AMONG FRIENDS

Steadiness Is Essential

There is certainly much for us to ponder as 1983 draws to a close and as we begin to anticipate a new year. Many of us, I am sure, have sensed an increasingly dangerous and volatile international situation in recent months as we have experienced a deepening of cold war tensions between East and West.

One of our readers has shared these words by Hölderlin, taken from Robert Bly’s anthology, *News of the Universe*, which I have found to be very helpful just now as I contemplate the world situation:

> Many things, however,  
> Have to stay on the shoulders.  
> Steadiness is essential.

> Forwards, however, or backwards we will  
> Not look. Let us learn to live swaying  
> As in a rocking boat on the sea.

Friends at their best seem to have such a capacity for steadiness when the seas get stormy. I have found it inspirational to read the many reports in monthly meeting newsletters this past fall which describe a great variety of peace-related activities taking place in local communities. Reports from other denominations are exciting to see as well. It has been heartening to see the overwhelming response to the airing of the TV special *The Day After* and to hear of the many positive ways in which individuals have spoken out and taken actions for peace. I look forward to sharing in future issues of the *Journal* more articles and reports on Friends’ efforts for peace.

In the present issue, David Elkinton’s account of a recent visit among the Doukhobors will be of particular interest to many of our readers. And I trust that the samples of Quaker humor which we have collected over the months following the series by Paul Blanshard, Jr., will help to lighten the way for each of us in the new year. Do you have favorite stories and samples of Quaker humor you would like to share with us for a later issue?

Perhaps these words of George Fox best reflect my feelings as I anticipate the beginning of another year:

> Sing and rejoice ye children of the Day  
> and of the Light, for the Lord is at work  
> in the thick of Darkness that may be felt. . . .

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We say good-bye this month to Wendy Abramson, who worked with us in the fall as an intern through the Great Lakes Colleges Association. We wish her well as she returns to Denison University and thank her for all her assistance.

Vinton Deming

January 1/15, 1984
This past summer Hurricane Alicia slammed into Houston, leaving a trail of destruction. Our house was in the eye of the storm, and for the first time I experienced that strange, unnatural calm, preceded and followed by furious winds and slashing rain.

During the lull, my husband ventured cautiously into the back yard to return in a few minutes with a pink rosebud he had rescued from the storm. “It’s like the dove bringing back an olive branch to the ark,” I exclaimed. “I never saw a dove wearing a raincoat and rubber boots,” quipped my daughter.

Soon the calm was over and the other side of the storm roared in. We watched two tall pine trees as the branches swayed nearly to the ground, first in one direction and then in another, as though in a dance choreographed by the wind. In a neighbor’s yard, a small tree was ripped out by the roots. Our street soon flooded, the water creeping ominously over the sidewalk. Within an hour, however, the storm had moved on. Our street— and most of the streets in Houston— resembled a battlefield. Huge tree limbs were strewn across power lines, driveways, and roofs. Broken glass crunched underfoot. We surveyed our yard and felt lucky to have escaped any real property damage.

The hardest thing to bear was the loss of electric power. Houston Lighting and Power worked around the clock, but with 800,000 people without electricity, it took quite awhile to get around to everyone.

We experienced the loss of power by degrees. The first day was not so bad. Brushing your teeth by candlelight is fun—the first time or two. The weather was fairly cool and the food in the refrigerator was still edible.

By the second day the milk was sour. Mel went out in search of ice. Not a sliver to be found! Nothing worked! The toaster wouldn’t toast, the vacuum cleaner wouldn’t clean, the dishwasher and washing machine wouldn’t wash. It was hot! The question on everyone’s lips was, “When will the power come on?”

By the third day our dispositions were sour. Still no ice available in the stores. Candlelight was losing its charm. We faced up to the dismal job of cleaning out the refrigerator and the freezer. Out went the formerly frozen chickens, the cherry pie, the hamburger. (In this hungry world who can throw away food without feeling troubled and guilty?) A friend arrived in the late afternoon, bringing a tray of ice cubes, more precious than rubies. It was hotter still! “When will the power come on?”

Sitting in the humid darkness with our candle, we began to reflect.

What would happen if that other Power, the one that recharges our spirits, were to go out of our lives and our meetings? Would we also feel its absence by degrees? Would we at first feel only slightly apathetic, perhaps reluctant to attend meeting for business? Would we then begin to notice a decrease in our sensitivity to others? Might we finally become aware that our meetings for worship had become dry and boring? Even worse, what if some Friends did not even notice that the power had gone out, since they were never really sure it was there in the first place!

It will be only a matter of time until someone comes to repair the hurricane damage. The right switch will be turned, power will flow through the lines, and our appliances will spring to life.

But what about the Power in our meetings? I do not believe that Power and Light have disappeared from the Society of Friends. The Light comes from God and can be neither augmented nor diminished. I do suggest that the increasing darkness of our times makes it more urgent for us to seek the Light and live in it. But how do we do this?

A number of contemporary Quaker writers, such as John Yungblut, Douglas Steere, and Elfrida Vipont Foulds, point the way. Their terminology is different, but their message seems much the same. Our Society has been revitalized in the past by the extent to which individual Friends were willing to work on their own spiritual growth. This is also true today. In our time we can buy instant coffee but not instant spirituality. No magic switch turns on the Light.

We must be willing to spend time every day in contemplation and prayer and to undertake the even more difficult task of trying to carry the Light with us through the day. We must go gladly into the darkness and wait for God. Then we will begin to come to our meetings for worship as prepared channels. There our measure of Light will be joined to that of others present, and by this increased illumination we will find our way.

When we have the Light, the Power comes on!

WHEN WILL THE POWER COME ON?

FRIENDS JOURNAL January 1/15, 1984
I have been on retreat, alone with my Bible and my journal and 100 acres of gentle Connecticut countryside. I huddle contentedly under the too-thin blankets, taking in the early sounds of Canada geese and smaller birds scrabbling across the roof of the tiny camper which is my house for this week. I could lie here indefinitely, but I need another layer of clothing to ward off the chill. I emerge from my cocoon, stretch, and glancing at my watch discover with surprise that it is only six o'clock.

I am altogether surprised at how conscious of time I've become. With a whole week of unscheduled days ahead of me, I had anticipated that time wouldn't much matter. Yet I find myself ticking off the days and hours in my mind. "Let's see... today is Wednesday... five more days left. How long before my evening cup of tea? How much time have I been at prayer?" That sort of thing. Might it be, in fact, directly related to the fact that my time here is unscheduled? It is like a kind of free-floating anxiety that results from unhooking oneself from plans and agendas and projects. Perhaps it has to do with deprivation; having decided to fast

Avis Crowe serves on the housekeeping staff of Pendle Hill. She is currently writing a book about Koinonia Partners in Georgia.
while I’m here, I find myself counting the days until I can eat again. There is also the sense in which I experience this time as separate from all other time, counting the days until I am “back.”

I notice I am better now at judging time by the position of the sun. I should like to allow myself to live by that alone during my days here. At one point I considered letting my watch run down and simply letting the time flow as it would (anyway!), carrying me along with it. I couldn’t bring myself to do it. I keep my watch wound and easily accessible. More than just habit, I am aware of a deeper instinct toward safety, security. Somehow, no matter what else may be going on, if I know what time it is, then I know who and what and where I am. Absurd, but there it is.

How time-bound we are in this culture, completely ignoring the rhythms of nature, our own bodies and psyches! In spite of increasing recognition that we each have very individual inner clocks, we continue to operate on timetables that are tied to paychecks and vacations and “free time” as opposed to “work time.” There is always within us an imaginary ticking that says we’ve only got so much time.

“I don’t have time” is, after all, an inaccurate phrase. We all have time. We each choose to use it differently. When I tell someone I don’t have time, what I’m really saying is that I’m using my time for something or someone else now. Choice again. It always comes back to personal choice. I imagine it takes time to come out from under such culturally induced compulsions. The seeds of such compulsions are planted early, in the fertile soil of the family. Most of us grow up with a litany of admonitions: “hurry up, it’s time to go to school . . . time to stop . . . time to start . . . you don’t have much time . . . your time’s up, turn in your papers . . . sorry, I don’t have time . . . maybe another time . . . naptime, lunchtime, bedtime . . . you’re wasting my time . . . have the time of your life.”

Time always seems to be something to be guarded against, to be measured out in dribs and drabs each with its own label. Where, I ponder, is the sense of joy and wonder that we have been thrown gleefully into the stream of infinity—to be as we will and do what we have to do—without regard to limits? How often are we encouraged to take as long as we want, or as long as we need, to do something without fear of penalty? I suppose that would play havoc with schedules and deadlines. (Though I recall with delight my friend telling me of waiting for hours for a bus in Zaire, where apparently public transportation runs with a blatant disregard for the printed timetable. Everyone seemed to take it all in stride, eventually getting to where they needed to be.)

If we could unlock ourselves from the constraints of time, there might be just enough chaos to breed some real joy, celebration, and creativity. As it is, all too often in our society time is squashed into quarter-hour boxes to be accounted for and billed to the proper client. I glance over the meadow and pond and trees and sky and wonder how they’ve managed to survive for eons without clocks. They seem to thrive on their own inner cycles and seasons and rhythms that are a natural expression of the essence of each living being, plant and animal. Could it not be so with us if we would only allow it to be so? There is work to be done; we will do it. We have to eat; our bodies will tell us when and how much if we will listen. But what trust that takes! What a revolution in lifestyle. Can we afford not to live that way?

