

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today

October 15, 1984

Instead of looking directly at a concern,
we may do better by looking past it, waiting quietly,
allowing the light to surround it and show a way.



FRIENDS JOURNAL

October 15, 1984 Vol 30, No. 15

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Cover photo by Doug Hostetter shows a defoliated tree in Vietnam. Cover quote from page 3.

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AMONG FRIENDS

The Gift of a Hearing Heart

Clarence Pickett was born in Illinois. "Even at birth," writes Walter Kahoe, "he combined Quaker thrift and enterprise by managing to get born before the doctor arrived, thus reducing the obstetric fee to five dollars. It would have been the regular ten dollars had he not arrived before the physician" (*Clarence Pickett: A Memoir*, 1966).

The Pickett family soon moved to a farm near Glen Elder, Kansas, where Clarence grew up in a community settled by other Quaker families. He studied at Penn College and Hartford Seminary, and he taught biblical literature at Earlham College for seven years. In 1929 he left Richmond, Indiana, to become secretary of the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia, a position he would hold for the next 21 years.

At the time of Clarence Pickett's death in 1965, messages were received from friends around the world. He had been loved and respected by people everywhere.

Douglas Steere once said: "Clarence Pickett seemed to have been given by God the gift of a hearing heart—a heart obedient to what he heard. . . . [He was] willing to involve himself and his fellows in the discipline of those who knew how to help." At one time during the early life of the AFSC, some people thought that the organization should be laid down, that the need for its work had ended. Douglas Steere said, "There were wiser counsels that prevailed and Clarence was called to take it and continue its work; and he built it into a stethoscope to lay against the heart of the world to hear the heart beat—to hear the needs that were there, to be obedient to the needs, and to be given the wisdom to meet them. We thank God for this person."

This October 19 marks the centennial of the birth of Clarence Pickett. It seems appropriate, somehow, that the JOURNAL share several reminiscences by colleagues who had long association with Clarence.

I recently came across these words of "A 17th-Century Nun's Prayer": "Give me the ability to see the good things in unexpected places and talents in unexpected people; and give me, Lord, the grace to tell them so." Clarence Pickett seemed to have this ability.

Thanks to Irene Davall, who spotted this little note in a recent issue of the *New York Times*: "It was a Barnes & Noble bookstore on Fifth Avenue and Eileen Brennan of Manhasset was asking a clerk to direct her to the religious section. 'We no longer have a religious section,' he told her. 'You want either nonfiction or self-improvement.'"

Vinton Deming

October 15, 1984 FRIENDS JOURNAL

Eclipse

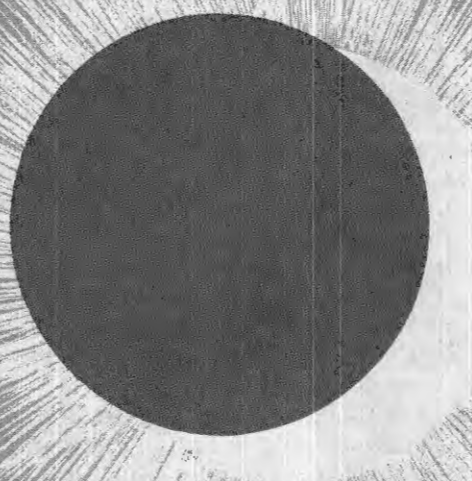
by Myron Bietz

A late spring solar eclipse—"the last one until the mid-1990s"—brought a measure of excitement to students and teachers enduring the remaining days of a rapidly waning school year. Students gathered at my window, unable to see the sun but aware of the softly filtered light from the cloudless sky. A few with passes from their science teachers asked to leave class to observe the eclipse outdoors. Cautioned not to look directly at the sun, they flashed their "how-dumb-does-he-think-we-are" smiles and showed me their opaque x-ray film and their cards with pinholes and white viewing surfaces. A few students without passes wanted to go too, so I provided cards, straight pins, instructions, and renewed warnings.

"Looking at the sun couldn't really blind us," a few scoffed. I assured them it could. Warned but still skeptical, they departed.

In a few minutes they were back. "Did you see it?" I asked.

"Yeah, the card and the pinhole really worked!" one replied, his voice expressing amazement that an English teacher could know about such things.



"What did you think?" I asked. "I dunno. It's kinda weird. . . ."

We take light—external light—for granted, unaware until it dims or disappears of how much we depend on it. History and myth both record the panic that primitive peoples felt and the extreme means they sometimes took to assuage the gods who were robbing them of light, consuming the sun. Even now, informed by the media of the exact time and extent of an eclipse, we find the experience "kinda weird."

How do we react to the presence or the seeming absence of the Light Within?

Often it is the presence of the Inner Light that we find upsetting or disquieting. Its absence, or at least our lack of awareness of its presence, seems the natural order. When, in the midst of busy schedules, we sense its presence, we seek ways of denying it, of avoiding it, of subverting it. Often we succeed. We seek it in periods of meditation; but when it appears, we shift uneasily in our places. Sometimes like our forebears, we quake before its intensity and its leadings. Blinded by the light, we stumble.

The absence of the light seems more natural. Our cares and concerns crowd in and obscure the dim glow. Anxiously we hold them to the light, but they only block its passage.

Perhaps, as with the external light, we need techniques and precautions to avoid the extremes of too much or too little light. Becoming preoccupied with light—looking at it rather than seeing by it—may limit vision. We need to relax, accepting light instead of darkness as the natural order. Rather than following it blindly, we ought to follow the way it reveals.

When the light is dim or obscured, looking too hard can limit vision also. A technique, borrowed, ironically, from military surveillance training, may be helpful. Instead of looking directly at an object, the observer is instructed to look past it. Peripheral vision is more sensitive to light and to movement. Instead of looking directly at a concern, we may do better by looking past it, waiting quietly, allowing the light to surround it, modeling its features and showing a way.

The sun is back to full brightness now, and we walk in its light. It can burn us or leave us cold, but mostly it warms us and shows us the way. When it leaves for a time, we trust that it will return. Eclipses are, after all, only temporary. □

Myron Bietz teaches English at Mayo High School in Rochester, Minn., where he attends Rochester Meeting. He was named 1984 Fellow, National Endowment for the Humanities Seminar, Religious Studies and Philosophy.

An Ability to Raise the Human Spirit

by Roger Wilson

It was at the Friends World Conference at Swarthmore in 1937 that, as one of the youngest members from London Yearly Meeting, I first made the acquaintance of Clarence Pickett. At that time I was a member of the British Broadcasting Corporation staff, particularly concerned with radio programs that would awaken the British public to the social misery of economic depression—especially unemployment—and that would arouse an active feeling that things could and should be done.

My BBC work had nothing to do with Quaker service as such, but faced with the problem of how to produce programs that combined misery with hope, it was refreshing to talk with Clarence and to enter into his lively working conviction that there were significant

Roger Wilson, a member of Yealand Meeting in England, was clerk of London Yearly Meeting and a member of the Quaker United Nations team. He is now active on the 1652 Country Committee.

things to be done to raise the human spirit, given imagination, effective administration, operational competence, and confidence in the inner resources of men and women.

Six years later, in the middle of the war years, I was back in Philadelphia. I had been fired by the BBC for being a C.O. and had become executive secretary of the Friends Relief Service, the emergency committee London Yearly Meeting formed to relieve civilian distress in the blitzed cities of the United Kingdom. Throughout the early days, the AFSC had been very sympathetic and helpful in strengthening our financial resources, but in 1943 it was time to plan the tasks of relief and reconstruction that would be needed on the European continent when the war in the West eventually drew to a close. So I was invited to Philadelphia for some months to talk and work with Clarence and his colleagues and with men in the Civilian Public Service camps on some of the issues that would face British, American, and continental Friends in liberated Europe.

Alongside Clarence I was a raw amateur in the world of organized voluntary service in communities under stress, but he never treated me so. He drew me in as a partner, calling on my front-line experience when relevant and making it very easy for me to see some of the visions, problems, and experience that the AFSC would bring to joint operations.

In a gloomy world it was exhilarating to work closely with Clarence in all sorts of settings—S. 12th Street, Washington, New York, and as a resident guest in the home of Clarence and Lilly on the Pendle Hill campus. He was extraordinarily good at establishing rapport with other people in all sorts of different situations: Quaker committees, government offices, foundation boards, and business meetings. Without in any way compromising his integrity he could listen sympathetically even to nonsense, draw people out, raise levels of awareness, and, on difficult issues, either get nearer to agreement or leave a more penetrating challenge than I, at any rate, had thought possible.

The AFSC arranged for me to visit training units in Quaker colleges and CPS camps across the United States

Clarence Pickett, 1963.



Courtesy of Carolyn Pickett Miller

from New Hampshire to California. And I had many conversations with Clarence and his colleagues on the relationship between the temperament of C.O.s, effective administration, and training for work in the field. I was impressed by the caliber of the men and women who worked with Clarence and asked how he managed to gather them together. "Well," he said, "you don't get able men and women to run a peanut stall."

What stood out a mile in working with Clarence was that to him Quaker service was not a matter of filling gaps on the fringes of national or international life. He was as convinced as any 17th-century Friend that the Christian experience of Quakers leads to deep, authentic, searching responses to the ethical shortcomings of conventional social practices and that the responses ought to be weighty enough to initiate changes in the public perceptions of social responsibility. He had a statesman's gift for thinking broadly, for perceiving or making openings and turning them into growing points for the nurture of "sanctified common sense." Yet there was nothing pompous or self-important about Clarence. He was excellent company and enjoyed a bit of foolery. I have a vivid recollection of going with him to meet somebody off a train at a suburban station outside of Philadelphia. We had 15 minutes to wait and enjoyed ourselves on the seesaw, swings, and roundabouts of the neighboring children's playground.

Almost the last occasion on which I had a substantial visit with Clarence was in fall 1963. My wife and I were visiting members of the Quaker United Nations team in New York that year. We were in the U.N. dining room when we heard of the assassination of President Kennedy. That afternoon we traveled to Philadelphia to spend the evening and night with the Picketts in their home. Clarence was more aware than most people of the world's "ocean of darkness and death," but his faith in the "infinite ocean of light and love, which flowed over the ocean of darkness" was unflinching. As I look back to his reflective wisdom on that sad, desolating evening I remember that when talking with Clarence one never felt hopeless. □



Clarence and Lilly Pickett with the AFSC staff on the steps of 12th Street Meetinghouse in Philadelphia, 1937. Individuals are identified on page 28.

Clarence Pickett and the Early Years of the AFSC

by Elmore Jackson

Every other organizational leader with whom I have worked since leaving graduate school has had to run, unbeknownst to them, a formidable gauntlet stemming from the fact that Clarence Pickett was my first em-

ployer. He was a person of unusual gifts, and he set an incredibly high standard of leadership.

I do not know from what part of his family or Quaker background, or by what other route, he acquired his extraordinary personal qualities. His earthy sense of the practical may have come from his middle western farm background. His lively interest in people from other cultures may have stemmed in part from the number of traveling Friends from other countries (perhaps especially Henry Newman, the editor of the *Friend* in London) who stayed with the Pickett family in Kansas while on visits to the United States. Clarence's sense of the spiritual potential in the

Elmore Jackson is a former assistant executive secretary of the American Friends Service Committee. He has since served as a member of four United Nations mediation missions. During the Kennedy-Johnson administration he was in charge of the Department of State's planning for U.S. participation in international organizations. Recently he assisted in developing a new international relations program at the Rockefeller Foundation. He is a member of Wrightstown (Pa.) Meeting and is the author of Middle East Mission.

Remembering Clarence Pickett

many complex and poignant areas of need he was to face after becoming in 1929 the executive secretary of the American Friends Service Committee, was certainly grounded in his years of religious leadership and teaching in Richmond, Indiana, and in the creative partnership with Rufus Jones after the latter became chairman of the AFSC.

These qualities were all much in evidence in the work of the AFSC when I joined the staff in the summer of 1936.

Shortly after Clarence became the executive secretary, the AFSC was approached by Grace Abbott, chief of the U.S. Children's Bureau, at President Hoover's request, to see if it would be willing to undertake a child feeding program in the Appalachian coal mining areas that were suffering from very high unemployment. The president offered to make available \$225,000 remaining from the Children's Fund of the American Relief Administration. Within a few months the AFSC was engaged in a \$400,000 program, feeding over 40,000 children in poverty-stricken communities stretching from northwestern Pennsylvania to eastern Kentucky.

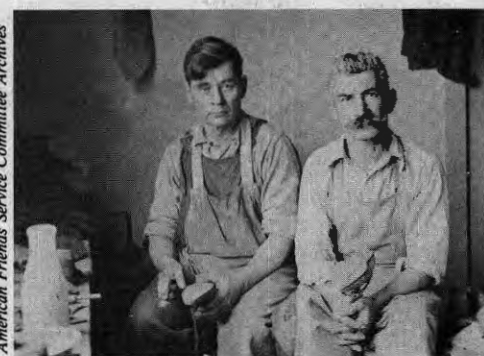
Friends had learned from earlier work in situations of acute distress that in such settings concerns soon arise about the possibility of long-range solutions. In the Appalachian coal area the major problem was that of alternative employment. The AFSC started a pilot handicraft project at the severely stricken Crown Mine community in northern

West Virginia. Under the direction of Bill and Ruth Simkin, Friends then living in Brooklyn, the project expanded to become the Mountaineer Craftmen's Cooperative Association. An AFSC-sponsored health service in Logan, West Virginia, was eventually to be taken over by the county, the miners' union, and the coal operators.

The AFSC's child feeding and self-help activities were to make two very important contributions to Clarence's and to the AFSC's future.

Following the presidential election in 1932, Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt became interested in an extension of self-help activities in the coal areas—in particular in the development of subsistence homestead communities. Congress moved to create a Subsistence Homestead Administration in the Department of Interior, and M. L. Wilson, a highly qualified agriculturalist who was later to become the director of the very effective U.S. Agricultural Extension Service, was put in charge of the program. Clarence was invited to become M. L. Wilson's assistant for the coal mining areas. The AFSC board took the unusual step of giving Clarence three or four days' leave a week for the Washington, D.C., assignment.

The experience of working with "M. L." and the personal interest of the Roosevelts—perhaps especially that of Eleanor—gave Clarence, and through him the AFSC, a new and wider frame of reference.



American Friends Service Committee Archives

But the coal field experience brought a second dimension to those early years of the AFSC.

When Clarence returned full time to the AFSC, the board decided that, if funds could be found, the AFSC would develop its own subsistence homestead community in the western Pennsylvania coal fields. The new project was called Penncraft. The first approach to get start-up funding was a request to the U.S. Steel Corporation for \$75,000. The approach brought Clarence together with the corporation's leadership: Myron Taylor, Edward Stettinius, Thomas W. Lamont, and Walter Gifford. Taken together with the new access in Washington, D.C., it brought Clarence and the AFSC a new confidence in their ability to carry their concerns into high places. It was a confidence that, despite many rebuffs and public policy differences since, has proved remarkably enduring.

The coal field experience was also to



Top of page:
Two men learn
the cobbler's
trade at Crown
Mine, W. Va.
Right: A view
of the
Penncraft
homestead
community,
1942.



Left: Refugees attend an English class at Powell House in New York City, 1945. Below: T.V.A. work-campers construct a spillway wall, late 1930s.



American Friends Service Committee Archives

have its effect on AFSC relationships with the younger generation.

In an effort to acquaint students and other young people with pressing long-term economic and social problems in the United States, the AFSC had begun experimenting with summer work camps in distressed areas. One was held at Penncraft. The project was so successful that an important impetus was given to the work camp program. Similar camps were held in conjunction with the T.V.A., in connection with sharecropping in Mississippi, in the automobile manufacturing center of Flint, Michigan, and later in rural public health projects in Mexico. These work camps brought hundreds of able students into close touch with governmental and private efforts to cope with some of the most troubled regions. Former work campers became an excellent constituency from which to recruit future AFSC project leadership.

Two other programs initiated by the AFSC in the late 1930s and early 1940s also had a major impact on the AFSC's future activities.

