

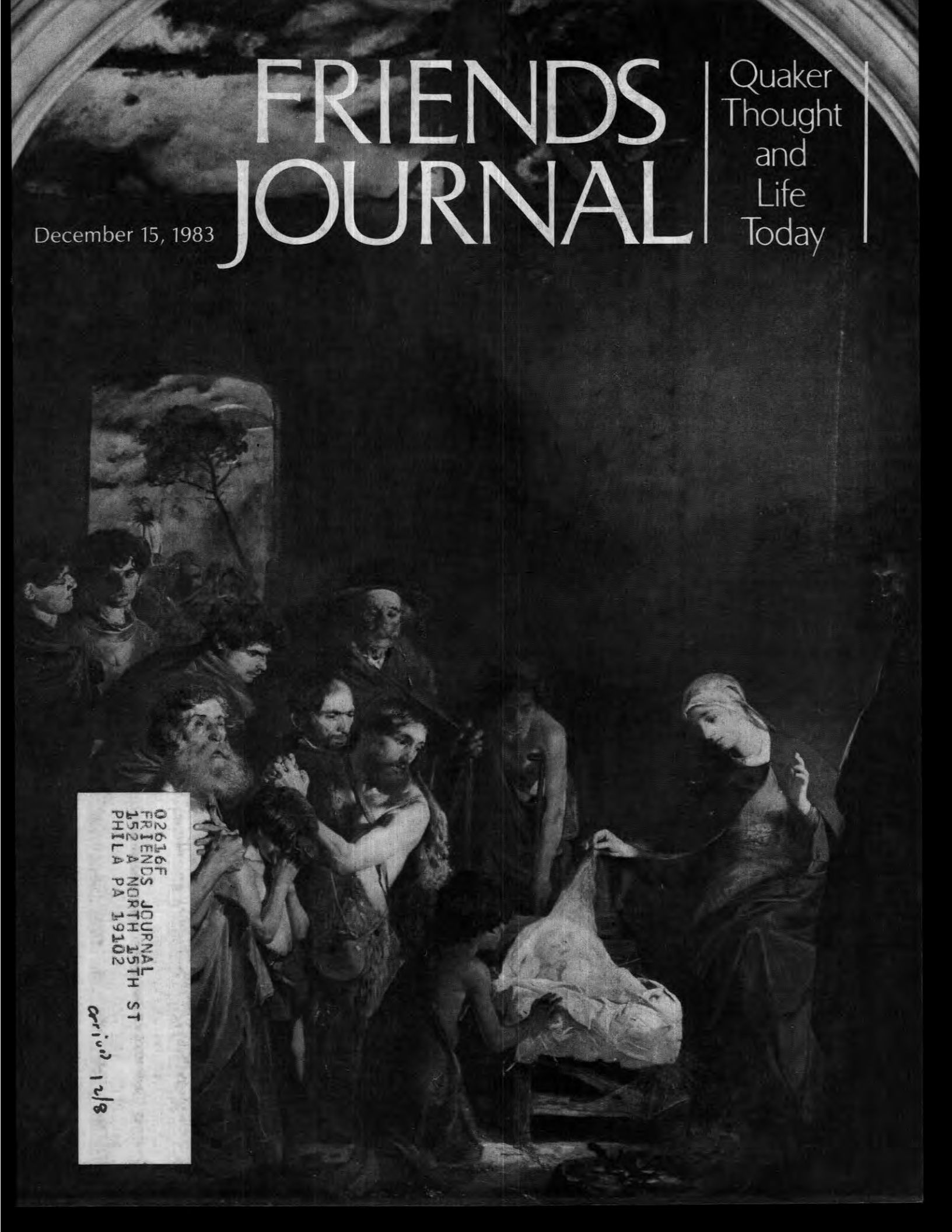
FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today

December 15, 1983

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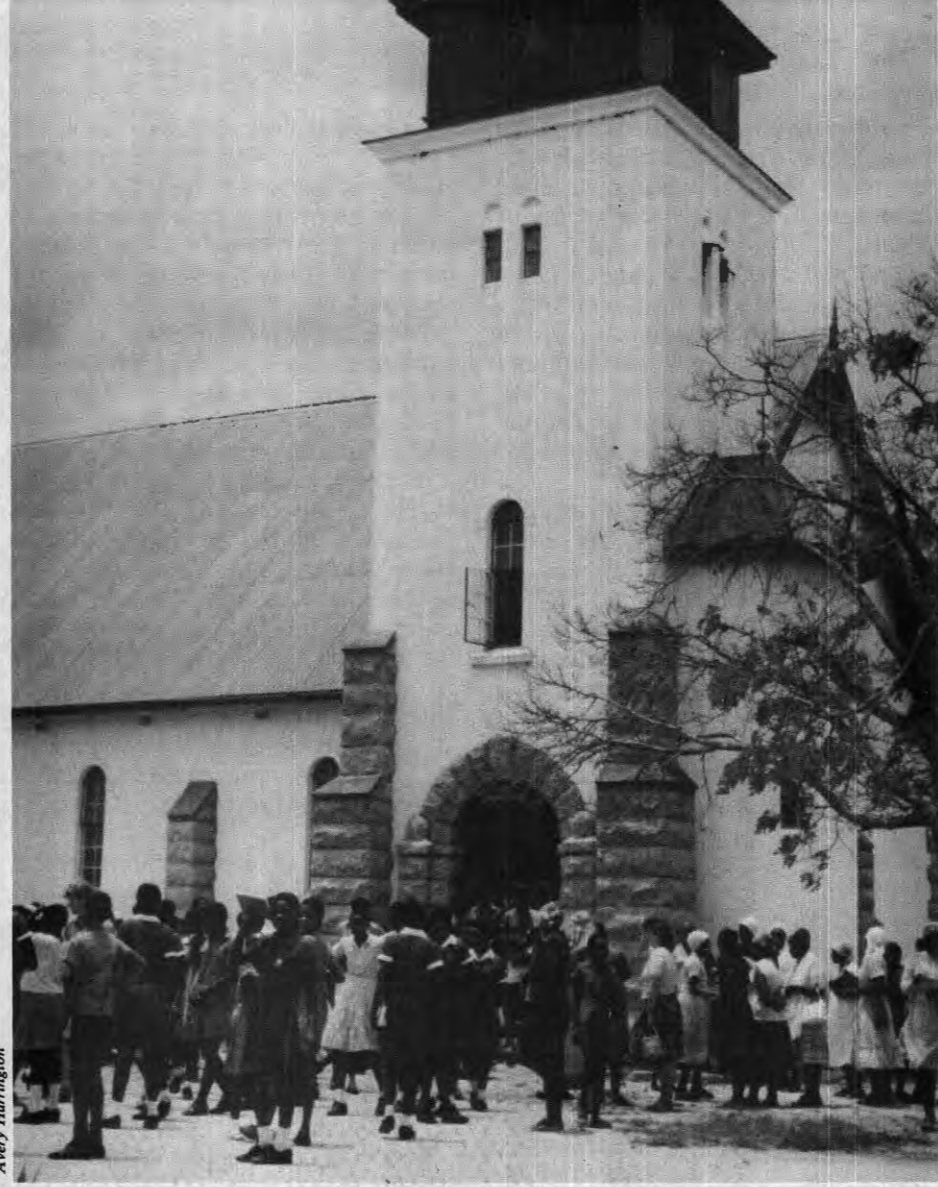
And so at this time,
I greet you. Not quite
as the world sends greetings,
but with the prayer
that for you now and forever,
the day breaks
and the shadows flee away.

—Fra Giovanni, A.D. 1513



FRIENDS JOURNAL's 1983 Christmas portrait (left to right): front row, Jeanne Beisel, Phyllis Kline, Wendy Abramson, Barbara Benton; second row, John Gummere, Carolyn Terrell, Eleanor Webb, Vinton and Andrew Deming; third row, Eve Homan, Larry Spears, Susan Hardee Norris, Jim Neveil.

All of us at FRIENDS JOURNAL
send our thanks to you
for your support in the past year.
We extend our best wishes
for a joyous Christmas
and for a happy and healthy
New Year.



Worshippers gather outside the church at Mnene.

Kisimusi Yakanaka— Christmas in Zimbabwe

by Carolyn Beckenbaugh Harrington

Usiku ihwohwo, vose vovatapo." To the tune of "Silent Night, Holy Night" we lifted our candles high and wound into the Women's Building at Mnene Mission Hospital. The two long rows of beds in the ward

were filled. Dark faces turned toward us expectantly, and clear, rich voices joined ours. Some of the sick women had small babies with them. And some had relatives, who were settling themselves on the floor.

There were about 30 of us—African, Swedish, Dutch, and American. We held our song sheets close to the flames to make out the Shona words. It was the evening of December 25 and the climax to our Zimbabwean Christmas.

We sang our way past the isolation rooms and through another ward, then stepped out into the warm, starry night—it was summer in southern Africa. We trooped across the courtyard to the Men's Building, which houses boys as well; to the Children's, where small, thin faces stared at us solemnly, and anxious mothers managed warm smiles; to Maternity where newborns, including two sets of twins, slept beside their mothers; and finally to Tuberculosis, where emaciated victims of all ages clustered around a tiny, decorated tree. A wistful girl of about 13 shared my song sheet. What, I wondered, could she be thinking?

Afterward we sang for a while under the glittering Southern Cross and a host of other constellations. Then with a touch of hands we dispersed quietly.

Avery and I found ourselves in Zimbabwe almost by chance. Late in 1981, with our youngest child out on her own, we felt the need to be part of a larger concern. Avery secured a year's leave from his medical school job, and we wrote letters to some two dozen organizations doing health work in the developing world. We volunteered the services of a kidney specialist who was willing to return to general practice and one all-purpose (except medical) helper.

In February 1982 we accepted an offer from Lutheran World Ministries. It took over four months and a myriad of forms—even our marriage license—to complete our application, and we still left for Zimbabwe without the assurance we could work there. But our papers, with some smiling mission greeters, were waiting for us at Harare (formerly Salisbury) airport.

Mnene (pronounced "M'nay-nay") was established by Swedish Lutherans around the turn of the century in a beautiful hilly section in what was then southern Rhodesia. The mission is now in the hands of the African Lutheran church in Zimbabwe, but the Swedish presence is still felt. A handful of doctors and nurses, plus a few others, hail from Sweden, although most have served elsewhere in the Third World. Occasionally volunteers like ourselves come from other countries. Otherwise

Carolyn Beckenbaugh Harrington is a member of Madison (Wis.) Meeting. She served with her husband, Avery Harrington, as a volunteer in Zimbabwe with Lutheran World Ministries from 1982 to 1983.

the mission—hospital, boarding school, church, and farm—is totally African. Isolated as it is, there is a strong sense of community. We received a warm welcome, which was a great help when adjusting to new jobs, strange languages, and a very different way of living. By Christmas we felt truly at home.

With the beginning of Advent, our Swedish friends placed lighted candles in their windows. But it was not until a week before Christmas that we really began to deck the halls. Sprigs of red bougainvillea were twisted with green palm fronds and fastened around the doors. Little trees were brought in from the veld, and the patients helped make paper chains and ornaments to trim them. There was a simple crèche made by a child in some former year.

Two days before Christmas the lovely young student nurses presented their traditional Nativity pageant. An angel with flowing robe and tinsel halo read the Bible story and the others enacted it in pantomime and song, to the delight of patients and staff.

On December 24, the evangelist, or assistant minister, led a simple service at the hospital. Avery and I were able to follow the words of St. Luke in our English Testament as they were read in Shona, and to sing the familiar carols from a Shona hymnal.

We invited some mission visitors on the spur of the moment to join our

Christmas Eve feast in our communal house. It was a vegetable casserole with guavas and a special side dish: fried flying ants. Our "tree" was a spray of lacy acacia.

On Christmas Day the patients had a treat of bread and jam in addition to their usual ration of cornmeal *sadza* (a bit like thick mashed potatoes) and beans. Some staffers reached into their own pockets to buy oranges for the malnourished children and chicken for the TB patients.

We had fun giving out little rag dolls and stuffed animals, wooden trucks and puzzles that had been collected in Sweden. Most of the small patients had never touched, let alone owned, a manufactured toy. Of course they had playthings: old tires were rolled for hoops, jar lids were dishes for mudpies, wire and scrap metal were fashioned into model cars. Soccer was played with a ball made from a plastic bag, stuffed and tied with vines. But the bright colors and soft textures of the Swedish toys gave special delight.

A joyfully ringing bell called us to Christmas services at Mnene's picturesque Scandinavian-style church. Carols swelled in thrilling four-part harmony without accompaniment, and we were pleased to hear one by an African com-

poser. The singing of "Uyai, imi vana" ("Come, Little Children") was especially poignant as a nurse led in a group of our recovering little malnutrition patients, faces scrubbed and shining, dressed in "new" clothes from the mission box.

Being herders themselves, the Zimbabweans could readily imagine the setting of the Christmas story. As Pastor Gambiza enlarged on it in Shona, Avery and I gratefully retreated into meditation. Our thoughts went out to Friends in Harare, Bulawayo, and Inyanga, Zimbabwe, as well as those (still fast asleep) in Madison, Wisconsin.

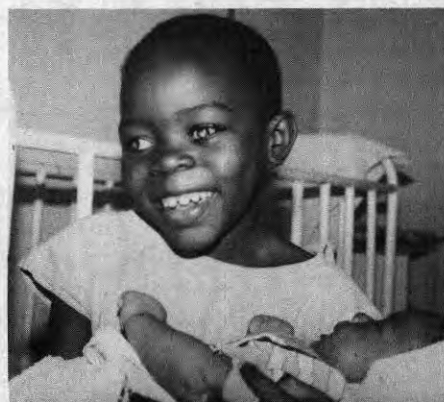
The service closed with an offering collected in handwoven baskets. Then the congregation broke into a lively African chorus and, clapping merrily, almost danced out of the church. There in the warm sunshine we gathered to chat and wish one another *Kisimusi Yakanaka* (Good and Beautiful Christmas)!

Never had we felt so far from the trappings of the season and so close to its meaning. In the United States, simplify Christmas as we will in hearts and homes, our senses are bombarded by gaudy decorations, blaring carols, and media appeals to buy! buy! At Mnene, the whole Yuletide extravaganza seemed futile, irrelevant, and, happily, very far away.