I am going to try being less mindful of clock time and more attuned to my own inner time and the time I share with the universe. I have already begun to experience this in small measure and to trust those personal rhythms. But I still get caught. I allow myself to get pinched by job time, free time; I paralyze myself into states of anxiety and fear and loneliness and despair because of time and a false attachment to the time I’ve wasted, or the time I have left.

I find my words turning into a prayer. Dear God of all time and all creatures, help me to live fully within this cycle of infinity that is your gift to me. Make me less fearful of the measure of time and more fully alive in the time that simply is. Help me to live time, not just to use it; to breathe it in and return it in acts of love and presence. Help me, even now, within the constraints of a full-time job and responsibilities, to seek ways to be in time, not just getting through it, marking it, killing it. For each moment simply is. Not for something else, but for itself. Help me to live into that way of being that honors time while paying no attention to it; that respects and lives out of my own rhythms and seasons that might—and often do—run counter to those of others. Perhaps the first thing I must do is to acknowledge that it is not my time in the first place.

Amen.
RECOGNIZING DAWN

Before you stretch out your hand and turn the morning on, comes that one moment of recognition when you and the universe, all the silent little colors, the unobtrusive sounds, the unguarded hills, gardens, people, the squirrel with the nut halfway to its mouth, shadows caught in the act of attaching themselves to their owners—there comes that one fulfilling moment when earth slows in its orbit, and without words, we know.

—Alice Mackenzie Swaim

POTTER’S PRAYER

Teach me, God, the pace of days, the rhythm of the budding trees. Let me emulate the slow unfolding of the wet-winged butterfly, the star’s slow march across the sky.

My life is fragile, like the clay; my haste will tear unsightly holes. I do not want a tattered life; Let me treat Your gift with care.

Teach me, God, the pace of days, of growing things, and stars.

—Frankie Elkington
MORNING THOUGHTS

Everything is so much farther away than it used to be.
It is twice as far to the corner,
And it seems to me
They have added a hill.
I have given up running for the bus,
As it leaves faster than it used to.
It seems to me
They are making the stairs steeper than they used to
In the old days.
And have you noticed the small print
They now use in the newspapers and in the books?
There is no sense asking anyone to read aloud.
Everyone talks so low
I can hardly hear them.
It is almost impossible now to reach my shoelaces.
Even people are changing;
They are so much younger than they used to be
When I was their age.
On the other hand, people my own age are so much older
than I am.
I ran into an old friend, and he aged so much
He did not recognize me.
I got to thinking about the poor man
While I was combing my hair this morning,
And in doing so
I glanced at my own reflection.
Confound it, they don't make mirrors like they used to.
Everything seems to be farther away from me,
But while I grow older,
I feel, only one comes near to me: Our Lord!

WHOLE

I am river
    giving flow
    of myself
    to the sea
    and
I am ocean
    giving consent—
    whole and holy
    this ebb and flow
    of me

—Emily Sargent Councilman

—George Loewenstein
Three Prayers for the Nuclear Age

by Don Calhoun

What a fantastic and unbelievable situation we have got ourselves into over the last 38 years, where the political power struggles once fought with spears, muskets, and TNT are now waged with threats of human annihilation. How do we pray about this incredible situation? It occurs to me that there are three levels on which we can respond.

There are those who will pray, "God damn the chutzpah of the world's exploiting elites who put the human species on the line for their own profit, power, and prestige." We might feel that this imprecation is blasphemy, not prayer. Then I remember that Harry Emerson Fosdick, one of the great religious leaders of my youth, once said that "God damn war" is a profound, literal, and appropriate appeal to divinity. Today there can be no doubt that the U.S. capitalist elite and the Soviet Communist elite, each 1 percent or less of its population, hold the other 99 percent of humanity as nuclear hostages. Since human intervention doesn't seem to reach these exploiting elites, some would appeal for divine justice to smite them.

As I think about this prayer, I remember a conversation I had a quarter of a century ago with a man somewhat younger than myself. The subject was anger. I told him that we have no right to be angry at anyone except the exploiters of this world. His reply was, "No, Don, not even them." From a Jewish vegetarian pacifist agnostic, I had received a Christian, even a Quaker, answer. He had led me to our second prayer for the nuclear age: "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

I read an article in the Nation in which Mark Green claims, with exhaustive documentation, that Ronald Reagan has perpetrated a stream of persistent half-truths, omissions, and outright lies unmatched by any recent U.S. president. After documenting Reagan's mendacity, Green then asks, why? The answer is an equally careful analysis whose upshot is that Reagan really can't help himself. He is 30 years out of touch with the real world. He is an actor whose profession is to project fantasy. Also, he really believes his own distortions, half-truths, and untruths. I imagine a similar analysis could be made for his Russian counterpart, Andropov, and for the "power elites" who surround both leaders.

All "know not what they do" because they are swept along by two competing military-industrial complexes that compulsively pursue power even when it contradicts not only common humanity but also their own material interests. U.S. and Soviet leaders know not what they do in another sense. In both societies, as in all societies, both the 1 percent and the 99 percent have been subjected by family, school, and media to a "cultural brainwashing" that makes it impossible for any of them to view the myths of their own and competing systems objectively. In Florida schools, for example, state law requires a course in "democracy versus communism" which plays down the shortcomings of capitalism and the strengths of communism. Soviet schools follow a similar "party line" in reverse.

Furthermore, the elites know not what they do because the brainwashing latches onto ego needs. A small-town boy from the Middle West whose family, like many of us, was bailed out by the New Deal money desperately needs to believe that he has risen to power and affluence and the applause of the mighty solely on his own merits. He has a compulsive mission to keep government off the back of "free enterprise," while he combats the Communist devil who would rob others of their chance for his success story.

My first two prayers both set the nuclear crisis—on one level correctly—within the framework of class conflict. The first, no matter what the faith of the petitioner, appeals to the wrathful justice of the Old Testament Jehovah. The second appeals to the universalistic forgiving love of the New Testament. Neither, I think, rises to the best level of the tradition of Friends. To love our enemies is more universalistic than hating them, but it is not universalistic enough. The world is still split between us and them, and as long as it is, our loving understanding can be a little patronizing and self-righteous.

The third prayer is "Forgive us for playing God with the human future." David McReynolds, a well-known peace activist, points out the possible human tragedy of our species having arrived at the equation $E=MC^2$ (the theoretical basis for atomic fission and fusion) prematurely, before we developed the techniques for social living that such a discovery requires. David did not say so, but I think he was telling us that for all of the human species (exploiters and exploited alike), the bomb represents the "original sin" of appropriating knowledge and power over Creation that belongs only to the Creator.

In this context, what does it mean for all of us to pray to be forgiven for the hubris of playing God with Creation? I think it means we must first acknowledge our complicity: the "sin" was, and is, financed by the taxes of nuclear lunatics, other brainwashed believers, and also of members of SANE, Common Cause, Physicians for Social Responsibility, and the Society of Friends. To pray for forgiveness means, I believe, reaching down into the silence for the wisdom and courage to renounce our complicity; it means transmitting the energy of our dismay, anger, and despair into creative action that will curb the potentially disastrous results of our premature knowledge, so that we may eventually use it for purposes both human and divine.

Donald W. Calhoun, professor of sociology at the University of Miami, is the author of The Oceanic Quest: Toward a Religion Beyond Illusion. He is co-clerk of the Peace and Social Concerns Committee of Miami-Coral Gables (Fla.) Meeting.
Bacon Evans was at a meeting when a temperance topic got presented by a worshiper—for 30 minutes. Ruffled, he arose and said: “If people would use more temperance in their speech, others would not have to practice total abstinence!”

Douglas Steere

The Langley Hill (Va.) Friend recounts the story of “a Friend from Indiana in the last century who once journeyed to visit the fabled metropolis of Philadelphia. After sojourning a while, this Friend approached a weighty elder and remarked that Philadelphia Quakers did not seem to do much traveling. ‘Well, Friend,’ the elder replied, ‘as thee can see, we are already here.’”

Tourist: “Say, are you a downeast Yankee or a Kansas farmer?”
Man: “Neither. I am a Quaker.”
Tourist: “Haw! Haw! Let me hear you say something in Quaker.”
Man: “Nuts to thee.”

from The Living Light

One rainy day, the late Stanley Yarnall, known best to Friends as principal of Germantown Friends School, came in late to a yearly meeting subcommittee meeting that I was chairing at 20 South 12th Street with a dripping umbrella. He greeted us as follows:

“I must tell you about this umbrella. I was waiting under an awning near the Reading Terminal for the rain to let up. A young man came hurrying by with an umbrella. Thinking I might get him to share it if I found he and I were going in the same direction, and to emphasize my lack of one, I called jocularly, ‘Say young man, where did you get that umbrella?’ He looked at me, stopped short, and with a sheepish grin dropped the umbrella abruptly and ran off at full speed. There was no one else around, so I picked it up, and here it is. Now what do I do with it?”

Ralph Preston

Powell House attenders who have enjoyed the delicious homemade meals will appreciate this: During a committee weekend Elizabeth Moger from Westbury Meeting was observed at the breakfast table constructing a delight made of layers of granola, yogurt, applesauce, stewed wheatberries, and fruit, topped with strawberry jam. Someone across the table remarked that it looked like a sundae. “No,” said Elizabeth without a pause, “it’s a First-dae.”