Faced with an escalating persecution of Jews in Germany, American Jewish leaders approached the AFSC in 1938, seeking assistance in the migration and resettlement of Jews who wished to come to the United States. Quaker relief work in Germany following World War I meant a type of previous involvement not permitting the AFSC to sit on the sidelines. The AFSC's resources in Germany and Austria were soon providing help with travel and emigration papers, and the Quaker community in the United States was soon helping to resettle refugees in the United States. Attempts were made, largely without effect, to ameliorate the situation in Ger-

many. The program continued through World War II, and, like many Quaker efforts, set the stage for other projects to come—in this case, aid to Arabs in Israel and the administration of the United Nations relief program for Palestine refugees in the Gaza Strip.

The second major new development was the AFSC's agreement, along with the Mennonites and the Church of the Brethren, to administer Civilian Public Service camps in which conscientious objectors could perform alternative service by working on projects of national importance jointly approved by the government and the administering agencies. It was a major undertaking, bringing hundreds of committed and deeply concerned young men into touch with the three service agencies. A substantial number of young men voluntarily put in an additional period in overseas relief projects following their CPS service in the United States.

The AFSC's programs tripled during World War II, and in the postwar years

of 1946 and 1947 its budget reached \$8,300,000. The fact that the annual budget has now grown to \$16,000,000 is evidence that in its early years the AFSC built solidly and well.

What was it like to work with Clarence?

We obviously worked long hours, and there was nothing sacred about Saturdays. They were a favorite time for staff meetings, and spouse grumbling was sometimes justifiably heard in the land. Quaker meetings frequently requested a speaker for Sunday. Clarence was normally harder on himself than on the staff. After one morning staff meeting to which four members were late, he was heard to comment, pointedly, that "if you missed the train you should take the earlier one." He frequently did.

His methods kept the organization on its toes. It was not unusual to find that a complex and difficult problem, one that had defied resolution in staff discussion during the day, had overnight responded to some imaginative, new approach generated in discussion between Clarence and some able and experienced person with whom he had eaten dinner that evening, or whom he had met on the train. He had an uncanny way of knowing where expert talent could be found. The frequency of these occurrences kept us all on the qui vive.

Clarence got great satisfaction from matching able and concerned persons to situations that required fresh thinking and fresh approaches. This was an invaluable asset in situations in which whole programs were dependent upon the AFSC's ability to provide the special talent that a new undertaking required. Clarence frequently liked to emphasize that Quakers, both organizationally and personally, must "earn the right" to have a hand, especially if it is to be a leadership hand, in efforts to resolve difficult conflicts.

In the preface to his autobiography, *For More Than Bread*, he says, "In perspective I should say in all humility that my life has been characterized by an inadequate, persistent effort to try to find a workable harmony between religious profession and daily practice."

It is a characteristically modest comment from one of our most gifted Quaker leaders. □

The World Brightened When He Talked About It

by Stephen G. Cary

It was not until I returned from my relief assignment in Europe late in December 1947 to assume staff responsibilities in the American Friends Service Committee's national office that I came to know Clarence Pickett. Before that, during my four-year Civilian Public Service career as a World War II C.O., Clarence had been a legendary but rather remote leader of our sponsoring agency, the AFSC.

As Elmore Jackson has noted in his reminiscence, Clarence's administrative style was to identify fresh and creative individuals and give them a high degree of independence in developing their programs. On my return from Paris, however, other results of his administrative style were creating problems. In one sense, Clarence Pickett *was* the AFSC. He was the name and the personality that the public knew and admired. Rufus Jones and Henry Cadbury shared his prominence, but their standing rested in part on a broader, scholarly base, while Clarence was almost wholly identified with the AFSC. He, more than anyone else, brought the AFSC national recognition. But if Clarence was one embodiment of the AFSC, there were others. The Peace Section was semi-detached and, with its own fund raiser, close to being a law unto itself. So were the emergency regional offices. The Social Industrial Section also played a major role in setting its own priorities.

Stephen G. Cary is chairperson of the National Board of Directors of the American Friends Service Committee. A member of Germantown (Pa.) Meeting, he is a retired vice president of Haverford College.

Only the AFSC's foreign service enterprises were closely identified with Clarence—and largely unrelated to the other sections.

This state of affairs encouraged creativity, but it also led to considerable internal chaos and increasing public embarrassment as the AFSC became better known, partly through the quality of its collective work, and partly through Clarence's national prominence as a member of major commissions and a friend of the mighty. Indeed, by the time I arrived on the scene it was painfully evident that the right hand needed to know more about what the left hand was doing, and I was asked to become Clarence's assistant, charged with establishing internal coherence within the vibrant but unruly beast.

Whatever may be said about the outcome of this effort—and I would liken it to trying to take 30 kangaroos for a walk—the experience was priceless for me because it brought me close to Clarence Pickett. He did indeed have administrative shortcomings that not even his gifted secretary, Blanche Tache, could entirely rectify, but as a human being he was a giant. His capacity to lift up and encourage was, in my experience, unmatched. A room brightened when he entered. The world brightened when he talked about it. He was too gentle a spirit to censor, but he always managed to stir concern in ways that encouraged the best in the rest of us. Perhaps that is why so many in high places, including at least one secretary of defense, used to periodically invite him to lunch to unburden their consciences and share an hour of his company.

What were the personal qualities that gave Clarence Pickett this sort of influence? First and most important, I think, was his transparent faith in the imminence of a loving God whose power to

touch and redeem was beyond question or limit. Clarence deeply believed that even the most alienated and depraved were redeemable. He lived as if this were true, and for him it became true. This faith was so evident that I always had a sense that Clarence's life was a continual meeting for worship.

A second quality was warmth. He loved people, young and old, rich and poor, powerful and powerless. He met them all with charm and grace, never pompous, never self-righteous, eager to listen, always at ease. No one felt excluded in Clarence's presence. He took in everyone and made each feel important.

Finally, there was his humor, gentle and ever present. He never took himself too seriously; he was too humble for that, too aware of his own frailty, and he had a gift for throwing in a touch of humor when the going got heavy. His humor wasn't the sharp kind; it never hurt, but it lightened many a dull meeting and often rescued us from the temptation of anger and confrontation.

On the night of April 29, 1962, the White House was the scene of a glittering gathering, described by the press as possibly establishing a new high in concentrated American brainpower. The President and Mrs. Kennedy received all past Nobel Prize-winners from the United States and Canada. That morning a group of Quakers had walked silently before the White House to draw the President's attention to the urgency of ending the nuclear arms race. Among the marchers was a frail seventy-seven-year-old man, Clarence E. Pickett. The same evening, in white tie and tails, he and his wife, Lilly, appeared at the White House gate as invited guests representing the American Friends Service Committee. The President enjoyed both the humor and the wider significance of having the White House "Picketted" from the outside and from within on the same day.

—Harold E. Snyder

The German child feeding program in the early 1920s first made the AFSC known, but it was Clarence Pickett who illumined its spiritual foundations and built on them a unique organization with an enduring vision of love's power to challenge the world's evil.

In some ways, I think, those of us who have followed have gone beyond his understanding of the institutionalized nature of evil and the depth of alienation that divides the human family, and have led the AFSC into deeper involvement in programs of social change. I believe personally that this is as it should be, but we should remember that what made Clarence Pickett and the AFSC great, and enabled it to speak to his moment of history, was not knowledge but spirit. Our greatest challenge and our greatest tribute to the witness of a great Friend is to cultivate that same spirit within ourselves. To the extent that we succeed, the American Friends Service Committee will be the sort of influence that Clarence labored so faithfully to build. □

There are three little couplets from the words of Edna St. Vincent Millay that apply to our dear Clarence Pickett, and I can't get them out of my mind and I want to share them. They are so suitable, I think.

*The world stands out on either side
No wider than the heart is wide*

How wide was his heart? It took in the world. And though he could not visit all the Quaker centers, he felt the closeness of caring and he gave good advice to those who are going to those centers.

*Above the world is stretched the
sky,—
No higher than the soul is high.*

Clarence's soul was high. And height means light. He said, "Where there is a little light I will bring in more," and that is what he did, and with his delightful humor. Through it all he was never depressed or downed.

*The soul can split the sky in two,
And let the face of God shine
through.*

The face of God shined through. It shined on him, it was in his heart, because God is love, and he represented love and he will never be forgotten. His spirit will go on, and on, and on as long, you can almost say, as the world will be.

—Lydia B. Stokes

Below, Left: Clarence and Lilly Pickett at home in Wallingford, Pa., with Hannibal and Hobie. Right: Eleanor Roosevelt (second from right) visits the Pickett family.

The boxed material above and on page 8 is excerpted from Clarence Pickett: A Memoir, compiled and edited by Walter Kahoe (1966).





My Brother Martin

"Pray for us, please, Martin, as I pray for you."

by Philip W. Bennett

In April of 1983 I sent a letter to nearly 150 people in ten states, announcing my intention to take time from my teaching profession to work full time for peace. I revealed my plan to travel for five months, taking my speaking and workshop offerings to places where I felt I could be of service.

Most of the people who received this letter did not know me. I had gotten their names from friends and a variety of peace organizations. Martin Galwin (not his real name) from Starke, Florida, was one of those I did not know; he was also one of the 50 or so people who replied to my letter. But his reply was most unusual: I had unwittingly asked a person serving a life sentence in the Florida State Prison to act as a contact for my peace tour!

Martin began his letter by saying that while he admired my decision to work for peace, he would not be able to serve as a contact for my tour: "Actually I am in prison serving a life term and cannot be considered for parole for at least 25 years. Prior to that sentence I was on death row."

Having been a college professor for 17 years, Philip Bennett left teaching to work full time for peace. A member of Ithaca (N.Y.) Meeting, Philip is currently working on his third speaking and workshop tour, which will take him to Missouri and Ohio.

In my original letter I asked whether a person who was unable to serve as a contact might "simply provide good old hospitality for a road-weary peacemaker." Martin replied to this part of my letter in the following manner:

Concerning hospitality. Of course, a prison is not the ideal place a road-weary peacemaker would care to visit after such hectic travels. Please smile with me. For indeed, I myself am weary and wish to be on the road where you are at.

He went on to say that besides praying for me, he was uncertain what else he could do. But he thought I could

take consolation in his assurance that "there will never be a nuclear holocaust." "God will destroy the world, not man." His letter was signed: "Heaven declares God's creation. Shalom, Omar."

What did "Omar" mean? I didn't know. Nor did I understand the meaning of the Star of David drawn next to Martin's name on his return address.

I answered Martin's letter a little over a month later. I don't know why, but I then thought to make a copy of my answer. Here it is:

Dear Martin,

I wrote to you about my peace tour back in April, not knowing that you were/are in prison. I hope responding to my letter was not a source of discomfort to you.

I would have answered your letter of April 20th sooner, but I've been busy setting up the tour.

I'm naturally curious as to how you ended up in prison. Is it something you wish to share?

Concerning the fate of our earth, its future, who will destroy it, God or man: While I feel personally safe I do not feel that the future of this planet is independent of our actions, that there are any guarantees. I feel called to spread the word, that we must act now. That of course is not incompatible with God's acting on our behalf. I'm thinking of the light within and its manifestation in concrete loving action.

I thank you for your prayers. Know that you have mine too.

Martin's reply arrived within a week. Again there was a Jewish star next to his name and a "Praise the Lord" sticker on the envelope. He assured me that there was no discomfort on his part in receiving my initial letter; to the contrary, he was glad: "I guess if you knew I was in prison you would not have written (smile). It is okay that you knew or didn't know. I'm happy you wrote (weary traveler)!"

Martin's answer to my question as to how he ended up in prison was less than forthcoming:

You're naturally curious as to how I ended up in prison—if I care to share it with you. Of course I don't mind sharing it with you: I was accused of murder. The court found me guilty of same and sentenced me to the electric chair. I was on death row from '77 to '81 (four years and four days). On appeal I won a new trial and on retrial was sentenced to a life sentence with a 25 year mandatory before parole. The case is boring so I'll not go into the details if you don't mind. However, I will mention that I am originally from _____ and here only six weeks prior to my arrest and conviction. However, my release is certain and, of course, before too much longer! I am as certain of this as I was that I'd win a new trial from death row!

At the time, this reply bothered me—his lack of candor put me off—and it was part of the reason I didn't answer this letter. Now, in retrospect, his reply seems quite reasonable, especially given his confidence that his conviction would be overturned. I think my response then and my subsequent behavior reflected my incredible naiveté, partly born of the fact that I had never had contact with anyone in prison prior to this time.

Martin was not responsive to my call for direct action to save the planet. He wrote:

Whether we do or not the earth will never be destroyed by man regardless of our reactions one way or another. In other words, we have no real independence concerning the earth—I should say, "the world." God governs the very core of it all and man is completely helpless! Sure, much talk goes out concerning the subject of nuclear war. And yet, I know it can be no more than rhetoric, my friend.

I guess perhaps I live in a heavenly world and view life differently.

No matter, for I am trusting with you

and praying for you that all will work together for the glory of God.

I did not answer this letter. At the beginning of September I left on my tour, which took me to 37 cities in ten states. I was in Charleston, South Carolina, when Robert Sullivan was executed in Starke, Florida, and I naturally thought of Martin. I realized I would be passing through Starke on my way to Gainesville and so I wrote Martin:

Thought of you today following the murder of Robert Sullivan. Sorry I haven't written sooner, answering your letter from back in June. Been busy.

My tour is in full swing. I've just finished three months on the road, with two more to go. I realize now that I will be passing by Starke on Wed., December 7th, on my way to Gainesville. I wonder about visiting you. Do you have visitors; must they be members of your family? There is not enough time for you to answer this letter, to answer these questions, so I think I will have to leave it to fate. I may try to visit you Wed., the 7th of December. Perhaps you can make whatever arrangements are necessary, if you would like that. But please do so knowing that I may not be able to come. I hope this degree of uncertainty is tolerable.

My faith in God has deepened as my journey continues. I believe that we can avoid a nuclear holocaust. Still I think we need to work constantly for that to happen. I see prayer as work. Pray for us, please, Martin, as I pray for you.

Peace to you, brother.

I arrived in Starke around 1:30 on December 7. I called the prison and indicated that I wanted to visit Martin Galwin, an inmate. My call was transferred a few times and finally I was asked if I was on his visitor list. "No," I replied. Well then I couldn't visit him. Could I get on his visitor list? (I imagined filling out some forms.) No. Could I come up to the prison and leave a package for Martin? This request was greeted with restrained incredulity. Only if I was on the package list, and then it would have to be mailed. "It's only a book," I said.

So much for visiting Martin. After this phone call, I started to drive toward the prison to get a look at it, but after going down a country road for what seemed like ten miles or so, I gave up and turned back.

The next day I wrote my final letter to Martin:

Yesterday I tried to visit you. As you know, I couldn't. I had no idea about visitor lists, etc. I asked if I could bring a book up to the gate to give to you. Of course not. Could I mail you the book? Only if I was on the package list. Forgive me, Martin, but I had no idea things were so incredibly restrictive.

Trying to see you and driving to the prison was the occasion for some thinking about the law and who is on what side. It's legal to make nuclear weapons and threaten to destroy the world. That's legal. In the name of defense. I was arrested at Griffiss Air Force Base for reading the Bible. That was illegal. I was creating a disturbance. It's a topsy-turvy world.

Let me tell you why I didn't write sooner in answer to your last letter. I guess I was a bit put off by your answer to my question as to how you came to be in prison. You told me that you were accused and found guilty, etc. Of course. I guess I wanted to know your story. If I am to write to you, who are you? No judgment on my part implied or intended. But did you really kill someone? How did you come to do that? What do you feel about that now? If not, if you didn't, how did you get to be seen as having done so? I ask these questions not out of idle curiosity, but as a way of making human contact, as best we can through the mail, to know you, as best I can. I in turn will answer with all possible sincerity any questions you might have.

I would like to send you a book called *The Hundredth Monkey*. Have you already read it? How can I do so? Is your mail censored? Could I send it to you a few pages at a time?

Peace to you, brother.

I guess I never will know Martin's story. My last two letters were returned

"My release is certain, and before too much longer!"

to me, marked: "Deceased: 9-25-83."

I wrote the Florida State Prison to ask how Martin died. I recently got this letter in reply:

At the direction of the Superintendent of Florida State Prison, I have been requested to respond to your inquiry of 12/15/83, regarding the death of inmate Martin Galwin. Inmate Galwin committed suicide on 9/25/83.

