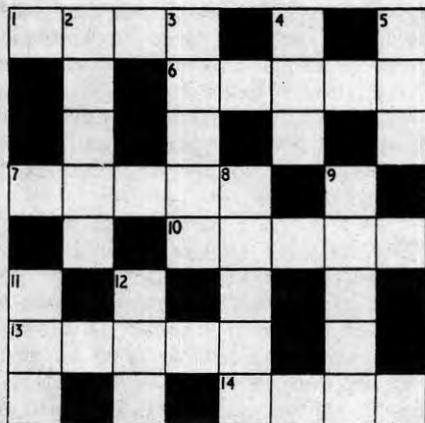
"What is God?" asked Jeremiah.

"Hmm . . ." said Grandpa Joe. "What is God? God is . . . like a fire warming your heart, Jeremiah. God is like the brightest light in a sea of darkness. God is like . . . a companion when you are lost at sea."

"And when God smiles," Grandpa Joe said, settling back in his chair, "the world knows." □

A recent graduate of Evergreen State College, Roger Stritmatter is a member of Olympia (Wash.) Meeting.

Christmas Crossword Puzzle



Answers to puzzle on page 20.

ACROSS

1. "_____ came down at Christmas" (Rossetti carol).
6. "_____ to the newborn king."
7. Baby Jesus _____ in the manger.
10. First five books of Jewish Bible.
13. "Ave _____" (song to Jesus' mother).
14. Log burned at Christmastime.

DOWN

2. "_____ night" beginning of carol—two words.
3. Where Jesus and his parents fled to get away from the Romans.
4. "_____ to the world" (carol).
5. Cereal used to make bread.
8. "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, _____, and forever" (Heb. 13:8).
9. Christmas song.
11. Naughty child; little devil.
12. "Listen to the lambs, all a _____ ing" (carol).

A View of Quaker Silence

I'm thinking,
I'm trying,
Not really knowing if it will ever end,
Feeling more that it won't.

The others sit so peacefully.
Assured.
Quiet.
They aren't looking at me.

I feel so restless in my ignorance,
in this blindness
in the midst of so many.

How can they sit,
just sit and be so lovely . . .
so calm and lovely.
Their hearts and minds as one.

I only wish that someday
I can be as lovely.
And in this peace, their "they"
Might possibly be "we."

Molly Barnett

(written when she was 18 years old)
Sand Point (Idaho) Friends Meeting



Young and Old Meet

This past trimester at Abington (Pa.) Friends School I took a course called Community Service in which seven students visit elderly people at Stapeley Hall. The students in the course see their "grandmother" or "grandfather" for an hour every Thursday. In addition to the weekly visit the class meets every Wednesday for the seminar at which time we have class discussions, guest speakers, or occasionally a quiz or test.

I feel very lucky to be a part of the community service course because it enables me to visit with an older, more experienced person. I feel both the students and "grandparents" benefit from the visits because lasting relationships can form between the young and the old. The grandparents learn through our experiences in the present and the students learn from

the grandparents' experiences of the past. The course teaches the students to understand and accept aging. It also teaches the students to be more tolerant not only of older people but of themselves.

The students keep journals which are handed in each week. The journals are an opportunity for the students to express their feelings and write their comments about the weekly visits. There are no grades given, but the journals are checked by our teacher. They are used as an important writing experience.

I feel Community Service is meaningful and should be continued next year. Not only does it give the students a chance to be needed, but most importantly it helps to make the older people feel wanted and secure.

Julie Lemonick '82

I Wonder:

How far has humankind actually come? Do we still, after all these millions of years, have to solve our differences through fighting?

Why are we so blind that we do not see what we get ourselves into?

It makes me sad to see it.

I hear people say:

"Look how far we've come since the days when we were little more than apes!"

What makes it so hard for humans to understand each other?

It must be pride,

The pride of a nation that thinks it's better than another nation.

It is amazing how too much of anything so helpful could possibly be so harmful.

The same pride that gives you the courage to believe in yourself can also make you so blind that you can't see the trouble you create for yourself and others.

War, for instance:

What is war?

It is the pride of two or more groups of people with opposing pride.

They both think that they are better than each other, that they are right.

They are willing to fight—and to die, if necessary, just to prove it.

What will war get you in the long run?

It'll get you lives lost, people injured, many severely—mentally and emotionally, as well as just physically.

It gets you ruined cities, rubble, blood, and despair.

We can strive to change.

Maybe, with some miracle, people may realize what is happening here.

Maybe, if we all pull ourselves together, someone may hear our prayer.

Maybe someday soon world leaders will catch on and realize what we are saying.

We must all learn to keep pride in sensible boundaries,

To live with and to accept each other's faults as well as our own,

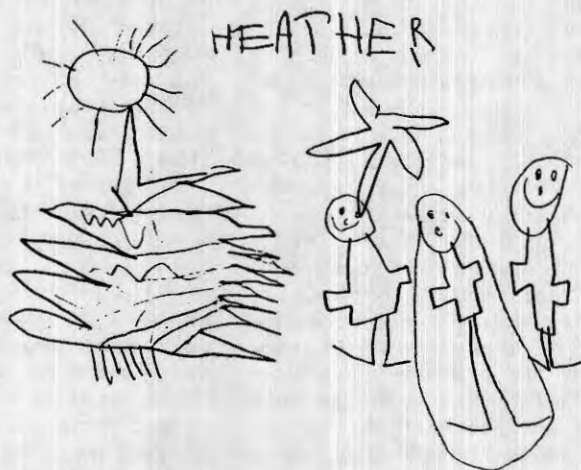
And to realize when we are getting out of control.

We are all faced with a choice: We can come together now or continue as we are and face the consequences.

I hope that we can work it out soon.

—Joanne Negrin

13-year-old student at Westfield (N.J.) Friends School



The Power Within Us

by Michael Luick



Have you ever noticed that you grow the most when you're not looking? I'm not referring to physical growth only, but spiritual, too.

I've been living in England as an exchange student for nearly a year. The ancient market town where I live lies in the picturesque North Yorkshire Dales. Walks through the lovely woods behind Skipton Castle and over the green, stone-walled pastures provide me with ample time to think, reflect, and contemplate. It has been good exercise in learning, for I have seen my country and myself—indeed the entire world—in a way which I never have before.

When I came to England in August 1981, I was looking for something. Maybe it was inner peace, or confidence, or my "self." But an organized hunt proved futile. It wasn't until I resigned from searching for what was missing that I found it. Within the last few months I've realized that the peace I earlier sought was inside me. It had been all along. The contentedness and confidence was waiting there, too. I may be mistaken, but I would say that the power to be happy, the capacity to find peace, is inside us all. There is no use looking for it, for it will invariably evade the seeker. It simply appears.

Shortly after I arrived in England, I be-

came somewhat anti-American. I had contempt for the land of Hollywood, the John Birch Society, and killer satellites. I wasn't just angry with the negative aspects of U.S. society and government policy, but I felt deceived—cheated—that the U.S. wasn't living up to the ideal which I in my mid-western childhood instructions had been taught the country stands for. I experienced bitter resentment and terrible emotional bruising.

Having recovered from last autumn's alienation, however, I now acknowledge that though there are many things wrong with the U.S., there are many which are right. I am rediscovering my country, accepting it for what it really is and not for the idealized image which it tries so desperately hard to portray. Also, I am finding more and more faults with the Europe I fell in love with last year. Since I could never totally fit into English society, I know I belong in the one in which I was born and reared. "You can take the Yank out of the U.S., but you can't take the U.S. out of the Yank."

When I return to the U.S. I will possess a modified nationalism. While in Europe I have come to believe that since none of us choose where we are born, we have no reason to be overly proud of our native countries. Nations only exist in the mind; boundaries are imaginary. Besides, if our U.S. ancestors hadn't emigrated, we'd be Dutch, Nigerian, Korean, British, Soviet, Spanish, etc., today.

I've also learned much about the foolishness of generalizations and stereotypes. In Leningrad last February, for example, I was

pleasantly surprised to find that my Soviet friends didn't fit any of my preconceptions. The madame in the French inn where I stayed last spring wouldn't dream of lying nude on a beach. I met a South African in Dover who was a Christian and opposed to apartheid. My Dutch friends never wore wooden shoes. I've only seen one bowler hat while in Britain. All people are unique individuals.