Source Unknown

In the days when the ice jam between the two largest national bodies of Quakers in the United States was just beginning to thaw, the Central Committee of Friends General Conference asked its chairman, Bliss Forbush of Baltimore, to carry a letter of esteem and good fellowship to the Five Years Meeting (now Friends United Meeting) gathering in Richmond, Indiana. Bliss and La Verne Forbush drove to Richmond and gave the letter to the clerk.

At the opening session of FUM, minutes of fellowship were read from London Yearly Meeting, East Africa, Alaska, and other bodies. With some hesitation, at the end of these greetings, the minute from Friends General Conference was read. After some moments of silence, the speaker of the evening was introduced, a weighty Evangelical Quaker from California. Following a suitable pause the Friend from the far west said, “Coming to the Five Years Meeting must be something like going to heaven, you may be surprised at whom you meet.”

Bliss Forbush

The coziest case I remember of the plain speech was when a weighty American Friend held a cab door for a girl with the words: “After thee, honey.”

Ben Vincent, from The Friend (London)

There are two main types of Friends—pasteurized and homogenized. Pasteurized Friends are carefully protected against impurities. Homogenized Friends are all shook up together. Both types are safely bottled up.

Source Unknown

Gretchen, a younger member of Nashville Friends Meeting, was asked by Hibbard, an older member, if she would lead a discussion on “Sharing your experiences of growth in the life of the Spirit” during the hour following meeting for worship. After having agreed hesitantly to do so she agonized long over whether she really had the courage to take on this responsibility. She later told us that she awoke with a start from her troubled sleep the night before she was to lead, thinking she heard her name called twice. After swallowing hard she found herself responding: “Here am I, Lord, send Hibbard!”

Nelson Fuson
LOOKING FOR ANSWERS

by Judith B. Kerman

The religious impulse appears to be based on a very small set of universal existential questions: Who am I? Why am I here? How should I live my life? Children ask questions like these; no one outgrows them, although many try to put them aside. The fundamental issue is complex. How is something as fragile and evidently as finite as my conscious life in this body related to the rest of the cosmos, which appears to be infinite and powerful?

I believe that all religions start from the effort to answer these questions. All of them contain methods for finding the unique answer which responds to the life needs of each individual, and prefabricated answers provided by ritual, creed, and ornately circumscribed traditions of speculative thought. For most people, these traditions simply appear to be more of a hindrance than a help in the often unconscious search for personal experience of truth. Whether it be ritual, sacred text, or expression of belief, the patterns of traditional religion build around themselves a reverential, sentimental, and usually authoritarian atmosphere. They discourage the seeker, sometimes in overt ways, from looking with clear eyes and searching with an open heart or, occasionally, a healthy skepticism based on experience of life.

The great religious reformers, including George Fox, St. Francis of Assisi, the Baal Shem Tov, the Buddha, Moses, and Jesus, all attempted to strip away the accretions of bureaucratic structure, ritual, and reverential blindness which had grown around their peoples' original experience of the sacred. The Society of Friends was indeed founded in the effort to provide a manner of religious life which would revile the pure experience of such early stages in religion.

A crucial debate now going on in many meetings has surfaced fairly often lately in the pages of FRIENDS JOURNAL. It is even more intense, perhaps, in conversations after meeting, and comes down finally to the question of what is the root of Quakerism. Is it Christianity? Or is it the search for the Light which can only be revealed through each individual, whatever aspect it wears? Are these two things the same? This is in fact the same issue whose 19th-century wounds have only recently begun to heal, and so some Friends are rightly afraid of it. Yet it cannot be put off, nor the pretense sustained that it does not exist or does not matter.

The method of religious seeking and waiting for revelation which has been the manner of Friends from the time of Fox is a very wise and challenging practice on which to found a religious community. Unlike most religious practices throughout recorded history, it was openly intended to support the individual and corporate search for the answers to fundamental questions, rather than to perpetuate reverential or organizational structures and traditions. For those who hold to a specifically Christian belief, Quaker practice is a constant examination of the most radical implications of Christian teachings. For other Friends, including me, teachers other than Jesus speak more clearly, or we cannot overlook the less benevolent and attractive aspects of historic Christianity. We find in Quakerism a spiritually compelling combination of encouragement of our individual seeking and communal support and discipline. Our numbers within the silent meetings of the Society, I believe, are greater than many suppose.

The discussion among Friends about the fundamental character of the Society and its practice must, above all, remain a discussion of practice. To seek to move too closely to questions of doctrine and belief, to fail to reaffirm and support the vitality of our diversity, would be profoundly dangerous, because it would almost certainly replace the wisdom of our process with dogma. Quakerism is not a theology but a process of opening ourselves to individual and corporate experience of the sacred. Whatever we do, as our Society moves and changes through its fourth century, we must support that spiritually nourishing process.

I live and worshiping in the manner of Friends, a seeker tries to read his or her own life as a sacred text. It is my belief that one of Friends' most radical departures from the Society's Christian ancestry is this attempt to live a sacred life within history, an endeavor which has more in common with historic Judaism in some ways than with traditional Christianity. It is an ongoing attempt to find direct answers to those three crucial questions: Who am I? Why am I here? How should I live my life?

Those who seek such answers in their own lives, with or without the support of a religious tradition, find them revealed in the most unexpected places, in small steps, in experiences which perhaps rarely feel like revelation. Yet the answers do come if the questions are asked consistently and sincerely, in the silence of meeting or in everyday life. The Light in us responds, and constant small experiences of this reality help us to avoid despair. With these experiences, in large ways and small, our lives are irrevocably changed.

The Quaker process is an ongoing opportunity for each of us to contribute to and be enlightened by the unbroken conversation which Friends have been having with each other and the sacred since our beginning. We must not be satisfied with prefabricated answers and soothing, short-term solutions to the distress that we can unquestionably experience when we ask ultimate questions. We must instead nurture and treasure the special form in which Quakerism has revealed to us the sacred path, unique for each of us and yet traveled together. It is the most precious gift which our history as an organized religious community could have given us, a manner of practice by which to help each other seek the answers to those root questions of the spirit: Who am I? Why am I here? How should I live my life?

Judith B. Kerman is a poet, administrator, and member of the faculty of Kent State University. She is a member of the Ann Arbor (Mich.) Meeting, sojourning with the Kent (Ohio) Meeting.
I was sent to turn people from darkness to the light that they might receive Jesus Christ, for to as many as receive him in his light, I saw that he would give the power to the sons [and daughters] of God, to even them that believe on his name.”

It came to me suddenly that these words were the foundation stone of Quakerism.

It was not as if I were unfamiliar with the text, and I recently had read in George Fox’s Journal, “Now I was sent to turn people from darkness to the light that they might receive Jesus Christ, for to as many as receive him in his light, I saw that he would give the power to the sons [and daughters] of God, to even them that believe on his name.”

During my reading of the Journal I had been wondering at Fox’s remarkable capacity to resist stress. Time and again he faced the stress of meeting with a group of “professors” who were determined to catch him out in his teaching. Then there was the stress of knowingly walking into situations of great personal physical danger. Fox seemed to have the capacity of the modern hero of detective stories who gets beaten up one day and goes to work on the next as if nothing had happened:

But the people fell upon me with their fists, books, and without compassion or mercy beat me down in the steeplehouse and almost smothered me in it, being under them. And sorely was I bruised in the steeplehouse, and they threw me against the walls and when they had thrust and thrown me out of the steeplehouse, when I came into the yard I fell down, being so sorely bruised and beat among them. And I got up again and then they punched and thrust and struck me up and down and they set me in the stocks and brought a whip to whip me, but did not. And as I sat in the stocks they threw stones at me, and my head, arms, breast, shoulders, back, and sides were so bruised that I was mazed and dazzled with the blows.

He was then taken to a magistrate at a knight’s house where he had to reason with “many great persons” before being released. As he left he was threatened with pistols. Fox continued:

And I was scarce able to go or well to stand, by reason of ill-usage. . . . I was so bruised that I could not turn in my bed, and bruised inwardly at my heart, but after a while the power of the Lord went through me and healed me, that I was well, glory be to the Lord for ever.

How, I wondered, had he managed it? I now saw that he had managed it...
And sometimes they would turne uppe my Coate, and see for my Leather Britches, and then they would be in a Rage. — George Fox his Journal

exactly as he said, for George Fox took the words of John at their face value and received the same power that was given to the Apostles when they were sent out, two by two, by Jesus to preach and to heal. Fox had the power to preach and to convince, and he also had the power to heal as in this account:

And there was a boy lying in the cradle which they rocked, about eleven years old. He was grown almost double, and I cast my eye upon the boy and seeing he was dirty, I bid the lass wash his face and his hands and get him up and bring him unto me. So she brought him to me and I bid her take him and wash him again for she had not washed him clean, then I was moved of the Lord God to lay my hands upon him and speak to him, and so bid the lass take him again and put on his clothes, and after, we passed away.

Sometime later he called at the house and met the mother, who told him that all the country was convinced that he had wrought a great miracle, for after Fox had gone the parents came home and found the boy playing in the street.

In his Journal is an account of Fox's meeting with two Jesuits. The Jesuits had said that of all the sects the Quakers were the best and most self-denying people and it was a great pity that they did not return to the mother church. They therefore had wanted to talk with George Fox.

As soon as they met, Fox asked the Jesuits whether they were in the same power and practice as in the Apostles' time. The Jesuits replied that it was a presumption for any to say that they had the same power and spirit that the Apostles had. So Fox "showed them that what they were doing was all in a spirit of presumption," and the meeting came to a close on a note of acrimony.

