Friends work depends not on the assurance of success but on the assurance that it is our duty so to act.
Among Friends: A Step at a Time

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Cover photograph by Wayne F. Miller, courtesy of the American Friends Service Committee Archives, shows a participant in an AFSC work camp in Chicago, 1947. Cover quote from Henry Cadbury (see page 9).

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o matter how hard I try, it just doesn't happen easily. Fortunately, my wife is a planner. On those mornings when she goes to work early she usually makes lunches the night before, sets the table, and posts a recommended breakfast menu. The children's clothes will be laid out and ready to be put on. Any way she plans it, though, my getting off to work in the morning with two preschoolers and a teenager is a severe test in the best of circumstances.

And circumstances have a way of taking surprising new directions. Our regular family nemesis is the bad shoe-fairy, who often comes during the night to hide one of four-year-old Andrew's shoes. How else can we explain the disappearance of a sneaker that everyone affirms was right by the dresser with the other one when he went to bed? (We can't blame the dog, we don't have one.) After a 20-minute search the other morning, we found it in the refrigerator drawer with the oranges. More often it is found under the sofa, in the toy chest under the blocks, or in the bathtub (full of soapy water).

By the time we make it down to the kitchen my blood pressure has begun to climb. Simeon often has made it to the table before the rest of us can get there. While we've been searching upstairs for the missing shoe, he has emptied a gallon jar of Cheerios onto the floor and is celebrating being a two-year-old by clapping his hands and marching around the kitchen with a plastic bowl on his head.

Winter mornings are a particular challenge. Whoever invented snowsuits and overshirts could not have been a parent trying to catch the 8:40 bus. I can never remember what goes on first—the boots, the leg-warmers, or the snow pants (or how much has to be taken off once everything is on and Andrew announces that he has to go potty).

By the time we make it to the bus I'm usually feeling a bit tense. Sometimes, though, I'm able to laugh about it. And there's always a certain feeling of accomplishment. We made it...we've got the lunches and our backpacks...we're really not that late...these kids are something else.

The best moments occur later on the subway ride. Andrew, with nose pressed against the window, wistfully watches the lights zoom past. Simeon snuggles on my lap and waves to people as they get on the car. At such moments I should remember Eleanor Roosevelt's words: "We do not have to become heroes overnight. Just a step at a time, meeting each thing that comes up, seeing it is not as dreadful as it appeared, discovering the strength to stare it down."

The other morning, when I sat down at my desk I smiled. I found these words at the top of the Summit (N.J.) Meeting report: "We are God's gift to each other."

And so we are.

Vinton Deming

February 15, 1985
It was autumn when my husband and I became caretakers of the buildings and grounds of an old Quaker meetinghouse in Pennsylvania. On one corner of the property stood a nursery school with a playground which backed up alongside an old burial field. Edged by an old stone wall, the field was a little more than an acre of peaceful wildflowers that each April blanched beneath a soft blizzard of pink cherry blossoms. The cherry trees that lined the main path, we had been told, were the gift of the emperor of Japan several generations ago.

We spent many hours tending the grounds and watching the seasons work their magic. All summer we mowed the lawns and cropped the tall grasses that relentlessly eclipsed the headstones. In the fall we raked leaves and held an annual work afternoon with other meeting attendees and their families. The work and spirit of our lives was a mixture of the very old and the new. Young children played each day till noon beside the meetinghouse which stood on the hill in quiet dignity.

One February afternoon, I bundled up and headed over to the meetinghouse to check the thermostats to make sure the building would be warm enough for Sunday meeting. As I was crossing the snowy field in front of the nursery school, young children began pouring out. They galloped and kicked, delighting in the soft whiteness of the ground, rolling about in their dark woolens like so many blueberries in a pan of milk.

Several of the children asked if they could accompany me, and I agreed. There had been a heavy snowfall the previous night and I knew that they were eager to see the newly formed snowdrifts, which were ideal for making igloos or sliding mounds.

As we entered the burial field, I was gently halted by the force that seems to hover over untraversed snow. The black trunks of the aging cherry trees stood out starkly against the white screen, as if each were frozen in mid-motion making a deep bow. The headstones were completely buried, leaving in their place gradual and evenly spaced rows of stout moguls. When I looked across to the far side of the field I noticed, to my surprise, a mound that seemed much larger than all the others, and curiously inconsistent with the familiar landscape. The children seemed to notice it at the same time, and as we trundled toward it, I remember asking them not to plunder the mound but to wait with me to investigate it.