Even simple gifts—such as tomatoes, peanuts, and carrots—were beyond the grasp of many of the people served by the mission. Sweaters with elbows, pants with knees, and dresses with no rips would have been much appreciated.

The greatest gifts for our 250-odd patients would have been health and rain, and the two were often related. During our stay, the drought in southern Africa lengthened to two years. Family vegetable gardens and fields of peanuts and corn failed. Cattle died in droves. People dug into their meager cash reserves saved for school fees, clothing, and other needs in order to buy staples. Water for drinking, cooking, and washing became increasingly scarce.

In spite of these problems, the Africans carried on with courage, resourcefulness, and good humor. They endured pain and loss with fortitude. Their example was a gift to us . . . in all seasons. □



Avery Harrington

Above: A patient holds a visiting family member.



Avery Harrington

Left: A child plays with his homemade model car.

Christmas—Every Day or Never?

by Henry J. Cadbury

No doubt an old-fashioned Quaker Christmas was a cozy time according to some traditions or records or family memories, but in the beginnings of our history the day was a pretty grim occasion. Like other dissenters, Friends felt no religious unity with a festival whose very name implied a "popish mass." It was part of the superstition of an apostate Christendom, from which all seekers for the primitive Christianity should abstain. So, with the peculiar Quaker obstinacy which often outstripped the dissent of other non-conformists, they demonstrated their protest by doing business as usual on the holiday.

Nearly all the references I can find in Quaker records to "Tenth Month 25th" (as it was then) are to arrest and imprisonment, or to suffering overt violence for working or for keeping open shop on that day. From Aberdeen to Cornwall, from Denbighshire to Kent, instances can be cited. "The magistrates of the city caused the officers to pull down and take away the signs which were hanging before Friends' shops." "Some of the troopers of my Lord of Oxford's regiment . . . forced them to shut their shops." "For working upon the day called Xmas day . . . put in the stocks." "Twenty yards of linen cloth taken for setting open her shop windows on that day called Xmas day." "For opening of her mother's shop windows on the day aforesaid . . . put in the cage." At Norwich in 1676 a special committee was appointed to take an account of the sufferings of such Friends as opened their shops on the day.

A second aspect of the early Quakers' feeling about Christmas was their objection to its frivolity and license. An unpublished paper of George Fox in 1656 (mostly in cipher, or shorthand) is extant, addressed to

You that be observing the day you call Christmas, with your fulness, with your cards, with your playgames, with your disguisings, with your feastings and

abundance of idleness and destroying of the creatures. . . .

More than 25 years later George Fox's step-son-in-law, William Meade, expressed a concern to the Meeting for Sufferings about "the unruliness upon the day called Christmas" and apparently offered to go himself and speak to the Lord Mayor of London about it. There were printed protests by various Friends against the luxury and frivolity of the day. Just today as I write this letter there has come straight from England Violet Holdsworth's attractive new brochure, *The Shoemaker of Dover*,



Friends objected to the frivolity and license of "the day called Christmas."

and I find that Luke Howard, whose *acta sanctorum* our Quaker hagiographer here recounts, was the author or joint author of a long epistle condemning both the practices of Christmas observers and the attempt to coerce non-observers.

Sometimes Friends themselves were guilty. It was no other than the well-known George Keith who informed his monthly meeting of "the public offense given by William Steven, weaver, and Elspeth Spring, his wife, in going upon the 25th of the tenth month [1672] to his wife's mother's and remaining idle all that day and keeping it in feasting there." Though the culprits at first justified their conduct, the minutes recorded next month that they acknowledged their guilt to the Friends deputed to go to Tillakerie and "speak with these persons anent their scandal." The marginal entry, still avoiding the hated word, runs: "Anent two professing Truth countenancing the debauched time called Yule."

Since those early days Friends' attitude to Christmas has probably changed a good deal. The old puritan objection survived most conspicuously

and longest in the Quaker boarding schools, which deliberately set their winter holidays (if any) so as to avoid including Christmas. Bootham School in York first made Christmas a holiday in 1857, and Ackworth School a few years later. If I am not mistaken, the boarding schools at Westtown and at Barnesville did not recognize Christmas until the 20th century.

There are valid objections to the present day observance, especially to its commercial exploitation, but they are not the old charges of popish superstition or profane excesses. One feels that, while it may be well to think Christmas thoughts at least once a year, there would be less hypocrisy if one made every day a day of remembrance of the

Prince of Peace. The most recent and not most inaccurate of the many popular articles about Quakerism—"They Call Themselves Friends—and Mean It!"—shocked me by its boxed headline, "The Quakers recognize no sabbath . . .," until I read in the text a more satisfactory explanation: "They reason that God can speak more clearly in silence . . . they feel that such speech can come on any day of the week and that one day is no holier than others."

And so with Christmas. By the good Friendly principle of leveling the secular up to the sacred we ought to make every day a Christmas day, whether we concur in a formal one-day holiday or not. Yet there is danger that what we assign to no special time is as good as never done. For example, what was I to reply to the friendly High Churchman who one day suddenly said to me: "I know you Friends celebrate the Lord's Supper inwardly and not with bread and wine, but it never occurred to me to inquire just when and how often do you keep it?" Was I to say: "Oh, any time, that is, it may be never"? Perhaps the most honest answer would be merely "Now and then." □

This article appeared as a "Letter from the Past" in the Friends Intelligencer, 12/25/43.

by Paul M. Lederach

We are tempted to make Jesus of Nazareth in our image. It's surprising how often Jesus turns out to be white, middle-class, Western, loving country, family, and the free-enterprise system. It is easier to make him like us than to discover what he was really like, and then to allow the Holy Spirit to make us like him. This article may be seen as an attempt to change the picture of Jesus to fit our times. As sophisticated, urbanized people, we want something other than a simple peasant carpenter. But look at the data.

In Matthew 13:55 and Mark 6:3 it is said that he and Joseph were carpenters. The Greek word translated carpenter is *tekton*, from which comes our word *architect*. Today much more is known about that word. It might be more accurately translated "contractor." We know that in Jesus' day there were itinerant builders who undertook major construction projects. Archaeologists have found buildings containing stones engraved like this, "Simon, Tekton." The contractor/builder left his name.

It is highly possible that Joseph was not a village carpenter who made tables or yokes. There is only one suggestion that Joseph may have been poor, and that is not decisive. At the time of Mary's purification (Luke 2:22-24) a pair of turtledoves or two young pigeons were offered. According to Leviticus 12:8 a lamb was to be offered. Two turtledoves or two young pigeons could be substituted if a lamb could not be afforded. However, turtledoves being offered might reflect distance from home rather than poverty. Except for this reference, all others could point to wealth.

That there was no room in the inn at Bethlehem may reflect tact rather than lack of finances. The inns of that day were both bars and brothels. Further,

they were usually large open rooms with no privacy. It is certainly to the innkeeper's credit that he did not subject this distinguished couple to the bawdy atmosphere of the inn. Considering Mary's condition, the innkeeper discreetly sent them to the stable.

Joseph was able to take his family to Egypt at a moment's notice. He was able to provide for them there for two years. That Joseph was a man of wealth is a better explanation than that he cashed

in the gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

After returning to Nazareth (Nazareth was on the trade route of that day; it made sense to establish a contracting business in that town), the family made annual pilgrimages to the Temple at Jerusalem. Many families could do this only once in a lifetime. However, families with means could do this regularly.

If Joseph had a strong contracting business, then he left the business to his

Jesus: A Contractor Turned Preacher?



Paul M. Lederach, from Scottsdale, Pa., entered the business world several years ago after many years of work in Mennonite church vocations. His article first appeared in the 3/17/81 issue of The Mennonite.

N. C. Wyeth

sons when he died. Jesus, as the oldest son, would have inherited the management of the family business. It could well be that the familiar name "Jesus of Nazareth" was at one time his trade name. And this name stuck with him through his ministry.

As a young businessman from a well-known, wealthy family, Jesus would have been widely known, especially if he had traveled extensively with his brothers in construction work.

If Jesus of Nazareth had been a prosperous young contractor, this would explain many aspects of his ministry.

It explains his easy access to the rich and powerful. A simple peasant could not have moved in and out of the homes of the rich with ease. It seems he both

What does it mean today to follow Jesus in our highly structured, industrialized, money-oriented society?

knew and was known by persons of power and position in the upper classes.

The ease with which he moved about Palestine with his disciples, knowing where to go and where to stay, suggests that he had been there before, possibly as a traveling contractor.

The scandal in his hometown of Nazareth (Luke 4) occurred when Jesus was about 30 years of age and made a radical change. He left the family business to become an itinerant preacher. Both his family and the community had difficulty understanding and accepting his action.

Then when he was asked to read in the synagogue, he selected a passage from Isaiah 61 which echoed the ancient practice of the Jubilee (see Leviticus 25). Certainly for Jesus to give up his family business and then to explain his acts in terms of the Jubilee and a fulfilling of Isaiah's prophecy would have scandalized most of his neighbors.

The messiah was to be like Moses (Deuteronomy 18:5). Moses left the wealth of Egypt (Hebrews 11:24-26) to identify with the people of Israel. When Jesus gave up his business, he too was like Moses.

When Jesus asked his disciples and the rich young ruler to leave all in order to follow him, he was asking them to do something he had already done. At the heart of Jesus' teaching method was to provide an example (see John 13:15,34).

Much of Jesus' teaching was informed by the business world, and he spoke to people who could hire, fire, give, and lend.

Planning for building. Jesus spoke of foundations, of rock, of sand (Matthew 7:24-27). He spoke of estimating costs before groundbreaking, so a project would not be abandoned before completion (Luke 14:28-30). And he observed those who put concerns for building above their own spiritual welfare (Luke 12:16-21).

Employer-employee relations. Jesus told of a man who went away and left his business in the hands of employees; and he used the responsibilities of employees to illustrate a broader truth (Mark 13:34-35). He told of an employer who hired workers at different times of the day and then paid those employed early the same wage as those employed late to illustrate the concept of grace (Matthew 20:1-16).

Litigation. Jesus told of a widow who finally secured justice by persistence (Luke 18:1-6). He stressed the importance of settling conflicts out of court (Matthew 5:25-26).

Accounts receivable. Jesus told of a man who had a huge debt wiped out, but who in turn refused to wipe out a small debt owed him (Luke 7:40-58). He also told of an accounts manager who was to be fired for mismanagement. In his last day in office he spent his time reducing accounts of those owing money, so that he would have friends while unemployed (Luke 16:1-13).

Investments. Jesus told of a merchant who found a pearl of great value (Matthew 13:45-46). He told of a man who found a treasure in a field and sold everything to buy the field (Matthew 13:44). He told of a vineyard leased to tenants who refused to pay rent. He also told of three men who were given money to invest. Those who experienced a good

return were commended (Matthew 25:14-30).

Perhaps Paul was exactly right when he wrote, "For you know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ; that though he was rich, yet for your sake he became poor, that by his poverty you might become rich" (2 Corinthians 8:9). This appears in a chapter on giving. It makes as much sense to see this as referring to Jesus' giving up his business as it does to the traditional "spiritual" interpretation of going from heaven to earth.

To see Jesus as a prosperous businessman who gave up his business to become an itinerant preacher creates problems for us today. Does this mean that to follow him now calls for voluntary poverty?

There are those who believe this. Sometimes they attempt to make persons active in the business community feel guilty because of their involvement in business and their wealth.

It is paradoxical that there are some in the church bureaucracy who at times try to create a sense of guilt among those in the business world. And yet it is the bureaucracy and its institutions that are asking for more and larger contributions from congregations and their business-oriented members.

Is it proper to suggest that to the degree the church is ready and willing to unhook itself from its present ways of doing its work, requiring buildings, publications, boards of control, and paid staff, to that degree it should promote the vision of voluntary poverty among its members? It's hard to see how individual members should be told to go one direction while the corporate body goes another. The individual following Jesus, and the church—his body—cannot go two ways at once.

To see Jesus of Nazareth leaving the family business in order to go about the countryside with a small band of disciples doing good, to see him as a rich, energetic young businessman who left all, certainly heightens for us the question, "What does it mean today to follow him in our highly structured, industrialized, money-oriented society?"

Clearly, there are not two answers, one for the individual Christian and another for our institutionalized, highly structured church. If voluntary poverty is the answer for one, it is for the other also. □

It was time. Her ashes had been sitting there on our living room bookshelves, in their crematorium carton, unopened, for just about 11 months now. It was almost her birthday. And it had been a sparkling day, like this day, that she and I were standing atop Mt. Watatic and with uncanny prescience she said to me, "When I die, I want my ashes scattered from this spot."

The children and I had waited all these months, perhaps, because we were loath to say this last good-bye, which was in a way our only one, since her death had been sudden and unexpected. Also, I had been waiting for a windy day, so the ashes would be sown far and wide. I called the kids when they got home from school and left work early.

We opened the carton in the living room. John and Mark, the older two, feigned disinterest. But Chris and I slit it open like a delicate Christmas present, then pulled out and opened the inner box, which was stuffed partly with packing. Below the packing, the box was half full of powdery, white remains. White? I had expected black. But it was very heavy for its size, so I guessed it was mostly calcium from bones.

Mark, the eldest at 16, drove. The four of us, and our dog, Puff, piled into the Pinto, with John and Mark bickering about the radio and whether Puff needed the window open. At Mt. Watatic, only a five-minute drive away, I carried the box on my back in the daypack, and we walked the quarter mile to the ski lodge.

The ski lift was still set up, with the T-bars dangling from

their springs so the boys could pull them down and swing and bob around on them every so often. The slope was half grass, with big, slippery stretches of ice and snow piled up over the rest.

It was hard to get them to concentrate on our mission. So we slid, tossed around abandoned poles and other ski debris, and finally made it to the top as the sun was nearing the horizon. Mark dashed up the fire tower and John, Chris, and I followed. At the highest landing, below the locked-up cupola, the wind was gale force; you had to hold on with both hands. I took off my down mittens and pack, and fumbled with the box. "Dump it quick," shivered John, the pragmatist. "No," said Mark. I took a handful of white dust and tossed it to the wind. It swirled around us in the eddies and most was whipped off to the east and lost. Chris dug in, and we both emptied the box with the wind humming in the tower's struts and guy-wires and tearing the dust from our hands.