A personal transformation has been accompanied by a transformation of perceptions and beliefs. When I arrived in Britain, I opposed the draft and registration. Attending Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament meetings convinced me that a trust in nuclear deterrence was misguided and dangerous. Amnesty International sensitized me to the horrific treatment of political prisoners by both tyrannies and "democracies." One cause after another became my concern: ecology, alternative lifestyles, Third-World problems, energy conservation.

The reality of the that-of-God-in-everyone theory not only commands me to familiarize myself with many issues, but also demands that I become dedicated to and active in a few. The lesson that every life is sacred represents the single most important one which being abroad has taught me. The living—and I feel growing—relevance of Quakerism in the world today has become obvious to me. A basic belief in God motivates me. After all, as the *Desiderata* testifies, "With all its sham, drudgery, and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world." □

Planning to study history and anthropology at Iowa State University, Michael Luick attends Ames (Iowa) and Skipton (England) Friends Meetings.

Friends to Observe Tricentennial

by Jeanne Rockwell

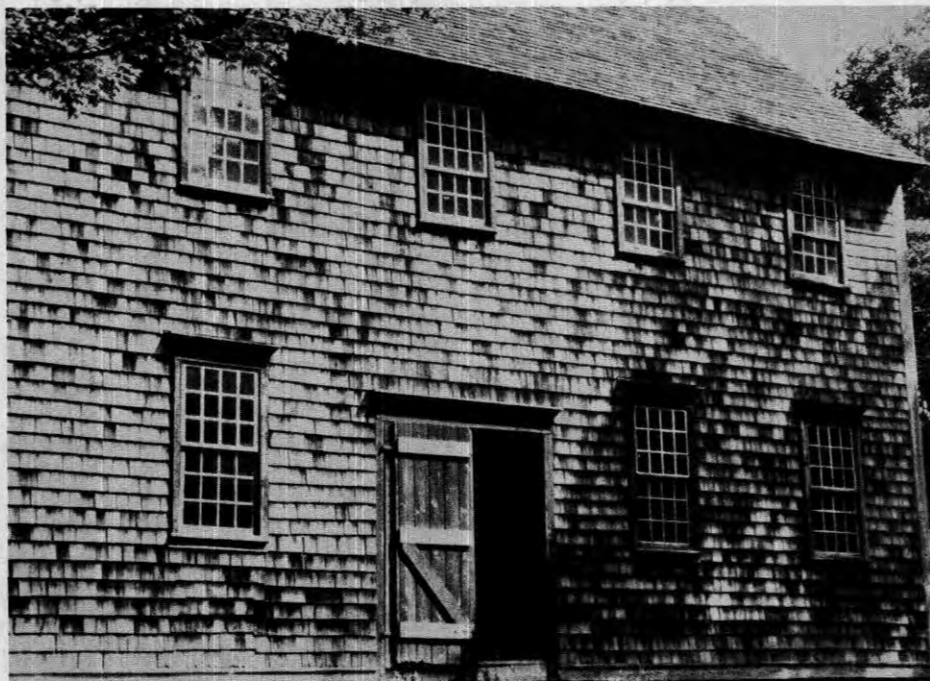
To draw attention to the vital role Friends played in settling Dutchess County, New York, in 1683, Alson and Irene Van Wagner of Hyde Park and Bulls Head-Oswego Meeting, Grete Carpenter of Poughkeepsie Meeting, and the county historical society organized a day-long tour on September 18.

Two of the first meetings in Dutchess County—Oblong on Quaker Hill in Pawling dating from 1764 and Nine Partners at Millbrook, 1780—were among the first to stipulate that slaves must be freed. Oblong members decided this in 1767.

Austerity budgets for state historic land-marking out of Albany may prevent the designation of more than a dozen pre- and post-Revolutionary meetinghouses in time for the opening of the Dutchess County Tricentennial year in January 1983. Several historic meetinghouses are now in use as college offices, grange halls, evangelical churches, or township clerk offices while others are derelict and abandoned.

Oblong Meeting is open to Friends and visitors by special arrangement but is owned by the Historical Society of Quaker Hill and

Jeanne Rockwell, a writer and photographer, is a member of Bulls Head-Oswego (N. Y.) Friends Meeting.



Oblong Meetinghouse.

Vicinity. The brick structure at Nine Partners, Millbrook, was built on crown patent land conveyed to Friends in 1745 with the stipulation that the structure and original six acres "should be held by Friends and their successors for religious and burial places only forever."

Nine Partners Meetinghouse and cemetery are run by a joint cemetery association of the Federated Church of Millbrook, which in turn is composed of former Friends, descendants of Friends, Dutch Reformed, and Methodist parishioners. The original site of

the Friends meeting in the center of Millbrook has been asphalted into a parking lot.

Oswego Meetinghouse, still in good repair, is used for monthly and quarterly meetings, weddings, and funerals, with a fenced and well-kept cemetery. Bulls Head-Oswego Meeting, under the leadership of Henry Wheeler and others, has provided most of the oversight.

The September tour was preceded by a day-long conference at Oakwood School, Poughkeepsie, last spring under the same joint sponsorship. □

Christ the Seed

*no cold wind blows
no sun retreats
no ground lies barren, dry
that doesn't warm, return, give fruit.
each death is but a labor hidden:
rich things take time to form.*

*break through the ashes, clay,
form roots in this stubborn soil.
crack through the shell, emerge, be born,
bright core within, whole flower.*

*the holy one who heals,
whose face is hidden
within you, fallow field, demands
heart open and your open hands.
the seed of God needs soil.*

—Diane Karay

How to Improve Your Meditation

by Solveig Eskedahl

Meditation is a vital part of Quaker life. There are many tools and systems that can be helpful, but the most important thing is to be one with God.

In the West, we still tend to think of meditation as something only related to our soul. In the end, meditation is not only an act of the soul, but involves the total being. Whatever way we look at it, the body is with us when we meditate and can be a hindrance or a help.

Our bodies are part of our prayers and meditation. If we understand our bodies, they can be used to reach more easily the meditative state. A body that doesn't express that state often lacks inner strength.

Suzuki in *Zen Mind* says that the most important point is to own your physical body. If you slump, you will lose your self, and your mind will be wandering about somewhere else. You will not be in your body.

It is most helpful to keep your spine straight, your ears and shoulders should be in one line with your shoulders relaxed, your head erect, and your chin in. When your chin is tilted up, you have no strength in your posture. You are probably dreaming instead of meditating.

The neck has a reflex spot called the respiratory center. From this center there is a set of nerves that excites the lungs. There is also a part of the brain through which all the nerves run known as the vital knot. From this knot two sets of nerves go to all parts of the body through the walls of the blood vessels. One set of these nerves, called vaso-constrictors, causes constriction of the blood vessels. The other set, vaso-dilators, dilates the blood vessels.

The moment one holds one's breath there is more carbon dioxide held in the body which causes various organs to constrict, so posture and rhythmic breathing are vital for a quiet mind. Unrelaxed we are blocked and so our dualistic thinking has to go. We must be wholistic, knowing that the body is part of our meditation. Thomas of Aquinas says there cannot be a right adoration without the body showing respect and surrender. Other traditions use ritual singing, speaking, music, and the like as a means to take us from the outer world to the inner self.

Symbolically, we come to the meeting to sit at the table of God. If our friends or relatives were to ask us for dinner, we would come openly, gladly, and observe the proper manners. We would not slouch over the table, fall asleep, read, or be inattentive.

How do we come before the table of the Host of Hosts? Do we come with a quiet expectancy so that God may fill and transform us to receive the beautiful promise of Revelation 3:21: "He that overcomes I will grant to him to sit down with me on my throne?"

To sit is not that easy; we must let ourselves go. To sit involves discipline. There can be no peace if we cannot sit very still. In the West, which has grown up with a dualistic view, it is difficult to accept that the discipline of the body can have so great an effect on the inner being.

We must constantly come back to the fact that soul and body are parts of a whole. What is concrete is neither spirit nor matter, but a soul-filled body. When you then discipline your soul and body to be still, you will soon know that the inner and outer stillness belong together. Then God is revealed to you: "For he will speak peace to his people" (Psa. 85:8).

A great help in our meditation is our breathing. "I open my mouth wide for I longed for thy commandment" (Psa. 119). The Indian scripture, the Vedas, says that the world, nature, and human beings were created by God's breath: what he breathes out, he breathes in. We came out from God and we go back to God.

When we breathe in, we receive, and in breathing out we give. We are transcendental beings. Isolation from the world around us makes us weak and ill. We must receive and feel our relationships with others; that is our inhalation. At the same time we must continuously give what we have, our exhalation. So the rich symbolic meaning of the act of breathing can certainly help us in meditation.