As we stood staring at the mound, I passed as if into a dream and became aware of a sensation of the passing of a tremendous measure of time. I was experiencing an acceleration of the seasons in milli-moments. I looked upward and saw the gray, smoky sky of winter becoming a clear, crisp blue, and I could hear, as certain as my own pulse, the sound of the sap in the veins of the trees. My eyes watched the mound before us change. The large snow mound became translucent ice, which from within continued to clear its foggy core to reveal
at its center a huge, dog-sized, emerald green frog. I stood awestruck, whereas the children greeted it with affectionate acceptance. Busily their mittens scoured its outside, and their tiny fists knocked on the melting ice coverlet, trying to communicate to the creature within. Within a matter of moments, the last droplets of water bounced off the now blinking and rolling eyes of the frog. It swallowed deeply and conspicuously, producing a huge mackerel smile and suggesting a very vital presence indeed! Newborn, it sat fresh and glistening. Beside each golden, bulbous eye, a distinctive circular plate caught the sunlight like a huge brass cymbal or antique coin. Suddenly it moved one front leg forward, then leaped and landed, at first as if off balance. With each attempt it perfected its extension and landing. The children screeched and giggled with joy as its paler green underside soared over our heads with obvious mastery. It seemed to me almost a pied piper as it zig-zagged across the field and over the tiny consort of appreciators to catch up beside each golden, bulbous eye, a distinctive circular plate caught the sunlight like a huge brass cymbal or antique coin. Suddenly it moved one front leg forward, then leaped and landed, at first as if off balance. With each attempt it perfected its extension and landing. The children screeched and giggled with joy as its paler green underside soared over our heads with obvious mastery. It seemed to me almost a pied piper as it zig-zagged across the field and over the headstones, waiting each time for the tiny consort of appreciators to catch up and gather around it, only so close, before it leaped again.

In the meantime I felt a sudden rush of panic and indecision. I wanted my husband to come see this magical snow frog, and I thought, as I ran these pictures through my mind, that I would run as fast as my legs could carry me back to the house to fetch him. I was stopped by the realization that if I did, I might lose sight of the frog as well as the children, even though they seemed happily tethered by their fascination. So I jerked my awareness out of these thoughts and ran back over to join the frog and my friends. As I came within a few yards, once again, I passed as if in a dream. The frog leaped up off all fours as a frog and landed on all fours as a great silver monkey with a long curling tail. At first its face seemed less open, less benignly moonlike than that of the frog, but this creature also showed us an archaic grin. It chattered and fidgeted, did acrobatics along the tree limbs, and like a magician, plucked sleepy rock doves from the roosts in the trees. There'd be a tiny explosion of leaves, a flurry of wings, and then the little creature would swing to a new tree. We continued to watch as the monkey crisscrossed the grounds, following from below like clowns at a circus high wire act.

Once again, I felt an even stronger incentive to rush back to the house to get my husband. "This is all too fantastic to be real," I thought, but I realized that if I left this mercurial meeting, I might lose sight of its direction and not know where to follow it, or for that matter, wherever it might lead the children.

So again I ran over to rejoin the children. I ran in my heavy boots and long skirt in broad strides up the path toward the meetinghouse, where everyone had momentarily passed from my immediate sight. The monkey, I assumed, had ducked behind a thicket of mountain laurel that hugged the front of the building. I stopped before the entrance of the meetinghouse, out of breath and panting. The children were nowhere to be seen, yet my hands were warmed as if I had one of theirs in my grasp. I was certain, more by intuition than by sight, that the monkey was only a few feet in front of me, hiding in the laurel and soon to emerge. What would this sleek silver being do next? How long would it allow me to gaze into its gesticulating face and wild eyes before it changed again or disappeared?

Suddenly, the quivering bushes became still, and the world grew in that thick, unsolid instance, roundly mute. What parted the bushes before me and walked out tall, luminous, and winged was an angel. I remember the intense feeling of softness and light, of gentleness or kindness that seemed to fill everything around me through this meeting. I passed as if waking from a dream into the serene landscape of the angel's face. We stood as one at first, like twin limbs reaching radiantly from a single tree. Suddenly the angel began a series of hand and arm gestures, silently directed toward me. The sequence was repeated several times and was passed into my memory more like a song. The angel seemed to wait for my acknowledgment, then smiled, turned, and walked through an open pair of double doors and disappeared. I think it might be fair to say that it walked into the meetinghouse, although I'm not quite sure.

What remains most memorable was confirmed several years later by a friend who worked with deaf children and spoke sign. When I shared this story with her and demonstrated the gestures which had been signed to me, she said that I was signing,

Thank you for setting me free.
Inwardness and the Outward Way

by Jim Spickard

In two recent articles Alfred K. LaMotte argues persuasively that modern Quakers are too concerned with politics and not enough with the life of the spirit (FJ 2/15/84 and FJ 11/1/84).

