

August 1/15, 1983

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today

I do not want to die
without leaving a record
of my belief that suffering
can be overcome.
For I do believe it.

—*Guests of My Life*





FRIENDS JOURNAL

August 1/15, 1983 Vol. 29, No. 12

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Cover photo by Bill Bliss from the performance of *Guests of My Life* at FGC Gathering, 1983. Featured are Daena Giardella-Grant as Elizabeth Watson (left) and Bismillah Ivings as Katherine Mansfield. Cover quote from *The Journal of Katherine Mansfield* as excerpted from Elizabeth Watson's book, *Guests of My Life*.

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AMONG FRIENDS

He "Dwelt in Possibilities"

Olcutt Sanders, editor-manager of FRIENDS JOURNAL, died in his sleep early on the morning of Thursday, June 30, at home where he wanted to be. His family, FRIENDS JOURNAL, and a legion of friends mourn, give thanks, and turn to the future.

AS FRIENDS JOURNAL readers know, Olcutt had carried on a running battle with cancer for the past six years. Yet he was thinking about FRIENDS JOURNAL at least as late as midnight the night before he died. It was then he spoke to his wife, Phyllis, about an article he had previously done that might be used in case he was unable to write this column. He had telephoned me earlier in the week to say that he had decided to resign from the JOURNAL effective July 1; he felt it was unlikely he would regain sufficient strength to carry the full responsibility of the position. He had invited the staff to the Sanders' apartment, half a block from Friends Center, the previous Thursday, for the regular staff meeting, and shared with them his sense that the time had come for him to resign. But he still phoned Vint Deming, his associate, with comments and ideas and suggestions.

The afternoon after Olcutt's death the staff held their own memorial meeting to share their grief and loss, their gratitude for all that Olcutt has meant to each one of them, and their oneness in carrying on with the JOURNAL.

Under the contingency plan of the Board of Managers, Vinton Deming, associate editor, will be acting editor while we look for the way into the future.

Olcutt had said to Vint that he wanted to write a column for this August issue. He wanted, he said, to say that it's been great being here at FRIENDS JOURNAL; that some important things have been accomplished; that there's a great year ahead, too, with plans for a special book issue and a special Cadbury anniversary issue, among others; and that there's a wonderful, talented, close-knit staff to keep the JOURNAL moving forward.

We'll miss you, Olcutt. We'll miss your imaginative mind, your energy, your instinctive impulse to give your cause rather than your ego first place in your service, your joyousness. But there are many aspects to immortality, and you live in each one of us whom you have touched through the magazine, and in each one of us who has been privileged to be in some way your comrade.

We thought of you, Olcutt, while we watched *Guests of My Life* at Slippery Rock. Like Elizabeth Watson and Emily Dickinson, you "dwelt in possibilities," and now perhaps you move even more easily in that realm. In the material world and in the world of the spirit, we join with you in seeking to realize the possibilities of the commonwealth of God.

Eleanor B. Webb
 Eleanor B. Webb
 Clerk, Board of Managers

WASH DAY, AUGUST 1945

Lorna Kent



by Frances Heiman

It was one of those mornings in southern Indiana when it seemed slightly cooler, though the hot sun was pouring out upon this small farming and coal-mining town. We lived in an old frame house heated in the winter by a pot-bellied stove and a fireplace. We were happy about the end of the war. I was 12. I had danced in the streets that spring when the war in Europe ended.

My mother and I stood by the old washing machine ready for our weekly ritual, filling up the washtub and watching the lifeless garments sink into the machine. My mother's red-brown hair frizzed out in the steam as she carved flakes of brown soap, letting them fall into the water. Bubbles rose up over her. We were women by some river beating clothes on rocks or women dressed in bonnets bending by a spring to slap away the prairie dust. It was like shaking snakes from out of hiding so that we could walk safely in the garden, this beating away of dirt and stains.

First we fed the white clothes into the swirling waters, listening to the washer beat out its tempo. Then we watched the miming lips of the wringer crushing soiled water out of sheets and pillow cases. In went my Sunday dress, almost outgrown, the water threshing the dotted swiss. And on that August day I did not understand or think

about the stains upon the world: in that deep silence that was like the stillness of a hummingbird over an open flower, I was unaware of the charred silk floating over Hiroshima or the indelible images engraved upon the earth at Auschwitz, children leaping through a fiery furnace.

We carried the wet, clean clothes out to dance in the hot wind. Though we had beat out the dust from the clothes we could never reach the dark stains around my father's heart, he who wore soot to the bone, who as a miner had flickered through the dark dawn to hammer the black gold out of the land, whose breath was heavy from the dark Kentucky caves. I could not comprehend his eyes and so I watched for hummingbirds, made dolls of hollyhocks, read fairy tales,

pretended to have glass slippers, and stood by my mother on wash day in a place and time when washing was woman's work.

When we were finished, the kitchen was steamy and we walked barefoot through the puddles. We smiled at each other, tired, but happy to be finished. Locusts droned from some hidden spot in the sycamore. We would have washed the whole world of its stains, if we could. My mother must have wanted to extinguish the fires of Auschwitz or quench the fire that fell from the sky over Hiroshima, but she could not. We could only listen to the silence that clung to the house like a garment, hearing the beat of summer insects against the screen doors and the slight, shivery sound of the cottonwoods. □



Lorna Kent

Frances Heiman, a writer, is an occasional attendee of Lake Forest (Ill.) Friends Meeting. She is married and has three grown children.

THOU SHALT LOVE THE LORD THY GOD

by Marjorie Sykes

Any attempt to reflect on such a theme as Jesus' "first and great commandment," "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," can only rightly be made in the spirit of a meeting for worship. The words one speaks must come out of some real personal experience, however limited or fragmentary; they will be enriched if they spring from shared experience such as may be known in a meeting for worship. They must be offered as they would be offered in meeting, in loving humility, and in the hope that Truth may in some measure be reached and served as they call out responses in other minds and hearts.

Let us begin by reading the words of our theme in their context in the sixth chapter of the book of Deuteronomy:

Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God, the Lord is One,
And thou shalt love the Lord thy God
with all thy heart and with all thy soul
and with all thy might.

A few verses later, after elaborating on the importance of this central law, the writer adds: "Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God and serve him." It is clear, I think, both from the context and the choice of words, that what is meant by "fear" is not the negative emotion which would paralyze love; it is the response to supreme greatness and mystery which we call reverence and awe.

In the New Testament record of Jesus' use of this teaching, another phrase is added: "with all thy mind." In the ancient Hebrew of Deuteronomy the word translated "heart" means both the mind and the will; perhaps in Jesus' day its meaning had become narrowed. However that may be, the teaching is emphatic: the *whole* of our nature, soul, or vital energy, mind and will and strength, must play its part in the love and service of God. Nothing must be withheld.

There are two accounts of how Jesus quoted these words. On both occasions he linked together the love of God, "the first and great commandment," with "the second that is like unto it," "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." On both occasions he was talking to Jews who cared about their religion. One of them welcomed his teaching warmly. "Master," he responded, "you have spoken truly," and he went on to comment that this wholehearted love of God and neighbor "is more than all burnt offerings and sacrifices." The other Jew (who, we are told, was a lawyer) posed a query: "Who is my neighbor?" Jesus' answer, the story of the Good Samaritan, is so familiar that it has passed into a proverb. For the moment, however, we will leave question and answer aside. What I would like to point out first is that no one raised the other question: "Who is my God?"

Born in England, and a Cambridge graduate, Marjorie Sykes went to India in 1928 to teach. She joined Friends in Madras and has been in close touch with Quaker concerns and projects in India for 50 years. During this time she has worked and studied with Rabindranath Tagore, Mahatma Gandhi, Vinoba Bhave, and Jayaprakash Narayan. Her article is from a talk given at Pendle Hill in 1977 as part of a series called "Living in the Spirit."

There was a good reason for silence at that point. In the ancient Jewish Scriptures, the Old Testament, there is no answer to such a question. God cannot be defined, God has no name. We are told that even the word *Adonai* (Lord), which is substituted for the sacred letters YHWH whenever they occur, may not be pronounced by the faithful Jew except in prayer or in the reading of the Scriptures. That is to say, one may approach God in worship, one may reflect on the dealings of God with humanity, but one may not talk about God. To talk *about* something is to define it, impose limits, name, identify, try to bring it within our understanding and control.

When Moses received his divine commission to stand forward as the leader of his people he asked, very reasonably, how he was to convince them that he had really been sent by the God whom they worshiped. "When they ask me, what is his name? what shall I say to them?" He gets an answer which means in effect that God is the Nameless. "I am that I am." The scholars say that the word translated "I am" is the Hebrew imperfect tense, used for something in living process, which is not yet completed, finished, or done with. This ongoing reality is suggested by the alternative translation printed in the margin of some editions of the Bible: "I will be that I will be." God, said the biblical writers, is a being beyond identification, beyond the categories of human thought. The ancient Indian scripture, the Kathupanishad, expresses the same insight:

Not by speech, not by mind,
Not by sight can he be grasped.
How can one speak of him
Otherwise than to say, *He is*.

The root meaning of the unutterable symbol YHWH seems to be expressed best in words that indicate a spirit, an invisible power—the wind that blows, the lightning that strikes—that comes from the beyond, out of the unknown. Like the corresponding Greek roots, they hint at a living, fiery breath, a mysterious incalculable energy, to be known in act but never in essence. So that when Friends set before themselves the goal of living in or by the Spirit, they are touching something truly tremendous: it is no light thing to seek the experience of the present power and breath and fire of God.

The amazing thing is that men and women *have* touched this spirit and power all over the world, in every race, in every part of history of which we have any record. For all of them the experience has been nameless, something beyond all speech. There are innumerable witnesses to the truth expressed in this modern Indian parable:

A certain man had two sons, and he sent them both to a master to be taught the things of God.

And after a number of years the boys returned home, and saluted their father with due reverence and affection.
And the father inquired of the older son,
"Tell me, my boy, what did you learn of God?"
And the son recited many verses and chanted many prayers, and the father listened in silence.
And he asked the younger son,
"My son, what have you learned of God?"
And the younger son hung his head and said nothing.
And the father said,
"My son, you *know*, for God cannot be spoken."

The same teacher, Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa, put the point again in a few lines of verse:

Look at the bee, as it circles round the opening lotus flower,
buzzing and circling, buzzing and circling, again and again.
But now see, it goes inside the flower,
and settles down and drinks the honey in silence.
Even so, disciple, do humans talk and argue,
before they have found the joy of the Lord,
before they have tasted of faith.
But when we have found the nectar at last
in the opening lotus of the heart,
we chatter and talk no more.

There is only one phrase in that lovely little poem which many would query. It isn't *we* who find, they would say; it isn't *we* who are so persistent or devoted. Henri Nouwen speaks for them when he says (in *Genesee Diary*) that, although God must be sought, we cannot find God; we can only be found by God. This mystery, whatever it is, finds us; it is grace, freely given, coming of itself, often in completely unlooked for ways, and in times and places where we least expect it.

So people testify to having been found, caught up in a presence beyond words. "The Kingdom of Heaven did catch us all in a net," wrote Francis Howgill of the early Quakers. People know the thing is beyond words, and yet it is felt to be so tremendous, so full of meaning, that they struggle with words to share with us what they have experienced. And something does come through, and one must try, however inadequately, to summarize their witness.

First, this is a cosmic experience. It is what Albert Einstein spoke of as the impenetrable Source, real above all reality. It is what, 2,000 years earlier, a great Chinese sage had called the nameless tao. Then, it is an all-embracing unity, what George Fox called "the hidden unity in the Eternal Being"; it is a whole that somehow takes up and transcends all the absurdities and contradictions of our earthbound vision and our fragmentary glimpses of partial truth; it is that in which "we live and move and have our being." The image of the all-sustaining, illimitable Ocean of

with all thy heart

Being has been used by many saints, perhaps most humorously by the 14th-century Indian weaver-mystic Kabir: "I keep on hearing that the fish in the water is thirsty! That makes me laugh!" We laugh with him, but perhaps we also recognize that it is we who are the thirsty fish in the water.

The other side of this cosmic experience is that within the unity there is a new awareness of the holiness and lovableness of the whole diverse world of sky and sea, of living creatures, and of the human family. As George Fox described it, "All things were new, and all the creation gave another smell to me than before, beyond what words can utter." A parallel experience came to Rabindranath Tagore as he looked down a commonplace Calcutta street and saw the street and the people in it transformed, each one lit as with an infinite radiance of joy. And poet though he was, the vision was beyond what even his words could utter; he was powerless to share the full reality.

Does it matter that such things cannot be spoken? The last book of the American Jewish writer Abraham Joshua Heschel, *Passion for Truth*, introduced me to the great Hasidic teacher Rabbi Mendl of Kotsk, known as the Kotsker. The Kotsker said:

Certain experiences may be transmitted by language, others more profound by silence, and then there are those which cannot be transmitted, not even by silence. Never mind. Who says that experiences are made to be shared? They must be lived. That's all. And who says that Truth is made to be revealed? It must be sought, that's all.

"That's all." All? The challenge to live such experience, to seek such truth, brings us right back to our central theme, the challenge to love God with *all* we have and are. Perhaps what has been said about the experience which embraces both an over-arching cosmic unity and the preciousness of the world in its diversity will give us a deeper understanding of Jesus' insistence that the love of God must go hand in hand with the love of neighbor and of self.

Love, as Jesus taught it, is a much greater thing than the personal attachments and relationships which we usually think of as "love." Such mutual affection is natural, human, good; but Jesus pointed us beyond it to a love which like the sun and the rain blesses all alike, friend and enemy, good and evil, because that is its nature; it cannot act otherwise. To "love God" with the whole of our being is to make a joyful *affirmation* that this is the kind of love to which we aspire, with which by grace we may be filled, towards all the diversity of the creation and the human scene, in all its "minute particulars."

I have chosen the word *affirmation* deliberately. The word

God is a symbol for a reality which is far beyond our conceiving, and at the same time, as all the saints affirm, "closer than breathing"; a reality which is "nearer to us than the veins of our necks," as the Holy Quran describes it. Love of such a reality involves more than feeling or emotion; it must, if it is genuine, involve will and intellect and all our energies; it is an all-round affirmation, a rock on which to found our lives. It means, fundamentally, that we trust, respond to, and feel at home in a world which we know, however dimly, to be "afire with God." It is a quality, an attitude, of our whole being, to be lived out all the time and whatever we are doing. I think it is what John, the disciple of Jesus, meant when he talked about *dwelling* in love: "He that dwells in love dwells in God, and God in him." It is what that later John, St. John of the Cross, meant when he talked about "loving without an object"; those whose lives are an affirmation of love carry about with them a glowing warmth which (like the sun and the rain) blesses all within reach, often when they themselves are quite unconscious of it.