It is not by accident that the Latin word for breathe is *expirare* and that the French word is *expirer*. It has a deep meaning; it is not only to breathe out, it is to die, to give our life back to God. When you breathe out you put your life in God's hands, you give yourself fully to God, you let your breath flow out like a trusting child. You breathe out your problems, your fears, and all that keeps you from God. "Cast all your anxiety upon him because he cares for you" (1 Pet. 5:7).

After exhaling there is a pause. One dies and waits for the resurrection. One can't hurry it, it comes when the time is right. One waits and lets it happen; inhalation is the new life. To give one's self totally means renewal.

Yoga places great importance on breath. Wrong breathing shortens our physical life

and weakens our spiritual one. Another help in meditation is prayer. Soren Kierkegaard writes, "To pray is to breathe. Without the breathing we die or fall into a spiritual sleep."

In Colossians (4:2) we are told to devote ourselves to prayer with an attitude of thanksgiving.

Karlfrid Durkheim writes beautifully that as his prayer became more and more collected he himself had less and less to say. In his tranquility he became a listener. At first he had believed that to pray meant to talk, but he learned that prayer was not even silence, it was listening; prayer is not hearing one's self talk; prayer is becoming still, remaining still, and waiting until one hears.

Eyes are important to meditation because of the longing of the soul to see God face to face (1 Cor. 13). Keeping the eyes closed helps us in this inner gathering. One draws away from the outer world with all its stimuli and distraction so that the soul may be more finely tuned and awake.

On the other hand, we might be distracted by our fantasy. In deep meditation we let go of all thought and mind pictures. When fantasy distracts, you might try to meditate with open or half-open eyes. Let the eyes be passive, resting on some point, since active looking will bring about tension. In quiet, passive looking, all melts together. We all have experienced that feeling, sitting by the sea or watching a sunset, lost in nature's oneness of all things.

To sum it all up, tools and systems are not enough. We need meditation as a way of life, for are we not children of the light as expressed in Ephesians (5:8): "For formerly you were in darkness, but now you are light?" □

Solveig Eskedahl lives on Cape Cod and attends Sandwich (Mass.) Meeting. She has studied and taught courses in meditation, yoga, and self-healing.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. Love
6. Glory
7. slept
10. Torah
13. Maria
14. yule

DOWN

2. O holy
3. Egypt
4. Joy
5. rye
8. today
9. carol
11. imp
12. cry

MY DEAR LUCIFER—Mildew and Dryrot have just returned to base from a tour of the oldest Quaker meetinghouses, quite a successful one I believe and likely to cause some diversions. I gather from them that you've been doing some reconnaissance in the same area. Splendid my dear fellow! With a name like yours it seems appropriate that you should represent us among the people of the "Inner Light."

You were good enough to give me a bit of advice for my sabotage work on Vatican II. I think I can detect signs of success in that direction. So I hope you won't take it amiss if I offer you the benefit of my observations on the Quaker set-up. Don't underestimate them. They're an intrepid lot by and large, though I believe I detect some playing for safety and a fear of change among some of them at the moment. If you can work on that fear and the desire to preserve the old status quo, I think we shall have very little to worry about.

You know, of course, that it's no good thinking you can divert them by stirring up any wrangling about Nicene *versus* Athanasian, mass in the vernacular or the vicar's vestments. They finished with all that nonsense three hundred years ago. You'll have to be a bit more subtle than that, I'm afraid, but they do have a few shibboleths that are worth working on.

No doubt you've done your homework by now. By Beelzebub, I remember that we had a devil of a time with their founder, a stubborn fellow if ever there was one, and not afraid of much I can tell you, except of being wrong. We nearly got him there. Unfortunately he slipped through our fingers by making himself dispensable and actually trusting the Spirit to carry on. We did manage to create a bit of havoc among his followers though, nearly split the whole thing in two, but not quite, alas.

So you'll find you're up against something more formidable this time. Our Enemy is rather fond of 'em, claims they're one of the few groups to have any inkling about what he was on about, though I daresay he's a bit disappointed in them at the moment. They've lost some of the spark they used to have. I think you'll find that they're falling into the institutional trap themselves now, so you may be able to rock the boat a bit.

I'm sure you'll soon spot their weak points yourself, but to save time I've listed a few items that might be worth bearing in mind. They tend to show up where they appear to be strong.

1. A fear of theology—always confusing

Jo Farrow, member of Cardiff (England) Meeting, is general secretary of Quaker Home Service. Her article is reprinted from The Friend (London).

it with doctrine, dogma, and theorizing. It's been a good thing for us, kept them from exploring all the implications of experiential religion. They might have realized their potential if they had.

2. A bit precious about their own tradition—a spot of the old hubris doesn't do us any harm. They're not so prepared to experiment and discard now, afraid to see things changing. If you can keep them worrying

Devilish Reflections on the Society of Friends

by Jo Farrow



about that, they won't cause us much anxiety, and with any luck they won't get to the source again.

3. Loss of nerve about one or two things—their ambiguity, declining membership, whether they're really Christian, that sort of thing. Unfortunately for us there's still a fair amount of Christlike concern among them, but if you can keep them fussing about labels and bothered about losing ground by being ambiguous they may never get around to where the action is. They may even start retreating.

4. Overvaluation of the rational—another good thing for us. Remember your Boehme, my dear fellow: "Whatever is to come to anything must have fire." Fortunately for us they're suspicious of strong emotions, fire in the belly, intuitive leaps in the dark, or anything beyond reason. So keep 'em thinking and don't let them get beyond it. Some of them have, of course, but fortunately for us they have a fail-safe system for dealing

with dissidents and voices in the wilderness. They call it "the sense of the meeting," which in effect means the majority is always right. Any prophetic voices are bound to be silenced by this method so you can relax on that one. With any luck they'll never catch the flame again.

5. Ritual and institutional religion—they are inclined to think that they've managed to get rid of all that. Try to keep them from doubt or questioning at that point.

6. Experimental or experiential religion—plenty of talk about it but some suspicion of experience that doesn't fit the tradition. Keep them talking, and work on the suspicion and apprehension. Those are our best allies.

7. Predictable ministry, at least, that's what they call it. I call it compulsive talking myself, a few people who can't or won't shut up even when they've nothing to say that hasn't been said ten thousand times before and better. This is useful for us. It could kill the whole thing off if we can push it further. If they only knew how we tremble at their real silences, their willingness to wait for light, their struggle to articulate the new!

8. Fear of the Shadow—a good line of attack. They've stressed the other side so much, the "Inner Light" as they call it, that they haven't come to terms with the reality of their dark self. If they ever learned to accept that side with humor we'd be finished. Keep the lid screwed down on that one and we needn't be afraid of their wholeness.

9. The peace testimony—a strong point of course. I'm not sure what you can do about it. Make them proud of it perhaps or divert all their energies into it, and try to keep them unaware of their own aggression.

10. Spiritual leadership—it's possible they need a bit at the moment. They've had it in the past. I shouldn't worry too much though. The spirit of the age and their suspicion of anyone who tries to pull spiritual rank are on our side. Your best plan is to keep them confused about this business of being egalitarian, and believing that a community of the Spirit involves equal distribution of gifts and insights.

Successful sabotaging to you,
Yours fiendishly,
NICHOLAS THE ELDER.

P.S. Above all try to prevent them from asking questions like "Does it work?" or "Does it liberate?" If they ever suspect that what they've been sitting on for years is pure dynamite—*dunamis*, "power," as the Greeks had it—then you and I would be out of a job. Fortunately for us they've only scratched the surface so far and there are some things in their tradition from which they don't want to be liberated, so I guess we shall still be in business. □

REPORTS

Pacific Yearly Meeting Holds Vigil for Peace

Pacific Yearly Meeting gathered August 2-8 for its 36th annual meeting, having features of both meetings for business and also of a conference. Included were interest groups—about ten each day—of such variety as: responsible investing, a nuclear-free Pacific, the U.N. Special Session on Disarmament and fast for disarmament, women's issues in the '80s, poetry, the Middle East. In addition, each day began with worship-fellowship groups, although a number of attenders met even earlier for a Fellowship of Healing.

The merit of all these small gatherings is that the large numbers of attenders at yearly meeting, about 400 this year, can know a few persons well. There may be a weakened sense of corporateness, however. I had the impression that meetings for yearly meeting business were generally not well attended, the exceptions being the meeting on the State of the Society.

For the second year, Young Friends contributed a morning session. This year the topic was "Nurturing a spiritual community and waiting upon the Lord. Do we really do it as we say we do?"