If I can be of any further assistance to you, please contact this office.

I don't know why Martin killed himself. Perhaps his appeal for a retrial

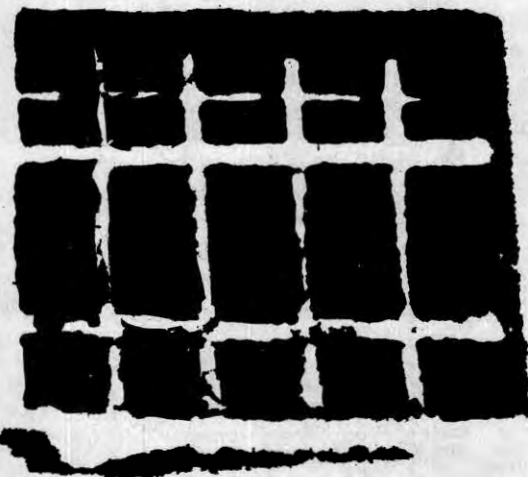
had been rejected, shattering the confidence he voiced in his certain release, undermining his faith in God. Or perhaps his "certain release" was an allusion, albeit unconscious, to his leaving his prison through suicide, the one act of power and integrity remaining to one led to consider all of us "helpless" in a world governed by an unknown God or other forces outside our control.

I think of Martin often. I can't help but wonder if things might have gone differently for him had I continued our correspondence back in June.

I think about Martin. I try to imagine myself in his skin, knowing (and here I am guessing) that his appeal had been rejected, facing the prospect of 20 more years in prison for a crime (for all we know) he never committed. And am I ready to go to prison? Am I ready to see my concern for the ever-increasing militarism of our culture manifest itself in illegal nonviolent resistance? Am I ready to spend time with the invisible Martins of our culture? Could my faith survive that test?

And I think of suicide. Though I am healthy, happy, blessed with meaningful work, loving and caring friends, and an abiding faith in God's grace, still, well I know that the beautiful setting from which I write these words can in a flash be turned into an environment so awful that a mandatory 25 in Starke could be seen as pleasant by comparison.

So I think of Martin and I say to him: "Martin, you really are my brother, and I ask you to forgive us all for this world, and above all I ask you to continue to pray for us all." □



The Harp at Nature's Advent Strung

by
Esther Greenleaf Mürer

In his article "Quakerism and the Arts" (*FJ* 11/1/83), Kenneth Boulding ponders some of the implications of relaxing the historic Quaker taboos on the arts. Citing Ned Rorem's journals as evidence that "the worldly culture of the arts . . . is one in which there is little place for the heavenly kingdom, where the price of glory is earthly restraint," Friend Boulding poses the question: "How do we break out from what was perhaps a cultural prison without falling into the hands of the world, the flesh, and the devil, the hell on earth that seems to follow so many liberations—political, economic, sexual, cultural?"

As a relatively new Friend I initially found the question bizarre; but at a distance of nearly a year, I feel that both of the letters that appeared in response to his article (one of them mine) failed to treat it with the seriousness it deserves. As I explore the available literature on art's relation to Quakerism, religion, and the modern world, a conviction grows that the traditional Quaker unfriendliness toward the arts has a kernel of validity—to which we must be open if we are ever to arrive at a right understanding of the value of art to our community of faith.

Since a cool, reasoned, scholarly defense of this hypothesis is beyond me, I'm glad for the Quaker habit of beginning with the experiential and concrete, which is also where the best art begins. Lately I've found myself entering into a sort of dialogue with Friends of the past, scrutinizing their pronouncements through the lens of my own experience.

Esther Greenleaf Mürer is a composer, and she is currently working on a children's musical on the tower of Babel. She is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting.

What follows is an example of this "dialogue."

My starting point is a single sentence by Thomas Hodgkin, speaking to the Manchester Conference of 1895 about the fin de siècle currents that marked the beginning of modern art: "For human conduct and human happiness, it is far safer to ignore Art altogether, than it is to accept her as the sole guide and arbiter of human life" (John Ormerod Greenwood, *Signs of Life: Art and Religious Experience*, Swarthmore Lecture, 1978).

My first, intellectual reaction to this sentence is that one shouldn't have to choose between "ignoring Art altogether" and "accepting her as the sole guide and arbiter"; that's like saying that celibacy is the only alternative to debauchery. Surely there is a healthy middle way that can honor art as God-given without making an idol of it?

So says my reason. And immediately my guts protest: Would it were so simple! Ah yes, it's just a little matter of finding the proper balance, that's all. Nothing to it.

The trouble is, art is total. For 25 years I did my best to ignore it, to cut it out of my life. I sought refuge in atheism, tobacco, alcohol, schism, anomie, self-hatred, and obsessive thoughts of suicide. Those were not life-affirming years. It is not willfulness but experience that impels me to insist that, for me, life without art is not worth living. *Pace* Friend Hodgkin, to ignore art altogether is not safe in the least, either for happiness or for conduct—for mine anyhow. And yet . . . and yet . . .

Those 25 years of exile were laid upon me. I remember the calm resolution with which, at 18, I burned a 14-inch stack of my collected works—a holocaust I have never once regretted: I know now, as instinctively I knew then, that I was obeying a leading.

After I started composing again, I found in my family's summer cottage in

Michigan, a fragment that had somehow escaped the flames—four bars of music for a psalm text: "Give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; his mercy endureth forever." I remember wrestling with that setting when I was 16 and giving it up, knowing that it was beyond me. Already at that age I knew that I wanted to write religious music; but I had to spend 25 years wrestling with the shadow, journeying through hell, before I was ready.

According to Solomon Eccles, the 17th-century musician who destroyed all his music books and instruments on becoming a Quaker, "There is a difference between the Harps of God and the Harps of Men" (Greenwood, p. 14). My experience says that Friend Eccles was right about that, although I can't agree with his blanket conclusion that "music pleases well that which is for destruction, and grieves that which God doth highly esteem and honour." Art, like other leadings of the Spirit, may become an idol: To have pursued my studies at the conservatory, with its faddishness, competitiveness, snobbery, sexism, and disdain for authenticity, would have meant opting for the "Harps of Men." I would doubtless have acquired some degree of technical proficiency, but at what a cost! Even now I shudder to recall what a claustrophobic, soul-destroying world it was. In such an atmosphere, art becomes rapacious, totalitarian, with no referent or standard outside itself—in short, "the sole guide and arbiter of human life." Yes, Friend Hodgkin, the danger is real. I am eternally grateful to my Guide for delivering me from it.

So I set out instead to "prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good." From the next decade one incident stands out in the present context as paradoxical: The time I resigned from

Surely there is a healthy middle way which can honor art as God-given without making an idol of it?

a peace organization over a matter of aesthetic principle.

I had become a regular contributor to the organization's newsletter. My contributions were mostly "humorous," and I'm hard put to think of anything else I've ever written that rang so false. Clever, designed to please the in-group—and violent: seething with anger beneath a veneer of "pacifism," they contained neither peace nor truth. In a sense they were written by someone else, not that of God in me reaching out to that of God in my readers, but an alien posing for aliens.

So perhaps it was poetic justice when the newsletter actually did publish

something I didn't write under my name. It happened like this: I had been asked to take notes on a speech by a prominent figure and to hand them in unedited. I had done so. The write-up subsequently appeared, my notes translated into an awful, cutesy journalese, under my by-line. It's probable that the

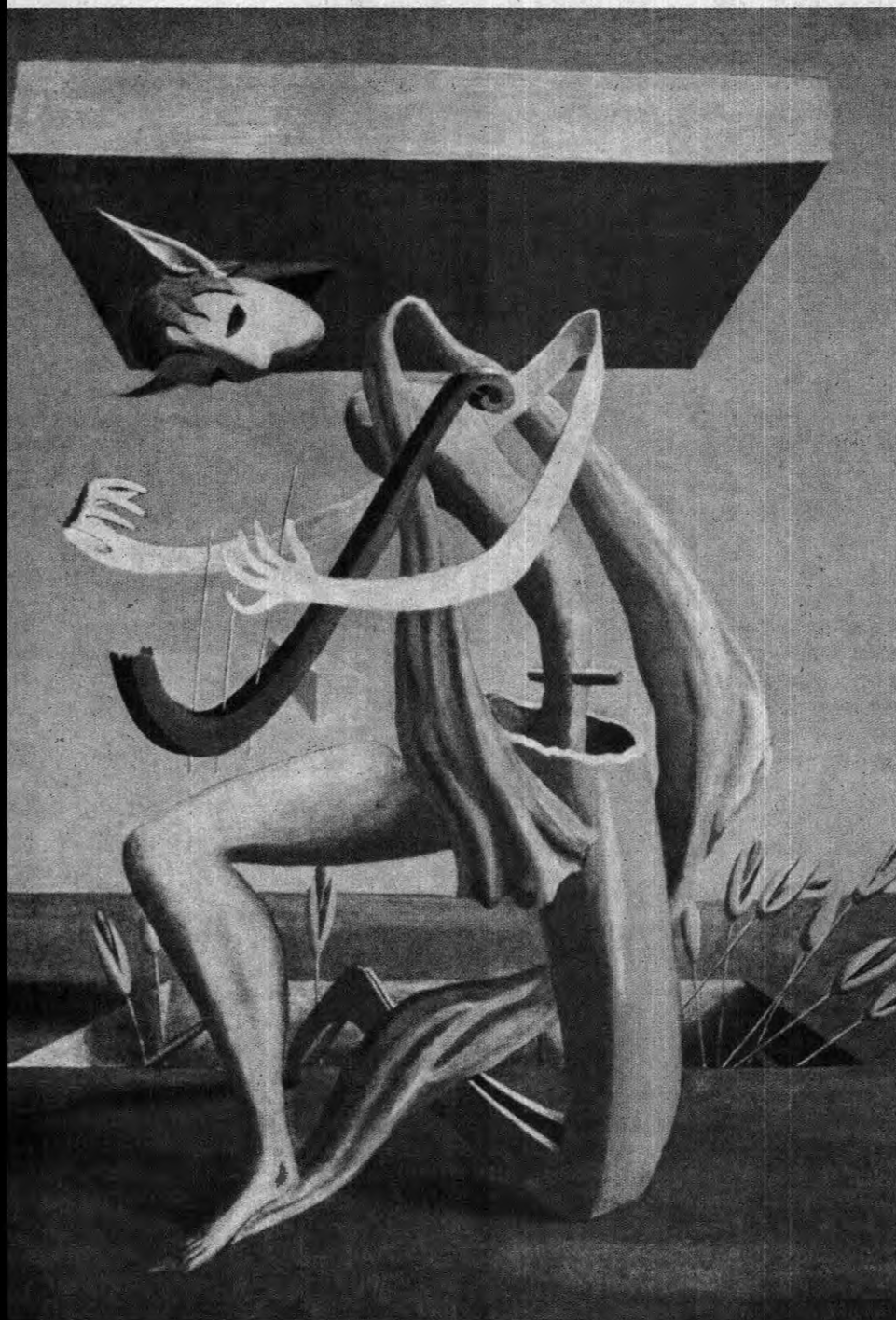
*When art speaks
with urgency, I
have learned to
listen.*

newsletter staff in far-off Philadelphia thought that they were doing me a kindness in crediting me with the authorship of a piece so admirable in content; but if so, they failed to reckon with the Artistic Temperament. The content wasn't mine, and no end, however worthy, could have justified the wanton coupling of my name with such an execrable style—as if I were capable of writing like that!

The dear people in my local chapter (many of them Quakers) seemed utterly at a loss to comprehend my sense of shock, betrayal, and outrage. And indeed I was doing my best to forgive and forget the whole incident—until one day the mailman brought two copies of a little magazine published in California that contained a reprint of the scurvy thing, with my name on the cover! Beseated by visions of having to sue the Nobel Prize Committee for defamation of character, I resigned from the organization and gave pacifists a wide berth for the next 20 years.

I have thought about this incident often, puzzled both by the intensity of my reaction and by what it appears to say about my priorities. (It is not an isolated episode; in my decision three years ago to break with my former church and cast my lot with Friends, the primary impetus was again artistic.) Is art "the sole guide and arbiter" for me? Certainly my most profound experiences of losing myself have always been connected with music. When I think back on all the crises of my life at which art came to my rescue, it seems that far from being a seducer, art in some way recalls me to my truest self. Art for me is a guide, or at any rate a mouthpiece for that Guide; and when it speaks with urgency, I have learned to listen.

That trust evolved slowly, through many renunciations. Perhaps I do, in Kenneth Boulding's phrase, practice "a kind of Franciscan voluntary poverty in the arts." These days I use art sparingly; I rarely go to concerts or art galleries or read belles-lettres. And no sooner had I received my Guide's permission to write church music, and achieved some technical competence at it, than that same Guide informed me that I was to join the Quakers. I felt like Abraham being commanded to sacrifice Isaac; but I too have been richly blessed as a result. □



Wolfgang Laif/Free Library of Philadelphia

Children in Meeting for Worship

by Susan L. Phillips

I learned much of what I know of the personal aspects of Quakerism from my husband. He has described to me his traditional upbringing in a close-knit meeting. First-days began with opening exercises involving all ages, with age groups breaking up for First-day school. Then all came together again for meeting for worship, sitting as a family in silent waiting. My husband and I have shared a concern about being unable to find another meeting in which events for children are not scheduled in conflict with meeting for worship.

The first time I took my son, Ian, to meeting he was four years old. It was summer; there was no First-day school. Ian sat contentedly through an hour of silence by cuddling with me and a favorite piece of an old blanket. After First-day school began in the fall, Ian had more and more trouble sitting for the 20 minutes of meeting that children attended. When Ian was six, we went to visit a meeting where there were no children. Ian, not expecting to leave early, calmed right down in meeting for worship. I was stunned by the realization that the First-day school schedule was actually working against his ability to sit through meeting.

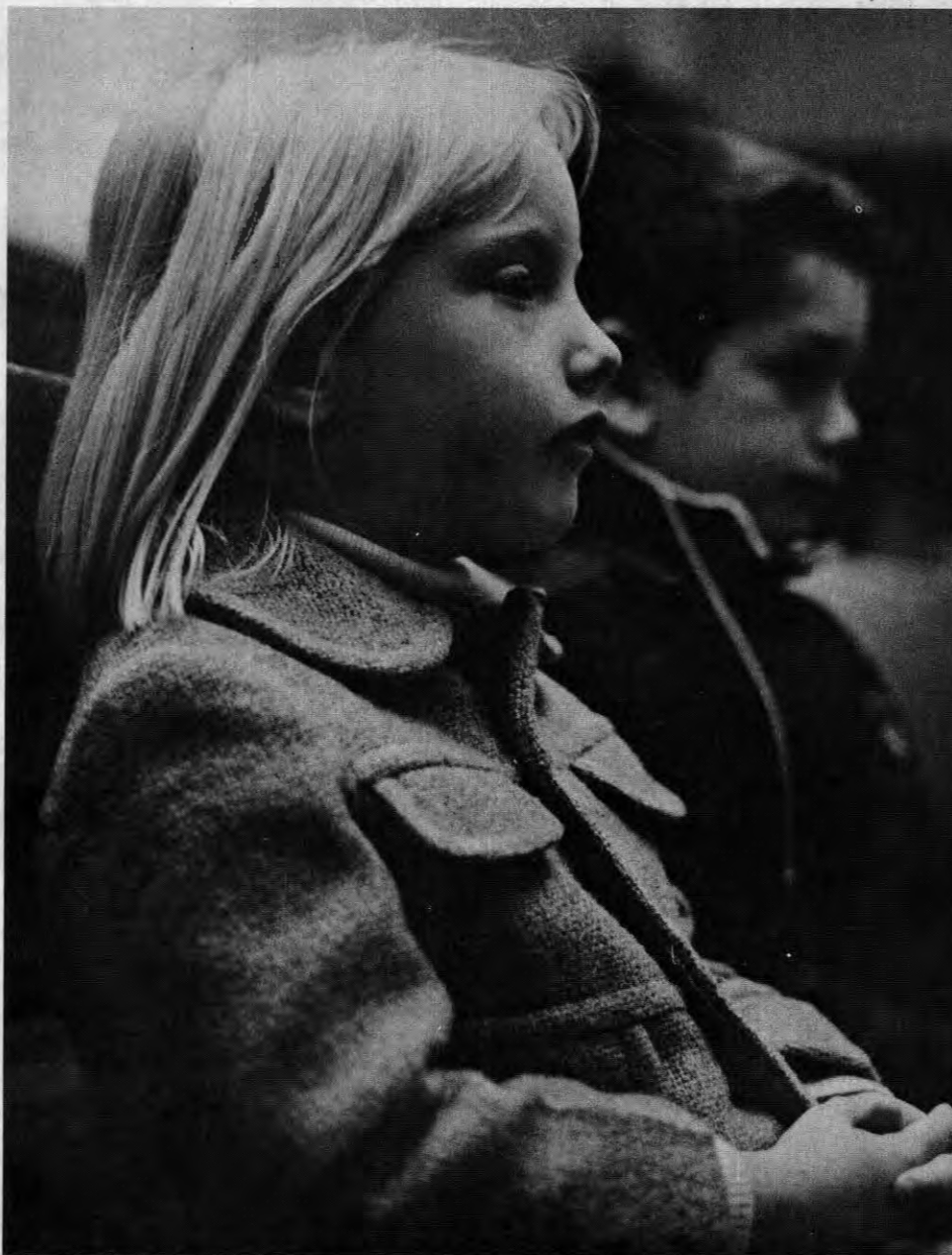
Of those meetings listed in *FRIENDS JOURNAL* that specify times for meeting and First-day school, fully two-thirds schedule First-day school in a time that conflicts with meeting for worship. This developed in the Society within the last 40 years or so. There are many justifications, ranging from the disturbance children cause to parents and others, through children's inability to sit in silence longer than 20 minutes, to children's being unable to glean from meeting for worship what should be experienced.