He does not call us to abandon our historic testimonies of peace, reconciliation, and justice. Instead he seeks to remind us of the context from which those testimonies arose. They are, he says, the products of an inward spirituality, a “Christ-consciousness” that teaches us true virtue.

Only when we have achieved inward peacefulness can we be true peace-makers.

The questions LaMotte raises have been particularly important in our meeting. Living in a militarist society, we can easily identify liberal political creeds with Quaker teachings. How often do Friends organizations and the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee oppose one another? Tactics may not be the same, but aims usually are.

Is this because the spirit really leads us to leftist views? Or because we share an ideological culture which we clothe in spiritual dress?

Quakers in other times and places have had very different views of the ideal society—often decidedly capitalist ones. If we think they were misled by their culture, what about ourselves?

I think LaMotte is right in his concern that our spirituality not be trampled by our political or cultural allegiances. But I think he is wrong in his depiction of the path of good works as secondary to inwardness in Quaker life. I see the inward and the outward ways as complementary. In the former, as LaMotte writes, social concerns are the overflow of inwardness. In the latter, such concerns are themselves paths to the spirit. Each way has its advantages and pitfalls. But each, I submit, is important.

First, the inward path.

I see the inward and the outward ways as complementary.

Each way has its advantages and pitfalls. But each, I submit, is important.

It seems to me that the virtues of which most religions speak are not easily attained. We can be caring people in an everyday sort of way, yet still resent the driver who cuts in front of us in rush-hour traffic, or the vandals that tear apart the playgrounds we have so laboriously built. It is hard to feel compassion for a president who calls war peace and lies to us unashamedly. Yet these are the tests of which Jesus and the Buddha spoke: to love our enemies, to be unattached to our selves.

The times when I have experienced...
such compassion have been times of inwardness, of deep meditation. At such times I have glimpsed a state of mind in which I can see others' trials as I see my own. I see the fool that I am and can forgive the blind foolishness of others. I can grieve for them as I grieve for myself.

Gandhi always referred to himself as a politician trying to become a saint, not a saint trying to become a politician. Neither path can be abandoned.

Compassion—the root of helping others—arises without the nervousness and guilt that too often poison earthly altruism. I think this state of mind is what Quaker worship was designed to achieve. Sitting together in silence, allowing our thoughts to be, yet seeking beyond them for the truth that is beyond all creaturely cares, we see the limitedness, the vulnerability of our everyday selves. To borrow a term from George Gurdjieff, we see our own sleep. We see that we walk dreaming through our lives and that our desires to do good are but dreams as well. Do our urges to help others come from the deepest part of ourselves? Or are they artifacts of our culture, through whose lenses we interpret the world? Are they not too often the products of society rather than of the God within?

In meditation we can see we are not righteous. What we think is highest in ourselves is revealed as chaff. And we see that others share our situation.

Our goal therefore cannot be to change the world into our image. The sleeper's dreams invariably go awry. Rather, we are called to be servants of that power—felt in our meditations—which alone has the self-possession to will the good. The theists among us call that power God. Others give it other names. The Quaker genius is that we worship not the names but what lies behind them.

It is of this consciousness that I believe William Penn wrote when he said of early Friends that "they were changed men themselves before they went out to change others." This consciousness helps us see our earthly vanities and makes us compassionate to others. It does not make us submit to our enemies. Rather, through the power it gives us we can love them in the midst of our struggle. That love may bring solutions that mere opposition could not see.

But there is a difference between consistently living this consciousness and the struggle to possess it. Only one in a hundred even believes in its existence. And of every hundred who believe, only a few are granted experience. For how many of these is it regularly attained? Not many, I fear. Every time I sit in silence I am forced to acknowledge how far from it I remain.

If I follow the inward way LaMotte suggests, this realization keeps me from being active in the world. In deep reflection I see that my good works are not always rightly motivated. I am not grounded in "Christ-consciousness," I am far from the inner Light.

The drawback of the inward path is that we are so far from attaining the inner change we seek that if we wait upon inner peacefulness before we make peace, we will not make peace at all.

It is here that Quaker social testimonies can serve spiritual ends.

Nearly every religion has something corresponding to the Hindu bhakti tradition. Love through service, from scrubbing the floors of hospitals to visiting the sick and needy, has long been seen as a way to God. We are not always in touch with higher powers; doing the good that all religions teach can help us become so.

The logic is this: just as the right alignment of the inner life will be reflected in an increasing compassion for others in the outer, so the ordering of the outer life toward service will deepen one's spirituality. Though in our ordinary lives we are not capable of the peacefulness that can heal the world, practicing peacefulness can bring about inner changes.