Throughout these five days together, there were exercises of joy, pain, lively concern, and anxiety.

Edith Cole of Claremont Meeting moved the yearly meeting by her account of her fast for disarmament in connection with the U.N. Second Session on Disarmament. She described her inward journey from fear to trust, from despair to hope. Fasting interrupts routine patterns, encouraging reflection and the reordering of priorities. In the end, Edith felt that she had just begun to experience trust in the outpouring of God's love and hope in the Spirit of Christ to which Fox and Teilhard have pointed.

On August 6 a large number of Friends walked to the central square in Chico and surrounded the park in a silent vigil remembering the victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and committing themselves to the message of the poster: "No More Hiroshimas." A passerby asked a participant handing out leaflets: "Who are you? I had no idea religious people did this sort of thing."

The yearly meeting expressed a high degree of unity with the report of the Peace Committee, minuting: its support for the nuclear freeze initiative in California and similar movements elsewhere; its concern for the devastation in the invasion of Lebanon, recognizing U.S. complicity in that Israeli

weapons came from our government; and support for AFSC efforts to supply aid to the many sufferers in Lebanon.

There was an open meeting of the Ministry and Oversight Committee to consider whether the time was coming for cell division in the yearly meeting, with one yearly meeting in northern California and another in southern California.

Young Friends Yearly Meeting expressed in their epistle a concern about "our role within Pacific Yearly Meeting, considering in what ways we can be providers. Some of us feel torn between the need to integrate with the yearly meeting and the need to maintain a community of our own."

Pacific Yearly Meeting's own epistle opens with a paraphrase of Psalm 8: "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" but what follows is not about our being crowned with honor and glory, but of our responsibility for violence, invasions, outrages against human rights, and continued development of nuclear weapons. The epistle ends, "We rest our anxiety in Thee."

Madge T. Seaver

Mennonite Leader Speaks To Northwest Yearly Meeting

The 90th annual sessions of Northwest Yearly Meeting met under the theme of "Life Through the Spirit." Guest speaker Myron Augsburger was said to have "sounded more like a Quaker than we do" after speaking at the July 24-30 sessions on the George Fox College campus in Newberg, Oregon. The former president of Eastern Mennonite College and Seminary and moderator-elect of the General Assembly of the Mennonite Church spoke with depth and feeling of the transforming nature of Christ and our responsibility as followers.

The keynote message by Superintendent Jack L. Willcuts included a call for personal commitment to prayer, devotion, witness, and stewardship.

"Frontiers for Friends" was the emphasis

Missouri Valley Conference children performing for a delighted adult audience!



Wilmer Tjossem

of the Sunday afternoon mission rally, which imparted a wealth of current missions information. Attenders responded to the needs with offering and pledges of \$11,941.

A wide variety of workshops were offered throughout the week. Topics ranged from "How to Be a Baby Church" to "Aging Programs in Your Meeting," which actually dealt with programs for aging people. Workshops were offered twice daily with a total selection of 28 topics related to missions, stewardship, social issues, church planting, and tools for local church ministry.

James Leonard, Judy Middleton, Ron Rittenhouse, Keith Vincent, and Steve Wood were recorded as ministers. It was reported that there are 38 Friends students now in seminaries, and initiative among younger Friends has been influential in an increased emphasis and study of "universal ministry."

New statements for the *Discipline* were approved on the issues of marriage and family, human sexuality, the bestowing of gifts, and forfeiture of recorded status.

Dan McCracken

Missouri Valley Friends Consider "Dimensions of the Spiritual Journey"

The 1982 Missouri Valley Friends Conference, attended by about 60 people of all ages, convened September 24-26 at Camp Chihowa near Lawrence, Kansas. "Dimensions of the Spiritual Journey" was the theme of the three-day session of Friends from Kansas and Missouri. The resource leaders were Donna and Dorlan Bales, members of the ministry team of University Friends Church in Wichita.

The Missouri Valley Conference of Friends is an unaffiliated group representing unprogrammed meetings in the area between Kansas City, Missouri, and Wichita, Kansas. Bill Brow of Lawrence, Kansas, is the new clerk, succeeding Tom Moore, also of Lawrence.

Wilmer Tjossem

Witnessing to Our Faith At Illinois Yearly Meeting

The 108th session of Illinois Yearly Meeting took place August 4-8. The program opened with a panel of members speaking out of their lives to this year's theme: Witnessing to Our Faith—What Doth the Lord Require of Me? Some were called to witness in such ways as tax resistance and non-registration for the draft, while other ministries expressed themselves in everyday service to neighbors and community. Representatives of Quaker organizations were asked to make their reports on the same theme.

Joseph Elder, one of the authors of the AFSC's *A Compassionate Peace, A Future for the Middle East*, effectively addressed the complexities and agonies within the realities of events in this troubled area.

The annual Jonathan Plummer published lecture, presented this year by Betty Clegg on the eloquence of silence, spoke profoundly on mysticism as reflected in the experience of Eastern religions.

Young people were much in our consciousness. A gentle confrontation from representatives of their group challenged meeting to help them grow in the Light and to support their precious fellowship. Meeting took action in providing counsel and support to a young Friend who plans to work with her Mennonite and Brethren counterparts in a peace caravan. A committee was also established to explore the feasibility of releasing a talented Friend to work full time among our young people. An intent was expressed to involve young people in appropriate committees and to seek to involve them more fully in the life of the meeting. Junior Yearly Meeting was lovingly provided for, and the children were proud to have folded 1,000 paper cranes to be displayed in the Chicago Peace Museum.

In worship-sharing and kinship groups the theme was further contemplated. Kinship groups which include all ages concluded that, despite the challenge of holding the attention of all ages, the experience was rewarding. Also, workshops were held on a variety of subjects.

Meetings for business were held with seriousness and dispatch, and telegrams were sent to the president and all appropriate persons with concern for bringing peace to Lebanon.

Memorials were especially poignant as we expressed our love and appreciation for those who died this past year.

Our joy in being together in this lovely rural setting was expressed in folk dancing and a hilarious talent show.

Linda Reed, Kent Palmer,
and Bill Brown

Museum of Iron at Coalbrookdale, England.



Courtesy of Herbert M. Hadley

When Friends Started A Revolution

by Herbert M. Hadley

Five American Friends were part of the group of 21, from the Quaker Woodbrooke College in England, who made an all-day visit to the Ironbridge Gorge Museum on a Saturday last October. Ironbridge is significant as "the birthplace of the Industrial Revolution." The Quaker, Abraham Darby, developed the technique of smelting iron ore with coke, derived from coal which was plentiful, rather than with charcoal derived from wood which was becoming scarce.

This new technique was perfected at Ironbridge in 1709. Abraham Darby's furnace still exists as a part of the museum, and the nearby Coalbrookdale Company—oldest ironworks in the world on its original site—continues to make iron castings. To construct the iron bridge to span the Severn River Gorge in 1779 required castings of a size not made before. This was the achievement of Abraham Darby III. For generations the descendants of the first Abraham Darby were actively engaged in the iron industry at Coalbrookdale. In 1851 the iron works there were considered to be the largest foundry in the United Kingdom.

The first iron cylinders for the Newcomen steam engine were cast at Coalbrookdale. The first iron rails were made and used there, the forerunner of the modern railway. The first iron boat, iron aqueduct, and iron-framed building were products of Coalbrookdale.

The Ironbridge Gorge Museum displays these developments. Also to be seen is the development of decorative tile, pottery, and china industries alongside the Darby family's Coalbrookdale iron foundry. Visitors can profitably spend a full day—or two or three days for serious students

Herbert Hadley is a member of Germantown (Pa.) Monthly Meeting.

of industrial development—at the museum. And the museum trust is in the process of developing further exhibits.

Two descendants of Abraham Darby I are president and member, respectively, of the Ironbridge Gorge Museum Trust and are also concerned Friends in the present day. They have plans for developing the two Darby family houses in Ironbridge in a way which will present the story of Quakerism—in both its historical and its modern modes. They want the practice of trans-Atlantic visitor exchange between Friends in America and Friends in Britain to be alive today as it was in their ancestors' generations. They have record of U.S. Friends as visiting ministers staying in the Darby homes, Dale House and Rose Hill. Most prominent among their ancestors who made extensive journeys in the ministry to America were Abiah Maude Darby (1716-1794) and Deborah Barnard Darby (1752-1810). It may be that Dale House and Rosehill development cannot be completed for another two years. But U.S. and Canadian Friends visiting at any time the museum at Ironbridge in Shropshire will be made aware of the large Quaker contribution to industrial development at that place.