When I first read this, my reaction was how boorish it was of George Fox not to engage the Jesuits in wider conversation, since they had come in amity, but I now realize that Fox had asked the essential question, "Have you received the power given to the Apostles that we have received?" It was precisely because of the experiential reality of this power that by the time of George Fox's death one out of every hundred people in England had become a Friend.

As so often happens, this inheritance was passed only in a limited way to the second generation of Friends and only sporadically to the third generation. The Society of Friends declined; Friends no longer believed that they were in the same power as the Apostles and that to all who believe in his name he gives the power to become the children of God.

If that power could be invoked in the 17th century, could it be invoked again in the 20th? How many of us now deny or choose not to develop powers that we believe we may possess because it would set us apart from the community? How much less therefore would we be willing even to think that it might be possible to receive the power to prophesy, to teach, and to heal?

What would be the consequences if Pendle Hill, Earlham School of Religion, and Woodbrooke were to assert the Friends' original doctrine that all who receive Jesus and believe in his name would receive the power that the early Friends had?

Today we know that the world we live in is sick, but we do not know how to bring about a healing. We are concerned with armaments, with the misuse of resources, with pollution, with injustice in political systems and inequality in economic systems, with poverty, and with hunger and disease. We protest as best we can and hope for the growth of a "paradigm shift" that will change people's consciousness, but, in truth, we do not know how this can be brought about. We know that we lack the power.

George Fox's belief that he had received the power to become a son of God led to the building of the Society of Friends. This was the foundation stone upon which early Friends' faith in making witness and surviving persecution was based. Was this power real or was George Fox a crank? Could it happen again? Could it be used to transform our world?

What dost thou say?
the Quaker-Doukhobor Connection

northeastern Washington.

Our four-day visit in Doukhobor communities has personal significance to me for several reasons.

Joseph S. Elkinton, my great-grandfather, made four trips to Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1899, on behalf of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting (Arch Street), to meet the ships bringing 7,500 Doukhobors from Russia to settle on land granted to them by the Canadian government. My grandfather, Joseph Elkinton, also visited them in Saskatchewan, where they settled first, and wrote a history about this group of Russian pacifists who had suffered much persecution in czarist Russia.

In the course of his business travels, my father, J. Passmore Elkinton, visited Doukhobors in British Columbia and Saskatchewan. On one of these trips, I at the age of 12 went with him.

So for all of these reasons, Marian and I both looked forward very much to renewing acquaintance with our Doukhobor friends. Our expectations were greatly exceeded.

The Kootenay River flows into the Columbia at Castlegar. The clarity of the Kootenay's water inspired the Doukhobors, who settled there some 20 years after emigrating from Russia, to call their community Brilliant.

We visited the Kootenay-Doukhobor Historical Museum, with its many dramatic displays of pictures and furnishings in a replica of the original square two-story houses that were made of pink local brick. The original buildings are now nearly all gone, replaced by modern housing. But I recall the 30 "villages" in this community of long ago, when, as they now carefully explain, each village consisted of two such large houses, with eight small bedrooms on the second floor. Parents and children slept on flat wooden beds—end-to-end with parents' and children's feet touching. The prayer room and a large kitchen were on the first floor. Additional sleeping quarters and other outbuildings in the rear completed each village. As many as 60 people lived in such a compact but simple and orderly village. (The present Doukhobor population in the Castlegar community is around 1,800—out of a total of about 5,000.)

We visited their new community center in Brilliant, near the site of the old jam factory, as well as the secondary school and the hospital, where we were introduced to several elderly Doukhobor women, of whom the eldest was 106! Another meaningful stop was at the gravesite of Peter Verigin, who led the Doukhobors from Russia. Nearby are the graves of his son Peter and the mother of John J. Verigin, the present honorary chairman of their communal organization, the Union of Spiritual Communities of Christ.

We enjoyed a family dinner in the home of Peter and Polly Samoyloff. Peter teaches math and Russian in the local secondary school. (I first made his acquaintance in 1969, when I represented Philadelphia Yearly Meeting at the celebration in Kamsack, Saskatchewan, of the 70th anniversary of the arrival of the Doukhobors in Canada.)

We had a long evening discussion of many aspects of Quaker and Doukhobor customs and traditions, especially those relating to marriage. In this home and others, grace is spoken in Russian both before and after the meal, while everyone stands.

One sad note: the Sons of Freedom,
a small group of radicals who feel they are called upon to protest the Doukhobor community leadership and the growth in education and schools, make their objections known by going naked on public occasions and burning both their private and public buildings. To reduce the arson threat, Doukhobors must guard their buildings. This has been a very heavy burden for the Doukhobors in Canada. Less than one percent are involved in such criminal activity, but they have caused millions of dollars in property damage and the loss of many irreplaceable things. Most burdensome is the exploitation of these sad events by the press, so that most Canadian and U.S. citizens stigmatize all Doukhobors with the criminal acts of this splinter group. The community of Doukhobors finally now has been able to plead their case before a provincial commission (as have the Sons of Freedom). We hope these efforts to bring an end to this great burden to the peaceful lives of these fine, Christian people, whose official policy has always included strict adherence to nonviolence, will be successful.

About 70 miles west of Castlegar is Grand Forks, at the confluence of the Granby and the Kettle rivers. We were especially privileged to meet various individuals and to bring messages of goodwill and support from Friends.

At the MIR ("Peace") Publication Society and Book Store, we met Jim Popoff, the manager. He called Jim Koselnikoff, assistant manager of the U.S.C.C. office nearby, and we all had a fine lunch of Doukhobor foods. Then we toured the Cultural Center and the U.S.C.C. office and met Peter Soloveoff, the editor of Iskra (Spark), their Russian language weekly, which has an English section.

A drive through the lovely “Sunshine Valley,” which lived up to its name during our whole visit, brought us to the home of Peter and Mary Bloodoff for another family dinner and opportunity for more fellowship.

John J. Verigin called for us after dinner and introduced us to a group of 20 or so at the Cultural Center, where we shared with them some information about Quaker faith, practice, customs, and humor. Following a frank discussion period, a very well made documentary film about life in the different seasons of the year in Moscow was shown.

Our final farewells were said, after we had glimpsed again the Sunshine Valley from the Mt. View Doukhobor Museum, where old-time furniture, farm implements, and household utensils are displayed in an original square house.

Loaded with many gifts of food, hand-carved ladles, and many copies of "MIR" with its fascinating tape recorded interviews with Doukhobor leaders, we drove west over the border and over the dramatic switchbacks, down long mountain roads to Osoyoos, where we crossed back into the United States.

"Toil and Peaceful Life" is a favorite phrase of the Doukhobors. Our all too brief visit has brought into sharp focus the tremendous toil of both past and present generations as they have created a peaceful life for themselves—indeed for all humankind—against very great odds. Their sacrifices for their faith are a beacon to all men and women of goodwill. Their publications and their rebuilt community and cultural halls carry the dove of peace where all can see it.
RUTH PERERA:
Service in the Quaker Tradition

by Jennie H. Allen

The Order of the Sacred Treasure, Fourth Class, was awarded in the name of the Emperor of Japan to Ruth Perera at the Japanese Consulate in New York City on May 20, 1983. Few women are thus honored, although among the women who have been are two other Quakers, Elizabeth Gray Vining and Esther Rhoads.

Ruth Perera was honored for her continuous promotion of friendship and understanding between Japanese and American women and for her long devotion to Nichibei Fujinkai, the Japanese-American women's association. A longtime member of the association, which was founded in 1958, she has devoted herself to helping the wives of Japanese businessmen posted to New York adapt to American life by gathering them at her house for English conversation and guidance.

Her interest in Japanese-American relations began when Ruth and her husband, Charles Perera, hosted two of the Hiroshima Maidens in 1955. In a project initiated by Norman Cousins, 24 young women who as children had been disfigured during the bombing of Hiroshima, were brought to this country for plastic and reconstructive surgery and emotional counseling. Between sessions at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York City, Shigeko Niimoto and Masako Wada stayed in the Perera household and became friends with the Pereras' five teen-agers.

Jennie H. Allen, a member of Scarsdale (N.Y.) Meeting, is editor of the meeting newsletter, a member of Overseers and of the Peace and Social Concerns Committee. She retired from the publishing division of the U.N. Secretariat in 1978. She has been concerned about peace and disarmament since her First-day school days in Flushing (N.Y.) Meeting.

Recently daughter Ellen Perera "rediscovered" Shigeko Niimoto Sasamori on a TV show on which Shigeko was being interviewed regarding her experience in Hiroshima. Shigeko is featured in a film, Race to Oblivion, produced by the Physicians for Social Responsibility. She has been traveling with the film, showing it at meetings, schools, and churches to promote her belief that war is useless and that love does not have to be defined by blood or race. She refers in her talk to the love that was extended to her by strangers when she, "the enemy," arrived in the United States as a young girl and was taken in and embraced by the Pereras and the Cousinses.

Ruth Brinton was born to Retta Hoopes and Clement Starr Brinton in Washington, D.C, where her father was working for the Department of Agriculture. Shortly thereafter, they moved to the Philadelphia area.

Ruth graduated from Westtown in 1923. After studying physical education and athletics at Temple University, she taught at Westtown for five years and then married Charles Perera in 1932. While starting their family in New York City, she attended Teachers College, Columbia University, receiving a B.S. in education.

In 1939, Ruth and Charles moved to Scarsdale, New York, where they reared their five children. Ruth's tremendous energy and the Quaker tradition of service in which she grew up carried her into community activity, at first in the PTA, then as a Girl Scout leader.