Thomas Aquinas called this developing the habit of virtue. Doing good, he said, while not as marvelous as being good, is better than nothing at all. By long practice the urge to compassion becomes deeply seated in the soul. Indeed Aquinas prescribes this path for many. Not all are chosen to be monks, and not all those chosen are gifted in contemplation. For the rest, the outward way is the best path to salvation.

One does not have to take this language literally to see its intent. We need not believe in God or salvation to realize that selflessness builds character, just as depth of character enables us to be selfless. Whatever that higher power within us, its growth is bound up with work in the world.

And we all go through dry periods in our spiritual lives. Must we not at those times practice the outward way? To expect inner direction to be there every time we ask is something tradition warns us against. God told Job not to make demands of the divine.

Besides, there is a profound lesson the spiritually minded can learn from politics. As a member of our meeting felicitously put it, political work is much like rooting out poison oak. You put on protective clothing and carefully clean out every patch of it you can find. And next year you'd better prepare to do it again. Patience and humility are political as well as spiritual virtues.

When cut off from the inner life, as LaMotte notes, work in the world can degenerate into mere striving. No true healing takes place when we do not love our neighbor—and everyone is our neighbor in this world.

But politics need not wait on the spirit. In Quaker worship the different skills of our members complement one another. I can rely on the more politically minded in our meeting to keep me involved in social causes. And I rely on the spiritually oriented to deepen my searching. I hope I give something in return.

It is well to remember that Gandhi, surely a model for those pursuing both inward and outward paths, always referred to himself as a politician trying to become a saint, not a saint trying to become a politician. Neither path can be abandoned. Those set on either should be wary of seeing theirs as the "proper" way.
Religious and Political Aspects of Effective Peacemaking

by Margaret Hope Bacon

Shortly after the United States entered World War I, Clarence Pickett was called to be the pastor of the Friends meeting in Oskaloosa, Iowa. He decided to accept the assignment because there were a large number of young men in the meeting who were facing the draft and he had a deep concern for counseling conscientious objectors. His outspoken pacifism, however, soon inflamed the community of Oskaloosa against him. He was thrown out of the local ministers' association because he would not buy a war bond, and one night his house was painted with yellow crosses. All this he and Lilly Pickett endured, but what really hurt was the day that three leading Friends came and offered to buy a war bond in his name, so that the meeting need not share his unpopularity.

Shortly after this, Clarence's great friend Henry Cadbury, a professor at Haverford College, was suspended for writing a letter to the newspaper decrying the vengeful spirit with which the American people were approaching the prospect of making peace with Germany. It was one of many such letters he had written, but it was strongly worded and it brought Haverford College under fire. At the next board meeting when it was decided to suspend him, not one board member spoke in his defense. In fact, very few Friends supported him. One who did was Clarence Pickett, who wrote to say that if Friends missed the golden mean, they usually erred on the side of caution, and no one was punished for being cautious, as Henry was being punished for being hasty. "Thy letter of sympathy was needed and appreciated," Henry wrote. "And I hear thee is having troubles of thy own. Well. Let's stick it."

This story illustrates the principle that yesterday's radicals are today's heroes, but it has another point. After his trial by fire, Henry Cadbury told a friend that he had not known how deeply he felt until he acted. Thereafter, he insisted throughout his long life that action might lead into belief just as often and as easily as belief into action. Indeed, both he and Clarence Pickett saw the American Friends Service Committee as a vehicle through which men and women, not necessarily all members of the Society of Friends, could engage in social action that might lead to a deepening spiritual experience.
There are varieties of religious experience, Henry Cadbury often said, both without and within the Quaker fold. From the first, there have been some Quakers who have had “great openings,” great moments of mystical insight, that have led to social action. And there have been many others who have never experienced these mountaintop moments, but who have nevertheless felt a deep commitment to relieving human suffering and establishing peace and whose lives have spoken to their fellow humans while they themselves have gained inner strength and conviction by following the path of social action.

We cannot, then, be absolute about what is religious and what is political motivation in Quaker action. The lines blur. George Fox, for example, was a simple man who experienced great openings and had a strong sense of divine leading. Yet in pursuit of his efforts to obtain religious liberty for Friends he spent the last years of his life in London, away from his wife, Margaret Fell, and his home in Swarthmoor, in order to make frequent calls on members of Parliament, keeping a schedule that would rival that of Raymond Wilson at the Friends Committee on National Legislation.