Who were the five U.S. Friends visiting Ironbridge last October? Harold and Marian Antrim, pastors of Boise Friends Church, Idaho; Hugh and Sirkka Barbour, Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana; and Herbert M. Hadley, of Philadelphia, this year a fellow at Woodbrooke College, writing a history of Friends World Committee for Consultation, on whose staff he served for 25 years.

For further information on the museum contact The Ironbridge Museum Trust, Ironbridge, Telford, Shropshire TF8 7AW, England. □

WORLD OF FRIENDS

Further evidence of the health of the anti-nuclear war movement continues to accumulate. This account (already shared with President Reagan) was written by Tom Duthie of Lansdowne (Pa.) Meeting:

At 8 p.m. on Sunday, October 10, the Springfield (Pa.) Ministerium, representing many of the churches in the area, arranged an "Interfaith Prayer Witness for Peace." Arriving early, I seated myself with hundreds of others in the grandstand adjoining Springfield High School's athletic field. It was indeed a thrilling and heart-warming sight to see dim lights appear in the distance, then gradually materialize into long lines of candle-bearing marchers from surrounding communities. By the time these marchers assembled in the stands, there were probably two thousand of us. We listened to short messages spoken by priests, rabbis, ministers, and laypersons. A scene of families at play was enacted on the temporarily lighted field. Then a rocket zoomed upward, exploding at great height with an enormous boom. The players fell and lay motionless. A baby cried. The lights went out.

An Afghan refugee family is receiving assistance from State College (Pa.) Meeting. The family of M. Amir Kaify, at present political refugees in Pakistan, are known by Friends through one of the meeting's members who met them through an AID program in 1960-61.

The meeting has agreed to co-sponsor the family if it can emigrate; a special meeting fund has been established to help meet the needs of the Kaifys while they are in Pakistan and later if they settle in the U.S.

New Eyes for the Needy is one of the few charities that doesn't ask for money, but uses something you might no longer want—your used metal and plastic-framed eyeglasses! Metal frames are melted down and the money from their sale is used to buy new glasses for those with impaired sight in the U.S. (Jewelry is collected for the same purpose.) Glasses with plastic frames are graded and shipped overseas to medical missions.

Unneeded glasses or jewelry may be sent to: New Eyes for the Needy, 549 Millburn Ave., Short Hills, NJ 07078.

A course on nonviolence—its meanings, forms, and uses—will be offered June 26 to July 8, 1983, at the Inter-University Centre of Postgraduate Studies in Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia. The course, in English, will present the many meanings of nonviolence

as well as analyzing its various forms for resolving conflict and its uses in social change. Resource persons will include Elise Boulding, Paul Hare, Barry Hollister, and Danilo Dolci.

For information contact Theodore Herman, Peace and World Order Studies Program, Colgate University, Hamilton, NY 13346.

Quaker Life will be available on cassette tapes beginning in January 1983. Each 90-minute tape will be a condensed version of the regular magazine. It will include major articles as well as a selection of columns, editorials, and inspirational pieces.

The tapes are designed to benefit the visually handicapped as well as busy professionals and commuters who listen to tapes in their cars. For information write *Quaker Life*, 101 Quaker Hill Dr., Richmond, IN 47374.

These "Differences Between Live and Dead Churches [Meetings]" appeared in the *Living Light* (10/8/82), newsletter of First Friends Church of Whittier (Calif.):

- Live meetings are constantly changing methodology; dead meetings don't have to.
- Live meetings' expenses always exceed their income; dead meetings always take in more than they ever dreamed of spending.
- Live meetings are constantly planning and improving for the future; dead meetings worship their past.
- Live meetings grow so fast you forget people's names; in dead meetings everybody has known everybody's name for years.

A new Quaker House in Belfast, Northern Ireland, has been established. An open day was held on September 9 which attracted a large gathering of Ulster Friends to a very moving meeting for worship at the house.

Billy and Joan Sinton will direct the program, which is supported by Ulster Quarterly Meeting. This valuable work for peace and reconciliation will doubtless receive the good wishes and support of Friends outside Ireland as well.

Personal telephone calls to contact distant meeting members proved to be a successful way to increase the amount and number of contributions to the combined appeal by Lansdowne (Pa.) Friends. A committee of four members made the phone calls, and the results were twofold:

- meeting contributions increased from \$2,721 with 55 contributing (1981) to \$4,234 with 71 contributing (1982).
- Old friendships were renewed and family news exchanged.

"Alternatives to Violence—for Personal and Social Change" is a peace education effort of the Cleveland Friends Meeting and the

Northeast Ohio AFSC. It is a 15-hour mini-curriculum suitable for use in high schools and by adult groups. Its goals are:

- to give participants the intellectual background, attitudes, and skills to resolve conflicts in creative, nonviolent ways;
- to help participants to learn to recognize violence in all its forms;
- to enable the participants to change their own environments;
- to encourage the use of nonviolence in families, communities, and the world.

For information on ATV contact Cleveland Friends Meeting, 10916 Magnolia Drive, Cleveland, OH 44106.

Dedication of the Kenneth B. Webb Lodge served as a fitting tribute this summer to 43 years of Farm and Wilderness Camps and to 50 years of marriage of Ken and Susan Webb, the camps' Quaker founders. An estimated 600 campers, staff, parents, and friends gathered to mark the occasion at Camp Timberlake. The new lodge has an attractive plaque lettered on wood which honors Ken as follows:

Dreamer and builder, philosopher, educator, and naturalist. His creativity, energy, and spiritual convictions have influenced the lives of campers and staff. . . .

Kenyan Quaker lawyer John Khaminwa (FJ 12/1) has now been "adopted" by an Amnesty International group, and the International Commission of Jurists has also been involved in efforts to gain his release from prison. It appears that further letters from Friends will not be of assistance at this time. When action is needed, we will inform you. (Note corrected spelling of "Khaminwa.")

Both veteran and aspiring frisbee throwers will be interested in this note (from *The Friend*, London) that the name "frisbee" is said to have originated from the name of a bakery in Bridgeport, Connecticut, whose pie tins could be used similarly.

And there is this description of a game of "ultimate frisbee," played in Yellow Springs, Ohio, and observed by Friends Barry and Kay Hollister, Arthur J. White, and others:

The teams are seven-a-side, with substitutes who could be brought on at will. The skill at passing and catching the frisbee while running at speed was phenomenal. Goals were scored when a good catch was made within a defined area at each end of the field.

But a remarkable feature of ultimate frisbee is that there is *no referee*. Infringements, when for instance the frisbee touches the ground as it is being caught, . . . are decided by the two players who are in contention at the time. They agree who was at fault and no other players join in the discussion.

We look forward to other reports of such Friendly and cooperative play!

FORUM

To be considered for publication letters should be 300 words or less.

A New Line for the Song

Robert D. Hubbard (FJ 9/1-15) proposed that the line from the George Fox song, "For the truth is more holy than the book to me," ought perhaps to be changed since to the best of his knowledge that was not the reason for Fox's objection to swearing.

I don't know Fox's writings well enough to settle the question, but I agree that it would be well to change the line as it could offend unnecessarily. I suggest: "'Will you swear on the Bible?' 'I will not,' said he, 'for the Bible itself forbiddeth that to me.'"

Gracia Fay Ellwood
Pasadena, Calif.

Oppose All Violence Equally

Bob Hixson's article, "International Terrorism" (FJ 10/1), seemed to adopt a political viewpoint that violence by isolated individuals or small groups is somehow worse than that of more thoroughly organized armies. Thus he supports an embargo against Libya, whose record of actual terrorist acts is not clear, without mentioning the stronger case against South Africa, which has invaded Angola several times and maintains client rebel groups there and in Zimbabwe.

Is terrorism by U.S.-made, Israeli-delivered bombs in Beirut or Iraq not equally grounds for an embargo? Shall we embargo ourselves for supporting terrorist infiltrators into Nicaragua and the terrorist government of El Salvador? Is the bombing and assassination practiced by Afghan rebels different from the helicopter gunships used there by Russians and earlier used by the U.S. in Vietnam?

Surely the use of violence, for political ends or otherwise, should be opposed. But because the TV calls one "terrorism" and the other "reaction" is no ground to condemn one more than the other.

Robert J. Donovan
San Francisco, Calif.