Having previously taught Montessori for eight years, Susan L. Phillips now works as a personal financial planner. She is a member of Stony Run Meeting in Baltimore, Md.

The implication is that Quaker worship is too sophisticated for children; they should go to First-day school instead. Yet for 250 years children have gone to meeting. When all the adults of Reading Meeting in England were sent to jail in 1664, the children themselves

kept up public worship.

Children do have a sense of the spiritual. Quakers who have written autobiographies usually record their first memory of hearing the divine voice between the ages of seven and ten. Rufus Jones, for example, described



family meeting at home before he was old enough to attend school:

The silences, during which all the children of our family were hushed with a kind of awe, were very important features of my spiritual development. There was work inside and outside the house waiting to be done, and yet we sat there hushed and quiet, doing nothing. I very quickly discovered that something *real* was taking place.

If our children fail to grasp the spiritual, perhaps it is a lack in the meeting and not in the children.

Worship is an experience for which skills can and must be learned. In the silence, which is *created* by the ordering of movements, the inner sensitivity that we call the spiritual sense can be developed. During the younger years, the impressions received from the environment are painted indelibly into the child's soul. The child brought up in meeting learns to enter into the silence as a natural thing. Adults can think about their environment and remember it, but the child absorbs it. The child's soul is being formed by events that can therefore transform him or her. The child who attends meeting for worship prepares a religious sense that could never be awakened by teaching.

First-day school is an important place to receive food for thought, but it should not be the focus of Quakerism. If we make meeting for worship an insignificant part of the program for children, it will naturally become insignificant for them. Familiarity with Quaker history and Bible stories is different from an awareness of religious truth. We cannot afford to neglect these studies, but facts become more valuable if time is set aside for their contemplation. Without this time, we have aroused the needs in the children without giving them the means to satisfy them.

It seems that one of the primary functions of religious education is to make Friends of our children. When First-day school is the only religious education, we find that it has little religious effect, being so much like one more school session in the week. Quakers seek the divine light in meeting for worship. It is the meeting for worship that distinguishes us a religious group; it is the center of what makes us Quakers. It therefore needs to be the central part of our children's religious education.

In meeting, one is no longer treated like a child. Children are made to feel as fully able as their elders to listen to the Divine Voice, learning that the truth of a person's witness is not dependent upon age or authority.

Meeting for worship provides many things for children: a time to learn how to enjoy daydreaming and how to form inner pictures (almost unheard of in our culture of constant entertainment). These daydreams become hopes and goals for the future. Children can learn how to turn off the unending noise of the world. Learning to listen requires the opportunity to be silent with oneself. Daydreaming can gradually grow into reflection on beliefs, into separating the important from the unimportant, and finally into living in the freedom of the truth. Meeting can help children learn how to follow divine guidance, to go beyond dependence on the secular forces around them.

The adult experience of God is quite different from the child's. But the only difference between them in the *search* is that the child depends upon the adult for guidance. Most of this initial guidance is in modeling. When those adults in the meeting with whom our children have greatest contact, the First-day school teachers, do not sit through meeting for worship, what is the unspoken message? We expect more of children than of adults, that they experience meeting for worship in 20 minutes or less. Many adults need that long just to center.

"It is not too much to say that the two most important duties of our Society are to publish the truth as we understand it and to educate our children in our faith and life." Though written in 1949, that quote from *Up to Eighteen* is still timely. Note that these are said to be duties of our Society as a whole, not of parents or committees alone. On that subject John Woolman said:

That Divine Light which enlightens all Men, I believe, does often shine in the Minds of Children very early; and to humbly wait for Wisdom that our Conduct toward them may forward their Acquaintance with it and strengthen them in Obedience thereto, appears to me to be a Duty on all of us.

To emphasize religious education is to shift the focus from the effect of our children upon the meeting to the effect of the meeting upon our children. □

Et in Spiritus Sanctus

We sit in the meetinghouse
Where the wind blows through
And all the bodies are on benches,
Separate, each
Feeling its own pulse,
Breathing its own air,
Looking out eyes to others.

Yet we believe in the Wind God
Whose unseen force we feel
Perhaps only as a current,
Our bodies not solid but porous,
For the spirit to blow through,
Uniting us when the wind is high,
Separating when the current ebbs,
When we see differences of

color
size
shape
shades of brown
degrees of age
bumps and hollows and planes
and angles

Differences which seem so important.

But to the wind are they even a filter,
Or just decoration to make us
see each other better?
Even through a fence does the wind
blow free.

—Annette Larson Benert

First Day

Couched in expectations
the silent circle is joined;
without holy rood,
I board an ancient vessel:
a dinghy, a dhow,
a spiraling snail's shell
and float from shoal
to sea
to shore
where stringed gourds are plucked
and
where braced against a baobab
I am surrounded by Light.

—C. A. Lofton

Family Reunion

A while ago I went to a Bohan family reunion. There were 280 people! There were my mother's parents, many aunts and uncles, and hundreds of cousins.

We had the reunion on a beach near a lake and before the party started we raised the Bohan family flag. It was blue and white and depicted a hawk holding some ivy on a shield. After that we swam, ate, got indigestion, rested, swam, and attacked our grandfather with Chinese yo-yos.

I was very glad to go to this reunion and meet so many new relatives.

Steve Bowers
West Chester Friends School

Antiques

musty attics
filled with treasures
worthless in money
but filled with memories
patched teddy bears
bisque china dolls
paint chipped forever
on their rosy lips
dust covering everything
in a transparent layer
until a little girl comes
to examine the treasures
that are now antiques

Rachel Maurer
Brooklyn Friends School

LEAVES

Lovely to look at.
Easy to see.
At night you can hear them rustle.
Very beautiful in the sunlight.
Every day they fall.
Soon they will go away.

Charlotte Skey
West Chester Friends School

JUNIOR JOURNAL

The Star of the Show

The most talented cat I ever had was Pippen. She could sing and dance to any song that happened to be on the radio. But my story really begins when the circus came to town last February. My parents and I had planned to go because I was very fond of the clowns. I love the way they played tricks on each other. On the way we noticed that Pippen was in the back seat with me. Now I was really surprised because I was sure I had left her in my room. But it was too late to turn back because the show was about to start and we were only part way there. So we decided to leave her in the car while we went to see the show.

The clowns came out first and my sides almost split with laughing so much. But then the elephants came out with all the pretty ladies doing tricks on their backs and everyone was clapping, smiling, and talking to each other. Then the lights were dimmed and a spotlight was centered in the ring, and a man in a black suit with a top hat came into the circle of light and announced Madame's Dancing Kittens.

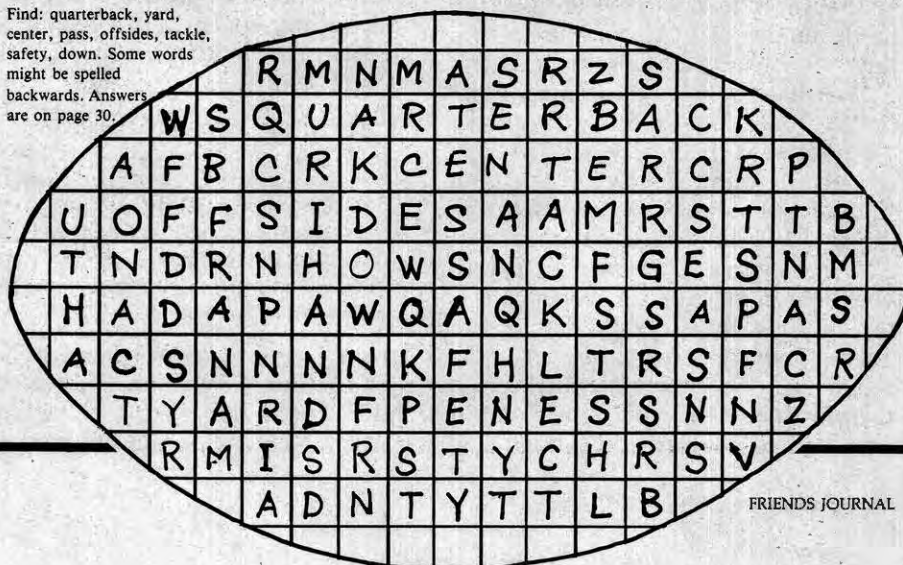
The first one was a tabby cat and she was dancing on her hind legs, and Madame announced her as Nina. The second was Siamese and her name was Bootsy, and the third was, OH MY GOODNESS, NO IT COULDN'T BE! SHE HAD THE SAME MARKINGS, BUT, NO, PIPPEN WAS IN THE CAR. Sure enough, Madame announced her as Pippen and my eyes almost popped out of my head. But there was Pippen in the ring dancing as though it was the most natural thing in the whole world. At the end, she did a little song and bowed and walked out of the spotlight. Everyone was clapping so loud that I was sure my ears were going to pop.

After the show, I ran out to the car and peeked in—there was Pippen sitting in the back seat as though nothing had happened. I got in wondering if it had been another cat who had been the star of Madame's Dancing Kittens. But wait a minute—what is that under her neck? A red ribbon. So it was her! I looked at Pippen; she tilted her head to one side and gave me a crooked smile, and got up on her hind legs and did a little dance for me.

Claudia Kent
Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting

Football Puzzle by Kirk Lindstrom, West Chester Friends School

Find: quarterback, yard, center, pass, offside, tackle, safety, down. Some words might be spelled backwards. Answers are on page 30.



"Botanical Discoveries"

The "Touch-me-not"

This flower is called the touch-me-not because, if you touch it very gently, it will explode, and there will be lots of little rolled-up things that look like worms, but aren't. They are the flower's equivalent of seeds. If you touch them, they will burst, too. But if you touch the flower hard, or hit it, it will not send out seeds, but rocks. So always touch a flower gently first, before you start to uproot it!

The "Butterfly"

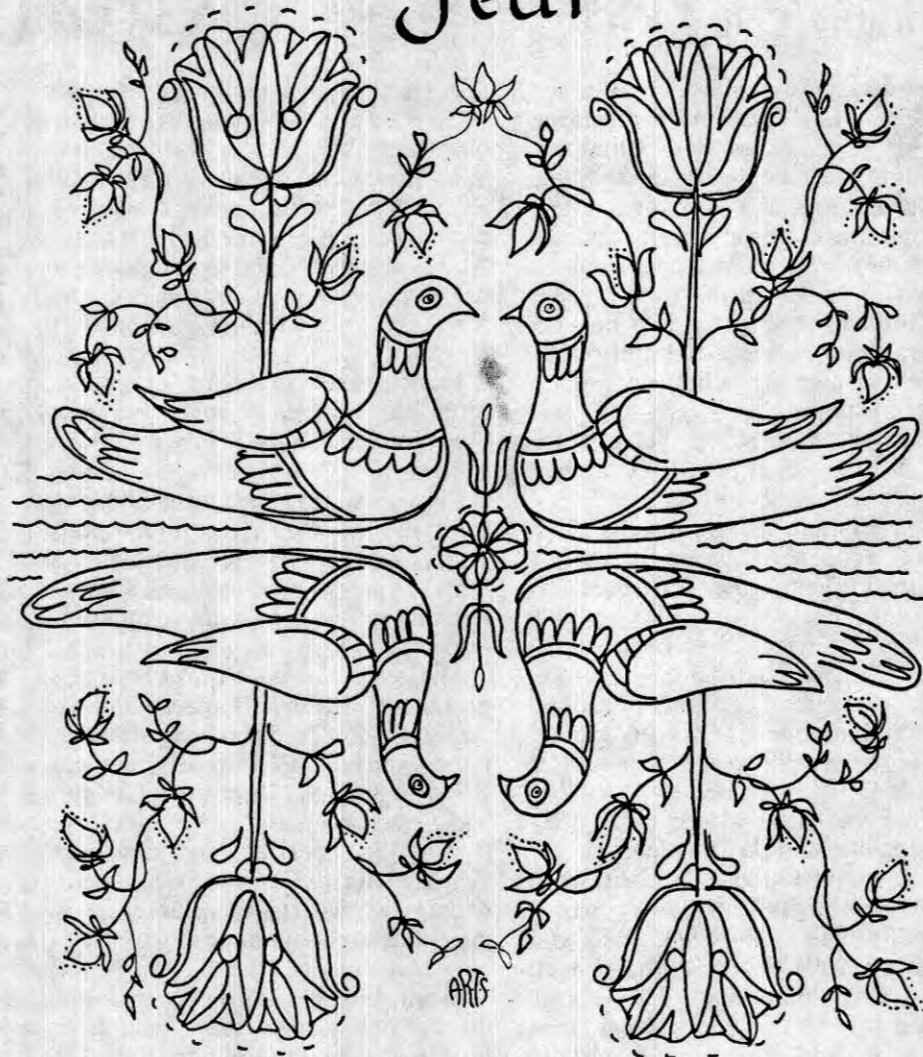
This flower is called the butterfly, because if you touch it, it flies up and comes down again. (Don't tell anybody, but it's really a bird!)

The "Stove"

This flower is probably related to the others, because if you touch it, it will turn into a stove. It will turn back into a flower, but only after a million years, so you can use it for a toy stove in the meantime. Or, if you need a real stove, you can touch it for eight minutes, and it will turn into a big stove. If you are expecting a certain kind of stove, you may be disappointed, because they turn into different kinds of stoves in different places. Don't worry about rusting, because they turn back into flowers anyway.

Hanna Rose Kerman
Grand Rapids (Mich.) Meeting

Peace is letting go of Fear



This drawing, by Helene Huber, can be colored with crayons or colored pencils.

Grace Before Meals

Thanks be to God
Who gives us
Bread
Shrimp
Pizza
Food
The food we need every day
Which gives us
Life.

Amen

Newark Friends Meeting
First-day School

Halloween

Six little ghosts, sittin' on posts
Eatin' buttered toast.
Along comes Shzamm, kicking a can
And eating marmalade jam.
Along comes a spider,
sippin' apple cider.
Along comes a fly, eatin' apple pie.
BOO! It's Halloween.

Matt Madrigale
West Chester Friends School

A Dog Is . . .

A dog is a flashing streak
of fun on the run,
and a flop-eared pooch
snoozing on a chair
And a dirt-slinging digger,
a fun-loving clown,
a sad-eyed bundle of sympathy.

Carl Whittle
Brooklyn Friends School

Simple Living

by Kathy Epling



REPORTS

Iowa Yearly Meeting: Support for Diversity in Meetings

We live with skunks. Little ones, sleek, black-and-white patterned ones with white diamonds on their foreheads and tails that fluff to immense size when the creatures are upset, and are carried flat and low when they are relaxed and curious.