The Good Samaritan, in Jesus' story, was such a person; he gave spontaneous, practical, and imaginative help to a foreigner and a stranger, someone he didn't know and whom, perhaps, he might have thought he had good reason to dislike. He was living out an attitude of mind, an affirmation of our common humanity.

The affirmation of "God," and of the world in which the Spirit of God is at work, is touched with that reverential awe which the writer of Deuteronomy called "fear," and it issues inevitably in service. Genuine love includes an affirmation of ourselves, of the miracle of our individual humanity, each of us unique in our heritage and our potential, yet each of us linked with all others in an infinitely delicate web of kinship. It includes also an affirmation of human community, of the societies of our neighbors in their amazing complexity and potentially lovely variety. And it includes an affirmation of the natural world order, of the majestic universe of whose breathtaking wonder we are a conscious, responsible part. In this kind of affirmation, love and reverence and service go together.

These affirmations of selfhood, of society, of the world-order, are reflected in India in the great concept of *dharma*. Just as the word *affirmation* carries with it the idea of standing firm, the word *dharma* is rooted in ideas of steadfastness, linked in its origin with the word *dharti* (the steadfast earth). *Dharma* means more than "duty" or "justice," though these are aspects of it. It means for individuals that they should grow steadfast, affirm themselves, through knowledge and acceptance of themselves. And this means both an acceptance of our time-bound

and with all thy soul

limitations and weaknesses and also a recognition of what Quakers have known as the Seed of God, in themselves and in others.

The dharma of society is that society should provide a stable home and background for human freedom by its framework of moral law and justice. This does not mean that it must be static, rigid, changeless. On the contrary, a living society grows and changes continually, but its health demands that it remain controlled in all its changing forms by the steadying force of justice. Finally there is a dharma of the natural order, a law to which the universe is subject:

That from whence the sun rises,
that wherein the sun sets,
That, the gods have made dharma,
the same today, the same tomorrow.

Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty" is one of the finest expressions in Western literature of the spirit of the universal dharma: "Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,/ And the most ancient heavens, through thee are fresh and strong."

We are beginning to realize, belatedly in this generation, that to live out the kind of love, reverence, and service of which we have been thinking must include a reverence for life, for the whole natural order, which goes far deeper than the self-interest of humanity. The concern for the preservation of the natural environment is not, as is sometimes suggested, a luxury of the rich; it is essential to the recovery of the wholeness, the health, of the world's life.

There is one more thing. As we struggle to share with one another the meaning of the unutterable experience which in our tradition is called God, our words are inevitably colored by the coloring of our individual personalities. Each one of us is conditioned; our thought and the expression of our thought reflect our varying temperaments and the patterns of the cultures in which we have been nurtured. The basic affirmation of the Spirit and the world finds various expressions and emphases, differing from one human being to another and from one culture to another. One may be greatly enriched by studying this wealth of diversity in the world's treasures of meditation and devotion, as I have tried to indicate by my illustrations from India.

Indian tradition explicitly recognizes that people of various temperaments affirm their experience and commitment in various ways. There is the way of *bhakti* (devotion); of *karma* (action); of *jnana* (knowledge). For some people, the natural affirmation of reality is through the intimacy and warmth of a personal relationship. A Christian poet in southern India makes his affirmation in a Tamil poem whose haunting chorus

comes straight out of the bhakti tradition: "Sweeter than the sweetness of honey/ Is the name of Jesus, Jesus my Lord."

Words and melody appeal to many hearts, both within and outside the Christian community. There are other people, whom India calls *karma-yogins*, who express their aspiration to unity (yoga) most naturally and effectively in action. In modern India Mahatma Gandhi is the supreme example of a karma-yogin. Still others find the natural expression of their experience in the austere path of *Jnana-yoga*, the lifelong search for the knowledge which brings enlightenment and wisdom. Albert Einstein may perhaps be numbered among the jnana-yogins, for he related "all true science" to his experience of cosmic mystery and unity.

Another aspect of human variety relates to the varying conditions in which human cultures have grown to maturity. It has been suggested, for example, that the environment of the deserts, with their vast empty spaces and illimitable skies, tends to produce a vivid consciousness of human littleness and helplessness, and an image of God as the supreme Law-giver who claims our submission and obedience. It is obvious that if you live in the desert, you disobey the laws of the desert at your peril. Moreover the conditions of desert life tend to produce a male-oriented society in which it is natural to think of God as Father, supreme Patriarch. In contrast, the luxuriant natural vegetation of moist, warm lands, which provides abundantly for human needs almost without human effort, is an environment in which it is natural to think of the Supreme as an all-providing Mother, whose free bounty reveals her love for her children.

There is a fine anthology of the various affirmations of the nameless, many-named reality which its compiler, Victor Gollancz, called *God of a Hundred Names*. India refuses to be limited to a hundred; Hindu and Muslim alike insist that there are at least a thousand. There is a well-known Hindu religious observance which consists of the recital of "Vishnu Sahasra Nam," the thousand names of the Supreme in the aspect of Vishnu, the Sustainer of the universe. C. F. Andrews has recorded how a saintly and revered Muslim, Zaka Ullah of Delhi, was wont to say to him: "What is the use of argument and controversy? Tell me your thousand beautiful names for God, and I will tell you mine."

This diversity of temperament and background, this variety in the ways we express our love and affirmation of the Being in whom we live, is present among Friends as much as among other human beings. The distinctive feature of our Religious Society is that we have dared to found our life on an essentially nameless experience, that of being "gathered of the living God." It

and with all thy might.

is an experience so real and so holy—so healing, so whole-making—that some of us, like the Hebrews of old, hesitate to use the traditional word *God* lest we limit and belittle the unutterable. Others of us, the bhakti-yogins, find it difficult to conceive of reality except in terms of the personal and the particular, in Jesus of Nazareth. And among us too are the karma-yogins and the jnana-yogins. We need to provide many opportunities for these various kinds of Friends to listen to one another with humility and with a constant, quiet sensitivity, so that we are enabled to “feel where words come from,” and so to get beyond and beneath our temporary human fragmentations to a point where in love we can truly affirm one another “in that which is Eternal.”

Friends argue with one another about the right balance between a life of action and a life of reflection and devotion; their thought of “God” swings between the poles of transcendence and immanence, the inconceivable Beyond and the intimate Seed within. I will therefore close by quoting a

few lines from an ancient Indian scripture, the Isa Upanishad. I do not pretend to understand them, but I hope others will find them as suggestive as I do.

In the dark night live those
for whom the world without alone is real.
In night darker still live those
for whom the world within alone is real.
The first leads to a life of action, the second, of meditation.
But those who combine action with meditation
go across the sea of death through action,
and enter into immortality through the practice of meditation.
So have we heard from the wise.

In the dark night live those
for whom the Lord is transcendent only.
In night darker still live those
for whom he is immanent only.
But those for whom he is transcendent and immanent
cross the sea of death with the immanent
and enter into the immortality with the transcendent.
So have we heard from the wise. □

Meeting for Worship



Lyn Hutchinson

The veins rise softly
on the backs of my hands
as they lie like quiet sculptures
in my lap.
Through an open window
the wind breathes gently on my face
and I look up to see
the same breath moving the trees
in a leafy pattern
of sunlight and shadow.
My thoughts pass through the room
like butterflies one by one—
pausing, hovering in the air, and passing on.
Outside there's a summer silence—
heavy with the sound of bees
and the heat rising from crushed grass.
Inside the room seems vacant, unpeopled,
though it is filled with quiet breathing
like my own.
Suddenly the air shifts
and there is motion all around me.
I am surrounded by butterflies—
dozens of them fill the air
around my body.
In a cloud of hushed movements
they surround me—
each white wing a fragile light
against the shadow of the world beyond.

—Elizabeth Crom

Impressions From Central America

Yearning for Peace in a Widening War

by Phil Berryman

Jalapa is a town of a few thousand people in the hills of northern Nicaragua. Because it is only a few kilometers from the Honduran border it has been a prime target of the anti-Sandinista forces, whose attacks have steadily increased during the past two years. Several hundred Nicaraguans have been killed in what the U.S. public has come to know as a "covert war."

I was recently with a delegation of Catholic sisters and priests going to Jalapa to show solidarity with the people of the region. As we traveled along the dirt road from Ocotol to Jalapa in the back of a pickup, we realized that we could be ambushed (cars with U.S. journalists were ambushed on this same highway a few days before). In fact the fields of corn and tobacco and occasional stands of pine were peaceful, even though there was fighting in the general region during that period.

As we arrived, church lay leaders were finishing a weekend retreat. At 10 a.m. people poured into the church for mass. The visitors each spoke a few words of support from Managua and elsewhere. At the offertory, local people brought

Phil Berryman has had broad experience living and traveling in Central America. He is the author of a book on the church in Central America to be published late this year by Orbis Press. He works as a consultant for the American Friends Service Committee.



Angie Berryman, American Friends Service Committee staff member, speaks with Guatemalan refugees in Mexico.

symbolic gifts other than bread and wine: one man held up a bag of coffee and said some harvesters had been ambushed and killed; others brought symbols of their revolution: a brick (construction), a book (literacy and schooling), a syringe (health care); there were red flowers, white flowers, a Bible, a notebook, a little child. The most poignant offering was that of a mother dressed in black, who presented the khaki cap of her son who had been killed while on border patrol.

This moment symbolizes for me the overall impact of a three-and-a-half-week trip through Mexico and Central America in May and June of 1983: what people most want is to deal with their problems of poverty and underdevelopment, and yet they find themselves thrust into a widening, deepening war.

What you see in Central America depends to some degree on what you look for, e.g., some emphasize internal factors like poverty while others stress outside factors like Cuba. My own view comes from living many years in the region starting in the mid-1960s and especially from my experience living in Guatemala as American Friends Service Committee Central America representative from 1976 to 1980, and subsequent travel and research. I observed firsthand the struggles of peasants, unions, church groups and others, in Nicaragua, El Salvador, and Guatemala, as they sought to press nonviolently for their rights and were met repeatedly with violence. Many people I knew personally were murdered, and others had to flee their

countries. After years of such efforts some joined armed movements in Nicaragua starting in 1978, in El Salvador and in Guatemala in 1980-81. (Guerrilla organizations see it somewhat differently: for them there are various "levels"—military, political, and diplomatic—in a single struggle.)

There have been repeated calls for political or negotiated approaches to the Central American crisis, calls ranging from apparent "dissenters" in the U.S. government who urged a "Zimbabwe" approach to El Salvador in late 1980, to many European and Latin American governments, to Pope John Paul II, to the report of the Linowitz commission of May 1983. My major aim in making a trip through the region was to explore how people in Central America viewed the possibilities of negotiated approaches. Almost everyone I talked with agreed that such approaches were necessary—and yet almost all were pessimistic given the general thrust of U.S. policy (propping up the Salvadorian government and increasing military aid and training, sponsoring anti-Sandinista armed groups, pressing Honduras and Costa Rica to serve U.S. policy aims). The great fear was of a region-wide war.

El Salvador

In El Salvador I found analysts and journalists in agreement that the FMLN (Farabundo Marti National Liberation Front) has steadily increased in its fighting capacity, that the official Salvadorian forces would soon be

defeated without U.S. help, and that even with help the official forces will probably lose eventually, even though the war may continue for a long time.

It is clear that in a protracted war everyone will lose. I was told that deep down even people like President Magaña and Christian Democrat politician José Napoleon Duarte are probably open to a negotiated settlement, but they have no power. A church official said that even using the word "dialogue" (a code word for negotiations) is dangerous. "Archbishop Rivera y Damas can do so by quoting the pope, but no one else can," he explained.

One analyst put it bluntly: "It all depends on the Reagan administration: the United States would have to say what it was willing to concede and the FMLN what it would accept." Formally, of course, the negotiating parties would be the Salvadorian government and the opposition forces, but since the government and army are utterly dependent on the United States (one-third of the government budget in the last three years has come from the U.S. government), the basic political decision would come from Washington.

U.S. spokespersons say the only acceptable negotiations would be those dealing with opposition participation in elections; anything else would amount to making deals for "power sharing" behind the backs of the Salvadorian people. As reasonable as that sounds at first hearing, a moment's reflection reveals the flaws. Salvadorian official forces and right wing paramilitary groups operating with impunity have been responsible for at least 30,000 civilian murders. (The director of the archdiocesan legal aid office told me their records for 1982 alone showed 5,399 murders by official and right wing forces as opposed to 46 by the left. These figures do not include deaths in combat.)

"The problem of the armed forces is the 'Gordian knot,'" one analyst told me. In the case of elections, the question is not simply whether opposition members could be a vehicle toward meaningful change and especially toward stopping the policy of murder of civilians. Solving the problem of the army would be a condition for meaningful elections.

At present the U.S. and the Salva-

dorian opposition are far apart on the subject of negotiations. Still it is just possible that the idea of elections might eventually offer a meeting ground; that is, the point would be to work out conditions for turning from a military conflict to a political contest. Elections could form part of the process. This can happen only when the U.S. administration sees negotiations as a lesser evil when compared with either an FMLN military victory or the unfavorable and unpredictable consequences of sending U.S. combat troops. Ostensible efforts at negotiations could also be a ploy aimed at defusing domestic opposition and indeed escalating U.S. military involvement.

Nicaragua

In November 1982 and again in March 1983, the U.S. public was alerted to the "covert war" of anti-Sandinista forces financed, trained, and largely directed by the CIA and U.S. military advisers making attacks on Nicaragua. Then there was a shift in terminology: the "Somocistas" and "contras" (counterrevolutionaries) became "rebels," "guerrillas," or even, for President Reagan, "freedom fighters." They were made to seem as legitimate as the FMLN in El Salvador, and there were some optimistic projections that they would show their popular support by occupying "liberated" zones.

I found nothing to support such an interpretation. It is true that many of the anti-Sandinistas are not ex-Guardsmen,

but the former Guardsmen are the crucial military element. The fact that they are willing to risk their lives indicates some anti-Sandinista sentiment. On both the northern (near Jalapa) and southern borders these groups have carried out ambushes and sabotage, and they no doubt have some collaborators among the population. But they are heavily dependent on the Honduran army, which has provided back-up fire and mortaring, and on the acquiescence and cooperation of the Costa Rican Civil and Rural Guards. To a great extent the anti-Sandinista groups are the creation of the United States.