The development of the Peace Testimony itself had a purely inner or religious side, as well as an outer or political side. There are stories of men in Cromwell’s army and navy who literally laid down their arms in the sudden realization that they could no longer fight with outward weapons because of their new religious experience, no matter what the consequence. But when Friends prepared the famous 1660 Declaration: “We utterly deny all outward wars and strife, and fightings with outward weapons . . . ” they did it to protect themselves against the charge of being part of a small violent group associated with the Fifth Monarchy movement, believing literally that King Jesus would soon be enthroned, and that the violent overthrow of the present king and government was needed to make this come about. In other words, Friends made the statement for a political purpose. Down through the years Quaker efforts at peacemaking can be roughly grouped into the two categories I have indicated: belief into action (religion) and action into belief (politics), although the lines cross frequently and distinctions blur. The first major effort at Quaker conciliation or peacemaking occurred in this country in 1671, when Friends in Rhode Island attempted to intervene in the war between the Indians and the Massachusetts Bay colonists (ably described by Mike Yarrow in his book Quaker Experiences in International Conciliation). This was not a purely disinterested effort, some say, for Quaker political leadership in Rhode Island was at stake. But when British Friends decided to seek an interview with Peter the Great in 1697, they were apparently motivated by a missionary desire to tell him about their discovery that God speaks directly to men and women, and had no thought of the political consequences, the long series of exchanges between Quakers and Russians.

William Penn was a deeply religious man, as accounts of his conviction and sufferings and his own writings attest. Yet his was a rational, as opposed to mystical, approach, and he believed the Society of Friends should implement its concerns in a logical and corporate fashion. “No longer can we afford to wait for a motion of the Spirit in everything,” he said. His conception and planning of the Holy Experiment was influenced by his friendship with the rationalist philosopher John Locke. In announcing his Frame of Government, he said that “government seems to me a part of religion itself, a thing sacred in its institution and end.” His “Essay Towards the Present and Future Peace of Europe” was an early plea for a logical world government. And his long-kept peace with the native Americans, based on his refusal to allow them to be exploited or treated with disrespect, was a forerunner of many later efforts to achieve peace with justice.

The history of Quaker conscientious objection is largely one of individuals who felt a sudden “stop in my mind,” and refused to continue to serve in the armed forces. I read the sad story of an American colonist who enrolled in the British army in 1740 one night after he had been drinking, was sent to Cuba, and there suddenly decided that he was after all a Quaker and could not fight. He was so badly whipped for refusing to carry arms that he died of his wounds. There were many such martyrs during the Civil War, and again during World War I. These were religious objects, often simple young men, motivated entirely by a longing to feel at peace with God. But the results of their actions were political, establishing the legal principle of conscientious objec-
tion as it was practiced during World War II and further liberalized during the Vietnam War. It is a principle that has had a great impact on the peace movement worldwide.

In the same vein, the Quaker testimony against paying war taxes began with a few individuals who felt an opening and a "stop in my mind." Theirs was an even more difficult path than that of C.O.s, for the Society itself was not always behind them. Friends have always refused to pay purely military taxes, but when the taxes are "in the mixture," that is, war taxes and civilian taxes mixed together, or when the tax is not publicly stated as being for war, they have urged members to pay. In 1695, the Friends thought the Virginia law was a real effort to use their experience abroad to influence U.S. public opinion at home toward a more compassionate attitude toward the Germans and a less vindictive treaty. Henry Cadbury's role was to work for AFSC Information Services, traveling and writing articles for U.S. newspapers and magazines.

In 1952 Henry Cadbury went back to visit a number of the child-feeding sites, among them Essen, to find out what traces were left of the effort made 30 years before, and to wonder what had been the results. Had not the children of the AFSC grown up to be good Nazis, having learned nothing about the Peace Testimony that lay behind the Quaker effort to persuade people in the United States to love and forgive their former enemies and support the Quaker speisung?

But Henry Cadbury recalled that at the time of the child feeding there had been another U.S. group at work in Essen, a military group dismantling the notorious Krupp munitions works for conversion to peacetime use. "One group was attempting to disarm an industry, the other to disarm the human mind," he wrote. Did the rise of the Nazis prove that both the peacemakers and the warriors had failed?

The trouble, Henry Cadbury said, was that this was asking the wrong question. "Friends work depends not on the assurance of success but on the assurance that it is our duty so to act," he said then and often. We can and should use all our intelligence, all our ability to look ahead, all our political savvy, if you will, in planning our programs, but we must know always that the end is not visible to us. Through the years it has been the means we have used—doing the right thing regardless of the consequences—for which we have been known in the world.

Three examples could be repeated over and over in the lives of individual Quakers and in the development of testimonies. There have been many threads of Quaker thought since the days of George Fox and the Valiant Sixty. All of us—the evangelical Friends, the biblically oriented Friends, the social action Friends—can go back and claim historical precedent with equal justice. Henry Cadbury spent most of his life pleading with Friends to accept differences. "Why must it be either/or? Why cannot it be both/and?" he asked.