Back on the ground we walked leeward and Chris peered down at the dark, frozen surface of a large puddle where there was a scattering of white, powdery dust. His voice was almost reverent: "Look, it's all over. . . it's part of the mountain!"

To the east John noticed the shadow of Watatic racing across the landscape, now almost to the horizon. To the west, on the deepening red horizon, Mt. Monadnock hovered like a great blue cloud. Coming down Chris slid on all the ice; once, out of control and scraping across some bare spots, he came to a halt battered but laughing. John leaped onto the springing T-bars.

Mark marched on ahead purposefully, at the bottom jogging to the Pinto to

start the heater and turn on some loud FM. John and I did some sliding too: John careened into a depression yelling, "Ugh, it's an armpit!" as he sank into some half-frozen mud. The thermometer on the ski lodge read 24 degrees, and it was getting dark when we reached the car. John said he got an A-plus on his last math paper, and Chris had a B and an A on two English reports, so it was easy to talk me into stopping for Cokes before a late supper and a longer than usual grace.

"What about the boys . . . how are they doing?" people ask. "What are they feeling?" Now and then when there's an opening, we try to talk about it, but these times are few and far between, and the words seem superficial. We hang some snapshots; I write a bit in my journal. But for the most part, we concentrate on making our life "work." And it is work. I try—with effort—not to be anchored to what has passed, and the boys, perhaps, understand that better than I.

To say "good-bye," then move forward. All that has happened is always with us. On March 27 we let go of the ashes; they were whipped off into infinity and seemed lost. But when we knelt down and looked closely, they were everywhere. □

Edward Webster is a member of Cambridge (Mass.) Meeting and a self-employed publisher.

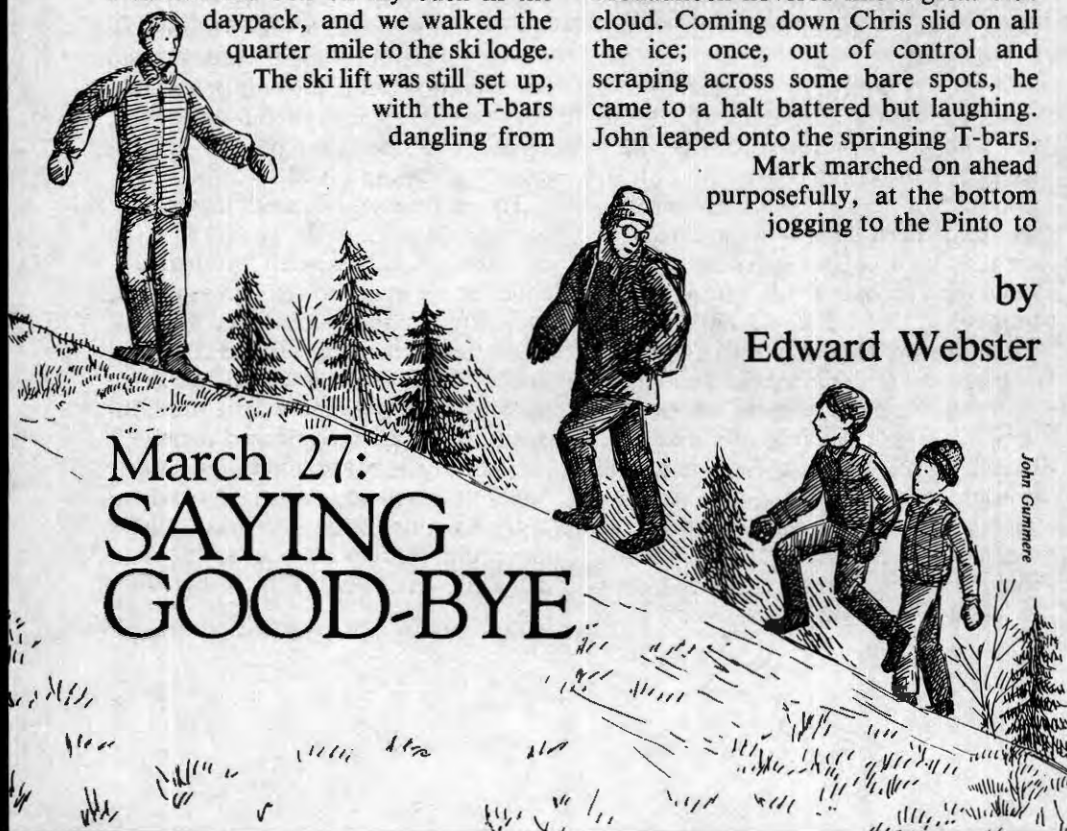
A CREDO

The touch of wild infinity
Is in the breath;
And of the hand.
Death cannot cease the motion;
No, nor still the voice
that once has spoken.
No rule of state, or custom,
Or even love itself can quell
The chiaroscuro of sweet living things,
Or quench the awful dignity
Of earthy, rock-bound stillness.
Into the pattern of substantial nature
Each is released to fill some rich design:
The bird, the ocean wave, the tree,
the sod;
Time is not enough to count
The purposes of God.

—Nancy McDowell

by
Edward Webster

March 27:
**SAYING
GOOD-BYE**





LET THIS LIFE SPEAK

The Legacy of Henry J. Cadbury

by Margaret Hope Bacon

This is the second of a two-part article which was begun in the 12/1 issue of the JOURNAL. It is taken from the forthcoming book by Leonard Kenworthy, to be called Living in the Light: Some Quaker Pioneers of the 20th Century.

Appointed to the American Standard Bible Society in 1930, Henry Cadbury was one of nine men who prepared the Revised Standard Version of the New Testament which appeared in 1946, and he also helped to work on the Apocrypha which was published in 1957. He continued to meet with the committee until 1972 when he was given the title of honorary member. He was known for his extreme caution and desire to stick to the facts in biblical translation. Once when he was out of the room someone asked where Henry was, and the chair quipped that he must be out relining his brakes.

Yet translating the New Testament was not only a matter of word study for Henry Cadbury. He did it with his life. The force of conviction that carried him into action during World War I, leading him to suspension from Haverford, and his participation in the birth of the American Friends Service Committee, stayed with him through the years. In the summer of 1920, he traveled to Germany to visit the newly established child-feeding units through which the AFSC aided a million hungry children. He was deeply distressed by their pitiful condition and by the bitterness felt by the German people. How could the world find peace until such anger was dissipated? In a speech at the first All Friends Conference in London on his way home he urged that Friends take the lead in pushing for forgiveness and sanity.

During the years he taught at Andover he remained in close touch with the AFSC, and, when he returned to the Philadelphia area to teach at Bryn Mawr College in 1926, he became chairman of the AFSC board in 1928. It was during the first few years he was in this position that the question

arose as to whether the AFSC had done its job following World War I and ought to be laid down. Instead, he helped to persuade Clarence Pickett, whom he had known in the Young Friends movement and as one of his students in Cambridge, to become executive secretary in 1929. Henry and Clarence worked closely together as the AFSC stretched itself to meet the challenge of the Great Depression, responding to the needs of unemployed miners in Appalachia. So close was the relationship that when Henry was invited back to Harvard to take the Hollis Chair of Divinity, Clarence wrote him a long letter virtually pleading with him to remain and continue to express his social concerns through the AFSC.

The invitation to return to Harvard came when Henry and Lydia were enjoying a sabbatical year at the Quaker study center in Woodbrooke, England, followed by a summer in Palestine, where Henry visited the American School of Oriental Studies (of which he was for many years secretary) and spent several delightful days tracing the Roman roads along which the Apostle Paul traveled. The Cadburys debated and finally decided that they must return to Bryn Mawr for one more year, but that the Harvard opportunity was too important to be declined. What Henry said to Clarence is not known, but he continued to be close to the AFSC, and in 1944 he resumed the chairmanship of the board, commuting once a month from Cambridge to Philadelphia for the board meeting and a day in the office. The train he took was called "The Quaker Via Hellgate."

Harvard itself was no isolated ivory tower. No sooner had Henry Cadbury returned to teach than he was faced with the challenge of signing a loyalty oath demanded of all teachers by the state of Massachusetts. Harvard offered to back up Henry if he refused to sign, but it was nip and tuck whether he would be able to retain his job. At one point a board member of Pendle Hill, the Quaker study center in Wallingford, Pennsylvania, with which he had been closely associated, wrote promising him a job if it became necessary to leave Harvard. Finally Henry decided to file an affirmation instead of an oath, along with a statement in which he

A journalist, Quaker historian, and advocate of women's rights, Margaret Hope Bacon is working on a film version of Valiant Friend, her book on Lucretia Mott, and is writing a biography of Henry Cadbury.

*Henry Cadbury leaves
for Oslo, Norway,
to receive the Nobel Peace Prize
for the AFSC, 1947.*



Courtesy of American Friends Service Committee

*Lydia (with cat) and
Henry Cadbury posed
for a Christmas portrait
with their children
and grandchildren, 1956.*



Theodore Hezel

indicated he intended to revoke it if it were used to undermine academic freedom. The third draft of this statement was grudgingly acknowledged by the Massachusetts Department of Education.

The loyalty oath struggle deepened Henry Cadbury's already strong commitment to civil liberties and academic freedom. The demand upon him as a lecturer had been steadily broadening through the years. Now he began to turn his attention increasingly to the relationship between religion and social problems. In March 1935 he challenged Philadelphia Yearly Meeting to set aside their alibis and move toward racial integration of their schools and institutions. The next spring he published in the *Journal of Negro History* an article, "Negro Membership in the Society of Friends," which revealed how sadly the Society had failed to live up to its own testimonies in this area. An article, "Friends and Their Social

Testimonies," and a speech at a Friends General Conference Gathering at Cape May on "Quaker Concern for Academic Freedom" at this same period were indications of his growing concern.

As the war clouds gathered over Europe and the unthinkable threat of another war became daily more real, he sought every opportunity to speak for peace. Lydia began to sense that he was pushing himself too hard in this crusade, while he still kept up with his studies, his classes, his scholarly societies, but she did not know how to persuade him to slow down. "With this war getting worse and worse I fully expect him to land in jail before too long," she wrote his sister, Emma.

In May 1940 the AFSC suggested to Henry that he go to Germany as a Quaker ambassador. With characteristic modesty, Henry replied that he felt Clarence Pickett would be more useful, and offered to take over the leadership of the AFSC if Clarence would go. In fact, Howard Elkinton went, and Clarence took a much needed vacation in August, leaving Henry in charge of the AFSC for a month. Early in 1941, however, Henry accepted an assignment to go to England with Robert Yarnall to see if Great Britain would permit food to pass through the British blockade to children in occupied areas of Europe, while two colleagues flew to Berlin to investigate the conditions of children in occupied areas from that angle. At customs in England, Henry was stopped and searched after a small book was discovered on his person with a German imprint, a strange language, evidently a code, and a map. Fortunately the higher official to whom he was taken recognized both the Cadbury name and the Greek New Testament, published in Stuttgart years ago, in which were traced the travels of St. Paul.

It was on this same journey, with its undertone of grimness, that another Cadbury legend was born. Henry was helping Anna Brinton prepare for the 250th observation of George Fox's death, and there had been some uncertainty about the

exact date. After some research, Henry wired Anna: "George Fox died January 13." Western Union in Media, Pennsylvania broke the news as gently as they could to Mrs. Brinton.

The two men were unable to persuade the British government to lift the blockade, and Henry Cadbury returned full of a sense of the ordeal under which the British people, and by implication the people of the continent, were laboring. Back in Cambridge he was besieged by young men who needed counseling on their draft status. He tried to use the Socratic method, but he found himself giving more advice than he wished to do, and the responsibility weighed heavily upon him. In the summer of 1941, he gave a series of lectures at Pendle Hill on Friends and their social testimonies, again stressing peace. Then he and Lydia and their daughter Betty flew to Barbados, where Henry hoped to do some further historical research on a favorite subject, early Quaker settlements in the Caribbean, and Lydia hoped he would get some rest.

But now the strain of the past years caught up with him. He came down with a systemic infection that caused diarrhea and nausea and an ear infection, bringing on deafness. The symptoms did not abate when the Cadburys returned to Cambridge, and, by Christmas, it had become clear that Henry was slipping into a depression of some severity. He had to take a semester's leave of absence and seek treatment, and for the next two years he was not quite back to par. Many close friends observed that the experience mellowed him. Although he continued to drive himself just as hard, he was more tolerant of the procrastinations of others, having been through a period when it was hard to get out of bed in the morning.

On his return from England in early 1941, he had written the first in a series of columns, "Letters from the Past," which ran in the *Friends Intelligencer* and, later, in *FRIENDS JOURNAL* for more than 30 years, and tied current events to Quaker history. He kept up the column during his depression and, as he recovered, plunged into new projects: the



Mary Carr Maris (left)
and Selina T. Steere
speak with Henry Cadbury
at Friends General Conference,
Ocean Grove, N.J., 1970.

Henry speaks
to a gathering
in the Haverford
College Library,
1973.



publication of the Revised Standard New Testament in 1946; the preparation of a series of lectures, delivered at Yale, and published in 1947 as *Jesus: What Manner of Man*; the painstaking research that resulted in the reconstruction of George Fox's lost *Book of Miracles*. Having resumed the chairmanship he traveled widely for the AFSC. At this time, too, he was involved in the cases of half a dozen nonregistrants to the peacetime draft. In 1947 he and Lydia oriented and chaperoned a boatload of young people going to Europe to work on reconstruction projects for AFSC. At the end of the summer the Cadburys visited Oslo, Norway, where their son Warder was studying.

Three months later Henry was surprised to find himself returning to Oslo to receive the Nobel Peace Prize for the AFSC along with Margaret Backhouse, who received it for the Friends Service Council, London. Henry had begged first Rufus and then Clarence to go, but the duty fell to him. Having no proper attire for the occasion he went to the AFSC warehouse where evening clothes were being collected to outfit European orchestras. Eleanor Stabler Clarke found a set of tails which fitted him perfectly, and he made an elegant speech of acceptance on Quakers and the peace movement in his borrowed finery before shipping off the clothes to an orchestra in Budapest.