Within Nicaragua the former elites are naturally opposed to the Sandinista revolution. This revolution, like others, exacerbates class divisions. There is some dissatisfaction even among non-elites. However, some of this dissatisfaction comes from people who would like the Sandinistas to become more radical, e.g., peasants clamoring for land.

Most importantly, as far as I could see most Nicaraguans do not regard the



On this page: (Right) Honduran graffiti reads, "No military bases in Honduras!"

(Below) A Nicaraguan government helicopter carries a U.S. peace delegation to a resettlement area.

On page 11: (Top) Tents line the top of a hill in a Honduran refugee area.

(Center) A worshiper at the mass in Jalapa, Nicaragua, offers a bag of coffee in remembrance of harvesters who were killed.

(Far right) A Honduran soldier.



Jack Malinowski/
American Friends Service Committee

anti-Sandinista forces as freedom fighters coming to liberate them. They see them as attacking not simply the Sandinistas but Nicaragua. One private survey showed that 90 percent of the

people were willing to have their children go on border patrol with the reserve battalions.

On my last day in Nicaragua I interviewed both Foreign Minister Miguel D'Escoto and U.S. Ambassador Anthony Quainton. D'Escoto compared the United States to the European countries during decolonization: the United States is unwilling to let go of countries like Nicaragua and will have to learn that Nicaragua's independence from U.S. control need not be a threat. When I said that the U.S. government insisted that it was Nicaragua that was unwilling to dialogue, he said that U.S. representatives always told Nicaragua what to do and never listened, citing examples. (Richard Stone, the administration's special envoy, was due the next day.)



David Kalke/American Friends Service Committee

For his part, Ambassador Quainton, who seems to combine wide professional competence with a pleasant and an unassuming manner, emphasized different points, saying that the United States had at first "embraced" the Nicaraguan revolution, but that it had gone "off track." For him the crucial issue seemed to be Cuban influence, and he seemed to see it as the main issue uniting the anti-Sandinista forces.

I saw little sign that the trend toward deteriorating relations between Nicaragua and the United States could be turned around. These interviews took place a few days after Nicaragua expelled three U.S. diplomats for alleged CIA covert activities and the U.S. retaliated by expelling all Nicaraguan consuls except the one in Washington.

Guatemala

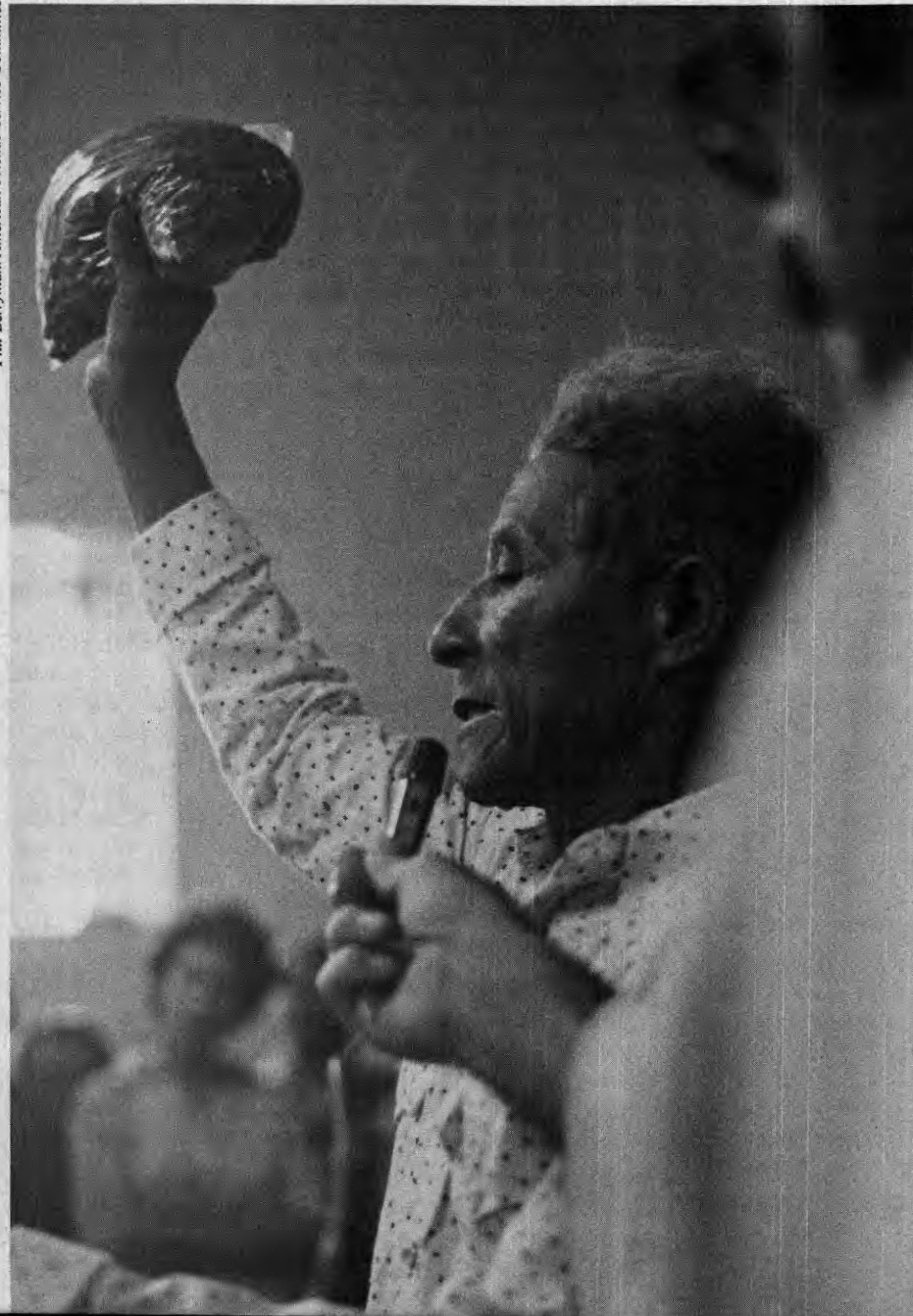
Unable to go to Guatemala, I spent some time with Guatemalans in Mexico, especially among church people concerned about how to minister to the victims of repression under the Rios Montt government. Although things appear quiescent, it is my impression that Guatemala will re-emerge as a country whose crisis is as serious as El Salvador's, with a similar tendency for escalating U.S. involvement.

Honduras and Costa Rica

In both Honduras and Costa Rica I found many elements in common: economic crisis, an unresponsive political system, and U.S. policies of using these countries for its own purposes in the region.

Jorge Arturo Reina, a leader of the reform wing of the Liberal party of Honduras, told me, "In the elections the people voted for peace, for the withdrawal of the military from political power, and for economic improvement." (Many would accept this interpretation of the Liberal victory in the 1981 election.) "What have we gotten?" he continued. "We're moving closer toward war, the army has more

Phil Berryman/American Friends Service Committee



Bill Barrett/American Friends Service Committee



power than ever, and the economy is worsening."

Hondurans I talked to were concerned that by building radar installations and airfields, by setting up a new training base for Salvadorian soldiers at Puerto Castilla, and simply by its growing military presence, the United States is making Honduras an object for guerrilla attack. The Honduran army's direct involvement with anti-Sandinista forces could lead their country into war with Nicaragua. With unemployment at 25 percent, underemployment at 35 percent, growth stagnant, and wages frozen while inflation mounts, people are becoming more militant, and some are even calling for arms. The government's response has been to increase repression (ranging from union busting to dozens of "disappearances"). Moderate politicians said they saw the conditions for guerrilla movements developing.

Perhaps my most startling impressions came from Costa Rica. The day I arrived a newspaper pointed out that the government's "food basket" for a family of six for a month cost 4,265 colons (about \$90). Yet workers were averaging 2,530 colons (\$53) a month, and agricultural pay was worse. More revealing, today 71 percent of all Costa Ricans live below the government's defined "poverty line"—even though as recently as 1977 the figure was 24 percent. In other words, the bulk of Costa Ricans have suffered a sharp decline in their living standards in recent years.

Several people I talked to said the crisis is not just short range and that Costa Rica needs basic reforms, including land reform. However, the Monge government's approach has been short-range remedies such as IMF (International Monetary Fund) austerity measures, including wage freezes and increases in charges for government services. During the two weeks prior to my arrival, there were nationwide protests over an electric rate hike. People even barricaded streets and blocked traffic. This very un-Costa Rican behavior was triggered by the electric rate hike but was seen as a sign of growing impatience.

Observers were divided on what to expect. Some thought the economy would muddle through and that Costa Ricans would accept a decline in their living standards and continue to believe

in the soundness of their institutions. Others, however, foresaw increasing militancy especially on the part of rural people and feared this would put increasing strains on Costa Rican democracy. Some said the political system is no longer responsive. Both major parties are controlled by small elites. They said there is de facto control of the media (through a committee of media owners), which means that people have little access to diverse views, even though there is formally free expression. The media shows a clear anti-Sandinista thrust in editorials, paid ads, and the general slant of the news.

If continuing economic deterioration provokes growing militancy, Costa Rica's democratic institutions and tradition could be endangered. For several years I have heard thoughtful Costa Ricans speak of the "Uruguayization" of their country: Uruguay was a relatively prosperous, middle-class, democratic country until its economic decline in the 1960s and the military takeover in the early 1970s (justified as a response to the Tupamaro guerrillas). By the mid-1970s Uruguay had the highest per capita number of political prisoners in the world. Costa Rica has no army, but the possibility of a similar outcome cannot be dismissed.

The present U.S. policy of pressing Costa Rica into its regional strategy instead of encouraging it to maintain its neutrality can only aggravate the tendencies described and impede a response to the people's needs. Thus, for example, peasant militancy is likely to be denounced as Nicaraguan-inspired "subversion" rather than recognized as legitimate pressure.

In a more general sense the U.S. policy of massive support for the Salvadorian regime in the pursuit of military victory over the FMLN, support for the anti-Sandinista groups attacking Nicaragua from Honduras, and the militarization of Honduras, all form part of a dangerous regional strategy, which in the words of Jorge Arturo Reina "is setting the region on fire."

Those of us seeking peaceful solutions in Central America feel as though we are sandbagging against a relentless, rising river. But despite the discouraging signs, I am convinced we cannot slacken our efforts during this dangerous time. □



There's something about that man," my mother said. She was wiping off the kitchen table and I was sitting down to share a cup of tea with her.

"Who, Mom?" I asked.

"Mr. Kominski."

I nodded, glancing over my shoulder to the corner of the dining room ceiling that had been recently patched and painted by my father-in-law. "He's a perfectionist, all right."

"No, not that," my mother said, frowning into her coffee cup. "It was the way he handled Mark. Really—oh, I dunno . . .," she smiled, "almost magical."

"What happened?" Visions of my teen-age brother, listless and irritable with eyes planted on a TV set, appeared before me. Then I pictured my father-in-law, a tall, slender man with straight blond hair, gentle eyes, and a worker's hands.

My mother began to describe the afternoon Mr. Kominski and his brother had come to help my father paint and make repairs throughout the house. "But, when Mr. K's brother finished in Mark's room," my mother continued, "Mark went in to inspect the work and wasn't satisfied with the job done on the ceiling."

"That must have been embarrassing."

"Well, naturally, when Mark started to complain about the job, I got very irritated and started giving him a lecture—when Mr. K overheard us and came upstairs. And if that wasn't bad enough, by the time Mr. K came into the room, Mark was on the ladder, taking down the fresh plaster and dropping it on the floor."

"Oh, brother. What did Mr. Kominski say?"

"You wouldn't believe it." My mother shook her head and chuckled.

Bonnie McMeans teaches at a computer training school. She is a member of Old Haverford (Pa.) Friends Meeting.

The Magic of Mr. K

by Bonnie McMeans

"Mr. K just pulled me into the hallway and said very kindly, 'Don't worry. Don't worry. Mark's right. That job could have been done better.' Then, to Mark, he called, 'Good job! See if you can fix it. Good. Good.' While I stared at him, he went on to tell me that teenagers must be handled very carefully, even more so than when they were babies. 'They're fragile at this age,' he told me, 'and they need a lot of praise.'

"As I walked downstairs, I could hear him coaching Mark and showing him how to put the plaster back on. And all the time he kept saying how great Mark was doing. . . ." Now my mother's eyes became wet. "And you know what?"

"What?" I said.

"Mark finished that ceiling. All by himself. And that's the first thing he's completed in a long time."

I think of that conversation now as the anniversary of my father-in-law's death approaches. It doesn't make me sad. It makes me thankful to have known a man who truly expressed what Friends call "the God within."

Mr. K was a Roman Catholic. Or

perhaps I should say that was the way he chose to worship God. In actuality, however, Mr. K was one of those people whose faith transcends any religion created by human beings. He possessed a divine energy, an ability to transmit an appreciation for life and God to everyone he met and in everything he did. You might say, he worshiped God 24 hours a day.

How did he do this? Well, sometimes it was just the way he greeted a person. When Mr. K shook your hand and smiled, it was as if you were the most important person in the world—at least to him. He had the strangest way of making people feel just plain good about themselves.

Of course, he did the other things that most of us attribute to being a good Christian or Quaker. He was always looking out for someone else, almost to the point of its being a standard joke among the family. I remember the winter morning I trudged up the snowy walkway to my husband's home and, after asking where Dad was, being told he was shoveling snow off the walkway to the church!

However humorous it appeared sometimes, Mr. K was always putting someone else first. Incredibly enough, he did this without earning the reputation for being either a nut or a martyr.

Mr. K was an excellent father. His children were precious to him, even those he acquired through marriage. How often I remember all of us sitting

around the house, talking or playing a game while Mr. K watched us with that beautiful twinkle in his eye. Sometimes, when we urged him to join our conversation or activity he would smile and wave his hand. "No, go ahead, go ahead," he would say, and disappear into the kitchen. Moments later, we would hear the soft music from his harmonica, something he lost himself in for hours.

When he did join in our discussions, it was with a passion that sometimes, I regret to say, was not appreciated. Young people tend to tire of listening to an older person's detailed account of his experiences or views.

If the conversation turned to religion, some of us even played devil's advocate in an attempt to egg him on and measure his reaction.

But Mr. K never faltered. His God was a powerful and loving force in his daily life, a gift he was always seeking to share no matter how he came by the opportunity.

My husband used to tease me with the phrases Mr. K would use when encouraging him to convert me to Catholicism. "She's ripe, now, son," Mr. K would say. "Just show her the truth."