As part of our faith in that of God in everyone, we must affirm that people are different, have different approaches to the Truth, and mean different things when they use the words political and religious. Several years ago all AFSC staff members were invited to take a psychological test called LIFO to help them understand their own dominant character traits and to share and discuss them with colleagues so that they could understand why communication broke down between people with opposite traits. I have sometimes thought that the whole Society of Friends should take a variation of LIFO tests and try to understand that there are real differences in religious perceptions and religious experience, and that we must respect each other and help each other grow in the path that is right for us.

Henry Cadbury was one of the Friends to take part in the giant German child-feeding program at the end of World War I. Today we tend to think of that program as a simple effort to meet human need. But, in fact, it had a peace education component. There was a real effort to use our experience abroad to influence U.S. public opinion at home toward a more compassionate attitude toward the Germans and a less vindictive treaty. Henry Cadbury's role was to work for AFSC Information Services, traveling and writing articles for U.S. newspapers and magazines.

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A QUAKER WORKER'S REMINISCENCE

I have a date to see the ‘old man’ this evening. Want to come along?” asked Horace Alexander, an English Friend who was one of Gandhi's “many thousand close personal friends.” Westerners, or “Europeans” as the Indians call all white people regardless of nationality, often referred to Gandhi with great affection and respect as the “old man.” I had had the opportunity of seeing this great man several times but always in a throng of people, and I welcomed this chance for a closer look. Hoping to pick up a few pearls of wisdom, and certainly expecting something very special from this interview, I accepted the invitation. Horace and I drove the few short blocks to Birla House, the beautiful home of a wealthy New Delhi citizen where Gandhi was currently in residence. We entered through unguarded but pretentiously lovely gates and wormed our way patiently through the usual crowd of people to be found wherever Gandhi was.

When we found our way to his room, we discovered that this was his accustomed hour for his evening walk. Since he had been suffering from a cold, however, his doctor had urged him to stay indoors, so he was patiently walking up and down the long room, leaning on what he liked to call his “human walking sticks,” his two grandnieces. The room was large and bare of furniture, with the exception of a low bed piled with cushions and papers.

The old man greeted Horace casually, never hesitating in his stroll, and ignored me entirely. Horace had slipped off his shoes before entering the room. I followed suit. Then he joined the procession and the four marched abreast up and down, carrying on their discussion the while. I stood uncertainly, just inside the doorway, rather expecting to be
introduced to the great man. Nothing happened for several paces up and down, until suddenly Gandhi noticed me standing there and said kindly, "Why don’t you sit down?" There being nothing to sit on, I folded myself as gracefully as I could into a heap on the floor and pretended I was invisible. This was easy to do, as no one paid me the slightest attention until the interview ended and Horace and I left.

This situation gave me the leisure to study the famous man to my heart’s content, although I couldn’t hear what was being said and therefore caught no pearls to pass along. I was impressed by his youthful appearance, having been prepared to meet a wizened old man. His step was spry, and there was a twinkle in his eye. Most impressive to me, however, was the fact that his skin was that of a young man—smooth and quite unwrinkled. And I had plenty of time to observe, since he was wearing only his usual white loin cloth.

A few weeks after this first “introduction,” I had another occasion to call on Gandhi. One of our fellow Quaker relief workers had suddenly become very ill in the night. I had spent several extremely frustrating hours on the phone trying to get a doctor. The few that we knew of and felt we could trust could not be located. After numerous false starts and wrong numbers, Horace suggested that Sushila Nayyar, Gandhi’s personal physician and close follower, would perhaps be at Birla House, and we might get her. More phone calls failed to rouse Birla House, so we decided to go and see for ourselves. About midnight, Horace and I again walked through the unguarded gates and into the lovely mansion. The crowds had vanished. In fact, we could find no one about. So we just walked in. We walked right through the house where the most important man in India was living and out to the back garden without finding a soul. From the garden we could look through the french windows into Gandhi’s room and, in spite of the late hour, saw him there with several of his staff, busily at work.

Horace again removed his shoes and walked in through the windows. I stayed outside to watch the show. Horace, tall, gaunt, and very British, in his stocking feet; Gandhi, short and wispy, with enormous eyes, seated cross-legged on his bed, conversing calmly with his latenight visitor.

It developed that Sushila was off on some business elsewhere and could not be reached, so we were instructed to go to the surgeon general. Phone calls from Birla House again failed, so we drove to a nearby hospital and did our best to rouse a servant. The doctor was out to dinner and they didn’t know when to expect him. We left a message and went sadly home. When we arrived, we found that one of our previous calls had been successful, in a way. I had called a doctor named Moukerjee, whom we knew. I had reached another doctor of the same name, who had called on the patient in our absence. He had administered “the purge,” a favorite remedy for any ill, and nearly killed the poor man.