Neighbors call them civets or civet cats, distinguishing them from the larger, slower, striped skunks. My trusty guide to mammals calls them western spotted skunks.

I call one of them, the brave matriarch, Sylvie; one of her tamer children is Starbright. The rest of the littlest skunks go unnamed around the cabin steps and tool shed, except for my soft "oh, hello pretty ones, little ones, little skunks."

Sylvie has come in and out of the cabin for many months, eating cat food and leftovers, fond of peanut butter and eggs; making one set of visits around nine or ten at night and another at three or four in the morning.

When the little skunks walk they dance tap-tap-tap over the floor, out the window, in the window. On nights when the moon is bright they sing—or chirp—sounding like a cross between mice and birds: a warble; a trill; a sharp, high peep. They harmonize. They dance around the cabin, under the cabin, in darting semicircles quick and delicate.

When I go outside Sylvie and Starbright eye me curiously; if I have food for them I show them and place it in their bowl. Quickly they come to check and pause to stare at me.

Inside, too, they gaze at us. One night I woke to find Sylvie gazing at Garth, who slept beside me. She had put a dead mouse on his pillow; a gift, I supposed. "No, Sylvie," I said sleepily, "we don't eat mice." She darted up and took the mouse away. A couple weeks

ago, Garth and I sat talking downstairs when she came in, went under his chair, nuzzled his bare foot, and stared up at him, then at me. We sat very quietly as she went to eat her oatmeal and peanuts and to take some to her family. And as she ate I found myself saying to her, "Yes, pretty Sylvie, this is Garth, my child . . .," feeling a gladness, a blessing.

Friends and neighbors, of course, often stare amazed or concerned when I mention the skunks. "Have you got rid of them yet?" asked one acquaintance. Others warn of rabies, or ask how we can stand the smell. They rarely spray, I say. We don't frighten them. Which is maybe part of what this is all about—learning to live gently, in harmony, in respect.

The generations of skunks were here long before we were. The deer who graze these hills have lived here long. The trees from which I find myself drawing strength, the green ferns, the columbines and wood roses, the rattlesnakes, the lizards, the ants (I have noticed under Garth's observant direction five varieties of ants), we live together. Our territories interpenetrated; our minds/souls touch. No one owns the other.

Meanwhile the daily paper rattles news of how many missiles here, there; how much death. Politics of threat. Meanwhile my youngest brother writes of his new air force assignment—24-hour silo duty, his hand ready to push buttons sending ten or more minuteman missiles to their targets, and I wonder how to write to him, he who teaches Sunday school, he with his two little children. He writes me asking that I pray he makes it through training okay. I pray, though not that.

And I sit quietly in the presence of gentle skunks. We look at each other a long time tonight, Sylvie and I, before she runs out to the moonlight and her little ones. May I be persistent and gentle and daring as she, I think. May we all hold the world in balance.

Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative) met for the 107th annual session at Paullina Meetinghouse in Iowa, August 1-5. Members gathered from meetings in Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, and California. In addition, there were visitors from Monteverde Monthly Meeting in Costa Rica and Northern, Philadelphia, and Nebraska yearly meetings. Franklin and Mary Clark of West Branch (Iowa, FUM) Meeting were present as field secretaries for the Friends Committee on National Legislation.

Each day started with informal Bible reading, worship, and discussion. These helped set the tone for the day.

Marian Solomon reported on her experiences in Nicaragua with the Iowa Witness for Peace. George Willoughby, of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting, reported on the work of the Peace Brigades International in Central America.

Roy and Martha Hampton reported on the Mexican work camp for Scattergood students. The project was arranged in cooperation with the Mexican Friends Service Committee. Projects have included digging ditches for a water main, digging latrines, painting a schoolhouse, and, this year, working on a road.

One monthly meeting is struggling for clearness and unity in how to assimilate a diverse group of people who are better at talking than at listening and who are inexperienced in and impatient with Quaker business procedures. The meeting requested the yearly meeting Ministry and Oversight Committee to appoint a clearness committee to meet with members of this meeting. The clearness committee met for about four hours with members of the meeting who were present at yearly meeting. The members felt supported and encouraged in their efforts to make use of the strong points of their diverse membership. Some feel the meeting should emphasize only spiritual matters, while others feel it is most important to encourage activists for various causes. It will be a challenge and an opportunity to develop the loving support that will enable these diverse people to work together in love and mutual understanding.

We expressed our appreciation for Robert Berquist's leadership as clerk for the past five years. These responsibilities will now be taken over by John Griffith.

Clarence R. Perisho

Kathy Epling lives in a handmade cabin in the woods of northern California. She and her family are the current production and mailing crew of the Peacemaker newsletter; her article is reprinted from its July 16, 1984, issue.



Two New Yearly Meetings Are Welcomed at the FUM Triennial

Friends from around the globe gathered at Chapman College in California, July 12-18, for Friends United Meeting's triennial sessions. More than 437 Friends came from all of FUM's yearly meetings, including East Africa, Jamaica, and Cuba. In addition, representatives were present from Australia, Ireland, and London yearly meetings.

Some impressions of the 1984 triennial sessions were: the breathtaking beauty of the bouquet of more than 50 roses that greeted us as we gathered for our opening session; for friends who dine alone at home, the joy of food and fellowship; the mobile, outdoor sculpture that attracted children like a magnet; the Whittier String Quartet beginning the evening with Mozart; the grandeur of sound when 400 voices sang praise to the Lord in the acoustically delightful Memorial Hall; and the gentle humor and talent for recording minutes shared by Walter Haines.

In 1902, Willis Hotchkiss, Arthur Chilson, and Edgar Hole were sent from New York to Mombasa, Kenya, to find a location for missionary service of U.S. Friends. The seeds they planted have resulted in more than 80,000 members in East Africa. Thrill and excitement coursed through the body of Friends as East Africa Yearly Meeting of Friends (South) and Elgon Religious Society of Friends were received into full membership in FUM. The representatives of these meetings responded by singing a song with

the theme of "They are blessed, those which have been chosen." Filemona Indire of East Africa Yearly Meeting of Friends (South) spoke, indicating the three African yearly meetings were communicating together, reconciling, and expecting to be self-reliant. Friends stood as one body and applauded in recognition of the significance of this event as one representative of each yearly meeting went forward to extend the right hand of fellowship to representatives of the two new yearly meetings.

In addressing the problems of war, hunger, peace, human welfare, and the need to spread the Gospel worldwide, Young Friends urged us to begin at the grassroots with individual communication to our U.S. representatives and senators expressing our desire to use our resources to help people and meet their needs rather than to destroy them. Their statement was enthusiastically received by the representatives.

Clifford Winslow and Mariam McDonald joined in closing the triennial sessions, giving thanks for the opportunity to work together in the service of Friends United Meeting during the last triennium. "Let us continue to search for truth and to walk together as we should. Let us close this triennium with the knowledge that God has most surely been with us in our midst." Clifford then led in the dedication of presiding clerk Richard Whitehead and of Kara Cole, Jack Kirk, Robert Williams, and Virginia Esch, who will serve as FUM executive staff in the next triennium.

Frances Martin

Illinois Yearly Meeting: Making Decisions From a Spiritual Base

Illinois Yearly Meeting gathered for its 110th annual session at Clear Creek Meetinghouse, near McNabb, Illinois, August 1-5. More than 250 Friends from Illinois and parts of Wisconsin, Missouri, and Indiana joined together to explore the theme "Making Life's Decisions From a Spiritual Base" and to share in worship and fellowship.

The opening panel consisted of Richard Catlett, Carolyn and Roy Treadway, and Peter Burkholder, who shared experiences on the theme. Elise Boulding presented the keynote address, "Inward Leadings and Outer Pressures." She encouraged us to be present fully in both time and space, to pursue holy obedience, and to meditate deeply and regularly. On Sunday, before meeting for worship, James Garretson gave the annual Jonathan Plummer Lecture, titled "First, the Kingdom." He wove together the biblical, Christian, and Quaker basis for our ethical and spiritual life, and encouraged us to seek more diligently "the Kingdom." In between, in small but significant ways, such as in worship-sharing groups, informal discussions, and workshops—from computers, parenting, sanctuary, and despair and empowerment, to presentations from Quaker organizations—we explored more fully our theme.

A strong, focused program for our youth and children set the tone of smooth inter-generational relationships throughout our time together. The teen program, led by Peter Theodore, who had been released by the yearly meeting for the last year to develop special teen activities, centered on the teens getting to know one another better, making decisions, and becoming more involved with adult concerns.

Our meetings for worship with a concern for business were clerked by Allie Walton. After much searching, we agreed to continue our youth services program on a part-time basis for next year. In addition, we gave support to Lucy Tally as she clarifies her concern to travel in the ministry throughout the yearly meeting, and we encouraged her to visit among Friends. We also agreed to facilitate research on violence and conflict resolution among families in our yearly meeting, but felt monthly meetings needed to help us find the most constructive way to assist the research.

The yearly meeting seems to be reaching out for ongoing activities, despite problems of planning and logistics that those activities sometimes require. We were united in many ways during yearly meeting and look forward to sharing together in the coming year.

Roy C. Treadway and Marjorie J. Powell



A proud artist at Illinois Yearly Meeting

North Carolina (Cons.) Yearly Meeting Supports Quaker House

"Let there be peace, and let it begin with me," was the theme of the 287th session of North Carolina Yearly Meeting (Conservative), as Friends gathered July 19-22 at Guilford College, Greensboro, North Carolina. The theme was explored within morning worship-sharing groups, evening programs, and business sessions.

Thoughts for our morning worship were prompted by Calhoun Geiger of Durham (N.C.) Meeting, Louise Wilson of Virginia Beach (Va.) Meeting, and William Taber of Pendle Hill. Evening sessions included a slide lecture by Cyril Harvey of Friendship (N.C.) Meeting about his trip the previous summer through northern Europe, Russia, and

China; a report by Anne Welsh and Elizabeth Enloe on the work of the American Friends Service Committee in the Southeast; an exploration of "The Peace Within" by Janet Hampton of Friendship Meeting; a musical expression of peace and love by artist Paula Larke; a plea for the rule of law, justice, and compassion in national affairs by Miriam Levering; and presentations of the exciting work of our three Friends schools, Guilford College, and its Friends center. Oral reports were also received from the Friends Committee on National Legislation, Friends World Committee for Consultation, and Friends General Conference.

This year, Fayetteville (N.C.) Meeting joined the yearly meeting as a permanent member. Friendship Meeting announced the formation in Winston-Salem of a new preparative meeting, Ardmore Friends Meeting.

Of special concern at this session of yearly meeting was the funding of Quaker House, the military counseling center in Fayetteville near Fort Bragg, the largest army base in the United States. Funding cuts by Friends United Meeting, eliminating its support of Quaker House, have forced a reduction in staff and the elimination of the counseling program at the nearby marine base, Camp LeJeune. The yearly meeting responded with increases in its support of Quaker House, which were unfortunately not enough to offset the loss of funds from FUM.

Next year's session will be held at Chowan College in Murfreesboro, North Carolina, July 10-14, 1985. The new clerk of yearly meeting is Louise B. Wilson, 113 Pinewood Road, Virginia Beach, VA 23451.

Damon D. Hickey

AFSC Annual Meeting to Honor Clarence Pickett

"In all the work of the American Friends Service Committee, we try to bring religion and life into one common endeavor. Religion finds its fullest expression in daily life, and not alone in worship" (*For More Than Bread*, autobiography of Clarence Pickett).

The Annual Meeting of the American Friends Service Committee, to be held at the Arch Street Meeting House in Philadelphia November 3, from 9:15 a.m. to 4 p.m., takes its theme from *For More Than Bread*, and gives special honor to the memory of Clarence Pickett. He was executive secretary from 1929 to 1950; then honorary executive secretary until 1955. Clarence Pickett headed the AFSC when it was co-recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1947.

Stephen G. Cary, chairperson of the AFSC Board of Directors, will speak in commemoration of the former executive secretary and will preside at the afternoon plenary sessions.

The featured speaker of the afternoon will be Jose Alamiro Andrade Silva, a Brazilian priest working for peace and justice through nonviolence. Working on the periphery of São Paulo since 1968, his ministry has been directed primarily toward

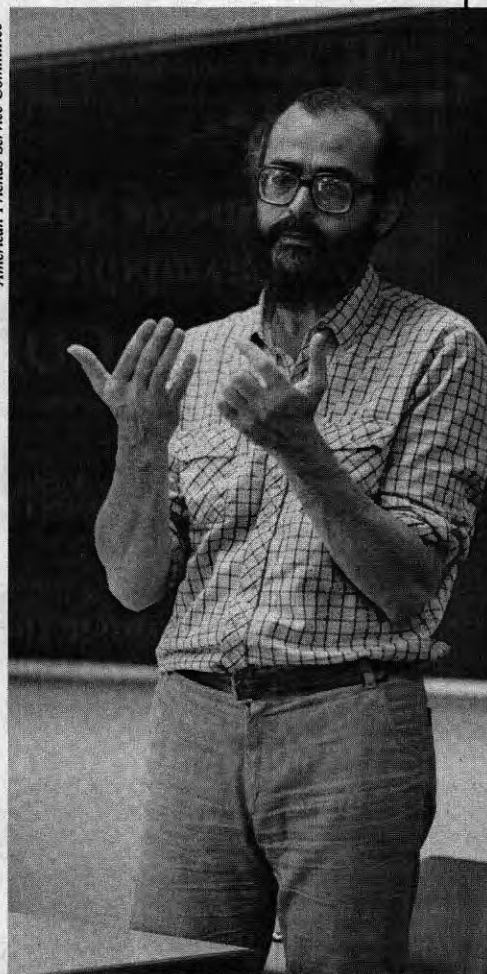
workers and organizing slum dwellers.

Another afternoon event will be a panel discussion, "Hunger: Why?" Panelists will discuss hunger problems here and abroad, including perspectives of staff members recently returned from Africa and Latin America.

Mary Lou Suhor, editor of *Witness* magazine, will moderate a panel discussion on "Religion: A Force to Heal or Polarize?" "The Crisis and Challenge of Central America," including Caribbean perspectives, will be discussed in another panel. A third will focus on "The Costs and Dilemmas of Development in the U.S. and Abroad."

The sessions will begin with ten interest groups, which will meet from 9:15 to 10:30 a.m. Subjects include "Workfare: An Attack on Poor Women," "The Continuing Challenge and Hope of Southern Africa," and "Law and Justice in a Nation of Immigrants." Other subjects will include rural development, U.S./USSR relations, Israeli-Palestinian dialogue, affirmative action, overcrowding and other prison issues, work at the United Nations, and sanctuary for Central American refugees.

American Friends Service Committee



Featured speaker Jose Alamiro Andrade Silva

WORLD OF FRIENDS

Some German religious socialists who became Quakers in the 1920s formed the Quaker communal settlement Sonnenhof (or Sonnenberg, or Sonnenkreis) near Coburg in Thüringen. The settlers, like the religious socialists, wanted to live their lives the way they hoped all people would be able to live. Readers are asked to send any information they may have on the Sonnenhof to: Jungfreunde-Brief, Quäkerhaus, Bismarkstr. 35, 3280 Bad Pyrmont, Federal Republic of Germany.

Two new yearly meetings, both in Kenya, have been incorporated into Friends United Meeting. The Elgon Religious Society of Friends and East Africa Yearly Meeting of Friends (South) were accepted on July 14 by unanimous acclaim at the FUM triennial plenary session at Chapman College in Orange, Calif. The Elgon Society of Friends consists of 11 quarterly meetings, 53 monthly meetings, 150 village meetings, approximately 15,000 adults, and perhaps 30,000 children. There are 12 area pastors. East Africa Yearly Meeting of Friends (South) is probably the largest yearly meeting in the world, with 58,000 members and associate members in 148 monthly meetings.

A Quaker Universalist Fellowship gathering will be held on Saturday, October 27, at Friends Center in Philadelphia. Susan Hersker-Rubinstein will lead a discussion on the topic of "Sharing of Spiritual Experience in the Universalist Context." For further information, call Alfred Roberts, (215) 923-3969.

"Military Spending Facts" in the July 1984 *FCNL Newsletter* notes that in the 1960s and 1970s, the Pentagon spent more than the after-tax profits of all U.S. corporations combined.