Oh, if Mr. K only knew. I'd like to tell him right now that he didn't need his son or the Catholic church to show me the truth. I'd say to my father-in-law, "You showed me the truth, Dad. You did this when you put your arms around me and held me close. You did it when you motivated my brother or drove a blind neighbor to church each week. You did it when you forgave those who hurt or disappointed you.

"Your whole life advertised truth, Dad, up until the end. Do you think I'll ever forget the way you communicated to us as you lay in your hospital bed with tubes and machines around you? How, even through all the confusion and suffering, you made jokes and complimented the nurses? Or the way you fastened my husband's hand on mine and told us silently, 'Love each other,' two nights before you left us?"

That's what I would say to him. I would show him this article, and he would protest, embarrassed by the title. Mr. K wouldn't have called his abilities magical. And he'd be right. They weren't magical.

They were a gift from God. □



Lois Smith

A Friend's Work With the Impaired Elderly

by Jacob D. Stone

While the
impaired elderly
don't deserve any
special reverence,
neither do they
deserve one bit less
than anyone else.

People in the helping professions who specialize in working with the elderly are familiar with the occupational hazard of having to defend our specialization to bewildered colleagues. "Those old people never get any better, do they? You must find it very frustrating. I couldn't do it—I have to see some success in my work."

My response is usually to ask a question in return: "Why did you choose *your* specialization?" The answers vary in detail, but after a bit of discussion we usually find ourselves talking about the ideas of productivity and independence. "I work with children because if I can help them get straightened out they can become contributing members of society." "I work with the handicapped because I want to help them become more able to manage for themselves." Although the specifics may vary, these themes are central to the social welfare programs and policies of both English and U.S. society.

I don't want to suggest that there is anything wrong with productivity and independence. These are basic human drives that are also necessary for the functioning of a viable and free society. What does concern me, though, is the tendency to make this the only goal of

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helping programs; when that happens the most vulnerable people in our society are the ones to suffer.

This suffering comes about when priorities are set that focus personal and financial resources on working with and for people who are potentially productive and independent. The very vulnerable, those with little obvious potential, suffer more from neglect than from abuse. Since these people aren't about to make any great strides, our human resources, financial support, and emotional energy is redirected to those who might make these strides.

I have vivid memories of persons with whom I've worked who are so far from independence and productivity that we have trouble finding meaning in their daily existence, and we also struggle to find value in our efforts to help them. I remember a woman in her 90s, crippled by arthritis, almost totally blind, and with a serious hearing loss; she was unable to walk, was incontinent, unable to feed or dress herself, and in need of help with every activity. Even worse, she was severely confused, unaware of her surroundings, and unable to speak except in apparently meaningless phrases.

My work with her was colossally frustrating. I visited her frequently, spoke to her with information that I thought she needed, and treated her as if I expected an answer. I looked desperately for some sign that my ministrations were having some benefit. I wanted very much to bring her back into contact with the world around her, and I used all of the standard approaches and techniques as well as some of my own. However, I never saw any results beyond some moments of eye contact that I decided at the time were signs of improvement. In retrospect, though, I know that I didn't reach her, and she passed on during the time that I was working with her.

That episode remains particularly vivid to me because of the extremity of the woman's impairments, but there

have been others like her with whom I've worked. Sometimes there is progress, but just as often there is none. Even when there is some progress it is often so slight as to seem trivial to the uninitiated. Bringing people back to any level of independence, let alone productivity, has been a very great rarity in my work with the severely impaired elderly.

My background in social work is very much in the tradition of fostering productivity and independence. I've been a public assistance caseworker, worked in the poverty program of the 1960s, and even directed a counseling program for "troubled" employees. It is easy to find value in these programs and even easier to articulate and measure it. Even programs for the well elderly have within them the same goals and objectives.

Throughout my career, though, I've found myself working more and more with the very impaired elderly, at first simply because of employment opportunities and only later because I found the work to be of use and value. However, I had to find this use and value in a manner that didn't relate to productivity and independence.

Claiming a special "love for the elderly" was one attempt that I made to find this value and usefulness, but I had to reject that very quickly. The simple fact is that I have no *special* feelings for the elderly. I have great affection for some, but I have met some who try my patience sorely. I believe that expressing unqualified love for any special group is in a sense the other side of the coin of expressing unqualified disdain. One side is much more benign than the other, but they are both prejudicial and patronizing. The elderly are *not* "the same as us"—they *are* us.

The conclusion that I ultimately reached, and one that has stayed with me in my work, is simply that while the impaired elderly don't deserve any *special* reverence, neither do they deserve one bit less than anyone else, and in that I've found a direction and sustaining force in my work that has

nothing whatever to do with productivity and independence. Their physical and mental infirmities shouldn't exempt them from receiving the same attention and love that we offer to people whose needs are more conventional. I sadly acknowledge that it took some effort, but I've come to find that my work with the very impaired is sustained by focusing on their *intrinsic* value, their "inward Light," rather than their special value as elderly individuals or their potential value as producers.

That is the easy part, though. Accepting an intrinsic value in every person is central to Friends' beliefs and is certainly compatible with many other religious and ethical systems. More difficult

for me has been the frustration of not seeing any significant progress in my work. Even with the sure knowledge that the impaired elderly deserve our attention, I still find myself wondering if my work with the very impaired is a bit quixotic. My colleagues hit a nerve when they ask me if I get frustrated.

One way of coping has of course been to diversify my practice so that I also work with the more conventional situations, and I do experience successes. However, even when I am working with almost certain failure I am sustained by the idea that providing compassionate and caring attention is as helpful to me as it is to my clients. To do less would diminish me, just as doing less as a

society would diminish us all. As Shakespeare wrote about mercy, it is "twice bless'd. It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

This idea of doing good as an end in and of itself is very important to me in my work, but it has been a real struggle to grasp and use it on a regular basis. A poster hung in an alcove at Doylestown Meeting provides a perfect guideline for those of us who try to find meaning in potentially fruitless and thankless tasks. It quotes Harold Loukes:

An act of love that fails is just as much a part of the divine life as an act of love that succeeds, for love is measured by its own fullness, not by its reception. □

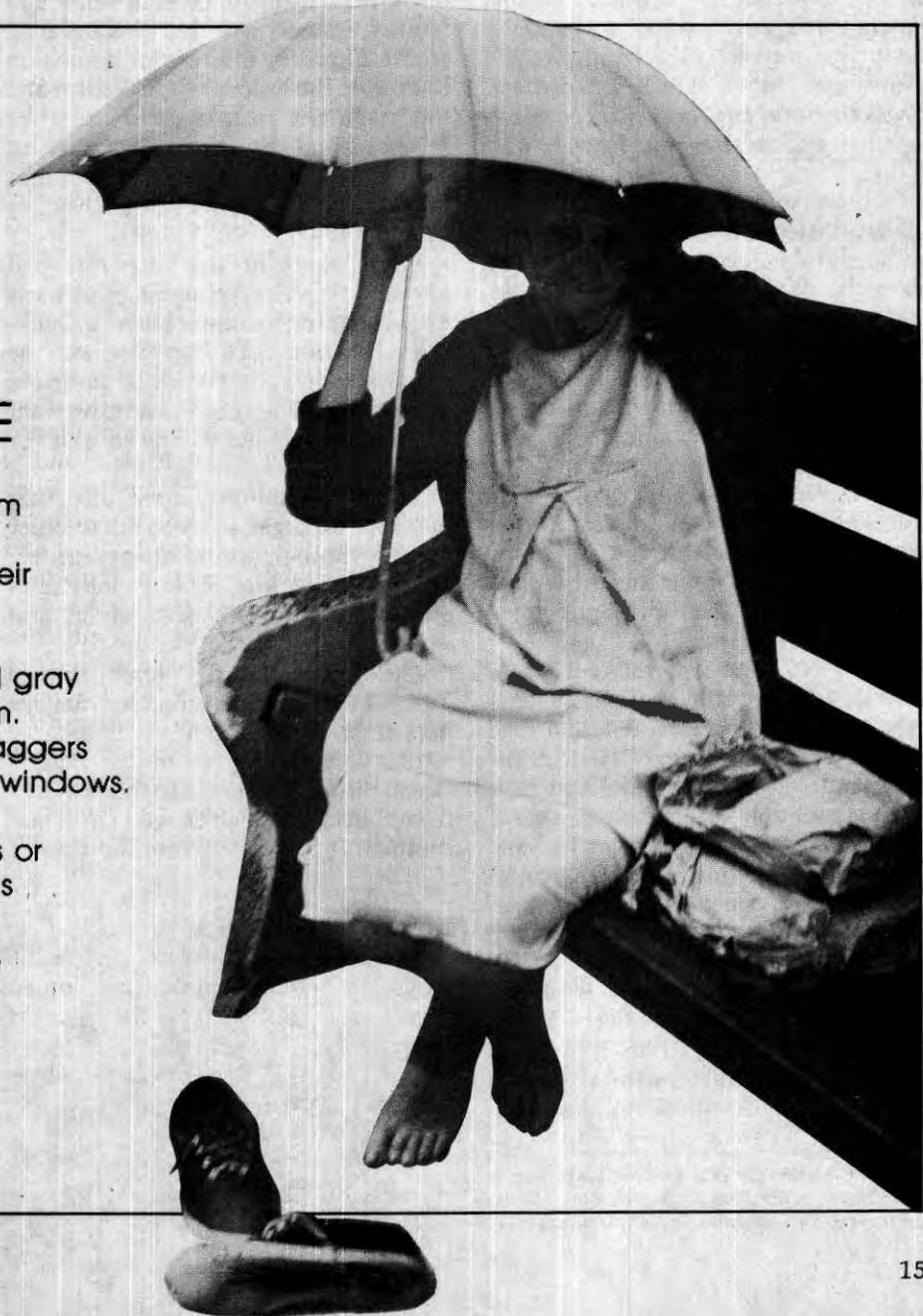
PIGEON PEOPLE

Working people pass them
roosting in dark corners,
they mark the way like their
empty pint bottle buoys.

Their clothes, like tattered gray
feathers flap around them.
Bag ladies and brown baggers
stealing glances in glass windows.

Sunning on park benches or
pecking around trashcans
they mingle,
looking for their lost song.

—Connie Bastek Karasow



"What Love Can Do": Sandpoint Worship Group

by Lois Wythe

This is an account of a gathering in of seekers which became a Friends worship group. Its happening has warmed the hearts of those who participate, our visitors, and isolated groups with whom we communicate; we hope it will warm the hearts of JOURNAL readers as well, and perhaps it will encourage other seekers to come together and explore the Friends way of life.

Our worship group in Sandpoint, Idaho, started in July 1980. Two of us, unsuccessful in locating other Friends in our area, decided to meet for worship in our living room on a regular basis, and to announce this through the local paper and on bulletin boards around town. The next week two visitors came, and the next week a couple more, and then they brought their children and friends. We bought books and pamphlets and placed them on a card table in our front hall. Just before Christmas we had 19 pairs of boots under the card table on one of the stormiest winter Sundays of that year.

By May 1981 we reported to a somewhat surprised Pacific Northwest Quarterly Meeting that we existed, and that "we are a spiritual group of 10-15 regular attenders with 10-15 children in a First-day school; in less than a year we have grown from two persons to Sundays with close to 30." (It seemed remarkable to some of our visitors that we already had a children's program; but almost as soon as she learned that we were meeting, one of our young mothers—a very special and very caring person—volunteered to meet a need which she felt would encourage other young families to attend, and so our

Long involved in the real estate business, Lois Wythe manages her family's fruit and herb farm. She is clerk of Sandpoint Worship Group.

First-day school was lovingly structured by Sue, with help from all attenders.)

During 1981 we faced the challenges of growth and crowded spaces with enthusiasm and patience. We continued the process of getting to know those in our group, listening to each other and to our Friendly visitors. We began a fourth Thursday meeting for discussion to explore the history of Quakerism and the traditions of the good order of Friends, and began to think about searching for a parent meeting and thus becoming a formal part of the Society of Friends.

While some of our attenders had attended Friends meetings in other parts of the country, most were new to Quakerism. Yet ours is a group filled with the power and magic of a spiritual gathering in the best tradition of Friends; we want to remain open and willing to wait for guidance.

Some six months after our first meetings we began to reach out to other Friends through a monthly newsletter, even though we scarcely knew the names and addresses of other meetings and worship groups.

The geography of North Pacific Yearly Meeting is important to what has happened in Sandpoint. It is a large territory, stretching from the Pacific Ocean through Montana to the east, and from Canada through Oregon north and south. It is 350 miles from the Pacific

coast, where most of the meetings are centered, to the other side of the Cascades, a long day's drive. More important, though, the Cascade Mountains effectively separate the urban coastal areas from the inland rural areas. In commerce and politics, this dichotomy often causes serious conflicts; with Friends, the result is not conflict but isolation for the rural groups. When the Sandpoint group was looking for a parent meeting, the most visible was University Meeting in Seattle, a very large meeting with several worship groups already under its wing. We approached Eastside Meeting in Bellevue, Washington, just outside Seattle, and they offered to fill our need.

In July 1980 we had taken a first tentative step toward "becoming" as a worship group. As those of like mind and heart found each other, a beautiful sense of community began to develop at our weekly meetings as seekers became acquainted and the children formed new friendships in our First-day school. By June 1981 we felt we had accomplished step one (labeled officially in the handbook as "Gathering a Group of Seekers") and had merged into the second step, "Providing for an Ongoing Group." Now finding ourselves "The Growing Group" (these categories are from FGC's helpful publication, *A New Friends Gathering*) we felt warmly ready to make a formal request to become associated with Friends; and at its meeting for business on July 10, 1981, Eastside Monthly Meeting agreed to take Sandpoint Worship Group under its care. At yearly meeting in July we met for the first time as "family."

This step now allowed those who wished to do so to become members of the Religious Society of Friends. At that time, we had in our group two Friends. One had been reared a Quaker and was

Courtesy of Sandpoint Worship Group



a member of University (Wash.) Meeting; the other, a California Friend, was then able to transfer her membership. Since then five others from our group have requested and received membership, and one application is pending.

In the nearly two years since we became officially a worship group within North Pacific Yearly Meeting, we have participated actively in quarterly and yearly meetings and have organized and participated in social concerns in our community. Two of our group founded SANE (Sandpoint Against Nuclear Escalation), and most of us are very active in the Panhandle Environmental League, a strong grassroots conservation alliance. We have helped establish a group within our quarterly meeting known as Inland Friends. We have presented many film and discussion programs to our community on subjects such as vegetarian cooking and living lower on the food chain, natural healing techniques, nuclear issues, and the world's great religions. We participate in the chaplain's association serving the local hospital and jail, are active in city and county affairs, welcome and provide hospitality for many visitors, and even have "meeting for welcome" for our new babies.