Next morning, bright and early, we received the surgeon general, the minister of health, and Sushila Nayyar, in person, plus an ambulance. The diagnosis was typhoid fever, and the assembled consulting doctors insisted on removing the protesting patient to Birla House forthwith, where they, and Gandhi himself, could take proper care of him. So, he spent the weary days of illness in a lovely room just off the press room at Birla House, receiving daily visits from Gandhi, Nehru, and other assorted bigwigs, and also special mudpacks and diets prepared personally by the old man. Aided further by a U.S. nurse provided by us, our afflicted friend made a successful recovery and was delighted to leave the mad whirl of his anteroom to the press room.

A few weeks before his assassination, Gandhi became so disturbed over the bloody riots that were then sweeping the country that he resorted to using the technique that he had used so successfully against the British in the struggle for freedom. He announced one morning that he was going to fast until the violence between Hindu and Moslem ceased. The theory behind these fasts, I believe, was not one of threat or punishment. He felt that if he failed in his efforts to achieve his purposes there must be something amiss with himself. Therefore, he felt he needed to take time out to cleanse himself spiritually, to “turn the searchlight inward.” (Beyond that, however, there must also have been the crafty politician saying to himself, “These people do not wish me to die, or to be responsible for my death. Therefore, they will do as I ask, to save me.” In this sense, it was a very powerful weapon, and it usually worked.)

As I was reading the morning paper, studying the story under the screaming headlines of this new fast, we received a phone call inviting us to join the group around Gandhi in a morning prayer meeting after his last meal. This occasion was to mark the beginning of this most important fast, and I expected a very solemn and emotional affair.

Once again I found myself in the lovely garden of Birla House, and I was surprised to see the small number of people present: a few members of the press, myself and an English friend, and Gandhi’s immediate staff and family. Gandhi was seated as usual on his low bed made of wood and woven tape, under an arbor, finishing his very simple last meal. Around him on his bed were the morning papers with their bold headlines announcing his fast. Beside him was his enormous old “tin ticker,” the cheap pocket watch he used, for he insisted that appointments with him be kept on time. He seemed relaxed and
unconcerned, and certainly far from solemn.

Presently, without any apparent signal, the group gathered in a hollow square around the bed and began to sing a Hindu prayer. The women wore their customary simple white cotton saris; the men were also in white and wore their white “Gandhi caps.” During this first song, Sushila approached me and asked me to sing “When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.” I am no singer and was appalled by this request. I dragged Leslie, my English friend, along, and Sushila took us to a position right behind the old man. I was frantically trying to remember how the old hymn went, when a book was thrust into my hands and I was told to begin. There was the book, all right. Words only and no music!

In a quavery voice I began to sing the tune I recalled from my childhood. After just a few words Sushila stopped me, saying I was singing the wrong tune! At this point, Leslie stepped into the breach and produced the English tune, which was also familiar to me as the tune of a different hymn. Together we struggled through it, with the Indians in the group joining in as best they could. When we had finished, they proceeded with other songs unfamiliar to me, giving me the leisure to observe the scene.

Here, I thought, something of worldwide importance was going on. Gandhi was beginning a fast that might easily mean his death. Here were his closest friends and followers helping to launch this effort with prayers and cheerful serenity and courage. No one noticed or cared that we had rather botched the attempt to sing Gandhi’s favorite Western hymn on this occasion. In any similar circumstance at home this would have been cause for embarrassment and concern. Here, what mattered was that we tried and that we all understood the meaning of the song that was so appropriate to Gandhi’s own life and death.

Days later Gandhi ended this fast, having received assurances from leaders of the warring Hindu and Moslem groups that the violence would end. It took his death, however, to really shock the people into awareness and end the fighting that began with partition.

If You Can’t Speak Up, At Least Answer Back

by Olcutt Sanders

From the first generation, Friends have had a world view. At least some Quakers in every period have been caught with the vision of sharing their religious insights with human beings in quite far-flung places. As is often said, Quakers enjoy going about doing good, especially the going about part. Even if we do not feel called to the ministry in a formal sense, we can be part of the informal process of weaving together the Society of Friends.

We can also be part of the outreach ministry. Can we cultivate the habit of identifying ourselves as Friends in a personal conversation with non-Friends when it is appropriate? Many an opportunity for follow-up may arise. A useful reinforcement is provided if we carry a small piece of Quaker literature—a folder or a timely clipping from a Quaker periodical. “What you said reminds me of an item I just read. In fact, I have a spare copy right here.”