Friendly Woman: A Magazine for Quaker Women will be published for the next two years by a group of women from Atlanta (Ga.) Meeting. *Friendly Woman* is ten years old and has been published by Quaker women who have volunteered their time and talents. Roughly every two years a new group of Quaker women takes on the job. A quarterly magazine, *Friendly Woman* carries articles, poetry, drawings, and photographs by Quaker women from throughout the United States. The winter 1985 issue will address the topic "What Is a Friendly Woman?" Submissions not exceeding 1,500

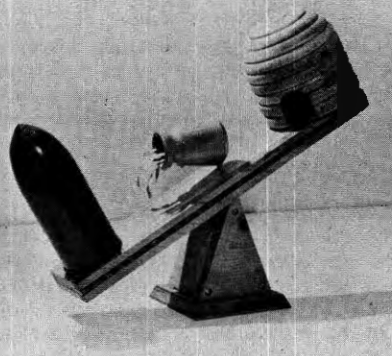
words should be sent by December 1, 1984, to *Friendly Woman*, c/o Quaker House, 1384 Fairview Rd. NE, Atlanta, GA 30306.

"A pretty box" is what Quaker Thomas Ellwood called the country cottage he found for his Latin teacher, John Milton, to escape from the London plague of 1665. *Paradise Lost* was completed in that cottage. When Milton showed the poem to Ellwood (who read daily to the blind poet), Ellwood is said to have asked, "Thou has said much here of 'Paradise Lost,' but what has thou to say of 'Paradise Found?'" Some time later he showed Ellwood *Paradise Regained*. "This is owing to you," he said, "for you put it in my head" (from *The Friend*, August 24, 1984).

Carol Reilley Urner's article "Thoughts on Prayer" (*FJ* 4/1/83) has been reprinted in the September 1984 issue of *John Milton Magazine*, a monthly publication available free to persons who cannot read normal print. Friends who wish to receive the magazine may write to the John Milton Society for the Blind, 475 Riverside Dr., Room 832, New York, NY 10115.

"Disarming Images: Art for Nuclear Disarmament" is an exhibition of works by major contemporary American artists, including Laurie Anderson, Red Grooms, and Claes Oldenburg. Organized by Bread and Roses of the National Union of Hospital

Photo courtesy of Castelli Graphics



Monuments by Robert Cumming

and Health Care Employees and by Physicians for Social Responsibility, the exhibition will travel to ten U.S. cities during the next 30 months. The paintings, sculptures, drawings, photography, computer-generated images, wall reliefs, and holograms communicate each artist's response to the nuclear crisis. The exhibition, which opened in Cincinnati, will also go to San Diego, Santa Barbara, and Pasadena, Calif.; Albany, Utica, and New York, N.Y.; Pullman, Wash.; Las Vegas, Nev.; and Billings, Mont. For more information write Disarming Images, 330 W. 42 St., suite 1905, New York, NY 10036.



FWC

One-month Pilgrimage in Europe begins July 8, 1985. For high school juniors and seniors (ages 16-18) and adult leaders. Write to Friends World Committee for Consultation, P.O. Box 1797, Richmond, IN 47375.

Quaker Youth Pilgrimage

CREMATION

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

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Facing hypocrisy in Christian life

HONEST CHRISTIANITY
by Clinton W. McLemore

In urging an openness and truthfulness with ourselves as well as others, the author contends that psychological honesty and spiritual growth go hand in hand. He calls the reader to self understanding and acceptance and to a sharing with others in the Christian community, arguing that involvement and disclosure will bring the reader to a better interaction with others and a deeper relationship with God. Paper \$7.95

By the same author: *Good Guys Finish First: Success Strategies from the Book of Proverbs for Business Men and Women*

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FORUM

A Visitor From Brussels

Aiming to find out something of the views and concerns of American Quakers, to learn from your long experience of work in your social and political context, and to make known the work of the Quaker Council for European Affairs, I made a month-long trip to the United States.

The QCEA was founded in 1979 and is currently represented in Brussels by Belgian-born Angèle Kneale. It seeks to provide a Quaker witness in the decision-making processes of Europe in three main areas: peace and disarmament, human rights, and the right sharing of the world's resources.

A tour that took me from the leafy tranquility of New Hampshire to the noise, excitement, and aggressiveness of New York City also took me to Friends General Conference, Pendle Hill, the American Friends Service Committee, and Friends World Committee for Consultation in Philadelphia; the Quaker United Nations Office; and the Friends Committee on National Legislation and William Penn House in Washington, D.C.

The connections between our work and international witness on different sides of the Atlantic came alive when I met Friends who had used our publications, who had never heard of QCEA but who came to discussion groups to find out, who taught me about the U.S. dimension of issues we work on in Brussels. We have different perspectives on common themes. To seek to identify the threads that link us can only benefit and strengthen our international witness.

I thank Friends for the warm welcome they gave me and hope to have the chance to meet some of you in Brussels at: QCEA, 50 Square Ambiorix, B-1040 Brussels (tel. 230 49 35).

Sally Sadler
Brussels, Belgium

C.O.s in the Circle of Friends

Recently our small Friends meeting has been discovered by two young men who are in the armed forces and assigned to a nearby installation. Both of them, as a result of their military experience, have come to the position of conscientious objection. Each has initiated the process available to him to achieve that status. Each, in addition, finds in the meeting for worship confirmation of his personal search for spiritual guidance.

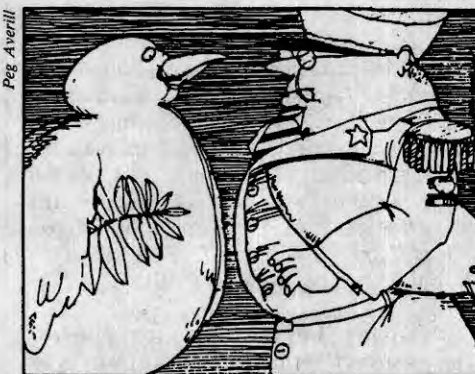
I would like to know if other meetings have had attenders who bring with them similar experiences. As I understand it, one part of the military opinion on this

complex issue is that since it is now a volunteer army, individuals seeking conscientious objector status are breaking a contract. The men involved feel they have a right to change their minds.

Our meeting feels warm support for the men who have come into our circle and has received inspiration from their courage as they face many problems resulting from the stand they have taken.

If other meetings have had this experience, I will appreciate hearing about it. Please withhold my name until I am sure the position of the persons involved will not be jeopardized by my statement.

Name withheld
c/o FRIENDS JOURNAL



A Query Inviting Your Response:

Why is there so little *emotional* support for U.S./USSR reconciliation? How do you think we might evoke it?

There is broad intellectual support for U.S./USSR disarmament in the United States and many church people have become deeply involved with people from the churches in the Soviet Union. There are many important conferences being held, bringing together Americans and Soviets. But—perhaps it is because I live in California—I have not found the need has reached the hearts of many citizens.

I will cite some examples. (*This is not a criticism; it is simply an observation.*) On the West Coast I have found most people involved with the suffering in Central America. The Resource Center for Nonviolence focuses on the Middle East and Central America. My Friends meeting is deeply involved with Central America, as are many, many Santa Barbarans. There is a Latin America "desk" at our local peace resource center. The only group pursuing U.S./USSR reconciliation is our local Fellowship of Reconciliation group, and we find it hard going.

I wonder if the reason for this is that there's little or nothing we can do to "help" the Soviet people. Traditionally we Americans have been superb at clothing, feeding, and sheltering people in other countries. Our affluence gave us these opportunities and that's what we

know how to do so well. Such actions as "Witness for Peace" offer the challenge of self-sacrifice and a concrete opportunity to get involved on basic levels. Working with the poor and underprivileged has always touched American hearts.

The Soviets offer us no such opportunity, and we have so little personal contact with them (unlike the Latin Americans who now compose a near majority in southern California). This question is tremendously challenging. I believe we must reach a very personal level to answer it. How can we make real the fact that Soviet lives need saving just as much as Latin American lives, that these people who have been officially designated "the enemy" need to be saved from us, and that our destinies are intertwined with theirs?

What is your insight? I am researching this for an article. I shall be so grateful if you respond.

Gene Knudsen-Hoffman
US-USSR Reconciliation
Fellowship of Reconciliation
312 E. Sola St.
Santa Barbara, CA 93101

Is the Ministry of Silence Undervalued?

Leonard Kenworthy's "The Crucial Role of Spoken Ministry" (FJ 8/1-15) is a thoughtful and thought-provoking contribution. My reaction to his message, however, is that there are some "on-the-other-hand" observations that seem to me important to express. Matters of relative emphasis are subtle and difficult to evaluate, and I am very uncomfortable with some possible interpretations of his message.

No one could quarrel with the idea that Quakers should nourish their spiritual resources by reading and reflection, or that they should endeavor to be articulate in their thinking and speaking, or that they should witness to their convictions and share their insights with others. But I am uneasy if it is implied that Friends have it laid upon them to be generally more vocal in meeting or that their spiritual searching and meditating should be with the specific purpose of increasing the quantity of something like "preaching." Such an ideal is certainly not what brought a great many of us to the Society of Friends.

Perhaps there are meetings where week after week nothing or almost nothing is said in meeting for worship. I have, however, never experienced such a meeting. I have attended meetings, particularly large and intellectually vital ones, where the excess of speaking destroyed the essence of Quaker worship, even when most of the messages individually were beyond criticism, or were even inspiring. And I have attended an occasional meeting for worship when

an hour of silence, either unbroken or broken only by one or two brief messages, proved deeply moving. We should not undervalue the ministry of silence.

Leonard Kenworthy speaks of the "thousands of people today who are probably ready for the messages of Friends," and he feels that "we do have a message for many of these modern-day seekers." All that is surely true. But our concerns, much as we may sometimes think otherwise, are not peculiar to Friends; nor is our comparatively non-theological basis for the concerns peculiarly Quaker. What is distinctive of Friends is our manner of worship and the way of carrying worship over into all aspects of life, including the transaction of business. There are many fine preachers in a great variety of denominational churches preaching in favor of our concerns; and we need not feel in competition with them. That there should be an occasional Friend genuinely moved by the divine spirit, and unusually well endowed with a clear-thinking mind able to articulate and communicate his or her insights, and who feels called upon to visit Friends meetings (or any other sort) far and wide is something we can all be grateful for and hope to see. But I feel it is dangerous for the individual to hold that up as a personal goal to strive for. A distinctively Quaker vocal ministry, I believe, is one that forces itself upon the individual as a result of inner spiritual searching, rather than being a goal that one adopts and then prepares and strives to reach.

For me, there are two basic principles in this matter. The first is that the quality of the spoken ministry will

inevitably reflect the quality of the cultivation of the inner life. The second is that each of us should constantly re-examine our reasons for either speaking or remaining silent, and continue to do so as we are led by the inner guide.

It is quite possible that Leonard Kenworthy agrees with all I have said. If so, I hope I have helped by pointing out possible misinterpretation. If he disagrees substantially, then that suggests that there is a difference of opinion that the Society needs to address carefully; and I hope I have helped by pointing it out. I believe there are a large number of us for whom the views I express are central to the meaning of Quakerism.

J. Richard Reid
Rochdale, Mass.

Leonard Kenworthy's response

to J. Richard Reid: Thank you very much for publishing in the FRIENDS JOURNAL the two excerpts from my talk at the FGC gathering in July, and for forwarding to me the letter from J. Richard Reid.

One of the difficulties in printing excerpts from any address is the fact that readers do not realize what was omitted. Let me, therefore, reassure J. Richard Reid—and possibly other readers—that the part of my talk that was omitted referred at length to the "diversity of ministries" in a meeting and to the fundamental importance of an expectant silence out of which messages should frequently arise.

One of the emphases in that talk, and presumably the reason why the JOURNAL printed the section on the spoken ministry, was because Friends frequently speak and write on the importance of

silence, and less frequently on the importance of the vocal ministry.

I trust J. Richard Reid, and other readers, will obtain copies of the entire talk and reflect on its various points. (The full tape of Leonard's address is available for \$5 plus \$2 postage from FGC, 1520-B Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. A pamphlet is also being prepared. —Ed.)

August 6: Beyond Thought

On August 6, the 39th anniversary of the atomic disaster that leveled Hiroshima, I again visited the Memorial Museum in Peace Park. The place was hot and humid, but the spirit of sadness

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that pervaded the crowded halls was not occasioned by climate but by the horrifying exhibits that surrounded us.

When journalists asked me their routine question: "What do you think . . . ?" I could only answer: "I am beyond the point of thinking. . . . I can only feel."

Now I wonder if it may not be necessary for all people of the world to be brought to the point of feeling—to give up thinking, and planning, and even negotiating, and begin to *feel* our burden of guilt for the past and responsibility for the future, before we can even hope for a peaceful and just world.

I finished my response with one of the few Japanese phrases I know: "Inoru hei wa" (Let us pray for peace).

Floyd Schmoe
Kirkland, Wash.

Hung up on Quaker

After reading Alfred LaMotte's article (FJ 2/15) and the lengthy article about Quakers in the *Wall Street Journal*, I think we are getting "hung up" on the word *Quaker*, and the spiritual simplicity of the unprogrammed meeting is getting lost. We seem to be diverging either toward traditional and evangelical Christianity or toward political activism.

Moral concerns are an obligation of

the spirit and can be attended joyfully. Can we not all be happier when the joy of the spirit is secure and not vulnerable and when it is available to all?



Portrait of John Woolman by Fritz Eichenberg

John Woolman addressed himself to the moral priority of his time, and at first the meeting almost disowned him. It did not fit into their niche to get involved, so strongly were they part of conventional society, wanting to hold on to the thinking of the outside world even though the problem he confronted them with clearly begged to be changed.

However, once Quakers did get

involved, they were determined to be successful. Instead of trying to define *Quaker*, we could adopt Woolman's definition of *brethren* that ends with the words, "where the heart stands in perfect serenity."

S. Clair Kirsch
Miami, Fla.

Writing a History: What Divides Us?

It seems that many Friends today know little of the separations or the beliefs that divided Hicksites and Orthodox Friends. We need to remember that we are still a divided Society, and if we are to achieve unity we must learn as much as possible about those things that have divided us. Nevertheless, I am concerned that Larry Ingle's article, "Writing a History of the Hicksite Separations" (FJ 9/1-15), lacks the historical objectivity that ought to characterize our inquiry into the separations.

I first disagree with his basic premise that Philadelphia Yearly Meeting has come to a point "that neither valued nor emphasized the search for unity under the leading of the Spirit." Moreover this is certainly not a Hicksite point of view as he emphatically states.

On the contrary, in my nearly life-long experience as a member of a former Hicksite meeting within Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, I can testify that the



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Write to FGC for a registration form. Leadership training is one of many FGC services, all of which are dependent upon your continued support. Please send your tax deductible contribution to **Friends General Conference, 1520-B Race Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. Thank you.**



Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

search for unity under the leading of the Spirit, both within each individual Friend and within the meeting, is the essence, both *means and end*, of our Society.

The roots of the separations did not lie, as Larry Ingle suggests, in the desire of the Hicksites to believe and do what they pleased (for neither the Hicksites nor the Orthodox had any such wish), but rather the separations were rooted in the essential conflict between those Orthodox Friends who wished to follow the evangelical lead of London Yearly Meeting and include standards of faith (essentially a creed) in the book of discipline and those Hicksite Friends who believed that the faith of Friends would always be subject to change as the process of continual revelation continued within each Friend and the Society; the "true faith" was in a state of revelation and could not be written down.

The fact that the yearly meeting was controlled by Orthodox city Friends, who

thus controlled rather severely used disciplinary power, must have contributed to the separation as did the economic and social discrepancies between the poorer, rural, and isolated Hicksites (who made up about two-thirds of the yearly meeting) and the wealthier, urban, and more worldly Orthodox. The Hicksites, though "liberal" in faith (that is opposed to a creed), were more conservative and quietist in their habits and beliefs than the Orthodox.

Finally it should be pointed out that divisiveness was not a Hicksite characteristic as Larry Ingle implies. Rather, as Howard Brinton persuasively illustrates in *Friends for 300 Years*, it was the Orthodox branches of the various yearly meetings that underwent further divisions and separations during the 19th century as their newly established creeds became inflexible, while the creedless Hicksites remained unified.