In telling about our group it is necessary to lay the groundwork of facts and dates, but these facts and dates leave out the joy and the wonder and the mystery and the spiritual enrichment and the continuing strength in bonding of our small band of seekers.

Sandpoint is a different kind of place. Physically it is a little village on the shore of Lake Pend Oreille in the magnificent mountain and lake country of the north Idaho Panhandle, not far from the Canadian border. (We are becoming very close friends with Argenta Monthly Meeting in Canada.) Established originally by fur traders, its history is the logging and mining and farming of Idaho. But in the 1970s, many young people—and those not so young—who were looking for a way-of-life alternative to the increasing complexity and impersonality of cities began to find a home in this rural community. Here it seemed possible to live a little lower on the food chain, a little more lightly on the land, and to find room and time to develop lives

based on appropriate technology and a true belief that "small is beautiful."

Economically, the area has nothing to offer to new residents in traditional fields, which were already phasing out, but the newcomers have become small shopkeepers, practicing artists and craftspeople, and teachers—or continued their professions on a smaller and more human scale. Many of these newcomers had college degrees or advanced education, and the worship group's attenders included an architect, a family counselor, two archaeologists, a horticulturist, one who had prepared to be a Lutheran pastor, engineers, and teachers. But none of these people were the "conventional" types in their fields, and most of them came here to pursue a rural homesteading lifestyle.

Steve is an example. An attender from the beginning (and our newest member), he has now realized his goal in coming here ten years ago: to give up his professional job with the telephone company and to pursue his growing business in the alternative energy field, assisting families living beyond the electrical lines to develop their own power sources and to use the sun. He and Liz live in a house they built—four stories with a windmill on the roof, on top of a mountain where winter access is by skis or snowmobile. A conscientious objector, he is our FCNL representative and probably Sandpoint's most articulate and ardent advocate for peace.

Our horticulturist, Lura, owns a natural foods store, which has become a center for local health concerns and antinuclear activity coordination, and provides an at-cost bulk food ordering service. She became a member last year and is one of the founders of SANE.

It occurs to me that the energy of our group may be no less than the energy of a quiet revolution taking place across the land. I see a widespread determination to resist war and nuclear proliferation with a Gandhi-like active pacifism; to say a firm "no" to bigness and industrialization and an eager "yes" to simple lifestyles and appropriate technology; and to set about quietly to protect and heal the earth. Maybe our group is not so unique after all; perhaps it is merely representative of a happening in many different places of a quiet collective revolution seeking to "try what love can do." □

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REPORTS

Guests of My Life Performance, A Message of Healing

FRIENDS JOURNAL's 1983 Cadbury Event, the July 3 presentation of Theater Workshop Boston's dance-drama based on Elizabeth Watson's book *Guests of My Life*, was the spiritual and emotional high point of the Friends General Conference Gathering at Slippery Rock. More than a thousand persons saw one of the two performances.

The theater company knew that FRIENDS JOURNAL's editor, Olcott Sanders, had died three days earlier, and at their request the performances were dedicated to Olcott's memory, and to the remembrance of all those whom we have loved and lost awhile.

Theater Workshop Boston greatly appreciated the opportunity to re-create *Guests of My Life*, which they first produced two years ago, for a Quaker audience. The nonprofit experimental theater company, founded in 1966, strives "to create through theater an experience of the total human condition in

Bill Bliss



George and Elizabeth Watson (center) with *Guests of My Life* cast members (left to right), Daena Giardella-Grant, James Giardella-Grant, and Alan O'Hare.

which emotional, social, and spiritual perspectives unite in a new vision of what is possible." Indeed the chemistry between audience and performers was powerful.

The play notes for *Guests of My Life* say the performers' aim "is to make Elizabeth Watson's inspiring true story come alive on stage through music, dance, poetry, mime, and drama." The story did come alive, and, remaining faithful to the essence of the book, vividly portrayed the inner healing process of one woman—"a message of healing through art that is relevant and significant

We share with our readers these visual memories of the July 2-9 gathering of FGC at Slippery Rock, Pennsylvania. They capture some of the flavor of that spirited assemblage of Friends. Future issues of the JOURNAL will include articles adapted from several of the speeches and workshops of the gathering. —Ed.



Jim Cain

Friends General Conference, 1983:



to all people.”

James Giardella-Grant, the company's managing director from 1977 to 1981, wrote the stage adaptation of *Guests of My Life* and played Rabinranath Tagore. Daena Giardella-Grant directed the production and played Elizabeth. Sheryl Savitri Popkin choreographed dance sequences and took the part of Sara. Others in the cast were Melodie Arterberry as Emily Dickinson, Dev Luthra as Rainer Maria Rilke, Bismillah Ivings as Katherine Mansfield, Hassan Suhrawardi Gebel as Walt Whitman, and Alan O'Hare as George.

The wonderful music was performed on piano, flutes, and percussion by composer Carl Andrews and Gary M. Hill Jones. The theater staff at Slippery Rock University responded sensitively and competently to the lighting requirements.

At the conclusion of the evening performance the company presented Elizabeth Watson with a copy of the script. Afterward an overflowing crowd jammed into a large classroom for an informal and enlightening dialogue with Jim and Daena Giardella-Grant and Elizabeth and George Watson: How did you manage to translate a book to a play? What did this part mean? Why did

you do the other thing? I especially like this. . . . What is the future of this kind of theater? and on and on.

We have heard countless expressions of gratitude to FRIENDS JOURNAL for bringing *Guests of My Life* to the gathering. In turn we are grateful to those whose grants made it possible: Friends Institute, the century-old religious, social, and philanthropic organization for young Quakers (20-40) in the Philadelphia area; the Pusey Fund, through the Bequests Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting; the Anna H. and Elizabeth M. Chace Fund; and the Thomas H. and Mary Williams Shoemaker Fund.

If you missed the performance, you can read the book—and that over and over again. It is available from Friends Book Store, Philadelphia, or Celo Press, Burnsville, NC 28714, at \$9 hardcover or \$6.50 softcover.

When FRIENDS JOURNAL's Board of Managers was making the decision to produce the play as the 1983 Cadbury Event, we thought Henry Cadbury would have approved. Having accomplished it, I think Henry Cadbury would have been immeasurably pleased.

Eleanor B. Webb

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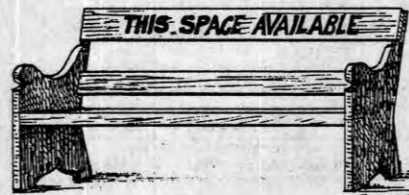
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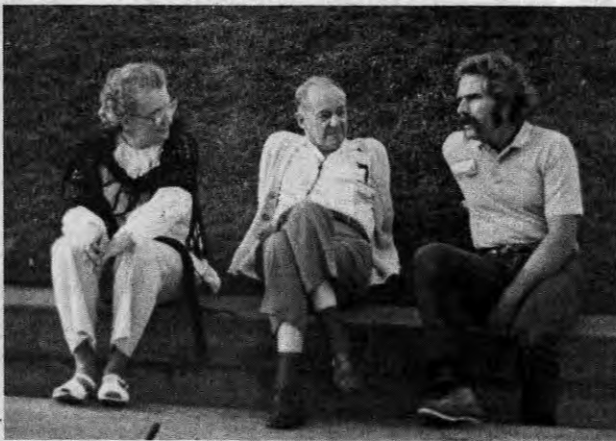
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Jim Cain



Left to right:
Eleanor B.
Webb, prime
mover in
bringing the
*Guests of My
Life*
performance to
Slippery Rock,
visits with
George Webb,
clerk of the
Central Commit-
tee of FGC, and
Lloyd Lee
Wilson, FGC
general
secretary.

Making Memories

Jim Cain

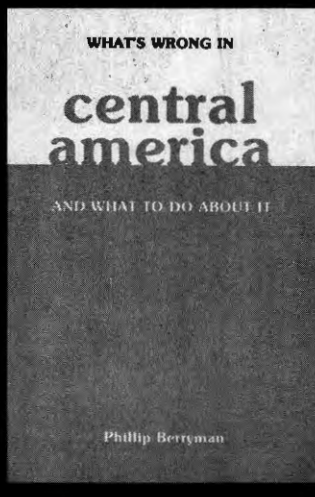


Jim Cain



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WORLD OF FRIENDS

The international boycott against all Nestlé products, the world's largest manufacturer of infant formula, was started in 1977 in an effort to convince the company to adopt a more ethical marketing policy. Leadership for the boycott has come from the Infant Formula and Action Coalition (INFACT). In an effort to convince Nestlé to abide by the World Health Organization and UNICEF's infant formula marketing code, INFACT is now calling for a new boycott campaign to focus only on Nestlé Taster's Choice coffee.

The Nestlé Infant Formula Audit Commission, chaired by Senator Edmund Muskie has confirmed that many of the complaints against Nestlé are well founded—others are being looked at more fully. Nestlé claims that it is making sincere attempts to correct all deficiencies.

In the meantime the boycott of Taster's Choice will continue and is gaining wide support.

The 100th anniversary of Sidwell Friends School was marked with special events in late May. Included in a weekend of activities were an open house at the school, grandparents' day, a ceremony to honor present and former faculty, the planting of a centennial tree by former headmasters, fireworks, and dancing.

Temenos is a small retreat and workshop center on a wooded hillside in western Massachusetts. Rooted in Quakerism, those at Temenos are solidly committed to the grassroots movements for world disarmament and for social justice as a necessary ingredient in peacemaking. Workshops have focused on the motivation, the resources, and the modes of spiritual support for such activity. Individuals seek to tap the source of compassion and love of justice through living in the forest, experimenting with new and old forms of worship and meditation, and trying to walk in the spirit of Buddhist mindfulness and Quaker openness.

Some of the 1983 workshops are: "Dancing to Save the Planet"; "Archetypes of War and Apocalypse"; and "Tears of Earth: Sources of Hope in a Nuclear Age." For more information write Joe and Teresina Havens, Temenos, Star Route, Shutesbury, MA 01072.

Two prisoners are seeking correspondents:

Richard Jackson, # 144-061, S.O.C.F., P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001, writes that he is "seeking trustworthy

friendship" and will answer all letters.

John C. Hill, Jr., P.O. Box 41-19150, Michigan City, IN 46360, writes that he is actively trying to prepare himself for a useful, productive life in society.

Demonstrators started an open-ended fast and an encampment in Kansas City, Missouri, on July 4 to protest the 727 million pounds of surplus government-owned dairy products stored in the area. The fast is expected to last until significant quantities of food are released or legislation is passed to that effect. The action is sponsored by the Community for Creative Non-Violence and other groups, and is endorsed by the AFSC.

Nominations are being sought for the sixth annual Martin Luther King, Jr., Award which will be presented in January 1984 to a person or group in the United States who is making a significant contribution to the nonviolent struggle for a peaceful and just society. The Fellowship of Reconciliation began the award in 1979 to recognize and encourage not only those who receive it but all who are working to keep Dr. King's dream alive. Dr. King was a member of the FOR Advisory Council when he died.

Nominations should be submitted in the form of a typed letter, at least one but not more than four pages in length, describing the work for which the person or group is being nominated. Supporting material (i.e., newspaper clips, writings by the nominee) may also be included, but should not exceed three pages. Current FOR staff are not eligible for the award. Send nominations to Marci Ameluxen, FOR, P.O. Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960, by October 1, 1983.

The new executive director of William Penn House in Washington, D.C., is John P. Salzberg. A member of Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.), he has years of experience working on Capitol Hill, particularly in the field of human rights. His most recent employer was the American Academy for the Advancement of Science.

From Seville (N.J.) Meeting's newsletter comes this report from a recent business meeting:

Friends approved the recommendation of the property committee to donate the outhouse to Cold Springs Village for its historic village. It was understood that Cold Springs will fill in the hole following removal of the building. The meeting expressed reluctance to see the building go but felt that future upkeep and a possible safety hazard to wandering children of the proposed housing development led them to the right decision.

So, Friends who visit Cold Springs might make a special point to look for the historic outhouse of Seville Friends.

COLD SPRINGS VILLAGE



FORUM

Friendly Woman Flourishes Too

The May 1 FRIENDS JOURNAL was an extraordinary issue, including as it did the too-long-concealed story of Martha Schofield, the moving and courageous "Hier bin i'" and "Out of the Silence," and the excellently constructed and informative "Resisting Registration, Stopping the Draft."

Also of interest to me was the Immerwahr's account of University Meeting in Seattle ("Friends Flourishing in Pacific Northwest"). But their report was marred by what I consider a most serious omission: no mention was made of the 16 female members of University Meeting who have formed the Friendly Woman Collective. For the next two years they will be the writers, editors, and publishers of *Friendly Woman*, "A journal for exchange of ideas, feelings, hopes, experiences, by and among Quaker women."

The creativity and courage of these women in undertaking this challenge speaks well for their meeting. It is to the detriment of all concerned that this exciting venture was left out of the story.

Renée Felice
North Easton, Mass.

God Is the Supreme Universalist

I have been keeping up with your published dialogue on universalism and Friends and would like to add my thoughts to the subject.

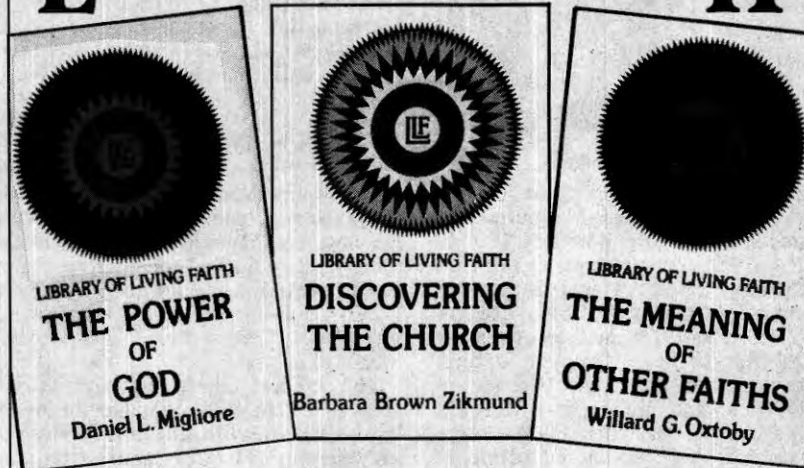
For me the answers seem so simple and clear. First of all, I perceive God to be the supreme Universalist. Through the ages human beings have taken many divergent paths seeking God's universal truth. Unfortunately most of the seekers believe that they were the only ones on the right path and have fought and killed in the name of their God.