The following June, 1948, Henry Cadbury's beloved brother-in-law, Rufus Jones, died. Henry, unable to attend a memorial service, wrote to say that "as Emerson said, an institution is the lengthened shadow of one man: we may say, so is the AFSC of Rufus Jones." But Henry himself continued to lengthen that shadow. Until 1960, he remained board chairman, interested and active in every detail. Thereafter, and until his death, as chairman emeritus he remained the voice of wisdom and of conscience, helping the organization grow and develop to fit its message to changing times, to cope

with the witch hunting of the 1950s and the turbulence of the 1960s. When the AFSC decided to act against the law by sending medical supplies to North Vietnam, Henry was there to give precedents for civil disobedience from Quaker history. When Black Power was in full flower, and there were demands for reparations, his "Letter from the Past" on the subject was the very voice of conciliation and sanity. He was always ready to listen to new voices and entertain new ideas. He frequently quoted Tennyson:

*The old order changeth, yielding place to new;
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.*

He also accepted Rufus Jones's place on the Bryn Mawr Board of Directors, becoming its chair in 1956. By this time he was back in the Philadelphia area, having retired from Harvard in the spring of 1954, an occasion honored by the publication of a history of the Harvard Divinity School.

Retirement, however, was scarcely the word. He immediately plunged into teaching at Pendle Hill, at Drew University, at Temple, and at Haverford, gave an endless stream of lectures, continued to publish, guided both the AFSC and Bryn Mawr, traveled to Europe on AFSC and Quaker assignments, and found time for more Quaker research. His concern for peace, better race relations, and civil liberties did not flag. He served on the Civil Liberties Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, played a reconciling role when Plymouth Meeting split over the issue of retaining Mary Knowles, a Quaker librarian who refused to divulge information about her former husband's political affiliations to the House Un-American Activities Committee. He became a marcher, walking in the rain against the bomb in 1956, protesting outside the army depot at Fort Dietrich in 1959, picketing the White House with his wife, Lydia, and his sister,

Emma, in 1965.

His Bible lectures on Monday nights at Pendle Hill were classics, and he filled meetinghouses whenever he spoke at forums. His spontaneous wit, his erudition, and his twinkle made every subject he touched a delight. People sometimes tried to pin him down on his own religious beliefs, but he dodged the question as often as he could. He genuinely believed that each person must come to his or her own faith, and his answer was to quote George Fox: "What sayeth thou?" On occasion, however, he would answer that his was a religion of ethical behavior and of obedience to the religious impulse to service, fellowship, and compassion. He was not a mystic, nor a theologian, and he warned against the danger of "nominalism," giving a name to matters of the spirit, and then endowing the name, or concept, with more authority than the ground from which it rose. At the same time he emphasized again and again that there were varieties of religious experience. For him it was never either/or, but both/and. People were sometimes puzzled by his objective approach to the historical Jesus, but many people observed that he lived

Henry Cadbury
speaks with
noted peace worker
A. J. Muste, 1961.



Theodore Heitzel

out the Sermon on the Mount more completely than anyone they had known.

He had always been beloved for his gentleness, his wit, his interest in people, and honored for his penetrating scholarship and keen mind (one Harvard colleague said of him "he thought effortlessly"), but now as he grew older the honors multiplied. He had received honorary degrees from Haverford, the University of Glasgow, and Whittier. Now Swarthmore College followed in 1954, Howard University in 1959, and Earlham in 1967. In 1955 he was elected to the Society of New Testament Studies and became its president in 1959. At the time of his retirement from the chair of the AFSC in 1960 a volume, *Then and Now*, was prepared in his honor. Bryn Mawr named a fellowship for him in 1973. The Society of Biblical Literature, of which he had been both secretary and president, celebrated his 80th birthday with a lecture given by Henry Niles on the "Wit and Wisdom of Henry Cadbury." Though he loved to refer to himself in his last years as a "confused elderly Friend," his mind remained sharp and his wit razor quick.

The last years were full of anniversaries. In 1965 the Cadburys celebrated the 150th anniversary of the arrival of the first Joel Cadbury to the United States, in 1966 it was

Henry and Lydia's 50th wedding anniversary, in 1967 the 50th anniversary of the founding of the AFSC. In 1972 three of his books were published: *Friendly Heritage* (a collection of his "Letters From the Past"), *John Woolman in England*, and *The Narrative Papers of George Fox*. In 1973, his 90th birthday was celebrated at Wyndham, Bryn Mawr College.

The 12th Street Meetinghouse, to which all the Cadburys had belonged, was threatened with urban renewal and was moved to the campus of George School and there dedicated on September 29, 1974. Henry Cadbury gave the major talk. At first he seemed too frail to deliver it with his old punch, but as he warmed to the subject his voice regained its old vigor. He told of going to meeting with his mother in this very meetinghouse when he was a small child:

Another child my age sat with his family nearby. Evidently he was rebuked by my example of quiet sitting; when his mother unwisely after meeting mentioned my quiet behavior. I heard him reply, "Mother, I noticed that Henry moved twice."

The meeting rocked with laughter, as meetings always did when Henry spoke.

He had refused to move to a retirement home, preferring to stay within a few minutes of the Haverford College Library. He visited that library on Friday, October 4, and chatted with the librarian, Edwin Bronner, about his research on the Treaty of Shackamaxon. Although very deaf now, he was still excited about new discoveries. On the following Sunday he went upstairs after breakfast to carry Lydia's tray down to the kitchen. He slipped and fell the entire length of the stairs. Although appearing dazed, he walked to the car to be taken to the hospital. But he had suffered major brain damage and on Monday he died.

At the memorial service that followed, Professor George Williams of Harvard represented the Divinity School. As one Philadelphia Quaker after another rose to speak of Henry's great contributions to the institutions of the Society of Friends, Williams began to wonder: do these people realize that they have had a world-famous scholar in their midst? Finally he put in a word about Henry's achievements, adding, "As Hollis Professor of Divinity he was one who had from the beginning been a minister to students and colleagues yet always himself a pupil in the school of Christ."

To be called not a teacher alone but a pupil as well would have pleased Henry Cadbury very much. There was always more to learn, more ways to approach the mystery of Truth, which surrounds all of us. He liked a verse from Francis Thompson's "In No Strange Land":

*The angels keep their ancient places;
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many-splendored thing.*

To express that many-splendored thing, we each had one instrument, Henry Cadbury believed. That instrument was our own life. Let your lives speak, he urged. His life continues to speak to us today. □

THE LONGEST WAY 'ROUND

by Jane Mills

When I was about seven years old, someone gave me a book called *The Children's Story Garden*. It was a book book, a hardbound book, not a picture book, perhaps 200 pages long, with very few illustrations, and those, glossy black-and-white plates. On the cover, which was red, there was a line drawing of a little girl blowing fluff off a gone-to-seed dandelion. I don't know who gave me the book or what the occasion was. My parents sometimes brought us presents when they returned from a trip or from Methodist Annual Conference, so perhaps the book came into my life on some such occasion.

It was a book of short stories, some scarcely a page long, some four or five pages long. I was a good reader and a tireless one, and soon had read all the stories. I don't remember anyone having read to me from the book, or feeling that I couldn't have read it myself, although I didn't understand all the stories very well at first.

One of my favorites, called "The White Feather," was about a frontier family who lived in a log cabin in a forest. There was trouble with the In-

Jane Mills, mother of four children, is a student at Princeton Theological Seminary. She is a member of Plainfield (N.J.) Monthly Meeting.



"IT IS THE INDIANS' SIGN OF PEACE," SAID FATHER

dians, and the parents debated whether to arm themselves for protection, which was against their religion, or to continue as they were, trusting in the Indians and in God. They decided to abide by their peaceable principles and to depend on God's protection, even though all their neighbors urged them to join them in leaving their homes for a stockade where they thought to be safe. Next morning, the family looked out of their cabin and

saw that all their neighbors' houses were smoking ruins, but that their own house and farm had not been touched. A large white feather had been stuck in a crack above the door.

Another story was about a fearsome giant who terrorized the countryside around his castle, ruining crops and killing animals and, I think, people too. Various plans for ridding the countryside of this menace were tried, all to no

avail. At last a young boy, Ivan, ventured right into the castle, perceived that the giant was miserably lonely, offered his friendship, and won the giant as a friend, thereby not only ridding the land of the long-feared menace but gaining a good friend for all the folk as well.

Another story was about a devout man who one day felt an unaccountable urge to get on his horse, ride to a clearing in the wood near an abandoned building, and there deliver a (extempore) sermon on God's love and acceptance of the repentant. He did not understand the urge he had or the sense of power pressing him on, for there was no one to be seen in the clearing when he arrived. It turned out that a dangerous criminal was hiding in the abandoned building. He heard the sermon on love, was touched to the heart, and thereafter led a useful and upright life.

One story was about a rich little girl who had a big, beautiful four-poster bed with a ruffled canopy. An illustration showed a frightened little girl sitting up in the big bed, with the candle being taken away so that she was about to be left in the dark. The caption said, "Mary Proude was afraid of the dark." To help herself go to sleep, Mary repeated the Lord's Prayer over and over to herself, as fast as she could, till at last she would fall asleep. I think



FEARLESSLY IVAN WALKED OUT INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM

Mary was motherless, for I seem to remember that it was a servant girl who told Mary that she should really *pray* the prayer, slowly and thoughtfully, not just race through it, and then God would answer her prayer and take away the fear. So Mary prayed and was truly comforted.

My favorite story was about another frontier family, also threatened by Indians on the warpath, who was convinced by neighbors that they should pull in their latchstring on a particular night because of the Indians all around. So the husband and wife, very reluctantly because they believed that trust was the best defense, pulled in their latchstring before they went to bed. A few hours went by, and neither could fall asleep. Then they agreed that they must put the latchstring out again or they would get no sleep at all. This they did, and both slept soundly till morning. In the morning, they saw the prints of many moccasins on their cabin floor and knew that Indians had been there sometime during the night. They also found out later in the day that their neighbors had been murdered in the night, their cabins burned. Years later, the husband told this story of trust in a group of settlers and Indians, and one very old Indian rose and said, "I was in that party that night. We knew that that cabin held friends because the latchstring was out, as it had always been, and we knew we had nothing to fear from that house."

There were many other stories in the same spirit. I found them thrilling, and read the book over and over, coming to understand better the more difficult stories and to love my favorites even more. I think I left the book at home when I went to college, but I was always glad to see it again when I went home. I never saw a copy of it anywhere else and never met anyone who knew the book or the stories in it, and so far as I remember, no one in my family ever read my book or discussed the stories with me. It was a part of my life unshared with anyone and unknown to anyone else.

I married during college. My husband, before we met, had been invited by a Quaker friend to attend Friends meeting in their college town. He had found Quakerism very congenial to his basic convictions. His mother had

been a birthright Quaker before marrying her Episcopalian husband, so Quakerism was already in my husband's blood. He and I attended Friends meeting together one winter when we were living in New England, and I, too, felt very much at home with the attitudes and principles of the people we met there (although I did not learn, that year, to make use of the silence in meeting for worship).

Many years passed. We moved often. At times we attended Friends meetings, but we never joined the Society. When we moved to New Jersey we realized we



MARY PROUDE WAS AFRAID OF THE DARK

were ready to put down roots. We soon found a Friends meeting which we wished to join. The members whom we approached for help in seeking membership all recommended reading some books on Quaker history and principles, to be sure we understood what it was we were about to embrace. I welcomed the suggestion and looked forward to learning many new things and to finding out what Quakerism was all about.

From time to time, our new friends would say, "How are you coming with your reading?" "Fine," I'd say, each time a little puzzled by their unspoken but obvious expectation that sooner or later I would fetch up against some aspect of Quakerism that would be so new or strange that I would not be able

to get past it for a while, if ever. But no such difficulty presented itself. I discovered I knew and understood Quakerism much better than I had thought I did, and I found nothing in my reading and studying that presented any problem at all, either in principle or in practice. Stepping into Quakerism was proceeding so smoothly and seemed so much like coming to a place I'd been before, that I was a little puzzled myself as to how an expression of Christianity so different from that of the religious tradition I was used to could seem so right and natural to me. All I could think of was that it must have been because my parents were pacifists and had taught my sisters and me that war was wrong.

With that little puzzle still unsolved, we joined the meeting and never looked back. I learned to use the silence of meeting for worship; did not miss the sacraments; seldom wished for music or programmed worship services; did not miss a spoken, stated creed; enjoyed and felt at home in the fellowship and in the responsibilities I was given; and felt no

difficulty in discerning what was the Quakerly or the un-Quakerly thing to do in any situation. Sometimes I thought, "It is a bit curious, not feeling any sense of strangeness in this Quakerism." But again I attributed the sense of naturalness to having been raised by pacifist parents.

A few years passed. As a family, we participated at one time or another in almost every aspect of the life of the meeting. It was the right place for us.

And then one sunny summer morning, a First-day, without any warning, the one missing piece of the picture-puzzle fell beautifully and perfectly into place. After meeting for worship, I went into our library at the meetinghouse for something or other, and someone called my attention to a new book displayed in the children's section. When I went over to the shelf, my eyes fell on another book standing up on the same shelf.

It was my book!

There was the red cover, with the line drawing of a little girl blowing away the fluff of a gone-to-seed dandelion.

My heart leaped up when I beheld my

book. In an instant I understood everything: This book was the real source of my seemingly inborn Quakerism. Becoming a Quaker officially simply gave outward recognition to an inward and spiritual grace, to something that had been knit into my inward being years before.

It is hard to express my joy and the sense of revelation, fitness, and things coming together properly that I had in my reunion with that book. The flash of recognition and understanding that came to me as I put out my hand for the book, and the certain knowledge I had at that moment that I would find on the title page the name of a Quaker publisher, lit up my whole being.

When I opened the book, the title page read, *The Children's Story Garden*, collected by a Committee of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, Anna Pettit Broomell, chairman. I must have read those names many times in childhood, but they meant nothing to me then. Now they do.

How wonderful is the way of God! And not always past finding out. □

TWO-PART INVENTION

(Hommage à Béla Bartók)

Words and music:
Esther Greenleaf Murer,
1976

1. Who thou art I know not; wheth-er thou art I can - not say.
2. Who I am I know not; wheth-er I am I some - times doubt.

Yet, as I can-not do with - out, O God, I in - vent thee!
So I go on from day to day— O God, O in - vent me!