The family joined Purchase Meeting, but after a few years found that wartime gas rationing was making the trip to Purchase more and more difficult. Ruth and Charles with a few others formed a nucleus out of which grew Scarsdale Meeting, which first gathered in the basement of the Pereras' home. The group soon outgrew the basement, and Ruth found space in the Scarsdale Girl Scout House. In 1949 the meeting began building its own meetinghouse and about 150 families now belong.

In addition, Ruth found time and energy for wider Quaker activities. She
Committee for Consultation, having adults from some 62 countries. Over the years they have hosted students in 1977. She was on the board of the New York Friends Center and was the first chairperson of the Quaker House Committee, of which she is still a member. Quaker House, in New York City, is used in conjunction with the Quaker United Nations Office, a joint AFSC/FWCC project which observes and lobbies at the U.N. She was also the first president of the Powell House Committee, which oversees the New York Yearly Meeting retreat center.

The Pereras' guest book shows that over the years they have hosted students and adults from some 62 countries. Among those welcomed into the Perera home to stay for various periods of time were Young Uck Kim and Duk Ju Kim, brother and sister musicians who were wards of the Pereras, and Mildred Chang, who, under Perera sponsorship, went to Westtown and Bryn Mawr. More than 20 years ago, the now-famous Tokyo String Quartet took shape in the Pereras' house, where the second violinist, Yoshiko Nakura, lived for six years.

In between, Ruth Perera found time to become a skilled silversmith. Her service pieces were exhibited at the New York World's Fair in 1965, and she occasionally models her own jewelry. She cultivates a lovely garden, and each First-day morning she places a beautiful (often Japanese) flower arrangement in the Scarsdale Meetinghouse. After meeting for worship, the flowers are sent to a sick Friend or given to a Friend who does not have a garden.

Everything Ruth Perera has accomplished in her life—community service, international relations, Quaker activities—has stemmed from her strong religious beliefs.

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Fellowship and Renewal at Annual Meeting of FCNL

The Annual Meeting of the Friends Committee on National Legislation, held November 10-13 in Chevy Chase, Maryland, was a time of fellowship and inspiration. Since this was the year when special attention did not have to be given to setting legislative priorities for a new congressional term, opportunity was available to explore the theme, "Dimensions of the Future." On the opening evening, Stephen L. Klimeberg from Houston discussed "Perceptions, Values, and Attitudes in a Time of Rapid Change." He stressed developments pointing toward the transition to a sustainable
People are transforming their lifestyles and expectations so as to make accommodations to preserve the fragile biological systems of a finite planet.

On Friday morning, U.S. Representative Robert Edgar, from Pennsylvania, discussed "Early Signals of Change." He is chair of the Congressional Clearinghouse on the Future, a group that endeavors to steer congressional thinking into areas of long-range planning.

The reports from the FCNL legislative workers on Capitol Hill brought the group face-to-face with present-day realities. Ruth Flower spoke of poverty in the United States.

Robert Edgar, from Pennsylvania, discussed arms race. Frances Neely had the difficult task of finding signs of hope in the situation now prevailing in the Middle East. The remarks of each of these lobbyists were supplemented by interesting presentations by young interns who are assisting them: Chris Nuñez, Cindy Darcy, Matthew Countryman, and Carol Ferm.

The meeting heard reports of the dedicated work of the field representatives, who travel thousands of miles for the FCNL: Della Walker on the West Coast, Cathy and Bob Warnhund in the South and Southwest, Franklin and Mary Clark in the Midwest, and Alison Oldham on the East Coast.

At the beginning of the Sunday morning session, the meeting was highly favored in having Raymond Wilson present to give a message. His remarks mentioned the 40 years of testimony and service by the Friends Committee on National Legislation since the FCNL office was first opened in 1943.

The annual meeting closed with a deep and moving meeting for worship. Friends gave thanks for their time together, and parted with renewed strength and courage to press forward in the difficult struggle for peace and justice in our nation and in the world.

Herbert Standing

FWCC Africa Section is establishing peace clubs in schools and colleges to foster discussions on subjects such as nonviolence, disarmament, courtesy, racism, cooperation, reconciliation, and world peace. Activities will take the form of holding monthly debates and seminars, and sending students to international peace meetings. In addition, peace clubs will concern themselves with basic human needs in their own communities, such as food, shelter, safe drinking water, and medical care.

Quaker lawyer John Khaminwa of Kenya has been released from detention. He was arrested in June 1982 and held without trial or formal charges. Friends in Kenya and abroad, Amnesty International, and the International Commission of Jurists worked together to gain John's release.

This previously unknown piece of Quaker history was gleaned from the Adelphi (Md.) Friends Newsletter:

More on Flavius Amicus, from Friends for 3000 Years, which remains unclaimed in the white house—Flavius experienced a change of heart while working as a bricklayer on a new military headquarters building. His reputation as a pacifist was established when he threw red dye on the newly laid brick walls of the building, in symbolic protest of the bloody policies of the Etruscan government. The judge, in passing sentence on Flavius, said he'd "really laid a brick on this one." Flavius responded defiantly with the immortal words, "The dye is cast!" (This statement is frequently misattributed to Julius Caesar, under quite different circumstances. Incidentally, the builder of the military headquarters liked the effect so much that he had all the bricks dyed red, a practice that continues today.)

"Fritz Eichenberg: Gentle Witness for Peace" is the title of an article in The Christian Century, November 2, 1983. In addition to a discussion of the Quaker artist's early life, author Nancy L. Roberts writes about the close friendship and working relationship of Fritz Eichenberg and Dorothy Day, who met at Pendle Hill in 1949. For many years Eichenberg was an unpaid staff artist at the Catholic Worker, where he honed his skill of using wood engravings to communicate religious vision.

"I agree with you. I bet we agree on most issues. But don't you realize you're going to be in a lot of trouble?" This was the comment of a worker at the Boeing cruise missile plant in Seattle, Washington, to a group of Friends from the Washington Peace Camp. The five women had entered the plant on September 27 and spoke to workers. They saw dozens of missiles in various stages of production, each able to kill about two million persons.

"What we do in this world, through our work, really does matter. Cruise missiles are built because we-you-me-everyone allow this thing to happen, and we don't have to. Please think about what you are doing." The workers listened with impatience, but they listened. Living out the Peace Testimony, the
five women were arrested for criminal trespass.

The Chicago Fellowship of Friends helped to operate an alternative school for children, kindergartener through eighth grade, during last fall's teachers' strike in Chicago.

The Abalone Alliance's Diablo Project in San Luis Obispo, Calif., has chosen January 13, 1984, as the starting date for the People's Emergency Response Plan to oppose the reissuing of the license to operate the nuclear facility at Diablo Canyon. Activities will include marches, vigils, leafleting, and civil disobedience.

East German Friends Ines Ebert and Helga Bruckner have been traveling among Friends in the Philadelphia area and in California and the Midwest, sponsored by Friends World Committee for Consultation. The two women seek to share information about the European peace movement and to learn how American Friends today are responding to the Peace Testimony. Speaking at Friends Center in Philadelphia in early November, Ines Ebert said that when she joined the Society of Friends in 1969 she was told that peace work was to be done on an individual basis only; since then a policy change in the East German government has led to lively peace activities in all the churches.

Third Haven (Md.) Meeting has built a commons room to be used as social center for the meeting. Its completion was timed to mark the 300th anniversary of the Third Haven Great Meeting House, built in 1682-84 and still in use today. The anniversary celebrations will culminate in special ceremonies the weekend of September 24-26, 1984.

Wooster (Ohio) Meeting, joining other churches and meetings, is giving sanctuary to refugees from El Salvador and Guatemala. Wooster Friends Meeting and the Wooster Task Force on Central American Refugees have formed a community-wide group, the Coalition for Public Sanctuary, which will be responsible for medical, legal, educational, emotional, and spiritual assistance as well as housing, food, clothing, and shelter for an indefinite period.

The ACLU has called for the enactment of legislation which would temporarily suspend the deportation of Salvadorian nationals pending a review by Congress of whether conditions in El Salvador permit their safe return.

"Who are the Russians?" was the theme of a day-long forum sponsored by Boulder (Colo.) Monthly Meeting, the latest in a series of programs designed to focus attention of Friends and the Boulder community on the Soviet Union. Over 60 persons

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listened to and participated in thoughtful and lively discussion with a panel of experts on the Soviet Union. Some of the questions discussed included "Does it make sense for the West to judge the Soviet Union by its own standards and understanding of civil and human rights?" and "In what ways are the United States and the Soviet Union similar?"

February 15, 1984, is the deadline for applications for two graduate fellowships and a travel-expense award under the responsibility of the American Friends Service Committee. The Mary Campbell Memorial Fellowship is awarded for graduate study to persons preparing themselves as emissaries of international or interracial peace and goodwill. The Charlotte Chapman Turner Award is given to a married person rearing a family who is interested in a career in social service or a medical field in order to alleviate the social or medical ills of the world. The Mary R. G. Williams Award assists with travel expenses to and from the Boys' or Girls' Friends schools in Ramallah.

Applications are available from the Committee of Award, AFSC Personnel Department, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. Application for a one- or two-year teaching post in Ramallah should be made at the same time from the Wider Ministries Commission, 101 Quaker Drive, Richmond, IN 47374.


Resources

- "Give Peace a Chance" and "World Peace Will Come Through Ordinary People Like You" are the messages on the Peace Balloons that the Orlando, Fl., Quaker Center is selling. Balloons come in yellow, orange, red, blue, and green and are $.25 each or 100 for $15, from 847 Highland Ave., Orlando, FL 32803. Make checks payable to Quaker Center.