George Fox and other religious leaders chose Christianity as the path for themselves, but there are scores of other prophets who found God via another path. I am a Quaker but I find much inspiration and spiritual insight in other religions and in the writings of their leaders.

I have been a Quaker for 40 years, and although I recognize my roots in Christianity, I feel free to walk other paths through whose enlightenment I have benefited. As a Universalist Quaker I feel closer to all other Quakers and closer to all humanity. It is a unifying influence rather than a divisive one as Francis Brown argues (*FJ* 4/1). As a Universalist I also feel in closer unity with God and all creation.

William V. Vitarelli
Haiku, Hawaii

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MILESTONES

Births

Hafkenschiel—*Erin Thomas Hafkenschiel* on April 8 to Joseph H. and Cynthia Easton Hafkenschiel. Erin's paternal grandmother, Lucinda Buchanan Thomas, was a member of Palo Alto (Calif.) Friends Meeting.

Howarth—On May 2, *Frances Erin Howarth* to Rebecca Stuckey and David Alan Howarth. Becky Howarth is a member of Campus (Ohio) Meeting; David Howarth is a member of Media (Pa.) Meeting.

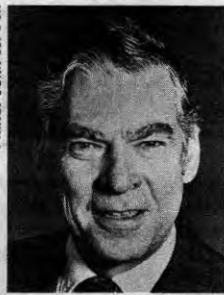
Marriages

Elkington-Oakes—*Donald Oakes* and *Rachel Elkington* on June 5 in Dayton, Wyo. Rachel is a member of Doylestown (Pa.) Monthly Meeting.

Gendall-Conrad—*Thomas Conrad* and *Amy S. Gendall* on August 14, 1982, under the care of Amy's meeting, Doylestown (Pa.) Friends. Tom is a member of Bloomington (Ind.) Meeting and works with the NARMIC peace research team in the national office of the AFSC. Amy, a graduate of Bryn Mawr College School of Social Work, is an administrator at a shelter for abused women in Doylestown. Tom and Amy live in Philadelphia, Pa.

Quinby-Cornell—*David E. Cornell* and *Babette J. Quinby*, both members of Media (Pa.) Monthly Meeting.

Photo: John H. Fell



Olcutt Sanders

Olcutt Sanders, born and reared in Texas, combined a lifelong interest in journalism, humanitarian service, and the arts. In addition to 16 years with the American Friends Service Committee, he was director of programs for the U.S. Committee for UNICEF, 1970-1975; director of teacher training for the Peace Corps in Bogotá, Colombia, 1965-1968; and director of development and publications for the Fellowship of Reconciliation, 1975-1981, a position he left to assume editorship of FRIENDS JOURNAL.

He was also director of development for Wilmington College, Wilmington, Ohio; executive director, Karamu House, a neighborhood cultural center in Cleveland, Ohio; and executive director for the Council of the Arts in Westchester County, White Plains, New York.

His strong interest in the arts also manifested itself at the University of Texas where he developed a fellowship in fine arts, as well as Friday night folk dancing groups. Throughout his life he was an enthusiastic folk dance leader.

During his 16 years with the AFSC, Olcott served as college secretary, spent four years in Civilian Public Service in World War II, and was regional executive secretary for the AFSC in Austin, Texas, before service as information director, 1954-1960.

During his two years as editor of the JOURNAL, Olcott also served as clerk of the Corporation Committee of AFSC, of the Development Committee of Friends General Conference, and of the Interpretation Committee of Friends World Committee for Consultation—Section of the Americas. He was active in Central Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, as well.

The Sanders family and close friends spent time gathered around him during the last weeks of his life. Olcott is survived by his wife, Phyllis Sanders; sons, Lynn, Jay, and Fred Sanders; daughters, Marta Sanders Cooper and Elizabeth Sanders; sister, Elizabeth Gorton; and three grandchildren.

A memorial meeting will be held at Race Street Meetinghouse, Philadelphia, at 11 a.m. on August 5. Friends may send memorial contributions to the AFSC, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

1983-1984 Directory for Traveling Friends



Friends General Conference

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The 1983/1984 *Directory for Traveling Friends* lists 171 hosts in 6 provinces (Canada), 45 states (USA), and 20 countries (including 35 hosts in England). These hosts offer hospitality or camping space to Friends traveling for business or recreation with letters of introduction from their home meetings. Hosts' interests as well as local places of interest are included.

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For postpaid copy send \$11 to Friends General Conference, 1520-B Race St., Philadelphia PA 19102.

Meeting, on June 18. Babette is the daughter of Lyal and Donna Quinby of Raleigh, N.C. David is the son of Elliott and Lila Cornell, members of Media Monthly Meeting.

Deaths

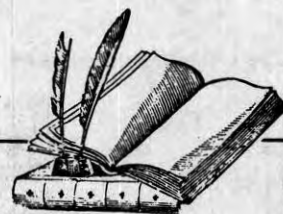
Bosworth—Francis Bosworth on May 16. He was director of the Community Arts Workshop in New York, an AFSC project for returning refugee artists from Europe in 1943 when he was invited to come to Philadelphia, Pa., to direct Friends Neighborhood Guild, a post he held for ten years. During that time, the Guild and the AFSC created the Friends Self-Help Housing Program, the first private venture to rehabilitate a depressed urban community after World War II. For his part in this effort, Francis won the Philadelphia Award in 1953. Later he taught at Temple University, headed Philadelphia's Rent Commission, coordinated the Philadelphia Housing Authority, and helped find support for job training programs for minority racial group members. In recent years he lived at Foulkeways in Gwynedd, Pa.

Kurtz—On June 7, Stewart S. Kurtz, Jr., 83. A distinguished chemist, he worked with Sun Oil Company and American Society for Testing Materials, among others. Stewart was an active member of Merion (Pa.) Meeting. His particular interest was the United Nations. The United Nations Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, of which he was a member, recently adopted a minute expressing "its appreciation for [his] unremitting effort on behalf of a world of peace and justice under law through a strengthened United Nations. . . . His devotion to this cause, expressed in his articles, letters, and innumerable other ways, will remain a model to all of us."

Stewart is survived by his wife, Irene Maktenieks Kurtz; sons, Stewart K., William, and Edward; and eight grandchildren.

Paschkis—Marjorie Penney Paschkis, 75, on May 29 in Pottstown, Pa. The person who is said to have introduced Martin Luther King, Jr., to M. K. Gandhi's work, Marjorie worked many years in promoting racial and religious harmony. She helped found the two fellowship houses in Philadelphia, and in 1947, with money she received from the Bok Philadelphia Award for her civil rights work, she started Fellowship House Farm. The farm is a nonprofit education center in social change and human relations. Marjorie was posthumously given the Golden Rule Award by the Philadelphia Fellowship Commission for her work in human rights. A member of Exeter (Pa.) Meeting, she was active in many yearly meeting concerns, particularly those affecting intergroup understanding and peace. She is survived by her husband, Victor Paschkis; stepson, Albert E. Paschkis; six grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

Pettit—Frank Colson Pettit, 88, at his home in Woodstown, N.J. Frank, a dairy farmer, was a former president of both the New Jersey Board of Agriculture and his local county board. He was a member of a number of other agricultural organizations as well and received a citation for distinguished service from the New Jersey Agriculture Association. He belonged to Woodstown Meeting and served on several monthly and yearly meeting committees. He is survived by his wife, Frances Coles Pettit; son, Elmer Pettit; daughters, Elizabeth Darlington, Marion Frazier, and Ruth Johnson; brother, Irving Pettit; sisters, Helen Thompson and Sally Cory; ten grandchildren; and 14 great-grandchildren.



Poets & Reviewers

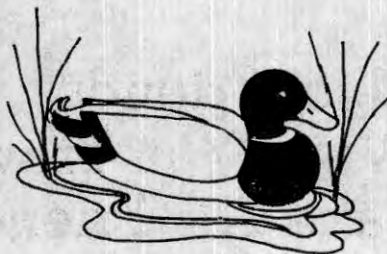
Elizabeth Crom is a member of Madison (Wis.) Friends Meeting. Connie Bastek Karasow, a former employee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, works as a professional social worker in Bucks County, Pa. Rob Sronce is a senior at John Woolman School.

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- Frances T. Dreisbach, ACSW
Easton, (215) 258-7313
- Josephine W. Johns, M.A.
Media, (215) LO 6-7238
- Arlene Kelly, ACSW
Phila., (215) 988-0140
(9 a.m.-10 p.m.)
- Jean Keitz, Ph.D.
Levittown, (215) 945-1991
- Hope L. Lindsley, M.S.
Phoenixville/Phila., (215) 933-7037
- Helen. H. McKoy, M.Ed.
Germantown, (215) GE 8-4822
(9 a.m.-10 p.m.)
- Margaret Myers, M.S.S.
(215) 248-3308
- Christopher Nicholson, ACSW
Germantown, (215) VI 4-7076
- George A. Rogers, M.D.
Cinnaminson, (609) 786-8131
(9 a.m.-5 p.m.)
- James J. Saxon, Jr., Ph.D.
Phila., (215) 387-4834
- Charlotte P. Taylor, Ph.D.
Wilmington, (302) 655-0412
- Lindley Winston, M.D.
Malvern, (215) 647-1237
- Frances Van Allen, M.A.
Lima/Media, (215) 358-3212

What books have you most enjoyed lately?

The JOURNAL is planning a special books issue for November 15, and we would like to include our readers' opinions of the books they strongly recommend to others. We invite you to send a characterization of no more than three fiction or nonfiction books you have read in the last year that are important to you for their religious or social value. Descriptions should be 20-25 words, in addition to the title, author, publisher, and publication date. Deadline for submission is October 1. —Ed.

CALENDAR

August

2-5—Mid-America Yearly Meeting, Friends University, Wichita, Kans. Write Robin W. Johnston, 2018 Maple, Wichita, KS 67213.

3-7—Illinois Yearly Meeting, Yearly Meeting House near McNabb, Ill. Write Frank H. Young, 277 N. Academy St., Galesburg, IL 61401.

3-7—Iowa Conservative Yearly Meeting, Scattergood Friends School, West Branch, Iowa. Write Robert Berquist, Rte. 1, West Branch, IA 52358.

3-7—North Carolina Yearly Meeting, Guilford College, Greensboro, N.C. Write Sarah P. Wilson, NCYM Office, 903 New Garden Rd., Greensboro, NC 27410.

3-7—Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting, Wilmington College, Wilmington, Ohio. Write Marjorie Smith, 1518 Catalpa Dr., Dayton, OH 45406.

5-10—Indiana Yearly Meeting, Earlham College, Richmond, Ind. Write Richard Newby, 418 W. Adams, Muncie, IN 47305.

9-13—Iowa Yearly Meeting, William Penn College, Oskaloosa, Iowa. Write Richard Whitehead, Iowa Yearly Meeting of Friends, Box 552, Oskaloosa, IA 52577.

9-14—Baltimore Yearly Meeting, Western Maryland College, Westminster, Md. Write David H. Scull, 17100 Quaker Ln., Sandy Spring, MD 20860.

10-14—Western Yearly Meeting, Plainfield, Ind. Write Daniel W. Carter, 8436 West Rd., 500 S., Russiaville, IN 46979.

12-21—Central Yearly Meeting, Central Friends Camp Ground, Muncie, Ind. Write Arthur Hollingsworth, 302 S. Black St., Alexandria, IN 46001.

13-18—Evangelical Friends Church sessions, Malone College, Canton, Ohio. Write Galen Weingart, 3750 Sullivant Ave., Columbus, OH 43228.

13-18—New England Yearly Meeting, University of Southern Maine, Gorham, Maine. Write Thomas Ewell, P.O. Box 2432, S. Portland, ME 04106.

15-21—Canadian Yearly Meeting, Pickering College, Newmarket, Ont. Write Betty Polster, 60 Lowther Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5R 1C7, Canada.

17—Ohio Conservative Yearly Meeting, Barnesville, Ohio. Write William L. Cope, 44550 S. R. 517, Columbiana, OH 44408.

26-30—Conference, "The Ecology of the Imagination," exploring the resonances between the ecological model of the biosphere and the world of the imagination, Arthur Morgan School, Celso, N.C. Information from Celso Summer Institute, c/o Robert McGahey, Rte. 5, Box 333, Burnsville, NC 28714.

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Accommodations

Mexico City Friends Center. Pleasant, reasonable accommodations. Reservations, Directors, Casa de los Amigos, Ignacio Mariscal 132, Mexico 1, D.F. Friends Meeting, Sundays 11 a.m. Phone 535-2752.

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 or year-round basis. Next to Orlando Friends Meeting. A Friendly intergenerational Quaker Community. Telephone: 305-422-8079.

Washington, D.C. Bed and breakfast in Friendly home. Convenient location. Children welcome. Reservations. Monthly residence also available. (202) 265-4144 eves. & weekends.

New York City, The Penington, 215 E. 15th St., New York, NY 10003. Single and double occupancy. Bed and breakfast with evening meal. For reservations write or call (212) 475-9193, David P. Gould, Director.

Vacation in Jamaica. Two-bedroom condominium on sunny north coast. Private beach, large garden. Walking distance to shopping area. More information, contact Gloria Shaw, Kendal Rd., Mandeville, Jamaica; (809) 962-2372.

London? Stay at the Penn Club, Bedford Place, London WC1B 5JH. Friendly atmosphere. Central for Friends House, West End, concerts, theater, British Museum, university, and excursions. Telephone 01-636-4718.

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Fellowship of Reconciliation Speakers' Bureau features 129 speakers from 45 states. Justice and peace topics. For free brochure, write Dan Ebener, FOR, Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960.

Books and Publications

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Transnational Perspectives, independent journal of world concerns: disarmament, human rights, North-South issues. \$10 a year, sample copy on request. Rene Wadlow, Editor, *Transnational Perspectives*, CP 161, 1211 Geneva 16, Switzerland.



HELP BUILD A NUCLEAR FREE WORLD

Organizing kit \$5. Information free. Nukewatch, 315 W. Gorham Madison, WI 53703.

Basic Training: A consumer's guide to the military, for counselors, parents, teachers, and potential recruits. \$2.95 from: Progressive Foundation, 315 W. Gorham, Madison, WI 53703. Bulk rate available.