A Simple Christmas

"Creative simplicity involves developing our own tastes rather than letting them be formed by advertising and other social pressures." *from the book *Taking Charge*

Christmas is an opportunity to move one more step toward simple living. Here are some ideas from the Peace & Social Concerns Committee of Multnomah Monthly Meeting, Portland, Oregon, (12/82):



Give your self . . .

Write a love letter telling that person how much the relationship means to you. (This could be to a parent, a partner, a sibling, or a friend.)

Give your time . . .

Cook and freeze ahead a week's worth of meals to give to an older person or to a single mother. Share a special recipe.

Sneak away someone's favorite pair of jeans that need mending; have them reappear on Christmas Day with velvet patches.

Offer to act as chauffeur-for-a-day for someone with no car.

Visit someone who is alone . . . possibly one who is in prison or in a hospital or nursing home. Stay in touch throughout the year.

Christmas Work Party—get together a group of friends to volunteer to box toys or food at a local program (Toys for Tots, for example); afterwards come back to someone's house for hot chocolate and popcorn.

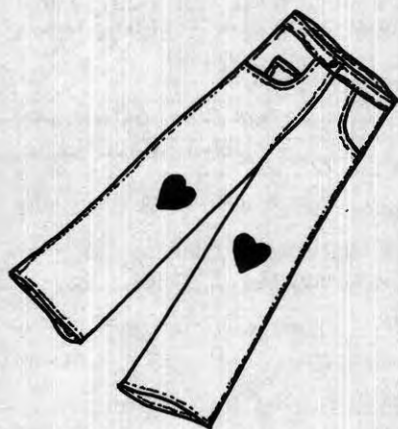
Recycling . . .

Give as a gift something you already own but never use. Use your imagination: be generous! (that blender that just sits in the cupboard?)

Give secondhand books—ones you own that you've read or ones from a used-book store, it's fun to share a book you've enjoyed!

Children's games—one family had a party for small children of the neighborhood and had many types of games available to play. At the end of the party each child chose one or two games to take home. (These were poor children, not kids who already owned a lot of toys.)

Gifts made from recycled or found materials—a rag rug, or a mobile made from shells and driftwood.



Non-department store gifts . . .

Send just a card, mentioning you've donated the price of a gift to a favorite cause or charity.

Give a homemade gift—could be a box of cookies or jar of jam.

Gifts bought from peacemaking groups: a poster from WILPF; a T-shirt from AFSC; a game from UNICEF; or notecards from FOR.

Buy items for gifts from co-ops or from nonprofit or community-oriented stores.

No gifts at all . . .

Another idea is for each of us to experience (at least once) a Christmas without giving or receiving presents, instead placing emphasis on Christmas as a time to bring joy and happiness to someone else.

Whatever your plans—a more simple Christmas would not exploit the time and energy of one person (wife/mother) but let each person assume responsibility for holiday preparations.

. . . a peaceful Christmas to you!



Fenceposts

Fenceposts wear marshmallow hats
On a winter's day.
Bushes in their nightgowns
Are kneeling down to pray.
And trees spread out their snowy skirts
Before they dance away.

Dorothy Aldis

Silent Night

In 1818 in a little church in the Austrian village of Oberndorf, the organ was broken. Twenty-six-year-old Joseph Mohr thought something special should be done for Christmas, so he wrote "Silent Night" on Christmas Day. On the 26th of December, the day after Christmas, it was heard for the first time.

Heather Clinger,
Westtown Lower School



Wendy Abramson

JUNIOR JOURNAL

Chanukah

A long time ago Judea was ruled by a Syrian king, Antioches. Antioches tried to make the Jews worship Greek gods. Many Jews refused because they prayed to one god, Jehovah.

After awhile Jewish families scattered to other lands in Judea. Still later some of them settled in Poland, Russia, Hungary, and Rumania. Among the things the families brought to America was a Menorah. These Menorahs originally burned oils in small cups, but now they burn thin wax candles. During Chanukah people peel and grate potatoes to make potato pancakes or latkes. They also play "spin the dreidel." Chanukah is celebrated because of the eight days the oil burned in the temple after the Jews won the temple back from the Syrians. The holy lamp in the temple was lit with enough oil to last a day, but it lasted for eight days giving the Jews a chance to make new oil.

Greg Felix, sixth grade,
Westtown Lower School



Wendy Abramson

The Stork

All the birds prayed when they heard of the birth of Christ. Every beast gathered around the manger. A stork was with them. Her feathers were white and fluffy. The stork didn't believe what she saw. Christ looked like a beggar. The stork took feathers from her breast with her beak, the fluffiest feathers. The stork put them under his head. In return the stork was blessed ever since as the saint of babies everywhere.

Greta Luft,
Westtown Lower School

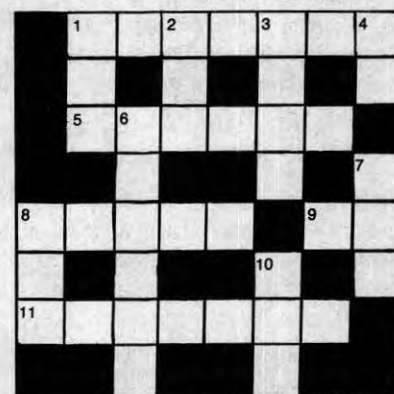
Holiday Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS:

1. "I bring you good _____ of great joy."
5. "... and wrapping him in swaddling clothes, laid him in a _____."
8. "For unto you is born this day, in the city of _____, a savior, which is Christ the Lord."
9. "Come all _____ faithful."
11. Used on the Jewish holiday, Chanukah, to hold eight candles which symbolize the miracle of oil burning for eight days.

DOWN:

1. A character in Dickens's *A Christmas Carol*: Tiny _____.
2. "_____ we now our gay apparel . . ."
3. French word for Christmas.
4. _____ Nick.
6. The time for preparing for the coming of Christ.
7. "I sprang from my _____ to see what was the matter" (from *The Night Before Christmas*).
8. The star of Bethlehem was bright not _____.
10. Latin for peace.



Answers on page 30.

Clarification: "Fooba Wooba" (FJ 10/15 Junior Journal) was not a song invented by Teacher Marcia's class at West Chester (Pa.) Friends School; the children wrote additional verses for the traditional folk song.

Did You Know . . .

- Christmas is celebrated in the middle of the summer in Australia?
- mince pies, eaten on Christmas, were made with fruits and spices from eastern countries and serve as a reminder of the Three Wise Men bearing gifts to Christ?
- bringing Christmas trees into our homes was first done by the Germans and later made popular by Prince Albert in the 19th century?
- the Christmas tree and Chanukah bush are international symbols of goodwill?
- Russian children do not watch to see Santa Claus come down the chimney; instead, they stand at the window to see a poor, wrinkled old woman named Baboushka?
- in Mexico, families celebrate *Las posadas*, processions, nine days before Christmas, when Mary and Joseph were thought to have begun their journey to Bethlehem?
- in Brazil, children leave their shoes out for Papa Noel to fill? On Christ-

mas Day children search for gifts which Papa Noel hid and then serve their parents breakfast in bed?

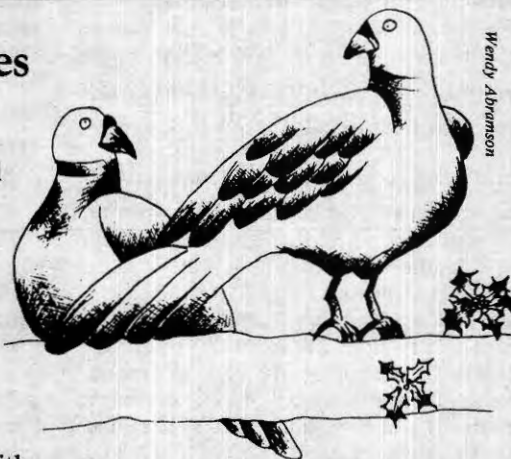
- in Denmark, white-and-blue porcelain Christmas plates were traditionally given by the wealthy to the poor?
- in Norway, people put out a bowl of porridge for the barn elf in the hayloft to make sure that the elf will not play any nasty tricks during the upcoming year?
- in Holland, St. Nicholas parties are given on December 5, and guests exchange gifts that are disguised to look like something other than what they are?
- the Greeks believe that goblins, called Kallikantzaro, are the souls of the dead, and they burn Yule logs to frighten away these spirits?
- in Switzerland, traditionally on Christmas Eve the weather is forecast for the coming year. An onion is cut into 12 pieces, one for each month, and the segments are filled with salt. The next morning the segments in which the salt is dry represent dry months and the wet segments represent wet months?

Gingerbread Cookies

Needed:

- 2/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2/3 cup butter or shortening
- 1 1/3 cup molasses
- 2 eggs (unbeaten)
- 6 cups all-purpose sifted flour
- 2 tablespoons baking powder
- 3 teaspoons ground ginger or cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon salt

Cream the butter or shortening with sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in eggs and molasses. Sift in flour, baking powder, ginger or cinnamon, and salt. Chill for two hours or until firm enough to roll. Divide the dough into four quarters. Work with small portions of dough at a time. Roll out the dough to desired thickness. Cut into shapes or use cookie cutters. Place on greased cookie sheet and bake for 5-7 minutes (or until firm) at 350° F. Makes 4 dozen 4"-6" cookies.



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Kwanza

There are many different holidays around the Christmas season and many different ways of celebrating them. *Kwanza*, celebrated in North America, was created 20 years ago as an ethnic and religious alternative holiday for Afro-Americans. Its creators hoped to stress the importance of the African origins from which all of humanity descended.

Kiswahili (which means "first fruits"), a language in southeastern Africa, is the basis for the words used during the Kwanza holiday season. *Nuguzo Saba*, the seven principles which Kwanza focuses on are: *Umoja* (unity), *Ujima* (collective responsibility and work), *Kujichagulia* (self-determination), *Ujamaa* (cooperative economics), *Kuumba* (creativity), *Nia* (purpose), and *Imani* (faith).

Candles are traditionally lit and placed in a *Kinara*, a candleholder, and then placed on *Mkeza*, a straw mat, every night for seven nights from December 26 to January 1 to honor each principle. This happens usually around dinner time, and the principle of that day is discussed within the family. Afterwards, *Kilcombe*, a unity cup or goblet, is passed to each family member and they drink to the future. Some families pour some of the liquid on the floor, in the West African tradition, to honor their ancestors.

Decorating the home is a large part of the Kwanza holiday. Symbolically, *Muhindi*, an ear of corn, is kept in the house for each child in the family as a blessing of the harvest in Africa. Fruit is also symbolic of the harvest in Africa. People may decorate their homes with African ornaments and masks and wear traditional African clothing.

Some people choose to combine Kwanza with Christmas, while others separate the two. Kwanza focuses on the family and, in particular, the children, the "fruits" of the family. Through the seven principles family unity and the joy of love are celebrated.

Wendy Abramson

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REPORTS

Young Friends of North America Share Friends Traditions

The summer gathering of Young Friends of North America (YFNA) was held July 10-16 at Camp Adams, Mollala, Oregon. Conference themes were: "Transformation Through Prayer" and "Spirituality and Sexuality." Young Friends (adults and children) came from a wide spectrum of American Quaker traditions, but there was a strong showing of evangelical Friends, mostly from Northwest Yearly Meeting. This provided an opportunity for those from other Quaker traditions to explore, share, and learn about American Friends traditions.

A high point of the conference occurred during a meeting for worship. The service was an experiment in ritual that included foot washing, a call to worship (a reading from the Psalms), a candle-lighting invocation, hymn singing, prayers for healing, unison readings, open worship, Eucharist, and Israeli and Sufi folk dancing. The awareness of Christ's presence in our midst was tremendously moving as each one of us, in our own way, stood convicted and transformed by the power of God's love.

Ellerie Brownfain

Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting and Association: Gathered in Love

Quaker ladies (bluets) lined the paths as the Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting and Association held its 13th annual gathering at Cumberland Mountain State Park in Crossville, Tennessee, May 12-15. Attending were 143 adults and 61 children from the yearly meeting's 23 monthly meetings, preparative meetings, and worship groups. Visitors from other yearly meetings (South Central, Lake Erie, and Ohio Valley) and Quaker organizations (FGC, FCNL, and FWCC) were warmly welcomed.

The theme, "They'll Know We're God's Children by Our Love," was explored in various ways. Four long-time SAYMA Friends described their life journeys, highlighting the experiences that helped them grow and be sustained in difficult times. Friends were gently reminded to "nurture the future while heeding the past," and were cautioned against discouragement; "always be ready for the next stage of your journey."

Following a talk on a personal understanding of Quaker witnessing and social concerns, Friends divided into small groups to learn more about the testimonies upon which

wider Quaker organizations are based. Another session examined "Monthly Meetings as Primary Communities." Difficult questions were asked and discussed: What is a primary community? What do I give to, and need from, the meeting? Does the meeting listen and respond supportively when members are undergoing stressful times? Do you "bloom where you are planted" or seek out more like-minded F/friends in other communities? How does the meeting handle the tension between different definitions of what a meeting can be (a heavily spiritual emphasis or concentration on social concerns)?

Much business meeting time was spent on thoughtful, energetic, and occasionally difficult discussions on SAYMA's *Guide to Our Faith and Our Practice*. Several sections were approved; others were referred to monthly meetings for further review. From their monthly meetings, Friends brought carefully worded comments and concerns to be shared with the yearly meeting and, in the large group discussions, worked hard to make the *Guide* an accurate expression of the whole group's beliefs and practices. SAYMA Friends appreciated the *Guide* committee's diligence in incorporating many ideas into statements that could be approved.

Many volunteers helped with child care and cooking so that expenses could be kept low. The spirit of cooperation, the increased number of young children, and the moving, open reflections of the older Friends affirmed that we show love by sharing life with others.

Connie LaMonte

"Growing Toward Peace" at Montana Gathering of Friends

The first snow of the season had fallen when the second annual Montana Gathering of Friends (MGOF) assembled near Livingston, Montana, September 9-11.

The gathering included about 100 Friends (and friends of Friends) from Montana and a few from Wyoming and Washington. There was an air of excitement and anticipation as Friends talked, worshiped, sang, laughed, played, and planned together. Howard and Ruanne Scott, Elsa and Julius Jahn, Etta Marie James, and George Nunn, seasoned Friends from Tacoma and University (Wash.) meetings, enriched the gathering.