Ignorance of the Palestinian Problem

Stephen Brown (Forum, FJ 11/1) tells us from the vantage point of his Quaker credentials that Calvin Keene's viewpoint, as expressed in the Forum (FJ 10/1), is an admission of "total ignorance of the

facts."

To the contrary his reaction offers us the continuing classic example of an appalling ignorance of the Palestinian problem which was indeed born out of the creation of Israel. Ask those of us who lived there; in my case I carried identical Quaker credentials. Today I suffer daily the emotional impact of a confrontation with injustice that years later is still breeding its death and destruction.

None of this has to do with a "historical hatred of the Jews." Instead it is the growth of a soon-to-be-historical love for a beautiful people. The Palestinians have been damaged beyond repair by our Western cultural impact as represented by Israel upon their Eastern culture. It is an outrage perpetuated by our seeming ability to twist the facts without knowing it. I live in awe of my enormous frustration over this issue, and Calvin Keene properly admonishes Quakers such as myself to speak out.

Brett White
Coconut Grove, Fl.

Appreciation at the U.N.

The way you managed to work "Non-Use of Force" into the November 1 issue pleased me enormously. I have given copies to Ambassador Ellaraby (Egypt), chairman of the Special Committee, as well as to a U.N. staff member in Legal Affairs, and the Cyprus delegate. They were all glad to have it.

Jim Read
New York, N.Y.

Why Must There Be Exclusions?

Herb Lape, in his article "Walk in the Ancient Paths" (FJ 10/1) admonishes Quakers to return to the beliefs and practices of early Friends, and further back to the Prophets of the Old Testament. As a universalist Friend, I welcome his sincere expression of concern and respond in the hope that some of his reservations concerning us may be laid to rest.

The basic structure of Friends

unprogrammed meetings for worship is withdrawal within to the silence in order to hear the "still, small voice." There are no prescribed rules on the ministry that may come out of this silence except that the first speaker usually suggests the theme that may be pursued by others who may follow. We are gathered together in love to worship and glorify our God as revealed to us in the radiant life and triumphant death of Jesus. And because in the silence all may worship the same God of love and compassion, it could be that a Buddhist, or a Hindu, or some other sect, feeling safe and at peace with us, and responding to a joyous sense of presence within, might praise God through words or intonation. A Friend might dance or sing in exaltation. Quakerism could be a bridge connecting us with other religions, especially Eastern religions.

Do we Quakers fail to appeal to seekers when we "affirm and accept people where they are"? Do we really leave them there? In my experience of Quakerism, this is not how it happens. There is no judgment or condemnation; there is concern, caring, and encouragement to change—if change is needed—and to grow with us.

I am appalled at the suggestion that Quakers should make a corporate testimony on such personal ethics as abortion, premarital sex, and homosexuality. These are surely personal and private matters unless concern over the issues are such that a Friend asks for a clearness committee from the meeting. In Chapel Hill meeting, we are called upon many times to serve on such committees where the applicant, and those who are asked to share the concerns, thresh together, tenderly and prayerfully, to follow God's will.

Since I am a child of Western, Christian heritage, my God is, and ever will be, the loving, forgiving, compassionate One as taught and experienced by Jesus. I follow no other, but if I had been born into a devout, Zen Buddhist family, would I have been less a child of God? Why must there be exclusions?

Mildred Ringwalt
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Dear Friends I have been working on a paper about William Penn. I thought I would write to tell you that I think you have done a really good job on the pictures. one of the things I remembered was that William Penn wrote a peace treaty which said: in this land our two peoples will live together in respect and freedom

Sincerely Itannah Smalltree (age 7)

BOOKS

Blood of the Land: The Government and Corporate War Against the American Indian Movement by Rex Weyler. Everest House, New York, 1982. 288 pages. \$14.95

Blood of the Land is a gripping account of the 14-year-old American Indian Movement, a network of Indian activists pursuing Indian legal rights to land and self-autonomy, and the rebuilding of a traditional lifestyle. The book covers AIM's genesis, its aspirations, its actions, and, above all, the efforts of our government to crush it.

Weyler does not always escape the traps of partisanship. He sometimes too quickly adopts the views of those he writes about, leading at times to a skewed analysis (as in his chapter on the Hopi-Navajo land disputes). He also too carefully refrains from criticizing the early tactics of the activists—often questionable, at least in their wisdom. And there is something unsettling in his identification of traditional Indians as the "real" Indians—though the "false" Indians today seem to be a majority.

But Weyler is on stronger ground in his relentless cataloging of government misconduct in relation to AIM—by the FBI, the courts, the prison system, the Bureau of Indian Affairs, cabinet members, and even the Pentagon. Much of the evidence he gives is court-confirmed or taken from government files acquired under the Freedom of Information Act. For the FBI alone, the list includes lies to the media, infiltration, coercion of witnesses, fabrication of courtroom evidence, threats to life, probable complicity with murder, and possible conspiracy to murder (in the case of Leonard Peltier).

Weyler's report is the stuff of nightmares—literally—for me. Nor is this past history, as President Reagan has recently reauthorized the FBI and CIA to infiltrate "subversive" organizations. Don't read this book unless you're willing to look beneath the cloak of legitimacy worn by the law enforcement system financed by your dollars.

Mark Shepard

The Wondrous Gift—A Christmas Story by Daisy Newman. Book Services Committee, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, 1982. 32 pages. \$2.25

"When I came home for Christmas my freshman year at college, I felt like a stranger with the people I love."

These words open the pamphlet-sized book which Daisy Newman offers us in time for gift-giving (a mailing envelope is included). The story should be especially welcomed by young Friends and their friends who are contemporaries of Content, the young woman narrator who takes her place with Diligence and Serenity, young Quaker women in two of Newman's previous full-length novels.

In seven short chapters the author skillfully makes members of Content's family come alive. They are delineated through Content's struggle to understand how and why her new experiences at college, including a relationship with Sid, seem to put her in conflict with her family and make her feel a stranger at home. Content welcomes the escape offered when she's asked to drive to pick up her grandfather in another town.

A blizzard keeps Content at her grandfather's, and as they play recorder duets and reminisce about the Quaker grandmother for whom she was named, she discovers Whittier's *Snow-Bound* and rediscovers her own values. When they are at last able to join the family, Content is able to truly come "home for Christmas."

Daisy Newman has a "wondrous" gift for words as she interprets, through Content, the peer versus parental pressures young people face.

Marjorie Baechler

The Messenger by Mona Lee. 7060 Herried Rd., Silverdale, WA 98383, 1982. 173 pages. \$5/paperback

National peace-concerned groups have long been disturbed by the establishment of a nuclear submarine base on Washington's Hood Canal. Mona Lee, an Olympic Peninsula resident, has voiced her protest in the form of a novel. *The Messenger* is a reasonable fantasy concerning the dilemma of saving one's service career or fighting actively against nuclear armament.

The heroine, Lucinda Jones, influenced by leaflets from a Ground Zero group as well as her own conscience, gets herself jailed in over-zealous action. Already an insider working at the naval base as an education specialist, she becomes a nominal security risk.

Within the framework of arrest, detainment, and rigorous psychiatric testing, Lucy Jones searches for an answer. By flashbacks and a projection into the future, Mona Lee uses her knowledge of medicine, politics, and history to propel Lucy into the reluctant role of message bearer. Is this message powerful enough to change the course of world peace? A deep respect for God's natural world pervades the story.

How Lucy Jones wangles, through her sympathetic interrogators, an appointment

with the president of the United States, and the typical misinterpretation of her purpose, is the high point of *The Messenger*.

Whether a morality tale can also be a *Harvey*-like whimsy, with a trace of spy-terror and a hearty slug of reincarnation, the suspense is taut to the final page. This is a book demanding avid and rapid reading.

Naomi H. Yarnall

Quaker Women Speak. Six pamphlets by Leonard S. Kenworthy. Quaker Publications, P.O. Box 726, Kennett Square, PA 19348, 1982. 25 cents

Although Quakers have always recognized the spiritual equality of women, and Quaker women have been active and impassioned ministers since the 17th century, quotations from the writings and sermons of Quaker women are rarely used in current speeches and articles on Quaker subjects. It may be that Quaker women—having the dual job of housewife and mother as well as minister—were less eloquent. Or it may be that the attitudes of the world's people have crept into our recording of sermons and our writing of history, and the words of Quaker women have been given less weight over the years. I suspect the latter is the case.