Looking for a book? Free Search Service. Please write: Peter Sperling—Books Dept. F, Box 1766, Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159.

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

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

The Friendly Vegetarian is the quarterly newsletter of the newly organized Friends Vegetarian Society of North America. A free issue is available from: FVSNA, Box 474, Beverly, MA 01915. Those wishing to be on our mailing list are asked to make a contribution of their choice.

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

Communities

Housing Cooperative—Santa Rosa Creek Commons. Quiet, country comfort near downtown. Santa Rosa Creek borders secluded 1- and 2-bedroom units. Low down payment (up to \$6,600) makes Santa Rosa Creek Commons an affordable, pleasant place to live. For information: P.O. Box 1458, Santa Rosa, CA 95402. (707) 523-0626 or 576-1976.

Rental in Quaker community where your time and money go further. Desert highlands, quality sunlight, water, quiet. Two-bedroom farmhouse, \$125 monthly. RVs. Friends Southwest Center, Rte. 1, Box 170, McNeal, AZ 85617.

Conferences

Quaker Lesbian Conference August 4-7 in southern New Hampshire. For information call Blanca (212) 431-3084 between 3-7 p.m.

For Rent

House for rent—3 BR, 3 baths, on Quaker homestead/farm on Delaware River, 35 minutes from Center City Philadelphia. To rent August 15, '83-July or August '84. Call (609) 829-9657.

Retired Quaker couple has stone cottage, rural property near Valley Forge. Two bedrooms. Couple or small family. (215) 933-3621.

For Sale

Moving to Philadelphia? See award-winning contemporary house and park-like community designed by architect Robert Bishop, trained at Taliesin by Frank Lloyd Wright. Half-acre wooded site on land of Thomas Holme, William Penn's surveyor-general. Beautiful birds and pheasants abound. Superb train and bus transportation; only 25 minutes to Center City via Route 95. Fireplaces, 4 BR, 2½ baths, den, playroom, AC, gas.

\$130,000 including many extras, plus large 1 BR accessory apartment. Early occupancy. Owners (215) 332-7669 or (215) 568-6715 (office).

Limited edition of glowing reproduction of Edward Hicks' famous Peaceable Kingdom. Handsome 20" x 24" prints available for your home, school, public library or meeting house. \$15.00 postpaid. Send check to: Planned Parenthood, Box 342, Newtown, PA 18940.

Several copies of Elizabeth Hildeburn Edwards Coale's *Autobiography*, written 1903. Born 1826, Philadelphia, educated Sharon Boarding School, Darby. Died 1925, Benjaminville, Illinois. Contact: Hendrix, 1003 N. Sycamore, N. Manchester, Indiana 46962.

Possible income property. Retired Quaker sea captain selling two houses, cottage, two barns on 7¼ acres, 15 miles from Crossville, Tennessee, Friends Meeting. Three-bedroom house with economical gas furnace has thermopane living room windows. Storm windows on others. Kitchen has electric stove, refrigerator, washer, dryer, new wall cupboards. Wall-to-wall carpet except kitchen. Second house has new roof, wall-to-wall carpet, refrigerator, electric stove, new cupboards. One bedroom cottage finished inside with rough oak paneling, range, refrigerator, electric stove, new cupboards. One-bedroom cottage finished inside with rough oak paneling, range, fenced acres, \$90,000. Owner financing 9%. Must sell because of poor health. Phone (615) 484-8911.

Quaker Woods share for sale. One-eleventh share of 120 wooded acres on county road. Deed to five acres. Electricity available. Near Slatersville, West Virginia, 25 miles SSW of Berkeley Springs. (408) 649-8946.



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Gathering

Democracy in the Workplace conference September 16-18. BBC film *The Mondragon Experiment* will be basis of discussion. For more information write Community Service, P.O. Box 243, Yellow Springs, OH 45387. (513) 767-2161 or 767-1461.

Health Resort

Northern Pines Health Resort. Enjoy a healthy vacation on 80 secluded lakeside acres. Supportive environment. Weight loss, supervised fasting, stress reduction, exercise, and natural health classes. Extensive facilities. Brochure: Rt. 85, Box 279Q, Raymond, ME 04071. (207) 655-7624.

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Opportunities

Retiring? Consider the advantages of Costa Rica: San Jose temperature averages 72; beautiful mountains; lower living costs; hospitable people—and the opportunity to be involved with Friends developing Peace Center. Contact Betty Ridgway, 525 Kings Highway, Mickleton, NJ 08056. (609) 423-0300.

Personal

Dan and Roselle Wilson, Where the heck are you? Judy Horton, 6400 Arnold, Austin, TX 78723, (512) 926-3223.

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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Positions Vacant

Interfaith pacifist organization seeks *Director of Area and Regional Development/Membership* and *Director of Youth Action*. Information: Richard Baggett Deats, Fellowship of Reconciliation, Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960.

Director (Sept.) committed to disarmament, human rights, esp. S. Africa and Central America. Ability to develop programs, organize, offer leadership, essential. Growing grassroots, receptive media. Salary (hopefully) \$10,000 + benefits. Resume: Institute for Global Education, c/o Earl Heuer, 241 Paris SE, Grand Rapids, MI 49503.

Part-time Field Secretary for Friends Committee on National Legislation. Interpret work and financial needs of FCNL in East Coast area. Able and willing to travel. Needed by November 1. Send inquiries and suggestions to Wilton Hartzler, FCNL, 245 Second St., NE, Washington, DC 20002.

Middle school teacher. Experienced math specialist to work as teacher/adviser in small, pluralistic middle school. Flexibility, creativity, and experience in curriculum design a must. Send resume to Media-Providence Friends School, 125 W. Third St., Media, PA 19063.

American Friends Service Committee seeks Associate Director, Washington, D.C., office. Requires experience in administration/program development; with peace, social justice issues; understanding of national policy issues, international development; strong communication skills; D.C. experience desirable. Application deadline Aug. 15. Central America Representative, located Costa Rica. Requires fluent Spanish; experience in Latin America, understanding of regional political, economic, social issues; strong communication skills—analysis, interpretation, report writing. Appl. deadline Oct. 15. For both, compatibility with principles, philosophy of Friends, AFSC. Send resume: Bahiya Roberts, AFSC, 1501 Cherry, Phila., PA 19102. Affirmative Action Employer.

Schools

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."

Scattergood Friends School, Rt. 1, Box 32, West Branch, Iowa, 52358. Co-educational boarding school. Grades 9-12. College-preparatory, art, drama, and life-skills classes. Open and creative community where academic excellence and personal growth thrive. Students and faculty of many nations, races, and faiths share in cooperative work programs and simple lifestyle in a rural setting. Campus encompasses 80-acre working farm, 30-acre prairie, new solar-heated gym, and 120-year-old Quaker meetinghouse. New brochure. (319) 643-5636.

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.

Summer Rental

Tour the West in a fully self-contained motorhome. August, September, & October are the best months on the California coast. Rates start at \$495/week, unlimited mileage. Golden West Motorhome Rental, 1395 Lowrie Ave., San Francisco, CA 94080. (415) 588-4999.

New Hampshire farmhouse with view, privacy, birds, hiking. Fishing, watersports nearby. Sunapee-Monadnock region. Sleeps 12. Four BR, electricity, indoor plumbing. \$200/week, \$600/month. Shaw (614) 238-0009.

South Newfane/Marlboro, Vermont. 200-year-old farmhouse and barn surrounded by hayfields and stream. Four bedrooms—fully equipped. Music Festival, Putney Friends Meeting, swimming, horseback riding, canoeing, sailing, tennis, and all summer enjoyments nearby. Minimum rental—two weeks. \$175 a week plus cutting the grass. Malcolm Smith, 65 Castle Heights Ave., Tarrytown, NY 10591.

Tours

Tidewater Tours of Maryland's beautiful, historic, and flat Eastern Shore. Adults with or without bicycling experience. Inn lodging, weekends May-September. Write: Chesapeake Bicycle Tours, Box 345Q, Westminster, MD 21157.

Travel

Cruise lovely English canals in autumn peace. *England Afloat*, Box 2083, Springfield, MA 01101. (413) 736-5937.

Wanted

Philadelphia-area housing for academic year 1983-84. Teacher/nurse couple seeks apt./house-sitting position, or live-in situation with reasonably independent older

person/couple (not as private-duty nurse). Write: Graham/Hammarstrom, Middlebury Center, PA 16935, or call (717) 376-5176.

The editor of a forthcoming book to mark the 100th year of the red, white, and blue motto calendars wants four missing calendars for years 1969 through 1972. If you can lend or sell these, it will be appreciated by Elizabeth Scattergood, 6120 Ardleigh St., Philadelphia, PA 19138.

Country home to houseit or share in Seattle area, October-June. Will gladly exchange farming assistance for partial rent. Nutritionist. Energetic, responsible. Alice Thureau, RD #1, Julian, PA 16844. (814) 355-5755.

MEETINGS

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

MEETING NOTICE RATES: 80¢ per line per issue. Payable a year in advance. Twelve monthly insertions. No discount. Changes: \$6.00 each.

Argentina

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

Canada

EDMONTON—Unprogrammed worship, 11 a.m., YWCA, Soroptimist room, 10305 100 Ave. 423-9922.

OTTAWA—Worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m., 91½ Fourth Ave., (613) 232-9923.

TORONTO, ONTARIO—60 Lowther Ave. (North from cor. Bloor and Bedford). Worship and First-day school 11 a.m.

Costa Rica

MONTEVERDE—Phone 61-18-87.

SAN JOSE—Phone 24-43-76. Unprogrammed meetings.

Egypt

CAIRO—Worship alternate First-day evenings. Contact Ron Wolfe, Amideast, 2 Midan Kasr el Doubara, Cairo. Office: 33170. Home: 20567.

Mexico

MEXICO CITY—Unprogrammed meeting, Sundays 11 a.m. Casa de los Amigos, Ignacio Mariscal 132, Mexico 1, D.F. 535-27-52.

Alabama

BIRMINGHAM—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 10 a.m. Sunday. Betty Jenkins, clerk. (205) 879-7021.

FAIRHOPE—Unprogrammed meeting, 9 a.m. Sundays at Friends Meeting House, 1.2 mi. east on Fairhope Ave. Ext. Write: P.O. Box 319, Fairhope AL 36533.

Alaska

ANCHORAGE—Unprogrammed meeting, First-days, 10 a.m. Mountain View Library. Phone: 333-4425.

Open-minded congenial companion for elderly, retired, male history professor in southwest Florida. Some light housekeeping. Contact Mary Kissick Foster, 27250 Foster Lane, S.E., Bonita Springs, FL 33923. Phone (813) 992-1800.

I'm looking for a house to share in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. Female, quiet student, non-smoker with Labrador. (215) 782-8134.

Talbot County Historical Society is looking for furniture, textiles, manuscript material relating to early Quaker life on the Eastern Shore. P.O. Box 964, Easton, MD 21601. (301) 822-0773.

FAIRBANKS—Unprogrammed worship, First-days, 9 a.m., Home Economics Lounge, third floor, Eielson Building, Univ. of Alaska. Phone: 479-6782.

JUNEAU—Unprogrammed worship group, First-days, 10 a.m. Phone: 586-4409. Visitors welcome.

Arizona

FLAGSTAFF—Unprogrammed meeting 11 a.m. 402 S. Beaver, near campus. Charles O. Minor, clerk. Mailing address: P.O. Box 922, Flagstaff 86002. Phone: (602) 774-4298.

McNEAL—Cochise Friends Meeting at Friends Southwest Center, 7½ miles south of Elfrida. Worship 11 a.m. Phone: (602) 642-3729.

PHOENIX—1702 E. Glendale, Phoenix 85020. Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. Edward Bruder, clerk, 516 E. Kachina Trail, Phoenix 85040. (602) 268-5130.

TEMPE—Unprogrammed, First-days 9:30 a.m., child care provided, Danforth Chapel, ASU Campus, 85281. Phone: 967-6040.

TUCSON—Pima Friends Meeting (Intermountain Yearly Meeting), 739 E. 5th St. Worship 10 a.m. Vinetta Hale, clerk. Phone: (602) 299-0779.

Arkansas

LITTLE ROCK—Unprogrammed meeting, First-day school, 9:45 a.m. Winfield Methodist Church, 1601 S. Louisiana. Phone: 663-8283, 224-4020.

California

ARCATA—1920 Zehndner, 10 a.m., 822-5615.

BERKELEY—Strawberry Creek, P.O. Box 5065, unprogrammed, 10 a.m. at 2465 LeConte.

BERKELEY—Unprogrammed meeting. Worship 11 a.m., 2151 Vine St. at Walnut. 843-9725.

CHICO—10 a.m. singing, 10:30 meeting for worship, classes for children. 345-3429 or 893-9078.

CLAREMONT—Worship, 9:30 a.m. Classes for children. 727 W. Harrison Ave., Claremont.

DAVIS—Meeting for worship, First-day, 9:45 a.m. 345 L. St. Visitors call 753-5924.

FRESNO—10 a.m. Chapel of CSPP. 1350 M St. 222-3796. If no answer call 237-3030.

GRASS VALLEY—Discussion period 9:30 a.m. Meeting for worship, 10:40 a.m. John Woolman School Campus, 12585 Jones Bar Road. Phone: 273-6485 or 273-2560.

HAYWARD—Worship 9:30 a.m. Eden United Church of Christ, 21455 Birch St. Phone: (415) 538-1027.

HEMET—Meeting for worship 9:30 a.m. Family Service Assn., 40862 Florida Ave. Visitors call (714) 925-2818 or 658-2484.

LA JOLLA—Meeting 11 a.m., 7380 Eads Ave. Visitors call 459-9800 or 456-1020.

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Kansas

LAWRENCE—Oread Friends Meeting, 1146 Oregon. Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m. Phone: (913) 843-8926.
TOPEKA—Unprogrammed worship 4 p.m. followed by discussion. Phone: (913) 273-3519, 478-3383, or 234-0061.
WICHITA—University Friends Meeting, 1840 University Ave. Unprogrammed meeting, 8:30 a.m.; Sunday school 9:30 a.m.; meeting for worship, 10:45 a.m. Don Mallonee, clerk. Ministry team. Phone: 262-0471 or 262-6215.

Kentucky

BEREA—Meeting 10 a.m. Berea College, 986-4465.
LXINGTON—Unprogrammed worship, 3:30 p.m. For information call 223-4176.
LOUISVILLE—Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. 3050 Bon Air Ave., 40205. Phone: 452-6812.