The unifying theme for the weekend was "Growing Toward Peace." The program was full and varied. Workshops offered were: "Poster Creation," "Spiritual Autobiography," "Peace Poetry," "Concept of Ministry and Oversight," "Peace Witness," "Quaker History," "Considering Children in Meeting," "Friends and Political Process," "Biblical Basis of the Peace Testi-

mony," and "Cooperative Games."

Wendy Visscher, from Bozeman (Mont.) Meeting, clerked the business session. Two of the larger worship groups, Missoula and Billings, have been in contact with North Pacific Yearly Meeting and hope to become preparative meetings. Individual Friends from Glendive, Kallispell, and White Fish spoke of their feelings of isolation, and the steering committee accepted the concern and will try to see that they are visited and included in all possible activities.

Although there has been a Montana Program Committee of AFSC for some years, there is no program at present. It was decided to continue contact with AFSC and also to encourage the worship groups to name representatives to a MGOF Social Action Committee.

MGOF endorsed a state rally at Helena, sponsored by the Montana Committee to End the Arms Race. Contributions by individuals were accepted to defray the expenses of the rally. Other social concerns included: the draft, Birth Defect Act, sanctuary for refugees from Latin America, tax resistance, and world hunger.

Programs for the many small children and youth were well planned. Junior Friends participated in worship sharing, held their own business session, and helped with the many chores of the camp.

Sunday morning's meeting for worship reflected the joy and thanksgiving of all in attendance. Children joined the large group toward the end of meeting and songs of praise ended our session.

The excitement and energy of this group was lovely to witness. I felt a stirring of new life—perhaps, in time, the birth of a new yearly meeting.

Clara Sinclair Hun

FWCC Regional Conference: Quakers and the Use of Power

The Friends World Committee for Consultation's second Central Midwest Regional Conference on "Quakers and the Use of Power" met in North Webster, Indiana, October 21-23. Addressing 45 Friends and attenders from eight yearly meetings at the opening session, Paul Lacey of Earlham College made a distinction between God's power, to which George Fox so vividly testified, and power as the world understands it. As children of God and participants in human society, we live in two worlds; our understanding of power must reflect this.

We Friends, noted Paul Lacey, are rightly concerned about abuses of power, but avoiding issues of power, as many Friends do, also has harmful effects: we may become dishonest about the power we actually possess. Our preference for *influence* rather than *involvement* in decision making can be

irresponsible; we are accountable to no one. Our dislike of explicit power causes us to "create patterns which cripple effective leadership."

Paul Lacey recommended facing directly the issues of living in the world, recognizing power in our institutions, families, and personal relationships; untangling the issues of right use of power from the fears of its abuses; and understanding our attitudes toward authority so that we can better define our leadership needs.

Mary Garman's two role-plays and discussions showed us our use of power in common family and meeting situations, ranging from open leadership to subtle manipulation and threats. Later, Earl Redding, director of Peace Studies at Wilmington College, led attenders through a series of case studies selected from their own experiences. A Quaker college where students called a protest strike had to face issues of police on campus and relations with civil authority. A meeting somewhere else responded to an urgent request for action by calling a special business meeting without waiting the prescribed time, and in the absence of the clerk; to what extent are we bound by our Discipline? In each case examined, the group asked, "What were the roles being played? How was power exerted? Was power used well? Was God's power present, and how was it known?"

Are Friends a powerful people? Sadly, no, said Jan Wood on the final morning of the conference. A Friends minister and retreat leader from Anderson, Indiana, she described power as "redemptive, reconciling, and transforming"—if it is from God. Power operates in our obedience to God. Thus the Sermon on the Mount is practical, not unrealistic, as we orient ourselves to obey God rather than our own desires.

Conference dialogues were deepened as people got to know each other better. Marie McCracken led get-acquainted exercises on the first evening; the next night, Barbara Olmsted served as song leader for the group. Many stayed after the evening programs to see Ed and Chris Nicholson's slides from the FWCC Quaker Youth Pilgrimage and to hear Paul and Marie Turner talk about their journey of reconciliation in the USSR and Eastern Europe. In worship-sharing groups, Friends listened to each other's personal experiences of power.

In the course of the weekend, some assumptions were unmasked, pain revealed, and insights shared. After singing "Spirit of the Living God, fall afresh on us," attenders left for home—better prepared to follow Paul Lacey's advice to acknowledge the place of power in our lives, so that we can better use, share, and diffuse it.

Johan Maurer

CREMATION

*Friends are reminded that the
Anna T. Jeanes Fund
will reimburse cremation costs.
(Applicable to members of
Philadelphia Yearly Meeting only.)*

For information write or telephone
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Bills are pending in the U.S. House of Representatives and in the Senate that would grant honorary citizenship to William and Hannah Penn. We believe this recognition is long overdue. Two bills, S.J. Res. 80 in the Senate and H.J. Res. 233 in the House are being considered.

Your support is needed to aid in the passage of these bills. Please write to: Strom Thurmond, Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, 218 Russell Senate Office Bldg., Washington, DC 20515; and, Romano Mazzoli, Chairman of the House Subcommittee on Immigration, Refugees, and International Law, 2246 Rayburn House Office Bldg., Washington, DC 20510.

For more information, write to Elaine Peden, 5246 Jackson St., Philadelphia, PA 19124.



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Correction: The report of Northern Yearly Meeting (FJ 10/1) should have read, "St. Croix Valley Friends Worship Group was welcomed as St. Croix Valley (Minn.) Monthly Meeting. Stevens Point (Wis.) Worship Group was welcomed as a preparative meeting under the care of Eau Claire-Menomonie."



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Wilmington College seeks nominations and applications for the position of Dean of the College. The Dean is responsible to the President for the academic programs of the college, as well as the library and records office. Responsibilities include planning and monitoring the academic budget, faculty selection and evaluation, and program planning. The Dean is the chief academic officer of the college, and works with departments and individuals in all aspects of program implementation and faculty development. An Assistant Dean works with academic advising and does some institutional research.

The successful candidate will have a Ph.D. in an academic discipline and have done considerable classroom teaching, preferably in a small college setting. Some administrative experience is desirable. The college seeks a person who is interested in the structure and content of a liberal arts curriculum designed to equip students for careers in the contemporary world, who knows and understands small colleges and can articulate their mission in American higher education generally, but who shares the values and expectations of Wilmington College in particular. Salary and fringe benefits are competitive. The position will be available July 1, 1984.

Founded in 1870 by the Religious Society of Friends, Wilmington College retains close ties to its founding church, its activities reflecting Quaker values and aspirations. Enrollment at the college is planned to maintain an 800 FTE, with a faculty of approximately 55. In addition to the traditional liberal arts departments and business, the college offers industrial education and supervision, has a strong reputation in teacher education, and is the only independent college in Ohio to offer a degree in agriculture. Wilmington is located in a pleasant community in rural southwestern Ohio, with the cultural and social advantages of both Cincinnati and Dayton, each just an hour away. The college respects its ties to the region and welcomes candidates who want the opportunity to become a part of the larger community which the college serves.

Nominations and applications should be addressed by December 12 to:

Nell Thorburn, President
Wilmington College—Box 1185
Wilmington, OH 45177

Wilmington College is an equal opportunity/affirmative action employer.

A QUAKER RESPONSE TO BEIRUT AND GRENADA

Once again we are checking the casualty lists—this time from Beirut and Grenada. With sadness we count the large number of killed and wounded from Camp Lejeune and Jacksonville, N.C., and Fort Bragg and Fayetteville, N.C. They were and are our neighbors.

For over 15 years, we at Quaker House, Fayetteville, have maintained a Quaker peace presence at Fort Bragg, the largest U.S. Army base in the world, and at Camp Lejeune, the second largest U.S. Marine base. We have counseled soldiers and marines, including many conscientious objectors, AWOL/UA personnel, and family members of people in the military.

Now a new war fever has taken over the nation. We feel it here. The work of Bob Gosney at Quaker House and Mac Legerton at Camp Lejeune is increasing.

Quaker House needs your help to meet new demands for our peace witness to members of the military and their families. Quaker House is supported by contributions from Meetings, individuals, and the Wider Ministries Commission of Friends United Meeting.

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WORLD OF FRIENDS

Salem (N.J.) and Woodstown (N.J.) monthly meetings organized an ecumenical task force to provide six prisoners from Morgantown, W.Va., with a week's religious/work furlough. Friends, Baptists, Mennonites, Roman Catholics, and Presbyterians joined in this effort. The prisoners worked on the rehabilitation of a large house in Salem. Families were found to accept prisoners into their homes sight unseen, and meals were handled by the two Friends meetings. On several occasions the inmate volunteers spoke in the evening to community groups. For more information on how to sponsor such a project, call the Committee for Criminal Justice at (215) 241-7235, or write to 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

William and Hannah Callowhill Penn may soon become honorary U.S. citizens. Elaine Peden of the Philadelphia Boosters Association has been working since 1975 to put this matter before elected officials. John Heinz and Arlen Specter, U.S. senators from Pennsylvania, support the resolution (S.J. Res. 80), and the House resolution (H.J. Res. 233) also has a number of sponsors.

Utah Friends Fellowship, a new regional meeting comprising the four Utah meetings and worship groups, was formed in September. The size of the state means that Friends will travel an average of 650 miles to attend regional meetings. Utah Friends Fellowship plans two meetings a year for Friends from Salt Lake and Logan monthly meetings and the Moab and Ogden worship groups. In addition, Friends from the western slope of Colorado are invited.

Byberry (Pa.) Meeting is another of the many

meetings celebrating a 300th anniversary this year. The meeting was founded by four Walton brothers—Nathaniel, Thomas, Daniel, and William—and the occasion of this anniversary prompted a reunion of 150 descendants of the Walton brothers at Byberry Meeting in August. The week of special programs last summer included skits, birthday cakes, and a "Pageant of Fashion—Past to the Present," featuring meeting members in Quaker costumes, many from their own ancestors.

Alice in Blunderland, a modern morality play, has been playing to appreciative audiences in Ohio and Washington, D.C. The aim of the playwrights was to have a vehicle to promote their antinuclear policy; instead of talks and rallies, they decided on an *Alice in Wonderland*-like play. The actors are friends, family, neighbors, with the commitment to leave the earth free of nuclear disaster. The group formed an organization called Legacy, whose most recent venture is a mail-order kit which will enable any local group to hear and then present the play. It includes a sound tape or album, a complete script, and staging directions.

For information, write Leslie Hudak, 1275 Goldfinch Trail, Stow, OH 44224.

Payment of food as taxes to the IRS was Milwaukee (Wis.) Meeting member Mark Judkins's idea. A member of the Milwaukee War Tax Resistance group, Mark brought \$300 worth of food to the IRS center to pay for \$78 worth of taxes. The food was not accepted as legal tender. Police officers prevented the protesters from bringing the food into the office. Mark announced that he would donate the food to the Milwaukee Hunger Task Force's food bank.

October was proclaimed Reverence for Life Month by the International Vegetarian Union. This October also marked the first year of publication of *The Friendly Vegetarian*, newsletter of the newly formed Friends Vegetarian Society of North America. For more information, write Friendly Vegetarian Society, c/o Steve Ketzman, Box 474, Beverly, MA 01915.

Friends witness for peace at nuclear sub launches. Friends from the Virginia Beach and Williamsburg (Va.) meetings have been among the regular participants in a continuing series of peace witnesses at the Newport News Shipyard. The witnesses are held at each launching of a nuclear submarine at the shipyard. Participants—20 to 100 people—represent the Southeast Virginia Peace Coalition, Pax Christi-Tidewater, and local Friends meetings and churches.

Friends interested in participating in future peace witnesses may write Dennis Hartzell, Williamsburg Friends Meeting, P.O. Box 1034, Williamsburg, VA 23187.

War tax resisters in Ann Arbor, Mich., are planning to run ads in local and national newspapers and magazines listing the names and addresses of signers of a statement setting forth their reasons for living in volunteer poverty (below taxable income level) or refusing to pay some or all income taxes or the federal excise tax on phones. Friends wishing to become part of this project should write to War Tax Resistance National Ad Campaign, 402 S. Glendale, Ann Arbor, MI 48103.

Three thousand hand-knitted sweaters have been sent to the AFSC by Elmira (N.Y.) Meeting. The meeting furnished the yarn, and the sweaters were knitted by volunteers from the Retired Senior Volunteer Program and other dedicated people.

Stuffed mushroom caps is one of the vegetarian dishes mentioned in *The Friendly Vegetarian*: Remove stems from two dozen large mushrooms. Chop the stems and sauté these in butter or margarine along with one small diced onion. Remove from heat and add one cup chopped walnuts and one cup whole wheat bread crumbs, as well as garlic powder and parsley to taste. If you wish, add two eggs to this mixture. Fill caps, dot with butter or margarine. Bake for 10-15 minutes at 350° F. Garnish with tiny strips of pimiento before serving. Serves six to eight.

The AFSC annual board meeting in September was held at Haverford College, to honor Haverford's 150th birthday and the historic connection between the college and the AFSC. Edwin Bronner, Haverford's librarian, professor of history, and an authority on Quakerism, spoke about the early years of the AFSC/Haverford connection, which, he said, "is rooted in the Quaker philosophy of humanitarian service." The AFSC began in 1917 when Haverford professor of philosophy Rufus Jones began a training program for men opposed to military service. The men spent three hours a day taking courses in agriculture, nutrition, and auto mechanics to prepare themselves for noncombat service in World War I. Another program was initiated during World War II to train men and women in relief and reconstruction of war-ravaged countries.

AFSC Chairperson Stephen Cary, a former vice president of Haverford and a graduate of the college, said that "although the AFSC and Haverford are separate organizations with separate purposes, they have a common ideology—to work toward resolving conflict and nurturing community through the collective voice of the people involved and through nonviolent means."

The new resident couple of Friends Meeting-house in Honolulu, Hawaii, is Marion and Nelson Fuson of Nashville (Tenn.) Meeting.