If Quaker writers tend to overuse certain passages from John Woolman, George Fox, William Penn, Isaac Pennington, Robert Barclay, Rufus Jones, and Henry Cadbury, and to slight women, with the occasional exception of Elizabeth Fry, it is because excerpts from the writings of Quaker women have not been at hand. We should all therefore be grateful that Leonard Kenworthy has chosen to expand his excellent Quaker Leaders Speak series to include six pamphlets containing profiles and selections from the writings of six contemporary Quaker women: Elise Boulding, sociologist; Elizabeth Watson, writer and Bible scholar; Elfrida Vipont Foulds, writer and Quaker historian; Elizabeth Gray Vining, writer; Rachel Davis DuBois, pioneer in intergroup relations; and Helen Hole, educator and writer. Each of the six is eloquent, and the small pamphlets contain much food for thought and inspiration as well as quotation.

As Elise Boulding writes, "The elimination of most of the human race from the historical record shrinks our human identity. We don't know who we are. We know even less what we might become."

Leonard Kenworthy's new addition to his series provides us with a tool to expand our knowledge of our identity as a religious society made up of both men and women, and will surely be widely quoted within and without the world of Quaker thought.

Margaret Hope Bacon



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Each month 25-30 seekers write FGC in response to our messages appearing in national circulation magazines. They receive free of charge a pamphlet or book about Quakers such as *Just Among Friends* by William Wistar Comfort, and the name and address of the Friends meeting nearest their home.

FGC can help seekers throughout North America find Friends in this way because people like you support our work with your donations. The continuing response to this advancement and outreach work tells us that it is needed and should continue, but our costs are rising steadily. Purchasing space in appropriate periodicals and buying *Just Among Friends* or other publications for distribution gets more expensive month by month.

FGC's financial reserves have been seriously depleted over the past several years by expenses that have risen much more rapidly than our income. If we are to avoid cutting back on valuable programs, we need your support today. Please send your contribution to **Friends General Conference**, 1520-B Race Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. Thank you.

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FILMS

The two films reviewed below are recent releases which address different aspects of the results of experiments in nuclear and chemical warfare.

For Friends wishing to study these issues there are many good materials available. *Sightlines* magazine (Spring 1982) includes a selected, annotated list of over 100 titles on Nuclear War and Disarmament. The list is available from the author, John Dowling, Physics Department, Mansfield State College, Mansfield, PA 16933; the cost is \$2.00 and must be prepaid. —Esme Dick

Nick Mazzuco: Biography of an Atomic Vet, produced and edited by Richard Schmeichen, written by Michael Uhl. Distributed by Green Mountain Post Films, P.O. Box 229, Turner Falls, MA 01376. Sale: \$550. Rental: \$55. Color, 22 minutes

Between 1946 and 1962 hundreds of thousands of GIs were witness to a long series of atomic explosions conducted by the army. Nick Mazzuco was one of these soldiers in 1955-56.

The film is narrated by Nick, and the visuals alternate interview footage with government archive footage of the explosions and family photographs of the Mazzuco family. Although the "talking head" sections make for a somewhat static film, it is far more effective than is usual in films using this technique. Nick tells his story with

conviction and charm, and the alternating sequences are powerful enough to hold the viewer's attention well.

The military has always been secretive about both the number of men involved in these tests and the effects on them, if any. Many veterans who later suffered from a wide variety of problems ranging from leukemia to sterility are convinced that the radiation they were exposed to in these tests was responsible. So far the government has conducted no studies of the problem and issued no statistics of their own.

The archive footage is awesome indeed. The brilliantly-colored mushroom clouds rising over the army trenches where the soldier stand, protected only by the earth, produce a shock and amazement in the viewer.

The soldiers involved in these tests were of course, merely following orders. Neither they nor the army had any idea of the possible side effects. The experiences of Hiroshima and Nagasaki were still being assessed and the long-term effects of radiation were only vaguely suspected.

For groups interested in a discussion length film which raises both the issues of military obedience, the morality of the use of atomic weapons, and related issues this would be a good choice. The film is being distributed with a study guide.

Ecocide: A Strategy of War, filmed and narrated by E. W. Pfeiffer. Distributed by Green Mountain Post Films, P.O. Box 229, Turner Falls, MA 01376. Sale: \$350. Rental: \$30. Color, 23 minutes

Dr. Pfeiffer is a zoologist working at the

Poets & Reviewers



Margaret Hope Bacon, a biographer and lecturer, is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Monthly Meeting. **Marjorie Baechler**, former FRIENDS JOURNAL board member, is a member of Hartford (Conn.) Meeting. **Robert Daubenspeck** is a member of Hanover (N.H.) Meeting. Former director of the American Film Festival, **Esme Dick** is a member of Stamford-Greenwich (Conn.) Meeting. **Diane Karay** is pastor of the Rantoul (Ill.) Presbyterian Church. **Virginia A. Pleasants** is a member of Doylestown (Pa.) Friends Meeting. **Mark Shepard** is a writer attending Humboldt (Calif.) Friends Worship Group. **Naomi H. Yarnall** is a member of Seaville (N.J.) Meeting.

University of Montana. Between 1960 and 1973 he made five trips to Indochina to study the effects on the ecology of the area of the various chemical and other weapons used in the Vietnam War. The film is a compilation of the footage from these trips with a narration explaining the nature and effects of these war tactics.

Although many people have heard of the use of herbicides in the war, most of us are unaware that this was only a small unit of a vast array of similar weapons deployed. The end results have been enormous and are long lasting in their effects.

The people of Indochina have always been an agricultural society. The use of chemicals and tractors ploughing down forest lands destroyed about 40 percent of all lumber in the area. Fishing waters and agricultural land were destroyed and became unusable for the foreseeable future. This drove many people from their traditional homelands into the urban areas, which exacerbated the problems of jobs, food, and housing.

Many of these war tactics were used in both North and South Vietnam and in other areas so that the effects are not confined to the territory of the "enemy." Since the end of the war, efforts to rebuild the land have been started. The process is a very slow one. Forests do not regenerate rapidly and unfertile fields take years of special management to become productive again. The graphic photography and informative narration make one vividly aware of the terrible consequences of this type of warfare and its far-reaching effects on the ecology and history of the area. A good film to provoke discussion.

Books in Brief

• **Why I Am a Conscientious Objector**, by John M. Drescher. Herald Press, Scottsdale, Pa., 1982. 73 pages. \$2.95. The author, long active in the Mennonite church, presents a very biblical statement on his pacifism. The book includes a "Peace Bibliography" of related titles (mostly Herald Press publications).

• **The Path of Most Resistance**, by Melissa Miller and Phil M. Shenk, with an introduction by John M. Drescher. Herald Press, Scottsdale, Pa., 1982. 239 pages. \$7.95/paperback. Ten Mennonite conscientious objectors who refused the draft during the Vietnam War share their experiences which, more than a decade later, are pertinent to those facing conscription today. These personal accounts reveal the pain and triumph of accepting the consequences of their decisions—Canada, jail, underground, alternative service. Together, these COs "step forth and say gently, 'This cannot be.'"

• **Your Prayers and Mine**, compiled by Elizabeth Yates, decorated by Nora S. Unwin. Friends United Press, Richmond, Ind., 1982. 64 pages. \$3.95/paperback. A life-long collector of prayers, Elizabeth Yates published this collection of her favorites in 1954. Culled from sources ancient to present, from Japan to Ireland, from Saint Augustine to Sioux Indians, the book contains such gems as this prayer of the Breton fishermen: "Dear God, be good to me. The sea is so wide and my boat is so small."

• **Basic Training: A Consumer's Guide to the Military**, edited by Steve Meiers. The Progressive Foundation, 350 West Gorham St., Madison, WI 53703, 1982. 43 pages. \$2.95/paperback (postage included). *Consumer's Guide* effectively debunks the unrealistic ideas of military life that the armed forces, spending millions of dollars on advertising, create in the minds of young people. This is not an anti-recruitment booklet; it is a chance to inform potential enlisters that military life is not for everyone—before they hear the sales pitch and sign on the dotted line. *Consumer's Guide* is a series of articles that clarifies the "Catch-22s" in enlistment contracts, military lifestyle, testing, pay and benefits, job training programs, conscientious objection, and the draft.

• **A Soprano on Her Head: Right-Side Up Reflections on Life and Other Performances**, by Eloise Ristad. Real People Press, Moab, UT 84532, 1982. 203 pages. \$5.50/paperback. This delightfully unorthodox teacher (member of Boulder Friends Meeting) helps performing artists to improve their performance through exercises designed to aid in relaxing and conquering fears. The title comes from an incident in one of her classes: a soprano, kneeling with her head touching the floor, produces new and beautiful tones that she had never achieved before. Ristad proves that feet can find the surest step without constant vigilance and that artists can instinctively be one with the act of creation in their performances when they overcome the self-consciousness that intrudes with the rigors and repetition of practice.