Louisiana

BATON ROUGE—Unprogrammed meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m., at 546 Bienville St., (504) 926-5400 or 769-4547. Clerk: Leslie Todd Pitre.
NEW ORLEANS—Worship Sundays, 10 a.m. 3033 Louisiana Avenue Parkway. Phone: 822-3411 or 861-8022.

Maine

BAR HARBOR—Acadia meeting for worship in evening. Phone: 288-5419 or 244-7113.
BRUNSWICK—Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m. 76 Pleasant St. 833-5016.
MID-COAST AREA—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 10 a.m. at Damariscotta library. 563-3464 or 563-8265.
ORONO—10 a.m. Sundays, Drummond Chapel, Memorial Union, U.M.O. 866-2198.
PORTLAND—Worship 10 a.m. 1845 Forest Ave. (Route 302). For information call Harold N. Burnham, M.D., (207) 839-5551.
WATERBORO—Unprogrammed worship, First-day school, 10 a.m. West Rd. (207) 247-3633, 324-4134.

Maryland

ADELPHI—Worship 10 a.m. Sun., 8 p.m. Wed. First-day school 10:20 (10 2nd Sun.), adult 2nd hour (mo. mtg. 2nd Sun.) 11:30. Nursery. 2303 Metzertott, Near U. of Md. 445-1114.
ANNAPOLIS—Worship 11 a.m. at YWCA, 40 State Circle. Mail address Box 3142, Annapolis 21403. Clerk: Nancy Elsbree, (301) 647-3591.
BALTIMORE—Stony Run: worship 11 a.m. except 10 a.m. July & August, 5116 N. Charles St.; 435-3773; Homewood, 3107 N. Charles St., 235-4438.
BETHESDA—Sidwell Friends Lower School, Edgemoor Lane & Beverly Rd. Classes and worship 11 a.m. 332-1156.
CHESTERTOWN—Chester River Meeting. Worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. 127 High St. Clerk: George Gerenbeck. 639-2156.
EASTON—Third Haven Meeting and First-day school 10 a.m. 405 S. Washington St. Clerks: Jane Caldwell (301) 822-2832, Charles Kepner 745-5204.
SANDY SPRING—Meetinghouse Rd. at Rt. 108. Worship 9:30 & 11 a.m.; first Sundays, 9:30 only. Classes 10:30 a.m.
UNION BRIDGE—Pipe Creek Meeting. Worship, 11 a.m.

Massachusetts

ACTON—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m., Harvey Wheeler Community Center, corner Main and Church Sts., W. Concord. (During summer in homes.) Clerk: Elizabeth Muench. Phone: 862-2839.
AMHERST-NORTHAMPTON-GREENFIELD—Worship & First-day school 11 a.m. Mt. Toby Meetinghouse, Rt. 63, Leverett. 549-0588; if no answer call 584-2788 or 549-4845.
BOSTON—Worship 11 a.m. (summer 10 a.m.) First-day. Beacon Hill Friends House, 6 Chestnut St., Boston 02108. Phone: 227-9118.
CAMBRIDGE—5 Longfellow Pk. (near Harvard Sq., off Brattle St.). Meetings Sunday 9:30 & 11 a.m. During July and August, Sundays at 10:00 a.m. Phone: 876-6883.
FRAMINGHAM—841 Edmonds Rd. (2 mi. W of Nobscot). Worship 10 a.m. First-day school. Visitors welcome. Phone: 877-0481.
NORTH EASTON—Worship 11 a.m. First-days at Friends Community. 238-2682, 7679, 2282.
MARION—Meeting for worship, 9:30 a.m. Sunday in the Tabor Academy Library, 65 Spring St.
NORTH SHORE—Worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m. at Landmark School, Rt. 127, Beverly Farms. Child care for those under 6. Nancy Coffey, clerk, 922-2513.
SANDWICH—Meeting for worship each Sunday, 11 a.m. at East Sandwich Meeting House, Quaker Meeting House Rd. just north of Rt. 6A (617) 888-1897.

SOUTH YARMOUTH-CAPE COD—N. Main St. Worship and First-day School 10 a.m. Clerk: Edward W. Wood, Jr., 888-4865.
WELLESLEY—Meeting for worship and Sunday school 10:30 a.m. at 26 Benvenue Street. Phone: 237-0268.
WEST FALMOUTH-CAPE COD—Rt. 28A, meeting for worship, Sunday 11 a.m.
WESTPORT—Meeting Sunday, 10:45 a.m. Central Village. Clerk: J.K. Steward Kirkaldy. Phone: 636-4711.
WORCESTER—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 11 a.m. 901 Pleasant St. Phone: 754-3887.

Michigan

ALMA-MT. PLEASANT—Unprogrammed meeting 10:30 a.m. First-day school. Clerk: Nancy Nagler, 772-2421.
ANN ARBOR—Meeting for worship 10 a.m.; adult discussion 11:30 a.m. Meetinghouse, 1420 Hill St. Clerk: Barbara Neal. (313) 971-2664.
BIRMINGHAM—Worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. Clerk, Brad Angell. (313) 647-6484.
DETROIT—Meeting 10 a.m., 7th floor Student Center Bldg., Wayne State Univ. Write: 4011 Norfolk, Detroit, 48221. 341-9404.
EAST LANSING—Worship and First-day school, Sunday 12:30 p.m., All Saints Church library, 800 Abbott Road. Call 371-1754 or 351-3094.
GRAND RAPIDS—Worship and First-day school 10 a.m., 25 Sheldon St., SE. (616) 363-2043 or 854-1429.
KALAMAZOO—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Discussion and child care 11 a.m. Friends Meetinghouse, 508 Denner. Phone: 349-1754.
MARQUETTE-LAKE SUPERIOR—1 p.m. Sundays. Unprogrammed. Forum. Child care. P.O. Box 114, Marquette 49855. 228-7677, 475-7959.

Minnesota

MINNEAPOLIS—Unprogrammed meeting 9 a.m., First-day school 10 a.m. semi-programmed meeting 11 a.m. W. 44th St. and York Ave. S. Phone: 926-6195.
ROCHESTER—Unprogrammed meeting, 8:30 a.m. Unitarian Church. Call to confirm (507) 282-4565 or (507) 282-3310.
ST. PAUL—Twin Cities Friends Meeting. Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m. Friends House, 295 Summit Ave. Phone: 222-3350.
COLUMBIA—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Presbyterian Student Center, 100 Hitt St., Columbia, MO 65201. Phone: 449-4311.
KANSAS CITY—Penn Valley Meeting, 4405 Gillham Rd., 10 a.m. Call (816) 931-5256.
ROLLA—Preparative meeting, 11 a.m., Elkins Church Educational Bldg. First & Elm Sts. (314) 341-3754 or 2464.
ST. LOUIS—Meeting, 2539 Rockford Ave., Rock Hill, 10:30 a.m. Phone: 522-3116.

Montana

BILLINGS—Call (406) 656-2163 or 252-5065.
MISSOULA—Unprogrammed, 10:30 a.m. Sundays, 204 S. 3rd St. W, 542-2310.

Nebraska

LINCOLN—3319 S. 46th. Phone: 488-4178. Discussion 10 a.m., worship 11 a.m.
OMAHA—Unprogrammed worship. 453-7918.

Nevada

LAS VEGAS—Paradise Meeting. Worship 12 noon, 3451 Middlebury. 454-1761 or 565-8442.
RENO-SPARKS—Unprogrammed worship at 10:00 a.m., Scott residence, 1425 Alturas. 747-4623.

New Hampshire

AMHERST—Souhegan Meeting for worship, 9:30 a.m. For information call 673-4826.
CONCORD—Worship 10 a.m. Children welcomed and cared for. Merrimack Valley Day Care Center, 19 N. Fruit St. Phone: 783-6382.
DOVER—141 Central Ave. Unprogrammed worship 10:30 a.m. Sharing at noon. Clerk: Lydia Willits. Phone: (603) 868-2629.
GONIC—Maple St. Programmed worship 10:30 a.m. except Jan. and Feb. Clerk: Edith J. Teague. Phone: (603) 332-5476.
HANOVER—Meeting for worship, Sunday 10:45 a.m. Friends Meetinghouse, 29 Rope Ferry Rd. Clerk: Lafayette Noda.
KEENE—Worship Sundays 10:30 a.m., 97 Wilber St. Phone: 357-0796.

PETERBOROUGH—Monadnock Monthly Meeting. Worship 9:45 a.m., Town Library Hall. Enter from parking lot. Singing may precede meeting.
WEST EPPING—Friends St. Worship 1st & 3rd Sundays at 10:30 a.m. Clerk: Fritz Bell. Phone: (603) 895-2437.

New Jersey

ATLANTIC CITY—Summer meetings, Pacific and South Carolina Aves., 11 a.m. Clerk: Hal Taylor, 609/965-4694.
BARNEGAT—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Left side of East Bay Ave., traveling east from Route 9.
CINNAMINSON—Westfield Friends Meeting, Rt. 130 at Riverton-Moorestown Rd. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., First-day school, 10 a.m.
CROPWELL—Old Marlton Pike, one mile west of Marlton. Meeting for worship, 10:45 a.m.
CROSSWICKS—Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m.
DOVER-RANDOLPH—Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. Randolph Friends Meeting House, Quaker Church Rd. & Quaker Ave. between Center Grove Rd. and Millbrook Ave., Randolph. (201) 627-3987 or 584-4574.
GREENWICH—6 miles from Bridgeton. Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. First-day school 11:45 a.m.
HADDONFIELD—Friends Ave. and Lake St. Worship, 10 a.m. First-day school follows, except summer. Babysitting provided during both. Phone: 428-6242 or 428-5779.
MANASQUAN—First-day school 10 a.m., meeting 11:15 a.m., Rt. 35 at Manasquan Circle.
MEDFORD—Main Street Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. June-September: Union Street. (609) 654-3000.
MICKLETON—Worship, 10 a.m. First-day school, 11 a.m., Kings Highway, Mickleton. (609) 468-5359 or 423-0300.
MONTCLAIR—Park St. and Gordonhurst Ave. Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m. except July and August, 10 a.m. Phone: (201) 744-8320. Visitors welcome.
MOORESTOWN—Main St. at Chester Ave. First-day school 9:45 a.m. Oct. through May. Meeting for worship 9 a.m. and 11 a.m. Visitors welcome.
MOUNT HOLLY—High and Garden Streets. Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. Visitors welcome.
MULLICA HILL—Main St. Sept.-May FDS 9:45, meeting for worship 11 a.m. Meeting only, June, July, Aug., 10 a.m.
NEW BRUNSWICK—Quaker House, 33 Remsen Ave. Meeting and First-day school 10 a.m. year round. Call (201) 469-4736 or 463-9271.

PLAINFIELD—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m. Watchung Ave. at E. Third St. 757-5736.
PRINCETON—Worship 9 and 11 a.m. First-day school 11 a.m. Oct-May. Quaker Rd. near Mercer St. (609) 924-7034.
QUAKERTOWN—Worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m., Box 502, Quakertown, 08866. (201) 782-0953.
RANOCAS—First-day school, 10 a.m., meeting for worship, 11 a.m.
RIDGEWOOD—Meeting for worship and First-day school at 11 a.m. 224 Highwood Ave.
SALEM—Meeting for worship 11 a.m. First-day school 9:45 a.m. East Broadway.
SEAVILLE—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. July/August worship at 10 a.m. Main Shore Rd., Rt. 9, Cape May Co. Beach meeting July/August, 9 a.m. N. of first aid station, Cape May. Visitors welcome.
SHREWSBURY—Meeting for worship and First-day school Nov.-Apr. 11 a.m., May-Oct. 10 a.m. Rte. 35 & Sycamore. Phone: 741-7210 or 671-2651.
SUMMIT—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. (July, August, 10 a.m.) 158 Southern Blvd., Chatham Township. Visitors welcome.
TRENTON—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., Hanover and Montgomery Sts. Visitors welcome.
WOODBURY—140 North Broad St. First-day school 10 a.m., meeting for worship 11:15 a.m. Telephone (609) 845-5080, if no answer call 848-8900 or 845-1990.
WOODSTOWN—First-day school, 9:45 a.m. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. July & August, worship 10 a.m. N. Main St. Phone 769-1591.

New Mexico

ALBUQUERQUE—Meeting, First-day school, 10:30 a.m. 815 Girard Blvd., N.E. Mary Dudley, clerk. 873-0376.
GALLUP—Unprogrammed worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m. Carpenters' Hall, 701 E. Hill. 863-4697.
LAS CRUCES—10 a.m. Sunday, worship, First-day school. 2425 Jordan. 522-3699 or 523-1317.
SANTA FE—Meeting for worship, Sundays, 9 and 11 a.m., Olive Rush Studio, 630 Canyon Rd. Phone: 983-7241.
SOCORRO—Worship group—call 835-1238 or 835-0277. 1st, 3rd, 5th Sundays, 10 a.m.

Me, You, and the Summer Sun

I remember

Playing in a pup tent in my backyard,

A black Labrador licking our faces,

My sister pulling out the poles,

The dusty-smelling dull green canvas

Surrounding us.

Now you're in college

And you haven't had dog saliva on your face for years.

On hot summer days

Our small feet skipped across

Burning black pavement.

Hasty lungs

Would breathe smoke-scented air

Carried by sultry breeze

From then visible river banks.

Now stucco-walled houses have grown

In our summer jungle

Of endless golden grasses.

We would wander forever

In that maze of crackling weeds.

We were in the deepest heart of Africa, hunting

Rabid boy-eating beasts who bore sharp buck teeth

And bushy white tails. We were prepared!

A scratched canteen slung over one shoulder,

Our deadly accurate bull's eye never-miss slings

Held in one hand.

We never caught anything,

But it didn't matter;

Nothing mattered in Africa.

It was perfect.

No acne. No second string. No peer pressure.

No icky girls.

We would dig

Forts in the vacant lot between our houses: timeless holes

Labored out of the silty soil by hands

Too small for the rusted shovels and hoes.

We would roof these hideouts with

Scrap lumber left from the construction

Of a new house. We would layer dirt over

And plant uprooted brambles

In our makeshift roof so

No one could see it.

We dug tunnels that stretched limitlessly,

Dank, candlelit caverns where we'd hide forbidden treasures:

Magazines of nude women, cigars, firecrackers,

And our survival food in case the war

Spread to America

And the bombs fell

And there were no stores or school.

You're 20 years old now,

A legal man.

You can go to the war

And lie in the ditch

And remember.

—Rob Sronce