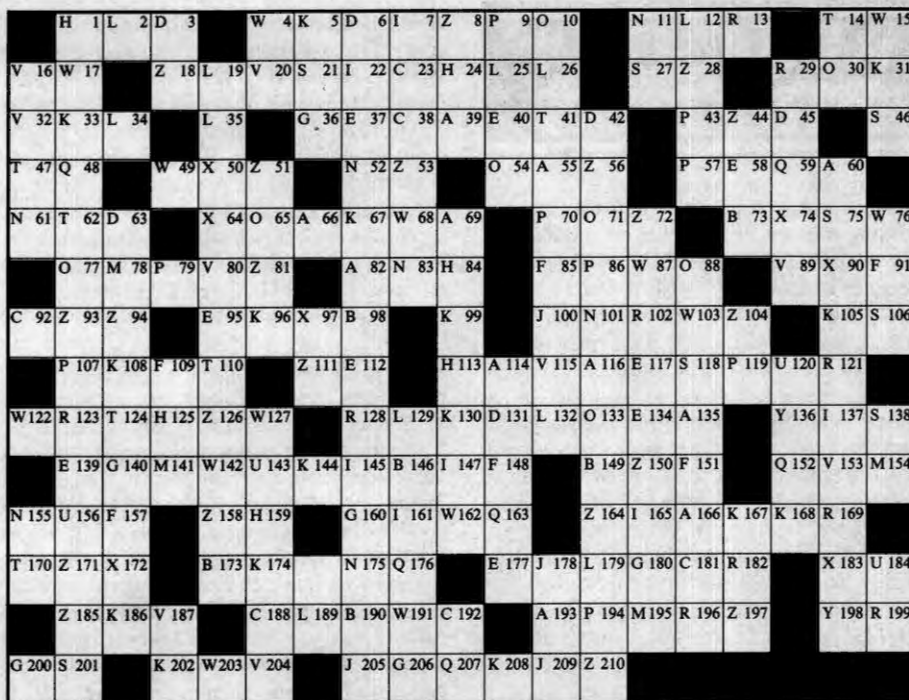
Carol Walton

QUAKER CROSTIC

The letters of the WORDS defined by the CLUES given should be filled in the blanks over the numbered dashes and from there entered in the correspondingly numbered squares of the blank puzzle. This will form a quotation when read from left to right, with the ends of words marked by black squares. The first letter of each of the words opposite the clues when read vertically will give the author and title of work for this quotation.

The solution will be printed in the next JOURNAL.

Elizabeth Maxfield-Miller
Cambridge (Mass.) Meeting



CLUES

A "The _____, he is the king of glory" (3 words; Psalms 24:10)

B "All is _____," says the Preacher (Eccles. 1:2)

C With a back like a camel

D Information produced by a computer

E Hercule Poirot's favorite occupation

F First name of the founder of the Society of Friends

G Chinese salutation; show servile deference (hyph.)

H Stupidity

I _____ war, the greatest dread of our time

J Famous Quaker relief org.

K Answer to biblical conundrum: Who was the shortest man in the Bible? (3 words; Job 8:1)

L Study of birds

M The Persian tentmaker-poet

N Last name of Word M

WORDS

39 55 60 69 66 193 82 114 135 116 166

190 173 98 146 149 73

23 38 188 92 181 192

6 3 42 131 63 45

40 58 95 112 139 177 117 37 134

85 91 109 157 148 151

180 140 160 200 206 36

24 84 125 159 113 1

147 7 22 145 165 161 137

178 205 209 100

31 99 144 168 186 33 105 108 130 174 5

67 96 167 202 208

2 19 25 35 129 132 189 179 12 26 34

78 141 154 195

155 175 101 11 61 83 52

O First pers. pl. singing third line of "America" (first 3 words)

30 54 10 65 71 133 77 88

P "_____ in where angels fear..." (2 words; Pope: Essay on Criticism)

57 86 194 43 70 79 119 107 9

Q One who trembles

152 48 59 163 176 207

R Comprehend

13 29 121 169 102 128 196 123 199 182

S Self-government

21 75 27 106 118 201 138 46

T Skill; ingenuity (hyph.)

124 41 47 14 170 62 110

U Very wide shoe size

120 143 156 184

V Contributed; had an effect

16 20 80 32 153 115 187 204 89

W Quaker preacher in Pa. 1796 (b. France 1773; 2 words)

49 122 191 142 203 15 87

127 76 17 68 162 103 4

X Inspiring wonder

97 183 50 64 74 172 90

Y Postal abbr. for a plains state

198 136

Z "Love thy _____" (Mark 12:31)

126 44 171 8 197 164 28 56

Z' Projections on a gear or saw

210 51 93 158 185

Z² "The Good _____," title for Jesus

81 111 72 18 150 53 94 104

FORUM

Inclusiveness Appreciated

I've been away from FRIENDS JOURNAL a long time (almost a year), reading necessary information about the Soviet Union, and trying to understand its history, background, and politics.

I came out of my submersion to read the JOURNAL's October 15 issue, and it was like clear spring water; each article spoke of God in some different context. Sandra Francis found truth as a young girl through an act of violence; Nancy Dawson in a Colombian farmhouse; Peter Fingesten in ancient history; Dean Bratis again through a sad and cruel act; Andrea Brazer-Rush in her grandmother's hands.

I must stop here to say how much I appreciate the inclusiveness of the JOURNAL and its helping us all "to find God in everything and everyone."

Gene Knudsen-Hoffman
Program Secretary, FOR
US-USSR Reconciliation

Seeking a New Opening

Regarding the lighter side of your recent editorial, "Filling Up the Front Rows" (FJ 10/15), I pass on a unique solution to the problem of front rows and lateness to a Sunday religious gathering. In a small, historic Baptist meetinghouse (no longer in use) on Great Island, Maine, the doors on the left and right side of the church, the only entrances, open in *behind* the pulpit, rather than from the rear of the room. Any souls bold enough to come late not only had to face the stares of the whole congregation but likely had to sit in the nearest front row they could find to avoid the disapprobation of the parishioners, as well as the accusing eye of the preacher. Perhaps Friends need to consider changing the entrances of their meetinghouses to come in from the facing benches.

Bert Mason
Philadelphia, Pa.

Passing the Book

Maine has a good record for opposition to nuclear build-up. Here we have a small, informal, unorganized Friends group that meets in each other's homes on the mainland and on Deer Isle. We number from 10 to 18 in winter and up to 40 in summer. A couple of Friends in Lake Worth, Florida, sent us a copy of *The Hundredth Monkey* by Ken Keyes, Jr. Many of us are also in an antinuclear group, so we are supportive



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of the freeze effort. We passed the book among ourselves and then decided to purchase 40 copies to strew about libraries, waiting rooms, Laundromats, wherever people pick up reading matter. We hope this eye-catching, readable little book will do its bit to preserve civilization.

Phyllis K. Sellers
Stonington, Maine

Need for Dialogue

The U.N. was created by statesmen at the end of World War II to save future generations from disaster by war. What has become of this promise? An arms race between two superpowers, who both accuse the other of wishing to dominate the world. The United States feels it must have military superiority to be able to free the world from the threat of communism. The Soviet Union feels this threatens their security. To get rid of these paranoiac sentiments and to judge the situation with more realism there is a great need for dialogue. One would like to think that statesmen, responsible for issues of vital interest to mankind, should have this insight. Have they?

The first condition for dialogue is, of course, that both East and West meet. No dialogue is possible if there is no one to have a dialogue with.

We must end the conception that both superpowers want to dominate the world. If we start from the point that most of the people in the East and West fear that the other one is the enemy, then we are attacking one of the big obstacles to our dialogue. This distorted picture must be rectified—both in East and West. How? Again, dialogue is the answer. The mass media has a great responsibility here. And this responsibility is not ignored only by one side.

Do we agree that the prevention of war is of the highest priority? If we do, can there be other values worth the risk of war? Freedom, human rights—what will become of these values if we have a war? Is the arms race really defending human rights? Can the threat from military superiority create anything but fear and mistrust? It certainly does not create the

atmosphere in which a dialogue can be fruitful.

It is a question of clear thinking: first we must agree on values and then we must investigate how these values can be materialized. To get nearer the truth we must realize that peace—and security—is as much a psychological problem as questions of arguments.

Permit me to appeal to peace-loving people in the United States and the Soviet Union. Please, come together. Please, start a dialogue without preconditions. You have both to learn from one another. Be ready to present and listen to different views on different values. With mutual respect for these differences, that dialogue may give a future to the children and the grandchildren of our world.

Herman Backman
Stockholm, Sweden

Friends in Politics?

The editor's observations (FJ 10/15) about the absence of Friends in electoral politics provide an opening for much discussion. I hope it will take place. The avoidance of electoral politics certainly cannot be explained by lack of interest! The interest is evident everywhere. The editor's concerns about congressional happenings are matched by those of most other Friends. And it extends to other levels of government as well. Although I recall the foray of Friend Michener into politics a few years ago, I can't recall any Friends who have chosen politics as a career recently. So some queries suggest themselves:

- What is the experience of Friends in politics? Do they still find strong spiritual nurture in their meetings? Do other Friends respect their work to the same extent as if they were in business or education?
- Do Friends share the widespread view of political institutions as hopelessly corrupt? If so, by what considerations do they or can they avoid regarding politicians themselves as corrupt—as, say, necessarily involved in lies and deceptions?

Or do Friends think politicians are corrupt?

• Are Friends clear on when to work for compromise and when to stand on principle? Are compromise and "the art of the possible" held in appropriate esteem by Friends? Are Friends ready to affirm spiritual unity in political disagreement—say, in the case of some member of meeting who supports (in some restricted form, no doubt) conscription, capital punishment, or some other measure admittedly not appropriate to the Kingdom of Heaven?

Although I insist on a sharp distinction between religion and politics—or perhaps because of it—I see no insurmountable obstacle why a political career should not be acceptable to Friends. I'd like to hear from others who feel this matter might usefully be given more attention.

Newton Garver
East Concord, N.Y.

Quaker Theological Allies

Larry Ingle, who wrote "Paul Tillich—Quaker Theologian?" (FJ 10/15), and other Friends may be interested in the following episode: During the early 1960s when Tillich visited Lawrence College I had an opportunity to question him about his conception of God as the object of ultimate concern. To my surprise he denied any awareness of the Quaker tradition of the word *concern*. I then asked him for the original equivalent of the English *concern* in his native German. His answer was approximately as follows: "There is none. I had to use a circumlocutionary phrase (*was mich unbedingte angeht*). English was my salvation."

While this is no conclusive proof for Tillich's affinity with Quaker thought and for adopting Tillich as a Quaker theologian, it does show that he may have claimed the Quakers as his theological allies.

Herbert Spiegelberg
St. Louis, Mo.

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BOOKS

Christ the Placenta. By David A. Bickimer. Religious Education Press, Birmingham, Ala., 1983. 239 pages. \$12.95/paperback.

This book addresses teachers in general and religion (religious) teachers in the best and widest sense of the term. It is aspirational, advocating the concept that eventually all issues, from art and sociology to science, will work themselves out in religious terms, echoing Albert Schweitzer's thought "any subject carried to the ultimate conclusion becomes metaphysical." What many teachers lack these days is the long perspective. The author's goal is an infinite perspective in their thinking and teaching.

Bickimer uses the literary device of twelve letters addressed to a "Jim." In view of this it is surprising that the letters have scholarly footnotes, sources, and subtitles attached to them. Of course, he is a teacher addressing other teachers and in spite of his academism, what he has to say is profound and deeply sincere. Although the author leans heavily on Maslow, Barnard, Merton, and a host of great thinkers from Plato to Einstein and Teilhard de Chardin, what he is saying, besides emphasizing transcendence, is that whatever your ultimate concern, it becomes religious, to paraphrase Paul Tillich, who is not quoted in this book.

The author explains his rather unusual title as follows, "through 'Christ the Placenta' we are nourished and protected on our journey," but he did not have to mention the last scenes in Stanley Kubrick's science fiction film 2001 in which a wide-eyed baby floats through space in a life-giving placenta (p. 16) thus revealing his inspiration.

He is a child of his time and culture who has come a long way from his student days at Notre Dame University. Having transcended organized religion, while still remaining religious, is, of course, a path many intellectuals have taken. He strikes familiar chords with Quakers when he states, "my purpose is to urge that the focus of religious education can be the acquisition of mystic states on the part of the religious learner." In another place he writes, "and if there is one thing religious education must be, it is *personal*."

Peter Fingesten

The Grieving Time: A Month by Month Account of Recovery From Loss. By Anne M. Brooks. Delapoeke Publishing Co., P.O. Box 1148, Wilmington, DE 19899. \$8.95 plus \$1.50 postage.

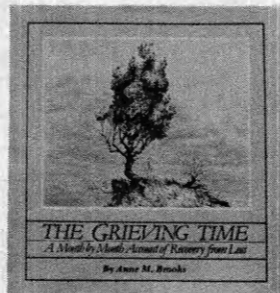
One of the problems common to most people who face the loss of a loved one is

the sense of loneliness, the feeling that no one, no matter how sympathetic, comprehends what they are feeling. Many grieving people feel that they are "going crazy" or behaving "badly." Anne Brooks believes that she would have been helped by being able to read of another person's similar emotions and his or her slow progression through the stages of grief. Thus this book came into being.

The Grieving Time is Anne Brooks's chronicle of her personal recovery from the death of her husband. The author and her husband raised five children and shared a life of service and love. She writes in her preface:

The writing is spontaneous, emotional, and purposefully unedited. Beginning the journal as an answer to my need, I grew to realize its value as a therapeutic tool. . . . Nowhere in bookstores or libraries could I find any other such help.

With powerful black-and-white sketches by artist Ted Ramsey, *The Grieving Time* expresses Brooks's emotions month by month: the physical pain of grief, the mechanical responses to questions, the



dreams, the crying. Finally by the sixth month the author is able to describe her "first stirrings of life" as she begins to accept and move back into society.

The Grieving Time would make a thoughtful gift for a recent widow or widower. It speaks less directly to those who have lost a child or parent or friend, because the book is such a personal journal of a bereaved spouse. I found the book extremely helpful; the honest expression of a grieving person's feelings and fears would enable any reader to be a more compassionate friend.

Kate de Riel

Antoinette Brown Blackwell: A Biography. By Elizabeth Cazden. The Feminist Press, SUNY/College at Old Westbury, Box 334, Old Westbury, NY 11568, 1982. 315 pages. \$14.95, \$7.95/paperback.