- Animal Town Game Company is a family company that promotes cooperative and educational rather than competitive games for the entire family. The catalogue describes 200 items, including books about cooperative games and play; audio cassette tapes of folk tales, old-time radio classics, and sounds of nature; and cooperative board games. For the catalogue write: Animal Town Company, P.O. Box 2002, Santa Barbara, CA 93102.

- World Hunger Education Service has published the third edition of *Who's Involved With Hunger: An Organizational Guide,* which lists over 300 U.S. agencies that are currently working on hunger issues. $4. From World Hunger Education Service, 2000 P St. NW, Washington, DC 20036.

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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Recognizing Humanity

T. Noel Stern's article, "Abortion and Personhood" (FJ 11/1/83), noted the lack of consensus among Friends on abortion. He finds sympathy with the views that the point at which the fetus becomes a person (and therefore should be protected from abortion) is "quickening."

My own views on abortion are still evolving, but I am inclined to agree with a variation on his theme. Viability has always struck me as a peculiar criterion, because viability is a function of the development of medical science and it is of the fetal development. As neonatology progresses, the age for viability could conceivably become a matter of weeks. Thus, viability seems to be an arbitrary criterion.

One alternative criterion that occurs to me and that I have not seen discussed elsewhere is the idea of some "empirical" measure of "species recognition."

Animal behaviorists and comparative psychologists have long studied how animals recognize members of their own species. The reactions of people to the human fetus vary greatly as a function of its gestational age. During the early weeks, it appears as a rather undifferentiated mass of protoplasm—quite unlike anything human. By the end of the second or third month, it is quite human looking. A colleague unexpectedly precipitated very powerful reactions of this type from his students when a visiting physician displayed in class intact fetuses of all gestational ages preserved in jars of formalin. Students were very upset upon viewing fetuses older than the first trimester.

What I'm suggesting is that at some point, probably around ten weeks, people begin reacting to the fetus as if it were a human being—it looks more like a "baby," and they react to it as if it were one of them. Perhaps this is the time that we recognize it as human, the point at which society has a legal obligation to protect it.

Denny Fernald
Chapel Hill, N.C.

When Is God Born Within?

The article on abortion (FJ 11/1/83) has raised many questions in my mind.

Medical authorities usually declare death once brain-wave activity stops. With life-support systems the person may continue to breathe, but the person is not truly living and the plug can be pulled with a clear conscience. Fetologists have found that brain-wave activity starts at approximately 12 weeks after conception. This, then, could be called the start of life, and before this point the fetus is not
clear conscience. After 12 weeks the picture changes; we may be dealing with a person at this stage, and the right to abort is not so clear.

I believe in a God within myself. I am not just flesh and blood: God is part of me; I am the product of a man, a woman, and God. At what point did God become part of me? At birth? At conception? I can never be absolutely sure of the answer to this question, so I can only look within myself for my answer and judge tenderly those whose answer differs from my own. I think that I am a child of God from conception and that I have no right to abort God's child at any stage of its development, be it 12 weeks, 28 weeks, or whatever.

Sharon Howse
McKeller, Ontario, Canada

Application of Quaker Principles

T. Noel Stern concludes his article (FJ 11/1/83) by suggesting that the U.S. Supreme Court ought to relax its abortion privacy doctrine to allow the states to protect the life of the unborn child at about the midpoint of pregnancy. That, he correctly notes, is roughly the time of "quickening".

In doing so, Stern differs significantly with the American Friends Service Committee. The AFSC opposes any legal limits on abortion. It wants the Court to continue to allow abortions, as it does now, past quickening, past viability, and even after viability if the father has no right to abortion. Over 20,000 are aborted after viability in the United States each year.

The problem with Stern's position, however, is that he offers no logical or moral reason for it. He simply feels right about it. But a stance on an issue as serious as abortion is not worth having if it cannot be defended. And Stern's cannot. It boils down to this: once the mother can perceive her unborn child's movement in the womb (the definition of "quickening"), she no longer can have the child's life ended by abortion. Before that happens, she can do so for any reason.

Drawing the life-or-death line at quickening, as Stern does, is just as arbitrary as drawing it at birth, as does the AFSC. Both ought to look to the Quaker principles of peace, equality, and simplicity for the answers on abortion. A true spirit of nonviolence would abhor the forcible destruction of the unborn child at any point during gestation. An honest application of the testimony on equality would not value the pre-quickened or the pre-born child less than the born one (and certainly not to the extreme of respecting the right to life of one and not the other). And the ideal of simplicity would not countenance willful attacks on the most important of nature's processes: the ontology of human life at its most innocent and defenseless stage.

Steven R. Valentine
Arlington, Va.

Letting God Into Our Consciousness

On Paul Smith's question on the leading of the Spirit in speaking in meeting (FJ 11/1/83), when you have a leading of the Spirit you may think you have "prepared" something. If it is a true leading it may have formed slowly in advance of meeting; however, by the time it percolated through and was spoken it is not what you thought it would be. If you are truly led, what you say will be spontaneous and is almost entirely what the Spirit of the Light wanted said and not what your human mind had contrived.

Often a meeting is so gathered that what one person says sets off a chain reaction in other speakers of supporting statements or related insights—even to the point that what some are thinking is voiced by another. At other times the closeness engendered by sitting in meeting is a deepening Silence that pulses with life and meaning.

When I attend conventional services I often find myself wishing for a little silence to deepen the feeling, or to digest something sung in a hymn or spoken in the sermon or homily. The lack of busyness in a silent meeting is one of the great attractions for me, as is simplicity in the surroundings and the stripped-down consciousness and directness of communication with God.

The leadings of the Holy Spirit come to the prepared mind, but the prepared remarks fall away as we let God into our consciousness.

Patricia Q. Smith
Groton, Conn.

Out of the Silence

Paul Smith's letter (FJ 11/1/83) disturbed me greatly; I had never asked such questions about meeting for worship. It may interest him (and his meeting) to know why:

I consider Quaker meeting a period of silent worship, meditation, and prayer. Speech during meeting is supplementary to the worship process. At times a spoken message may guide others' meditation, but more often speech only disrupts others' thoughts.

This austere view is not meant to discourage discussion of the relationship of events during the week to the teachings of George Fox and Jesus. I believe, however, that such an intellectual forum is best held at some time other than during meeting for worship.

Susan Fontaine Maxwell
Columbia, S.C.

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It is a humbling experience to review this book. Although it was compiled for teenagers, it should be in the library of every practicing Quaker and Friends meeting. Anyone who looks for examples of heroic nonviolence being practiced in the face of seemingly overwhelming odds will find this scrapbook a gem in the dark.

Beside the observations of Will Warren are those of his supportive and loving wife, Nellie, and a wide variety of folk from both sides. They are not scholarly reflections but statements rooted in painful or elevating personal experiences of the people making them. Even if one had not been to Northern Ireland, I am sure anyone with any imagination can draw from them a sense of the adventure of loving and caring for that of God in everyone that Will embodied in his life. One can walk with him in the streets of Londonderry through the middle of a riot and share his joy when children from the Bogside and Protestant sections join together in fun.

Within the 49 pages of this booklet is the material for thoughtful discussion, action, and meditation.

Lester J. Clarke


Have you suspected that there is more to Playboy than sex? Read on! Barbara Ehrenreich has given us a thoughtful perspective on social changes during the past 35 years. She starts in the 1940s and 1950s, when men were firmly set in the role of the earner of the family wage, and she brings us up to today when men still have most of the higher paying jobs. But an increasing number of men are not sharing that wage with a family.

How did we get here from there? Ehrenreich points out key signposts along the way. One of those signposts was Playboy magazine, in which Hugh Hefner announced that a man could spend his money on himself, enjoy his apartment, and invite in a female friend for a quiet discussion of Picasso or jazz, maybe for overnight as a guest but not as a wife. His timing was perfect. Men were ready for a new and different idea of what it is to be a man.

Ehrenreich’s intriguing analysis is that the men first rebelled against the role of earner of the family wage, then women rebelled against the role of housewife. Both rebelled, but the men did it first and more effectively.

Men rebelled out of the belief that the pressure of their responsibilities was killing them with heart attacks and that life was deadly dull. The target for their resentment was their wives, of course, since they were near at hand.

Then the human potential movement’s promise of new personal growth—career, personal freedom, sexual freedom—was made to both women and men. Divorce need not be a failure, it could be a creative step to a new life. But for whom? Who was going to do the shopping and change the diapers? During the 1970s the number of men who were living alone without wife or children rose from 3.5 million to 6.8 million. Many of these same men continued to earn the higher family wage, leaving the women to take care of the kids and pay for the groceries, too.

Now that the male revolt is a fait accompli, what does Ehrenreich propose? She believes that a new reconciliation between the sexes can happen and that it will be most beneficial to both men and women if its ethical base is the simple affirmation that women are also persons, with the same need for respect, satisfying work, love, and pleasure as men.

This reviewer, at age 46, is of course one of those men of whom Barbara Ehrenreich writes. Her book rings true at the personal level, as an analysis of the social pressures, events, and changes that I have felt and participated in during my lifetime.