I hope that we will have more on the history of our Society as well as more on the beliefs that separate modern-day Friends. I believe that overall unity within our Society will come not through ignorant bliss but rather through serious consideration of the seeming differences that divide us, and above all sincere seeking for divine guidance.

Ralph David Samuel
Philadelphia, Pa.

FRIENDLY WORDS

News/Views is a 12-page, bimonthly publication of the Atlanta Friends National Legislative Committee that delivers "significant cream from the nation's press." A volunteer staff scans a wide variety of periodicals to select news and investigative pieces concerning issues of great importance to Friends. For a year's subscription, send \$12 to Quaker House, 1938 Fairview Rd. NE, Atlanta, GA 30306. Complimentary copies available.

Quaker Religious Thought is a journal published quarterly by the Quaker Theological Discussion Group. The spring 1984 issue examines how Friends can strengthen marriage and family, and the summer 1984 issue deals with "letting your lives speak the truth." Contributors include Richard Foster, Ruth Pitman, T. Canby Jones, Ellen Pye, Howard R. Macy, and Alan Kolp. Each volume costs \$2 plus \$.75 postage and handling. Subscriptions are \$8 for four issues and \$15 for eight. Send orders to *Quaker Religious Thought*, Rte. 1, Box 549, Alburtis, PA 18011.

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BOOKS

The Spirit of the Earth. By John Hart.
Paulist Press, New York, 1984. 165 pages.
\$8.95/paperback.

In this provocative and disturbing book,
John Hart attempts to stir the reader to take
a hard look at how we humans mistreat the
land and what we can do to prevent further
destruction and misuse of this "sacred trust,
given by God to our care."

He begins by posing two basic questions:
"Who should own the land?" and "How
should the land be used?"

In answering these questions, he describes
and compares the religious-philosophical
concepts of land ownership and land usage
which have come to us from Judeo-Chris-
tian and American Indian heritages and con-
trasts them with the exploitative materialistic
concept which is rapidly gaining ascendance.

What Hart sees today is that the land is
being sacrificed to the profit motive. He
attributes this to such factors as our urban-
izing society, with its growth of housing de-
velopments, highways, and shopping centers;
the corroded land due to acid rain and other
pollutants; the eroded land due to wind and
rain and poor conservation practices; the
contaminated land due to nuclear power and
radiation; increased energy production in-
volving strip-mining and oil drilling; and
overworked land due to one-crop farming
and burning out of the soil's natural richness.

All of this leads to a loss of several million
acres of prime farmland each year, at a time
when population and food needs are increas-
ing. In fact, a U.S. Agriculture Department
study predicts that by the year 2000 there will
be no farmland in Florida, New Hampshire,
or Rhode Island. This means no more Flor-
ida oranges or vegetables!

Hart advocates a land reform program in-
volving more widespread civil ownership of
land by individuals and communities, more
conservation of land in accordance with the
needs of the earth community, and an im-
provement of property and ecological and
social relationships so that the vision of
justice from our national and religious tra-
ditions become social reality. He includes
"20 steps of land reform" which any con-
cerned citizen might follow, from education
to community action to political action.

He concludes with three "principles of
land relations: the land is God's, the land is
entrusted to humanity, and the land is to be
shared equitably through the ages.

Overall, Hart has done a real service in

graphically presenting a serious and disturb-
ing problem which too many of us have ig-
nored or been unaware of, and he has chal-
lenged us to take concrete action.

William Bagwell

Of War and Love. By Dorothee Sölle. *Orbis
Books, Maryknoll, N.Y., 1983. 172 pages.
\$7.95/paperback.*

Don't be put off by the label "German
woman theologian." It is absolutely irrel-
evant, except perhaps in the sense that she,
who teaches in both America and Germany,
comes here to "Reagan's America" in much
the same way that North Americans visited
"Hitler's Germany" prior to 1939.

Dorothee Sölle does not preach peace in
her essays and meditations nor does she sing
it sweetly in her poems which are interspersed
with the prose. All her writings, in American
mid-century vernacular, are lean and on tar-
get and they enter the consciousness almost
directly, like osmosis.

Just as she sees the Gospel as immediate
and urgent, so she sees its application to our
war-infected society as worthy of on-the-spot
commitment. Her first of jewel-like quotes
with which she opens each chapter is typical:
"The major task that good persons should
set themselves is to teach others to say no"
(Proudhon). Her own quotes are used simi-
larly, e.g.: "We shall be free only when we
join forces against production for death and
ongoing preparation for murder."

What more can I say that would not gild
the lily? Dan Berrigan calls this book "a
banner," "a broadsheet," but I see it as
more precious and lasting. You'll not be the
same "well wisher" for peace that you were
before reading the book.

Jim Best

**Power in the Land: An Inquiry Into
Unemployment, the Profit Crisis and Land
Speculation.** By Fred Harrison. *Universe
Books, New York, 1983. 316 pages. \$17.50.*

This new book by British economist-jour-
nalist Fred Harrison, editor of *Land and
Liberty*, presents the fascinating possibility
that the evidence he has gathered in his global
travels supports the truth of his position. He
observed at firsthand the effects of the land
market in various geopolitical conditions.

He has developed abundant evidence to
support a theory of business cycles—a task
that has heretofore eluded economists every-
where. The National Bureau of Economic
Research spent millions of dollars to develop
such a theory and failed.

Fred Harrison's book is both lively and
readable and offers a challenge to both

apologists of the status quo and the advocates of change. He has made a major step toward answering the questions that trouble the intellects and consciences of all thinking men and women.

He has avoided proposing problem solutions until he has first thoroughly sought and examined causes. "A reappraisal of why profits have slumped must be at the very center of any attempt at fresh policy formation."

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This work presents a powerful argument for free enterprise capitalism that surpasses most other writers on this subject. He has included a bibliography of references that alone is worth the price of the book.

Here is a book that is certain to have a large impact and stimulate fresh thinking about the causes of and the cures for business depressions.

Irene Hickman

Friends and Neighbors: Group Life in America's First Plural Society. Edited by Michael W. Zuckerman. Temple University Press, Philadelphia, Pa., 1982. 225 pages. \$29.95.

The editor, in his introduction, advances the proposition that, while for many years historians of colonial America have concentrated on New England and Virginia, these, the one a theocracy and the other a unique planter-slave economy, were atypical insofar as the developing nation was concerned, and that more modern historians have recognized that the more heterogeneous Middle Atlantic States (William Penn's open-to-all Pennsylvania and West Jersey) were to a much greater extent the genesis of the developing Union.

Zuckerman presents his argument with considerable eloquence and persuasiveness, and is probably correct, but the eight theses, by as many junior college faculty and doctoral candidates, which follow his introduction, do not do a great deal to support his theme. As Zuckerman admits, his protégés obviously did not collaborate with each other, and the sole thread connecting their essays is that all relate to some limited facet of history in 18th- or very early 19th-century America.

Five of the eight essays are Quaker-centered. Of greatest interest to the general Quaker reader would be the essay by Nancy Tomes based upon a study of the journals of six well-to-do Quaker women of Philadelphia. The period covered—1750-1800—spans, of course, the American Revolution.

Husbands of two of the women were among the "Virginia exiles." These women were all wealthy enough to be freed from house-keeping chores, and their journals reveal a daily interchange of visits with each other and with kinfolk. Yet in this whole busy social round, there is only one instance of social contact with anyone outside the by then minority group of Philadelphia Quakers.

Laurence Cushmore

My China Years. By Helen Foster Snow. William Morrow and Co., New York, 1984. 352 pages. \$17.95.

Helen Foster Snow's China story has special interest for those who, like the author, have devoted themselves to trying to meet needs of others in the midst of revolutionary changes. The book reveals the person of Helen Foster Snow, tracing her travels and work from all-American roots to a job in a foreign American consulate, through a decade in China as wife of Edgar Snow.

We also learn about her years in the United States, writing, and now making worldwide application of cooperative principles. She believes cooperatives of various kinds are the bridge to the future of a peaceful world—her blueprint being the C.I.C. (Chinese Industrial Cooperatives) created by her, Edgar Snow, and Rewi Alley in 1938 to help serve China's needs for goods in wartime. Our familiar term "gung ho" (directly translated: "work together") has come into use from the C.I.C. slogan, "Gung Ho."

How good that she herself has put down her story for us. We learn of her life, lived in high gear in China, India, Korea, Japan, the Philippines, and the United States—encompassing three-quarters of this century. The book is full of information from her storehouse of experiences and associations with world leaders. She is a treasury of knowledge of the China scene up to the present. She took part in the beginnings of contemporary China and is the only person in the world who extensively interviewed its mid-20th-century leaders in their cave capital of Yenan before they moved to make their capital among the palaces of Peking.

When they visit the United States, the United Nations, or Washington, D.C., China's leaders who were her personal friends in earlier years in China now trek to her door in Connecticut, to recognize her unique contributions to China.

One of the important contributions of this book is to enliven the life of the reader who learns of Helen Foster Snow's life so energetically spent promoting understanding and cooperation in this world that so desperately needs it.

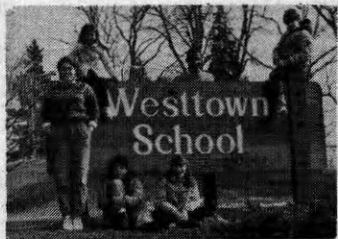
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Poets & Reviewers

William Bagwell lives in retirement in Donalds, S.C., where he farms. **Annette Larson Benert**, a member of Lehigh Valley (Pa.) Meeting, is a professor of English who writes poetry for the joy of it. A frequent contributor to *FRIENDS JOURNAL*, **Jim Best** is a retired editor and he is a member of Pima (Ariz.) Meeting. A member of Newtown (Pa.) Meeting, **Laurence Cushmore** is a trustee of the Fiduciary Corporation of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. **Irene Hickman** lives in Kirksville, Mo. **C. A. Lofton** is a published poet and a member of 57th St. (Ill.) Meeting. **Margaret Stanley** worked in China with the Friends Ambulance Unit in the 1940s. She has returned to China several times, the latest a month's visit in 1983.

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E. Total distribution	9334	9173
F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	234	227
G. Total	9568	9400

11. We certify that the statements made by us are correct and complete.

VINTON DEMING, Editor-Manager

Books in Brief

The Perigee Visual Dictionary of Signing: An A to Z Guide to Over 1,200 Signs of American Sign Language. By Rod R. Butterworth. Putnam, New York, 1983. 450 pages. \$8.95/paperback. Clear instructions and illustrations on basic hand positions, an alphabetized word list, and a synonym index make this a useful book for beginners learning sign language.

The Desert Blooms: A Personal Adventure in Growing Old Creatively. By Sarah-Patton Boyle. Abington Press, Nashville, Tenn., 1983. 207 pages. \$6.95/paperback. At age 59 the author lost her husband and moved to a city where she knew no one. This is her story of loneliness and aging, of the great changes, especially in personal interactions with people in daily life. Slowly, through involvement in a church community and by coming to terms with her age—with being considered "old"—she creates structure and makes friends.

MILESTONES

Births

Bowes—To Arlene Dannenberg Bowes and Stephen M. Bowes III, a son, *Stephen Mallory Bowes IV*, on August 24. The parents and maternal grandparents, Aileen and Arthur Dannenberg, Jr., are members of Stony Run (Md.) Meeting.

Cadwallader-Staub—*Benjamin Eves Cadwallader-Staub*, July 11, to Julie and Warren Cadwallader-Staub. The family lives at Pendle Hill.

Frisone—*Lloyd Paul Frisone*, July 20, to Linda R. Jeffrey and John Frisone. The baby's mother is a member of Lincoln (Nebr.) Friends Meeting.

Maurer—To Johan Fredrik Maurer and Judith Van Wyck Maurer, *Luke Van Wyck Maurer*, July 27. Judy is a member of First Friends Meeting in Richmond, Ind.; Johan is a member of Ottawa (Canada) Monthly Meeting.

Marriages

Ennis-Lorey—*Kenneth Lorey and Carolyn Ennis* on August 30 in Tucson, Ariz. Carolyn; her daughter, Beverly; her mother, Joyce Ennis Hardin; and her stepfather, George Hardin, are all members of Pima (Ariz.) Meeting. The bride's father, Robert L. Ennis, is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Monthly Meeting.

Giessler-Grundman—*Douglas Grundman and Helen Giessler* on June 23 under the care of Detroit (Mich.) Friends Meeting. The bride and her parents, Hali and Dorothy Giessler, are members of Detroit Meeting.

O'Kane-Gardner—*Darien Adams Gardner and Kathleen (Katya) O'Kane* on July 7 under the care of Beacon Hill (Mass.) Meeting, where the bride is a member.

Deaths

Anrod—*Charles W. Anrod*, 88, a member of Evanston (Ill.) Meeting, on July 19. Born in Germany, he received his law doctorate from

Heidelberg University in 1923 and later became a federal judge. He came to the United States in 1940 and worked as a professional arbitrator until 1980. He also taught labor law and economics at Loyola University for 18 years. He published numerous articles on labor disputes and co-authored the textbook, *Unions, Management, and the Public*. He is survived by his daughter, Annemarie Shimony, and his son, Fred Anrod.

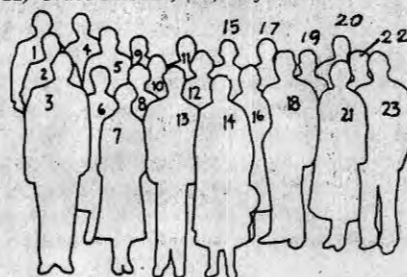
Bell—*Mary F. Bell*, 78, on August 23. Mary, a secretary, was a member of Lansdowne (Pa.) Meeting and participated in various community clubs. She is survived by her stepchildren, Edward and Roy Bell, Dorothy Griffith, Gena Rogasch, and Marie Neff; 22 grandchildren; and 18 great-grandchildren.

Cadbury—*Lucille Cadbury*, 71, a resident of Waldoboro, Maine, suddenly on July 28 in Cherry Hill, N.J. A member of Germantown (Pa.) Friends Meeting, she taught at Germantown Friends School for 30 years. She was also on the Board of Directors of the Merry Spring Foundation and active in the Audubon Society. She is survived by her sister, Jean Bradley; sons, Joel and David Cadbury; and four grandchildren.

Clark—A member of State College (Pa.) Meeting, *Martin Clark*, 55, on June 19. He was associate professor of sociology and religion at Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa. A native of London, England, he graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge. He then studied for the priesthood and was ordained as an Anglican priest. After coming to the United States, he earned a Ph.D. from Harvard and taught at Western Connecticut College. He is survived by his daughter, Jennifer F. Clark, and sister, Patience Bailey.

Deming—Feminist-pacifist writer, *Barbara Deming*, 67, at her home in Sugarloaf, Fla., on August 1. She was known as the author of nine books and scores of essays, letters, poems, speeches, and stories, as well as through her work in the civil rights, peace, women's, and lesbian/gay movements. She interviewed Fidel Castro for *Nation* soon after his takeover of Cuba, was imprisoned in Albany, Ga., for more than a month in 1964 as a result of civil rights activities, took part in a well-publicized protest in Saigon against the Vietnam War in 1967, and most recently was arrested for her involvement in the Seneca Women's Peace Encampment in 1983. As one writer has noted: "Barbara Deming always challenges us to rise above easy answers about who we are. Her insight into the nature of political change and the needs of the human spirit makes

The people in the AFSC staff photograph on page 5 are: (1) Henry T. Brown, (2) Howard Pennell, (3) Guy Solt, (4) Frank Bradbeer, (5) Hugh Moore, (6) Elizabeth Kerns, (7) Louise Stinetorf, (8) Blanche Cloeren Tache, (9) Arthur Hershey, (10) Henrietta Seth, (11) Wray Hoffman, (12) Mildred Everts, (13) Clarence Pickett, (14) Lilly Pickett, (15) Ruth Carter, (16) Babette Newton, (17) Elizabeth Marsh Jensen, (18) Ray Newton, (19) Fred Suplee, Jr., (20) Milton Hadley, (21) Miriam Wilson, (22) Grace Rhoads, (23) Raymond Wilson



October 15, 1984 FRIENDS JOURNAL

hers a unique feminist voice which guides and inspires us."