Except for the Society of Friends, no Christian denomination allowed women to preach before the second half of the 19th century. Antoinette Louise Brown, a pious child in a large Congregationalist family, created a sensation among her friends and

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relatives when she announced her intention of studying theology at Oberlin College in 1847. Oberlin had pioneered in admitting women, but had not foreseen that one would ask to study with the divinity students. Perplexed, it allowed Antoinette to take the desired courses, but not to graduate. Nevertheless the determined young woman found a parish for herself in upstate New York and finally prevailed upon the church to ordain her officially in 1853, thus becoming the first ordained woman preacher in the United States.

Elizabeth Cazden of Cambridge (Mass.) Meeting has chosen the story of Antoinette Brown for her first biography. In scholarly, clear, and dispassionate prose, Cazden describes the religious turmoil that beset Brown after her ordination, her decision to retire from the ministry, her experiments with social work, her unique marriage to Samuel Blackwell, who served as co-parent to their seven children, her years as an author and lecturer on the philosophical implications of new scientific discoveries, and her eventual return to a much broader and more liberal faith and to the Unitarian ministry.

Despite her role as a pioneer, Blackwell was considerably less of a committed feminist than her best friend, Lucy Stone, or the Quaker women leaders—Susan B. Anthony, Lucretia Mott, and Alice Paul—

whose paths crossed hers at various times in the long story of her life.

Yet Blackwell was inspiration enough to a younger generation of women who chose to batter down the walls of prejudice against their entry into professions that her name deserves to be remembered. Her exceedingly long life (1825–1921) provides the reader with a unique window on the rapidly changing scene in American attitudes toward the role of women, and much else besides. We are indebted to Elizabeth Cazden for a thorough job and a well-crafted book which deserves a place in the library of anyone interested in the “woman question” of the 19th century and its repercussions in our world today.

Margaret Hope Bacon

Books in Brief

Nuclear Weapons: Report of the Secretary-General. Autumn Press, Inc., 1318 Beacon St., Brookline, MA 02146, 1981. 233 pages. \$12.95. The U.N. General Assembly requested the secretary-general in 1978 to update a ten-year-old study on nuclear weapons. A group of experts presented these papers on “the doctrine of deterrence and other theories concerning nuclear weapons” and “the continued quantitative increase and qualitative improvement and development of nuclear-weapon systems.” In 1980 the number of nuclear warheads in the world was

estimated at more than 40,000. This readable book gives statistics, trends, and the inevitably grim effects of nuclear war.

Real Men Enjoy Their Kids: How to Spend Quality Time With the Children in Your Life. By Wenda Goodhart Singer, Stephen Shechtman, and Mark Singer. Abington Press, Nashville, Tenn., 1983. 175 pages. \$6.95/paperback. A useful book for fathers and other men who ask, “What’ll I do with the kids today?” Good ideas for shared household chores, leisure time, and special family times.

Risks of Unintentional Nuclear War. By Daniel Frei with the collaboration of Christian Catrina. United Nations Institute for Disarmament Research, 1982. 255 pages. \$19. The author pinpoints three areas in special danger of causing unintentional nuclear war: the arms race, the development of strategic doctrines, and nuclear proliferation. The purpose of Frei’s study is to “discern the underlying structure of the problem and to identify those areas of knowledge where a consensus can be said to exist, and provide a systematic survey of factors aggravating the risk of unintentional nuclear war and factors reducing it.” This book is a detailed, scholarly addition to the literature of nuclear destruction.

Finding the Quiet Mind. By Robert Ellwood. Theosophical Publishing House, Wheaton, IL 60189, 1983. 155 pages. \$4.50/paperback. This book is about meditation—what Friend Ellwood calls the “practical simplicities of meditation”—not as specifically religious or secular, but as Quiet



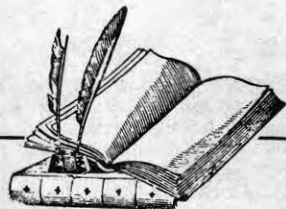
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Poets & Reviewers



Margaret Bacon's article on Henry Cadbury appears on page 9. **Kate de Riel**, a parent and homemaker, is a member of Haverford (Pa.) Meeting. **Peter Fingesten**, 15th Street (N.Y.) Meeting, teaches at Pace University. **Nancy McDowell** is a poetry contributor from Richmond, Ind. A poet and songwriter, **Esther Greenleaf Murer** is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting.

Mind, Mind at Rest. Meditation can be a force for good in everyone's life, for the mind is calmed so that deeper thoughts, ideas, and inspirations have a chance to surface and affect that life. Robert Ellwood includes thoughts about simple living and healthful nutrition as a way of creating a lifestyle in which meditation is possible and fruitful. Friends will find these meditation techniques useful.

When the Wind Blows. By Raymond Briggs. Schocken Books, New York, 1982. \$10.95/hardcover comic book. A story in comic-book form about a nuclear strike on Britain and its aftermath as it affects a retired couple in the countryside. It notes the futility of preparation or shelters.

MILESTONES

Births

Mones—*Harmony Dora Mones* on August 1 to Cammie Virginia Mones. Cammie is a member of New Orleans (La.) Meeting.

Marriages

Sparling-Trent—*Robert Trent* and *Sharon Sparling* on October 15, under the joint care of Centre and Hopewell (Va.) monthly meetings, at Centre Meeting. Robert is a member of Centre Meeting and Sharon is a member of Hopewell Meeting.

Weiss-Riley—On July 9, *Daniel Riley* and *Margaret Weiss* at Hopewell (Va.) Monthly Meeting. Both Dan and Margie are members of Hopewell Meeting.

Deaths

Aldred—*Alice Davis Aldred*, 70, on October 9 in Paoli, Pa., from complications following brain surgery. She had been a piano teacher for many years but at various times had been employed as an office worker by Sandy Spring Friends School, FWCC, George School, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and Pendle Hill. She is survived by her husband, Wendell C. Aldred; a son, Richard W. Aldred; grandchildren, Benjamin and Rebecca; a brother, Robert C. Davis; and three sisters, Catherine D. Stirrup, Elizabeth D. Wolpert, and

Emilie D. Tyson. Alice was a member of Hockessin (Del.) Monthly Meeting.

Bethel—On October 23, *Mary Evans Bethel*, 79, after a long illness. She was a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia (Pa.), and served the meeting in many capacities. Her whole life was marked by service: on the staff of Pendle Hill, on the board of AFSC, and in caring for older relatives. Mary spent some time with the Grenfell Mission in Labrador and later became a registered nurse, working in public health. For two years she and her husband were in Japan. Mary is survived by her husband, Walter Bethel; brother, Henry C. Evans; and sister, Margaret C. Brinton.

Crane—A member of Woodstown (N.J.) Monthly Meeting, *Emily K. Crane* on October 18. She is survived by her husband, Frank M. Crane; sons, Sam Crane and Tom Crane; daughter Sara Crane; sisters, Marion Farley and Dorothy Williams; and two grandchildren.

Erickson—*Charles John Erickson*, 89, on October 26 in Paoli, Pa. He was a member of Valley (Pa.) Friends Meeting and a faithful worker in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting as well as his monthly meeting. His concern for others was clearly reflected in his honorable business practices, in his hospital volunteer work, and in his work with the Boy Scouts, for which he received a merit award. He is survived by two daughters, Grace E. Wommer and Jean E. Kadyk; five grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

Lamb—*Emerson Lamb*, a lifelong member of Stony Run (Md.) Meeting and a member of FRIENDS JOURNAL's board of managers in the 1960s, on October 5 (five days before her 93rd birthday), after a brief illness. Emerson loved the French language and taught it at Roland Park Country School in Baltimore for 43 years. She was deeply interested in the peace movement and the

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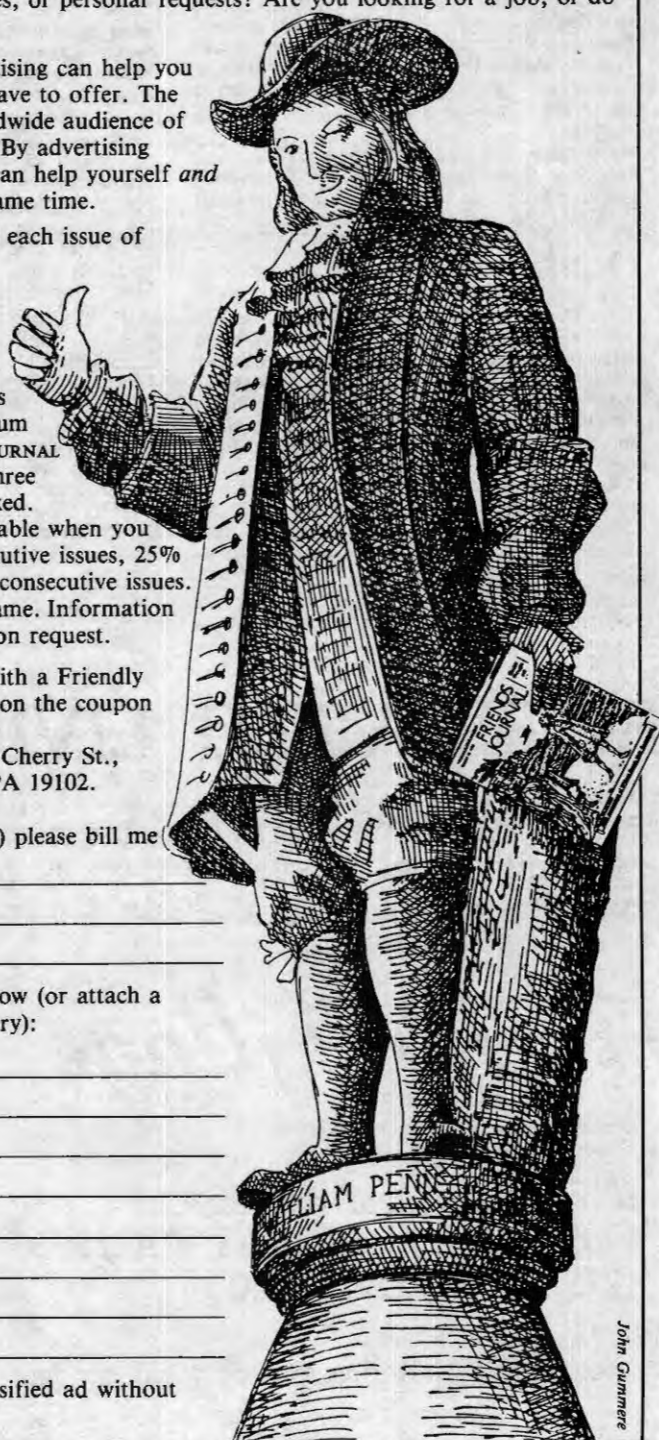
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Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. She was much loved in Stony Run Meeting and beyond for her vocal ministry, her wry humor, her insightful mind, and her independent and questing spirit.

Moon—On October 15, Daniel Moon, 45, at home in New Hope, Pa., after a lengthy illness. He was a lifelong member of Trenton (N.J.) Meeting, president of the Henry R. Fell Co. in Trenton, a board member of Union Industrial Home, the Boy's Club, Mercer Medical Center in Trenton, and vice president of the New Hope Visitor's Council. He is survived by his wife, Barbara Tompkins Moon; daughters, Victoria Moon and Heather Moon; a sister, Diana Moon-Woodward; and his mother, Helen M. Wallace.

Paxson—Chauncey G. Paxson, 84, a long-time resident of Penns Park, on October 7 at Kendall at Longwood, Kennett Square, Pa. A graduate of Haverford College, his interest in young people led him to teach mathematics at George School and take an interim principalship at Buckingham Friends School. For 50 years he and his wife, Dorothy, ran an international boys camp, Camp Pocono, Hawley, Pa. After the camp closed, he continued his assistance to students around the world through Bridges of Understanding, a foundation which helped students with expenses not covered by scholarship funds. He was a member of Wrightstown (Pa.) Friends Meeting and is survived by his wife, Dorothy Simons Paxson; two sons, Edward M. Paxson and Chauncey G. Paxson, Jr.; seven grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

Steele—On September 18 in Seattle, Wash., Dee Steele, 39, of cancer. Dee was an attendee at University (Wash.) Meeting and a member of Concord (N.H.) Meeting. Friends at University Meeting supported her during her last weeks. Dee actively struggled for change in the world—especially in welfare rights—through VISTA and the Brown Lung Association.

West—Agnes Newhall West, 96, a pacifist and pioneer in family planning, on July 25 at her home in Carmel, Calif., after a short illness. She became an active member of Planned Parenthood in Berkeley, Calif., when she moved there in 1912. In 1955, she joined Monterey Peninsula (Calif.) Friends Meeting, which she served as clerk for two years. During the Vietnam War she worked with AFSC and offered her home as sanctuary to men in trouble under the draft laws. She is survived by daughters, Ann Dawson and Frances Peters; a son, John West; seven grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

Resources

- **The 1984 Peace Calendar** put out by the War Resisters League is available now. Titled "Against the Tide," the calendar presents the stories of some of the 40,000 World War II C.O.s. Available at \$5 each or four for \$18 from War Resisters League, 339 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012.

- **Housmans International Peace Diary** for 1984 contains an updated listing of over 1,500 peace organizations and periodicals and illustrated notes on important peace dates. Sturdy, designed to carry in a pocket or bag. \$5 from War Resisters League, 339 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012.

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Again available—Catholic Quakerism by Lewis Benson has just been reprinted with a new introduction by the author. \$4.50 from Friends Book Store, 156 North 15th St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

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Pine Mountain Settlement School. Opportunities to love, understand, and care for the world we live in—a way of life. Offers Appalachian environmental programs for all ages. Qualified staff and extensive library. Write to Jim Urquhart, director, Pine Mountain Settlement School, Pine Mountain, KY 40810.

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."

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Moving to North Carolina? Maybe David Brown, a Quaker real estate broker, can help. Contact him at 1208 Pinewood Drive, Greensboro, NC 27410. (919) 294-2095.

Let a fellow Quaker help you buy or sell a home in South Jersey. William Scanlan, Green Fox Agency, Woodbury. (609) 845-0555.

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