Brad Sheeks


Our culture has brainwashed most of us into subservience to the commands of the

DEAN

EARLHAM SCHOOL OF RELIGION

Earlham School of Religion (ESR) invites nominations and applications for the position of Dean. The Dean of ESR is the Chief Executive Officer of the institution, serving on the Earlham President’s Cabinet along with the executive officers of Earlham College and Conner Prairie Pioneer Settlement. The Dean’s position requires a person with a firm commitment to Christian Quakerism, a clear understanding of ministry in all its forms as practiced among Friends, and a genuine ecumenical interest. The Dean must also possess recognized academic competence, broad educational experience, and demonstrated administrative ability, including proven skills in fundraising, public relations, and recruiting.

Founded in 1960 with a special concern to provide leadership among pastoral Friends Meetings, ESR serves all branches of the Society of Friends, maintaining a commitment both to historic Quaker spiritual values and to academic excellence. The school has an enrollment of seventy-five students who are served by seven full-time and four part-time faculty.

The new Dean will begin duties July 1, 1984. Nominations and applications should be forwarded by February 15, 1984, to:

James Yerkes, Convener • The Dean’s Search Committee
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healing “experts.” Norman Cousins’s autobiography about his very severe myocardial infarction, and the fun he had at the party celebrating the first anniversary of his heart attack, merits the attention of all persons dissatisfied with their encounters with giant bureaucracies. Dozens of writers have stressed the need for making simultaneous efforts to transform both the individual and society, but *The Healing Heart* vividly portrays how interrelated are such efforts at transformation. It was not his fear of the inevitability of death, but his goal of living to see world government, which helped his recovery.

This kind of book stimulates more time for thinking than is required for reading its 275 pages, of which only about 78 percent are written by Cousins; the rest contains the comments of four physicians who clarify the story. Devoting time to reading and encouraging others to read *The Healing Heart* is the type of chain reaction that can be more significant than a nuclear explosion. When (and regrettably I add an if) Cousins wins the Nobel Peace Prize, his writing of *The Healing Heart* should be among his contributions to changing perspectives on global peace and world government.

*John R. Ewbank*


During most of the 19th century the British government did not use forcible means of recruiting its armed forces. But by 1914 the Boer War had helped to arouse advocacy of military conscription, and while most of the British entered World War I enthusiastically and the ranks at first were easily filled by volunteers, it was soon evident that military victory would require compulsory enlistment.

Fenner Brockway, a socialist intellectual, proposed in late 1914 an anti-conscription organization of men of military age. The result was the No-Conscription Fellowship, which ultimately claimed more than 8,000 members. Besides Brockway, Clifford Allen and C. H. Norman were effective leaders. Later the NCF admitted as associate members women and men above military age. Bertrand Russell was its most famous member. Its main principle was always opposition to military conscription. It unsuccessfully opposed registration of men of military age in late 1915, the limited conscription of January 1916, and universal conscription in May 1916. The NCF was able to get conscientious objection included as a ground for exemption, but the authorities usually refused to be convinced of the sincerity of those who claimed to be conscientious objectors.

Ultimately some 16,500 British men refused service as combatants. Alternative service in work of national importance was accepted by about 4,000 men, and a smaller number entered the Non-Combatant Corps. Other pacifists were sentenced to prison by military courts and often were reimprisoned after being released. Physical mistreatment often occurred, although there were no executions.

The NCF strove to ease the sufferings of the absolutists in prison, to get them freed, and to repeal conscription. There were Quaker members, notably Edward Grub and Alfred Salter. London Yearly Meeting in May 1915 created a Friends Service Committee, but the latter’s cooperation with the NCF was always difficult. The FSC, unlike the NCF, tended to encourage alternative service and to discourage political action. Dissension within the NCF, particularly the personal incompatibility of Catherine E. Marshall and Bertrand Russell, are a large part of the complex but fascinating story.

Kennedy tells the story well, though he is more critical of the NCF and of pacifism than John W. Graham and others personally involved who have written on British resistance to World War I.

*Ralph H. Pickett*


The author’s struggles to make his way as poet, literary translator, and independent scholar have led him to study the economy of gift exchange as opposed to market exchange. A work of art is a gift, given first by the spirit to the artist, who in turn labors to produce the work, which then becomes a gift to the audience. Thus the fruits of a gift are more gifts. How then can we nourish ourselves, spiritually and materially, in a society dominated by market values?

The first half of the book deals with gift exchange in the context of history, anthropology, and folklore. From a variety of ancient and modern tribal practices the picture emerges: gifts circulate; the gift goes further or is consumed and reciprocated with increase. This process builds community; gifts flow in the direction of need. On the other hand, to convert gifts into commodities by hoarding them or using their increase to one’s own profit destroys community. Examples in our own culture are drawn from black ghetto life, Alcoholics Anonymous, the exchange of scientific ideas, and the legal

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problems of organ transplant. A pivotal chapter on usury begins with the Mosaic double standard of Deuteronomy 23:20 ("To a foreigner you may lend upon interest, but to your brother you shall not lend on interest") and traces subsequent Christian attempts to abolish or redefine the distinction between stranger and kin, showing how the circle of gifts was broadened during the Middle Ages and drastically narrowed during the Protestant era.

In the second half, Hyde returns to the problem of the artist in a market-dominated society, focusing on Whitman and Pound. Even readers not attuned to literary criticism should be fascinated by the cautionary tale of how Pound's longing to return to the ethic of a gift economics, grounded in his imagist aesthetics, led him to support Mussolini.

The Gift is a rich and wide-ranging book, with implications far beyond the realm of art. There are errors; for example, Hyde is seriously misinformed about the Anabaptists—whose "seek first the Kingdom" ethic would have illustrated his thesis well. But his thesis is a gift which invites one to use it in one's own way and to pass it along with increase. It has led this reader, who has lately been mulling over the likeness between art and the Kingdom of God, to look at the ethic of Jesus with new eyes.

Esther Greenleaf Murer

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**Poets & Reviewers**

Lester J. Clarke, from South Lee, Mass., has traveled and written articles about Northern Ireland. Emily Sargent Councilman, from Burlington, N.C., is a regular poetry contributor to the Journal. Frankie Ellington lives in Sheridan, Wyo., where she is active with the Women's Center. John R. Ewbank is a patent attorney and a member of Abington (Pa.) Meeting. George Loewenstein is an active 94-year-old member of Clearwater (Fla.) Meeting. Esther Greenleaf Murer, a poet and songwriter, is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Monthly Meeting. Ralph H. Pickett is a retired history professor and a member of Providence (Pa.) Meeting. Brad Sheeks, Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting, directs a Montessori school and leads couple enrichment workshops. A native of Scotland, Alice Mackenzie Swaim has received numerous awards for her poetry. She lives in Harrisburg, Pa.

**Too Late to Classify**

Pendle Hill Business Manager Needed—Pendle Hill is now accepting applications for the full-time, residential position of Business Manager, to begin April 1, 1984. Applications accepted through March 1. For job description and application procedures, write to Robert A. Lyon, Pendle Hill, Wallington, PA 19086. (215) 566-4527.

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**MILESTONES**

**Births**

Jones—On September 8, Sarah Christine Jones to David Gordon and Sallie Beegley Jones in Midland, Tex. David and Sallie are attenders of Midland Meeting. Sarah is the first grandchild of G. Pownall and Margaret Brosius Jones and first great-grandchild of Gordon P. and Katherine Y. Jones, all members of New Garden (Pa.) Meeting.

**Deaths**

Aldrich—Dorothy H. Aldrich, 82, on November 4 in Barnesville, Ohio. A member of Wrightstown (Pa.) Meeting, she ran a nursery school in Newtown, Pa., for 25 years. She is survived by her husband, Edmund T. Aldrich; daughters, Theodora M. Johnson and Dorothy Anne Strathie; six grandchildren; and one great-grandson.

Chance—Wanneta Chance on November 18 at Friends Home in Greensboro, N.C. Wanneta directed AFSC's Mexico Program from 1946 until her retirement in 1958. While director, she initiated, and then participated in, summer and year-round work camp programs in rural Mexico, where hundreds of North Americans gained a hard-working introduction to a new culture and language. A "hands on" administrator, Wanneta's warm, beautiful smile, flashing eyes, and genuine interest in other people softened her tough mind.

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**FGC A NEW RELIGIOUS EDUCATION CURRICULUM!**

If your First Day School Committee is beginning to plan for next fall, you should know about the JED (Joint Educational Development) all-ages curriculum series called LIVING THE WORD. Will it work for Friends' needs? Can we easily adjust? What is involved? How does it compare to the Living Light Series—in philosophy and cost? Learn some answers to these and other questions in the winter issue of the FGC Quarterly.

Over 10 years ago, Friends United Meeting and Friends General Conference worked together to produce the Living Light Series. Since that time, there have been changes in the world. Young people face new challenges. Parents have new concerns about religious education. Educators have made new discoveries about how children and adults learn—and about how we can learn together. Scientists and scholars have given us new information about biblical events and the origins of our Judeo-Christian heritage.

If you are feeling a little overwhelmed by these changes, you are not alone. The Religious Education Committee of Friends General Conference is aware of your needs. To respond to your questions the Religious Education section of the FGC Quarterly will focus on new curriculum issues and answers.

Watch for the January issue of this publication. If you don't receive it, write to 1520-B Race Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. The FGC Quarterly is a regular, free publication of Friends General Conference.
aggressive pursuit of her goals, and ability to speak plainly when plain speaking was needed. She is survived by her son, Norman Chance.

Drath—Suddenly, on October 27, Philip Drath, 71, a member of San Francisco (Calif.) Friends Meeting. In the early 1960s he helped rebuild churches in Mississippi that the Ku Klux Klan had destroyed. During the Vietnam War, he twice unsuccessfully ran for Congress as a peace candidate, and in 1967 he sailed a ketch loaded with medical supplies into Haiphong Harbor in North Vietnam. While the United States was testing nuclear weapons in the Pacific, he and others built a trimaran which they attempted to sail into the test area in order to halt the testing. He is survived by his wife, Marjorie Drath, and their daughter, Marilyn Drath.