Henderson—*Anna Louise Henderson*, 62, on July 23. She was a life-long member of Miami (Ohio) Monthly Meeting. She is survived by her father, Keller Hoak; sisters, Monimia Barker and Eula McDermott; brothers, Benton and Seth Hoak; daughters, Rebecca Henderson, Kathryn Powell, and Carolyn Henderson; and two sons, Kenneth Henderson III and John Henderson.

Kaltenbach—*John E. Kaltenbach*, 69, of Cushing, Maine, on August 20 at home. A member of Mid-Coast (Maine) Monthly Meeting, he formerly belonged to Chestnut Hill (Pa.) Meeting, Guilford (Conn.) Meeting, and Uwchlan (Pa.) Meeting. John was director of Scattergood Hostel, West Branch, Iowa, from 1938 to 1940. During the 1950s he helped found The Meeting School, Rindge, N.H., and Woolman Hill, Deerfield, Mass. He is survived by his wife, Ruth Stanton Kaltenbach; seven children, Faith, Mary, Bart, Sarah, Rachel, Mark, and Patience; 16 grandchildren; and a sister, Louise Kaltenbach Howard.

Klein—*Karl F. Klein*, 82, of cancer, in San Antonio, Tex. He was an active charter member of 57th St. (Ill.) Meeting. In 1948, he and his wife, Helen, went to Wuppertal, Germany, for the AFSC to build a neighborhood center, which is still active. After retiring from foreign service with AID, he lived for some time in Santa Rosa, Calif., where he helped establish Redwood Friends Meeting. He is survived by his wife, Helen Klein; son, Peter Douglas Klein; and three grandchildren.

Levering—On August 19, *Martha L. Levering*, 82, at home. A member of Lansdowne (Pa.) Meeting, she also participated in many community organizations. She is survived by her daughters, Alice Levering and Martha Hawkinson, and three grandchildren.


Mellor—*Alfred Mellor, Sr.*, 77, a much-loved member of Dallas (Tex.) Friends Meeting, in July. A graduate of Germantown Friends School and Haverford College, Alfred worked for Westinghouse, General Electric, and Chance-Vought Aircraft. He spent most of his later years working for Dodds Garden Center. He raised and cared for three children, nursed his wife and her father through long, fatal illnesses, and participated in several organizations.

Nunes-Schrag—On September 16, at home in Philadelphia, Pa., *James Nunes-Schrag*, 41, a member of Central Philadelphia Meeting. He is a graduate of Earlham College and a former member of Ann Arbor (Mich.) Meeting. Jim was a much-loved and admired peace and human rights activist in Philadelphia for the past 18 years, and was a founding member of A Quaker Action

Group and Movement for a New Society. His skills as a nonviolence trainer, speaker, and author and his warm, personal qualities of working with people were deeply valued. He was a doctoral student at the University of Pennsylvania when his brain cancer was diagnosed in 1983. Jim is survived by his wife, Linda Nunes-Schrag; parents, Lois and James Schrag; sister, Margaret Akerstrom; and brother, Robert Schrag.

Sufferings


Rossman—*Vern Rossman*, Beacon Hill (Mass.) Meeting, incarcerated for participation in Griffiss Plowshares Peace Witness in 1983. He faces three years of imprisonment for destruction of federal property and conspiracy. His address is Federal Prison Farm, Danbury, CT 06810.



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FRIENDS JOURNAL advertising can help you advance whatever you have to offer. The JOURNAL reaches a worldwide audience of Friends and supporters. By advertising within these pages you can help yourself *and* this publication at the same time.

Over 25,000 people read each issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL.

Placing a classified in the JOURNAL is a smart way to reach people who share your interests and concerns. Classifieds cost 30¢ per word, minimum charge \$6. (A FRIENDS JOURNAL box number counts as three words.) Add 10% if boxed.

A 10% discount is available when you advertise in three consecutive issues, 25% discount for six or more consecutive issues. Copy must remain the same. Information on display rates sent upon request.

So share your interest with a Friendly audience. Send your ad on the coupon below to: Larry Spears, FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1501 Cherry St., Dept. 5, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

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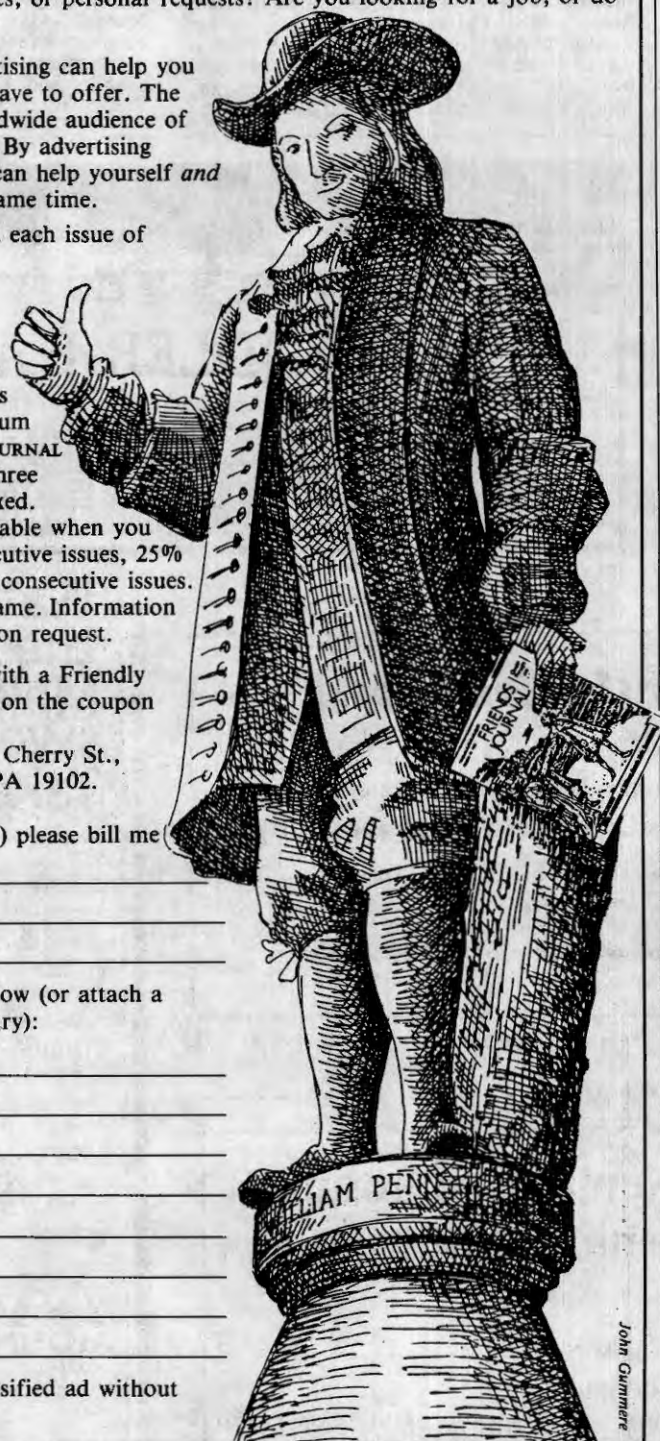
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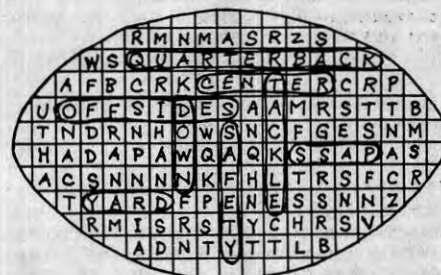
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Print your classified below (or attach a separate sheet if necessary):

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Junior Journal Football Puzzle Answers



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MINIMUM CHARGE \$6. \$30 per word. Please send payment with order. (A FRIENDS JOURNAL box number counts as three words.) Add 10% if boxed. 10% discount for three consecutive insertions, 25% for six.

Appearance of any advertisement does not imply endorsement by FRIENDS JOURNAL.

Copy deadline: 30 days before publication.

Accommodations

The Harned Friends Boarding Home has two rooms available for immediate occupancy. One room is on the first floor of our annex with a private entrance. The other room is on the second floor of the main house. Very reasonable rates. The Harned is located at 505 Glenwood Avenue, Moylan, Pa. Call 566-4624.

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

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

Washington, D.C., bed and breakfast. Capitol Hill location. Reservations advisable. William Penn House, 515 E. Capitol St., Washington, DC 20003. Telephone: (202) 543-5560.

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

New York City, The Penington, 215 E. 15th St., New York, NY 10003. Single and double occupancy. Bed and breakfast with evening meal. For reservations write or call the manager (215) 673-1730.



Outer Banks, Avon, NC 27914.
(919) 995-4348.
Bed and breakfast and/or
weaving instruction.

Announcement

Important correction. The five lectures to be given at Pendle Hill at 10 a.m. on Saturday mornings from October 13 through November 10 by Lewis Benson will cost \$40 and not \$75 as stated in the announcements.

Books and Publications

Send for free Holistic Fitness Catalog. Order Lao Tzu's *Way of Life*. "Simple—yet profound translation" by Witter Bynner. \$2.95 postpaid. Simmons Company, P.O. Box 3193-FJ, Chattanooga, TN 37404.

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

Laser, peace newsletter for kids 9–15, now in third year. Subscribers in 29 states. Emphasis on optimism. 10 issues, \$10. Sample, \$1. 168 Bridge Rd., Florence, MA 01060.

Famous Friends with October birthdays include Levi Coffin, born Oct. 28, 1798. This fact, plus much more, awaits you in the 1985 FRIENDS JOURNAL Wall Calendar. On sale now. Just \$5.

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

Five Quaker Genealogies are among 2,000 family and local histories we offer. Catalogue \$2. Higginson Genealogical, 14J Derby Square, Salem, MA 01970.

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

Out-of-print books found, free search, free quotes. Large stock. Wants invited. A-to-Z Book Service, Dept. F, P.O. Box 610813, N. Miami, FL 33261.

Conference

Applications invited for the Quaker Leadership Seminar, Nov. 12–15. Seminar topic: Promotion of human rights/U.S. foreign policy: limits/opportunities. For information write John Salzberg, William Penn House, 515 E. Capitol St., Washington, DC 20003.

For Sale

Handmade pewter doves. A good gift for a Friend or for you. El Centro de Paz fundraiser for rural development work and a new Friends center in Hermosillo, Mexico. Pin \$5. Tietack \$4. Postpaid. La Palomita, Box 775, Ft. Collins, CO 80522.

Time-sharing membership at Buck Hill Inn, Poconos. Skiing, hiking, swimming, tennis, etc. Present sale price is about \$7,000. Our price is \$4,900. Joseph Carter, 11 Twin Pine Way, Glen Mills, PA 19342.

100% Wool Fishermans Yarn, naturals, heathers, tweeds. Also Corriedale roving and batting. Samples \$1. Yarn Shop on the Farm, RD 2, Box 291-F Stevens, PA 17578.

Personal

The Bell family is looking for someone to live with them on their farm in Virginia and be a companion to Colin during recuperation from a stroke, and to help out as needed. Room/board compensation. Call (804) 589-8774 or write: Holly Hills Farm, Kents Store, VA 23084.

Single Profile Nexus creates a nationwide network of Friends and other cultured singles. Box 19983, Orlando, FL 32814.

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange—Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Write CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803.

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

Martell's offers you friendliness and warmth as well as fine foods and beverages. Oldest restaurant in Yorkville. Fireplace—sidewalk cafe. Serving lunch daily. Saturday and Sunday brunch. American-Continental cuisine. Open seven days a week until 2 a.m. 3rd Ave., corner of 83rd St., New York City. (212) 861-6110. "Peace."

Positions Vacant

Philadelphia Yearly Meeting: Two positions pending Coordinating Committee approval: disarmament coordinator for Friends Peace Committee and staffperson for Racial Concerns Committee. For job descriptions call (215) 241-7238.

Opening in a collectively run family practice. Physician with a conscience who's open to input from people with diverse backgrounds and training. Need to feel comfortable in a nonhierarchical, somewhat unstructured situation, with no danger of becoming immorally wealthy. Prefer BC/BE family physician. Medium-sized town; wide variety of patients. Rainbow Family Care, 1502 E. Broadway, Columbia, MO 65201. (314) 449-0518.

Resident counselors. We are seeking a few committed adults to work with adolescents in placement in a Group Home Program. Positions available in Westchester/Rockland County, N.Y., area. Work schedule will be Tuesday through Saturday, or Sunday through Thursday, afternoon and evening hours with some sleep-over responsibilities. Excellent company-paid benefits. Contact Barry Schmitt, Director of Personnel, (914) 997-8000. EOE M/F.

Position Wanted

Attorney, 24 years' experience, seeking position not necessarily legal, with Quaker social agency. Gilbert Myers, Esq., Box 123, Essex Junction, VT 05452.

Schools

The Meeting School, a challenge to creative living and learning. A Quaker high school that encourages individual growth through strong academics and an equally demanding emphasis on community cooperation. Students live in faculty homes. Art and farm programs. Co-ed, boarding, grades 9–12 and post grad, college prep. Founded in 1957. Rindge, NH 03461. (603) 899-3366.

John Woolman School. Ninth through twelfth grades, boarding and day. Sierra Nevada foothills. Solid college preparation in small classes; farming, arts, service projects, living in a small community. Bill Moon, Principal, 12585 Jones Bar Rd., Nevada City, CA 95959. (916) 273-3183.

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

Quaker School at Horsham, 318 Meetinghouse Road, Horsham, PA 19044. (215) 674-2875. A friendly, caring environment where children with learning disabilities can grow in skills and self-esteem. Small classes. Grades one through six.

Services Offered

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

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

Residential builder. Fully experienced in design and construction of additions, garages, wood decks, saunas and spas, skylights and greenhouses. Tim Peterson, Cuttaloosa Rd., Lumberville, PA 18933. (215) 297-5482.

Calligraphy

Keith Wedmore
P.O. Box 275, Mill Valley, CA 94942
(415) 381-4456

Wedding & other Certificates,
business cards, letterheads, your
favorite quotation written out.

Wanted

A congenial person to share home with a concerned widower of 80 years, a horticulturist. I have one acre of land, a 1928 home in the village of Mickleton, one block from meetinghouse, half-hour by auto to central Philadelphia. Would consider similar home. Henry Ridgway, Kings Highway, Mickleton, NJ 08056. (609) 423-0300.

Subscription Order/Address Change Form

Please enter a subscription to FRIENDS JOURNAL, payment for which is enclosed. One year

☐ \$12; two years ☐ \$23; three years ☐ \$34. (Extra postage outside the U.S., \$4 a year.)

☐ Enroll me as a FRIENDS JOURNAL Associate. My contribution of \$_____ is in addition to the subscription price and is tax deductible.

☐ Change my address to: (For prompt processing, send changes before the fifth of the month and indicate your old zip code on this line) _____

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FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102

CAST A FRIENDLY GAZE AT THE FUTURE

FRIENDS JOURNAL is now offering the 1985 Wall Calendar to forward-looking Friends. This calendar combines art, Friends' history, and a look at the future in one wonderful package.

This two-color, 28-page calendar measures 11 x 17 inches when hanging. Each month presents a striking illustration over an easy-to-read calendar. Highlighted are birthdates of selected Friends, as well as important events in Quaker history.

Give a gift to yourself, or to someone you like, that is beautiful, informative, practical, and *very* special.



The desire of William Penn's life was to free all those who were imprisoned for conscience' sake and lead them to a land of perfect freedom.

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OCTOBER 1985

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14 <small>William Penn, 1644</small>	15	16	17	18	19 <small>John Woolman, 1720</small>
20	21	22	23	24 <small>Annie Brinton, 1867</small>	25	26 <small>Clarence Pickett, 1884</small>
27 <small>William Penn arrived in New Castle, Del., 1682</small>	28 <small>Levi Coffin, 1798</small>	29	30	31 <small>AFSC Nobel Peace Prize announced, 1967</small>	<small>SEPTEMBER</small> 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	<small>NOVEMBER</small> 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

Please send me _____ 1985 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Wall Calendar(s) @ \$5 each.

Enclosed is my payment of \$_____.

Calendars will be shipped immediately
by first-class mail.

FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102