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CREMATION

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MILESTONES

Birth

Bowes—Megan Marion Bowes on October 14 to Arlene Dannenberg Bowes and Stephen M. Bowes, III, of Stony Run (Md.) Friends Meeting.

Marriage

Winder-Kennedy—Jack Burton Kennedy, II, and Rebecca Mary Winder of Littleton, Colo. under the care of Alexandria (Va.) Monthly Meeting at Woodlawn, Va. Rebecca and her parents, James J. and Jean Winder, are members of Alexandria Meeting.

Deaths

De Groot—On October 27 in Doylestown, Pa., John K.B. De Groot, 78, a member of Doylestown Friends Meeting. He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth Pratt De Groot; a brother; two sons; and six grandchildren.

Drake—Constance La Boiteaux Drake, 82, on July 6 at Nantucket, Mass. Conti had a richly varied religious life. Her activities among Friends included helping to reopen Nantucket (Mass.) Meeting in 1931. In 1942 she joined Haverford (Pa.) Friends Meeting. Later in life, Conti became an Episcopalian while still retaining membership at Haverford Meeting. She was a professional artist; one of her works, a double portrait of Rufus and Elizabeth Jones, hangs in the Quaker Collection at Haverford College.

Conti is survived by her husband, Thomas E. Drake; her children, Joan Sangree Talbot, Carl M. Sangree, Jr., Walter H. Sangree, Harold E. Buttrick, T. Hoyt Drake, and Daniel W. Drake; 19 grandchildren; and 1 great-grandchild.

Green—On November 16, in Portland, Oreg., Donald Greene, from injuries suffered in an accident October 27 while cutting firewood. Don was chairman of the Pastoral Team of Reedwood (Oreg.) Friends Church and a professor at Western Evangelical Seminary. He was a frequent speaker at Quaker conferences in the U.S. and abroad and was held in high esteem by the wider Christian community. This summer he was a keynote speaker at the Friends World Conference in Kenya and at the sessions of London Yearly Meeting.

A memorial service was held November 20 at Reedwood Friends Church. Surviving are Don's wife, Ellie, and four children, ranging in age from 22 months to 11 years.

Haines—Robert Lee Haines, 79, on October 20 in Wellington, Kans. Robert attended Moorestown Friends School, Westtown, and Haverford College. He was later president of the T. Lee Haines Paint Co., Inc., of Camden, N.J. Vitally interested in problems of Native Americans, Robert acted as chairman of the Indian Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. He was a member of Moorestown (N.J.) Monthly Meeting. He is survived by his wife, Lenore B. Haines; sister, Elizabeth A. Morris; daughter, Sarah H. Bocken; and son, E. Lee Haines.

Leiby—Harry Nathan Leiby, 84, of Falmouth, Mass. on September 17. He was a member of West Falmouth Friends Meeting. Before retiring to Falmouth in 1968, Harry belonged to Race Street (Pa.) Meeting. Surviving are his wife, Mary H. Leiby; a son, Jonathan; a daughter, Elizabeth Ho; and six grandchildren.

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University Friends Meeting, Friends Center, Seattle, WA. Call or write (206) 632-9839 or 632-7006. 4039 Ninth Ave., NE, Seattle, WA 98105.

Orlando, Florida. Stay at Southeastern Yearly Meeting Quaker Center at Cisney House, 847 Highland Ave., 32803. Rooms available for sojourners by reservation. Also, one- and two-bedroom unfurnished apartments on year-round basis. Next to Orlando Friends Meeting. A Friendly intergenerational Quaker Community. Telephone: 305-422-8079.

Announcements

Peacemaking and the Parish, January 10-13, 1983. Led by: William Stringfellow, Attorney; Walter Wink, Auburn Seminary, NYC; Joanna Macy, Interhelp, Wash., DC; Robert Raines, Kirkridge; and others. Write for flier: Kirkridge, RD 3, Bangor, PA 18013. (215) 588-1793.

On Becoming a Contemplative Where You Are, February 18-20, 1983. Led by John Yungblut, a Jung and Teilhard scholar and former staff member, Pendle Hill; Author: *Discovering God Within*. Write for flier: Kirkridge, RD 3, Bangor, PA 18013. (215) 588-1793.

Books and Publications

Coxes of Southeastern Pennsylvania, 1708-1978—a social history with genealogical tables and pictures. Reserve copy \$10. December issue. Priscilla L. Cox Richardson, 32071 N. River Road, Gurnee, IL 60031

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

Looking for a book? Free Search Service. Please write: Peter Sperling—Books Dept. F, Box 300, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10113-0300.

Magazine samples. Free listing of over 150 magazines offering a sample copy—50¢ per sample. Send stamped, self-addressed #10 envelope to: Publishers Exchange, P.O. Box 220, Dept. 216A, Dunellen, NJ 08812.

For Rent

Country house near Westtown, Pa., 4 bedrooms, 4 acres, February-September 1983 or part. Owners abroad. Reasonable. FJ Box K-765.

For Sale

For tea lovers—Bewley's of Ireland Specialty Teas. Quaker founded and managed for over 140 years. Irish Breakfast, Darjeeling, Ceylon, Earl Grey in fancy 4-oz tins. Retail from Kimo Press, P.O. Box 1361, Falls Church, VA 22041. Wholesale from Bewley Enterprises, 606 Howard Road, West Chester, PA 19380. (215) 696-2682.

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Personal

Home exchange. San Francisco with Abingdon (Oxford) England. English family of four wish to exchange their home and car with American family in San Francisco area for four weeks July/August 1983. Details from Morris Robinson, 127 South Avenue, Abingdon, Oxford, OX 14 1QS, United Kingdom.

Three brothers invite affiliation. Founding Oahspean country community. Adopt/raise needy children toward peace, freedom, harmony. Kindergarten, Inc., Golden Eagle, IL 62036. (618) 883-2664.

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

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Westtown parent interested in locating south-facing hillside with view, for future construction of small earth-sheltered solar house. Chester or Delaware County preferred. T. Engeman, 1515 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102 (215) 241-7215.

Positions Vacant

Mature, hospitable Friend sought for 1-2 year term as Resident for Santa Fe Friends Meeting, beginning early 1983. Please send letter of interest to Search Committee, 630 Canyon Rd., Santa Fe, NM 87501.

Physical Plant and Purchasing: Director. Responsible for operation and maintenance of physical plant worth \$40,000,000+, also purchasing. Preferred candidates will have broad experience, engineering education and/or background, ability to work in Quaker community governed by consensus. Position available May 1, 1983. Send resume, statement of interest in position, three letters of reference, and salary requirements to G. Richard Wynn, Vice President for Financial Affairs, Earlham College, Richmond, IN 47374, by December 31, 1982. An AA/EO employer

Moorestown (N.J.) Monthly Meeting is seeking a Meeting Secretary to begin April 1, 1983. The position involves 20-25 hours weekly from September to June. Salary is negotiable. A Friend is preferred but not mandatory. Job descriptions available. Address inquiries to Secretary's Committee, Moorestown Monthly Meeting, Main and Chester, Moorestown, NJ 08057.

Two teachers needed. Friends School, Tokyo, Japan, needs women sympathetic to Friends and Friends' testimonies to teach English conversation, two-year commitment preferred, one to start April and one September 1983. For further information contact the Friends Council on Education, 1507 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

Schools

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Sandy Spring Friends School, Sandy Spring, Maryland 20860, 301-774-7455. 9th through 12th grade, day and boarding; 6th through 8th grades day only. Small academic classes, arts, twice weekly meeting for worship, sports, service projects, intersession projects. Individual approach, challenging supportive atmosphere. Rural campus, urban area. Headmaster: Edwin Hinshaw. School motto: "Let your lives speak."

Services Offered

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

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Quality custom woodworking. Book cases, raised panel doors, mantles, cabinets, etc. Warren Cadwallader-Staub, Wood Craft Carpentry, P.O. Box 165, Titusville, NJ 08560 (609) 737-9531.

Summer Camp

Four-week Quaker music experience for 12-17-year-olds. July 1983. Write Friends Music Institute, P.O. Box 427, Yellow Springs, OH 45387 for brochure.

Wanted

Quaker couple seeks house/apartment to rent, Media area, beginning February 1983. Leave message: Denis Nicholson Asselin, Westtown School, 399-0123.

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