Morris—Elizabeth A. Morris, 82, on November 6 in a hospital at Nogent-le-Rotrou, France. She attended Moorestown Friends School and Westtown School. After graduating from Wellesley College, she was Young Friends Secretary for three years in Philadelphia. She later studied international relations at the Selly-Oak Colleges in Birmingham, England, and then taught at Fallowington (Pa.) Friends School. After receiving her M.A. in 1941, she taught art history at William Penn College for a year. From 1945 to 1947, she and her husband engaged in post-war relief work under the Quaker International Service in Paris and Caen, France. They returned to the United States to teach for a number of years in several midwestern colleges. Retirement in 1960 was only the start of further international activity: work on the staff of the Freundschafftshaus in Bückeburg, Germany; visitation of isolated Friends in both West and East Germany; conferences in Gelnhausen, Germany; Prague, Czechoslovakia; and at Woodbrooke College, England; then international student work in Berlin; followed by the co-directorship of the Centre Quaker International in Paris, until 1967. Libby is survived by her husband, M. C. Morris; daughter, Ruth M. Yarrow; and grandchildren, Matthew and Delia. She was a member of Moorestown (N.J.) Meeting.

Sinclaire—Stacy B. Sinclaire, 24, on November 1 in San Diego, Calif. She was a member of La Jolla (Calif.) Meeting. She is survived by her mother, Eleanor E. Sinclaire; father, Harry A. Sinclaire; brothers, Peter Sinclaire and Bruce Sinclaire; and grandfather, J. Kennedy Sinclaire.

Taylour—On November 8, Jon Taylour, 63. Jon worked for AFSC for 37 years, beginning in 1946. Jon’s work as supervisor of central mailing and office supplies made him known throughout AFSC and other Philadelphia Friends Center organizations, and his personality, his spirit, and his warm continuing communication made him an important part of the life at Friends Center as well. Jon is survived by his mother, Mildred Taylor, sister, Jean Taylor, and his nephew, Edward Taylor, Jr.

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

Books and Publications


Free Info, Quakerism, religion, humor, verse, better mental tools, various interesting ideas. Clifford N. Merry, 919 Mayfield #2, Los Angeles, CA 90015.

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.


People Need Water Not Weapons. Reprint of Quaker Peace & Service poster (18” x 22”) shows Asian/African women in silhouette balancing water jugs while modem fighter planes fly overhead. $1.50 folded postage paid. Friends for a Non-Violent World, 1225 Nicollet Ave. S, Minneapolis, MN 55403. Write for quantity rates or shipment in mailing tube.

Wider Quaker Fellowship, a program of Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas, 1906 Fitchburg Rd., Fitchburg, MA 01420. Know what is happening in the Quaker life of the world. Write to: 118-84718.


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Faith and Practice of a Christian Community: The Testimony of the Friends of Truth. 32 from Friends of Truth, 1509 Bruce Road, Oreland, PA 19075.

Communities
Quaker family in S.E. Kentucky seeks people to join them on 40-acre land trust, live in community, and be involved in social, political, and economic change in Appalachia. Contact Flannery/Reilly, Rte. 2, Box 121 B, Hindman, KY 41822. (606) 785-3375.

For Sale
Limited edition of glowing reproduction of Edward Hicks's famous Peaceable Kingdom. Handsome 20" x 24" print available for your home, school, public library, or meetinghouse. $15 postpaid. Send check to: Planned Parenthood, Box 342, Newtown, PA 18940.

Personal
How large is your world? Make it even larger by corresponding with friends in almost every country with Esperanto. Write for free course and newsletter in English to Esperanto, P.O. Box 1129, El Emilo, CA 94530.

The Quaker Socialist Society was revised in 1975 in England to promote social change. To learn more about how this challenging idea is being developed in the U.S. write Tom Todd, 3709 W. Main, Kalamazoo, MI 49007.

Quaker medical student wants your views on healers and healing. Tell me your gripes, hopes, wishes, experiences. I will use your comments for personal reflection and inspiration. Write: Jean Stane, W340 N3757 Hwy F, Pewaukee, WI 53072.


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Positions Vacant
Head of school sought by the Plymouth Meeting Friends School, a co-educational Quaker day school (K-6) in Plymouth Meeting, Pa. Send resume to Search Committee, Plymouth Friends School, Germantown and Butler Pikes, Plymouth Meeting, PA 19462.

Resident Manager, couple (singles at the Penington, a place to live for Friends and those in sympathy with Friends for over 80 years. That tradition continues. Strength, wisdom, joy, and management experience needed. Wonderful opportunity for active involvement in meaningful housing. Contact Elizabeth Bailey, 215 E. 15th St., New York, NY 10003. (212) 475-9193.

Executive Director. Staplely in Germantown seeks an Executive Director for its continuing-care facility consisting of Staplely Hall, the existing personal care boarding home, and the addition of 48 independent living units and a 120-bed health care center. The position will start spring 1984. Applicants should be licensed as a nursing home administrator in the state of Pennsylvania, with 3-5 years' experience in all phases of nursing or related health care administration, and be graduates of an accredited college or university. Salary negotiable. Please submit resume in confidence to: Search Committee, c/o R. D. Samuel, Suite 920, 1500 Walnut St., Philadelphia, PA 19102 before January 20, 1984.

Positions Wanted
Nursing assistant with hospital, rehab., nursing home, and in-home experience seeks position in private home to care for young or old. Very flexible hours. Can do overnights. (215) 947-0650 or (215) 461-3724. Ask for Jacqui.

Friends Journal
**CALENDAR**

**January**

4-14—New Zealand Summer Gathering at Keswick Convention Campsite at Rotorua, New Zealand. Write Ann and Ian Rand, 49 Island View Rd., Rotorua, New Zealand.

**MEETINGS**

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

MEETING NOTICE RATES: 80¢ per line per issue. Payable a year in advance. Twelve monthly insertions. No discount. Changes: $5.00 each.

**ARGENTINA**

BUENOS AIRES—Worship and monthly meeting one Saturday of each month in Vicente Lopez, suburb of Buenos Aires. Phone: 916-5880.

**CANADA**

EDMONTON—Unprogrammed worship, 11 a.m., YWCA, Scotia Building, Second Ave. S.W., Calgary, Alberta. Phone: 597-2235.

OTTAWA—Worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m., 941 Third Ave. N., Ottawa, Ontario. Phone: 232-9923.

TORONTO, ONTARIO—Unprogrammed worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., 459-5804.

**ARGENTINA**

MONTERVIDE—Phone 61-18-87.

**ARGENTINA**

SAN JOSE—Phone 24-43-78. Unprogrammed meeting.

**EGYPT**

CAIRO—Worship alternate First-day evenings. Contact Ron Wolfe, Amidst, 2 Midan Kasr el Ooubara, Cairo, Egypt. Phone: 323-9293.

**GUATEMALA**

GUATEMALA—Monthly. Call 98050 or 96829 evenings.

**GUATEMALA**

GUATEMALA—Monthly. Call 98050 or 96829 evenings.

**MEXICO**

MEXICO CITY—Unprogrammed meeting. Sundays 11 a.m. Casa de los Amigos, Ignacio Mariscal 162, Mexico 1, D.F. Phone: 535-27-52.

**ALABAMA**

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

FAIRHOPE—Unprogrammed worship meeting 8 a.m. Sundays at Friends Meetinghouse, 120 E. Fairhope Ave. Ext. Write: P.O. Box 319, Fairhope AL 36533.

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Answer to Quaker Crostic

The quotation was taken from L. V. Hodgkin’s A Book of Quaker Saints: “... you thought you were preaching to nobody. ... I wouldn’t let you see me, for fear you should see ... you would have gone deeper than I cared to show. He continued, taking Stephen’s arm ... compelling the Quaker to walk beside him as he talked. We had moved forth into the forest.”

**ALASKA**

ANCHORAGE—Unprogrammed meeting, First-day school, 11 a.m. Mountain View Library. Phone: 335-4245.

**ARIZONA**

FLAGSTAFF—Unprogrammed meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m. 402 S. Beaver 86002. Phone: 774-2298.

**ARKANSAS**

HOT SPRINGS—Use unprogrammed worship, 11 a.m. (603) 899-3366.

**CALIFORNIA**

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**ARKANSAS**

BERKELEY—Unprogrammed worship, 11 a.m. 2151 Vina St. at Walnut. 843-9725.

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LONG BEACH—Meeting 11 a.m., 4167 S. Normandie. Visitors call 296-0733.
MARIN COUNTY—10:10 a.m. Room 3, Congregational Church, 8 N. San Pedro Rd., Box 4411, San Rafael, CA 94902. Call (415) 427-5577 or 863-7565.
MONTEREY PENINSULA—Friends meeting for worship Sundays, 10:30 a.m. Call 375-3837 or 625-7181.
ORANGE COUNTY—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m., Harbor Area Unitarian Church, 1050 Hampton St., Costa Mesa, CA 92627. (714) 552-7691.
PALO ALTO—Meeting for worship and First-day classes for children, 11 a.m., 1157 Colorado. 925-6023.
PASADENA—Orange Grove Monthly Meeting, unprogrammed worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. 520 E. Orange Grove Blvd. Phone: 792-6223.
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