But I couldn’t possibly put myself forward, some may protest. It all becomes quite natural, however, if you take the position of listening to the needs and interests of others and answering what you perceive as true yearnings. Then you are, in fact, remiss if you do not speak. You are not pushing your own enthusiasm. You are providing a desired piece of information. As heart speaks to heart, you are reflecting a shared human concern.

Many persons are troubled, puzzled, seeking in their inner selves. They are looking for clues as to where help can be found. That is why FRIENDS JOURNAL has been experimenting over the past year (1982) with advertisements in non-Quaker publications. The ads try to reflect a listening attitude. What do you want—spiritual support, channels for religious dialogue, ways to work on social issues? Did you know that the Society of Friends is alive in the 20th century and might respond to you?

I am convinced that all kinds of opportunities await if we are alert. If we can’t speak up, we can try to answer back when people reveal a live interest in Friends.
Friendly Persuasion
by Larry Spears

Some Friends view advertising as a dirty word, representative of much in U.S. society that is motivated by greed, tastlessness, and materialism. Advertising, by its nature, requires a degree of self-promotion that many Friends find in conflict with their spiritual beliefs. Over many years this reluctance to embrace the tools of advertising has resulted in a Religious Society of Friends that is not nearly as well known as it should be.

The elastic, noncreedal nature of the Society continues to attract many seekers through word-of-mouth. I believe we could attract many more if the collective Society increased its level of public visibility. This magazine in your hands offers a case in point as to the benefits that can be gained through a little Friendly persuasion.

For many years FRIENDS JOURNAL maintained a paid circulation of around 6,500, giving it an estimated readership of less than 20,000. With more than 200,000 Friends around the world there is great potential for circulation growth among Friends who have not yet discovered us.

In 1982 we launched a major effort to increase the JOURNAL’s circulation by intensively promoting the JOURNAL within the Society of Friends and through the public media. Initial promotional efforts included sending mailings several times a year to all Friends’ meetings and churches; sending packages containing displays, sample copies, and promotional fliers to all yearly meetings and gatherings; and publishing ads in the magazine to ask JOURNAL readers to help us grow.

Our attempts to reach seekers outside the Society had to rely primarily on ads placed in both religious and secular publications. We tried to tailor our ads to appeal to a particular magazine’s audience. We reasoned that, if successful, this effort would result in not only enough subscriptions to pay for the cost of ads but increase the visibility of both the JOURNAL and the Religious Society of Friends in the public eye.

Our ads in more than 40 publications during the past three years have indeed been successful, and they have attracted spiritual seekers from around the world. Through these ads we have reached an audience of millions with a brief introduction to the Religious Society of Friends and FRIENDS JOURNAL. We have also been able to raise the magazine’s circulation to nearly 10,000—almost 30,000 readers—and we’re still growing.

The JOURNAL’s experiences through this promotional effort offer hope for other Friends organizations. The careful planting of seed money in advertising and other promotional efforts can reap significant and long-term rewards. The JOURNAL has been able to help some seekers find a spiritual home while helping ourselves through a strong and growing circulation.

Recently I received the following note from a new subscriber in California: “I was pleased to see your ad in the Other Side. I’m glad you are offering your gifts and letting others know you are there—otherwise you fade away until all I can remember is a face on a box of breakfast cereal!” I take courage in the fact that our ads mean something to certain spiritual seekers.

I hope that meetings, Friends organizations, and other Quaker publications may begin to lead a more visible witness through promotional efforts. I’d be happy to share information with others who believe some good can be done by embracing that old devil advertising.
Yahweh was the heavenly Potter. On his wheel he spun clay into the form of a man. The result was so satisfactory that the god blew some of his own breath into it, and the man came alive. He looked lonely. Yahweh spun animals for companions. But he continued to be lonely.

Yahweh then anesthetized the man, and from him took out a mate. Two together was much better.

Yahweh put them in his park, or oasis, called Gan Eden, that is, the Garden of Sex. He carefully warned them not to touch the fruit of the Sex-Pepper Tree. They ate, and troubles came with their children. Cain (in Hebrew QYN), then Abel (“Empty,” for he was not very bright), and after them came Seth (“Addition”; maybe the parents were not very bright if they could not think of a third name better than +).

Cain planted vegetables. He presented the god a vegetable plate. Imagine! A war-god dining on green salad! Wargods demand red meat. Abel, “Empty,” was a shepherd. Living alone with animals made him seem stupid. Abel turned out Hamburg! He got better results. Cain, jealous like his god, killed Abel. Did Yahweh see in the murderer his own jealous image? He put a magic tattoo on the miserable fellow, so nobody could hurt him. Then he drove Cain off into the desert.

Cain learned his lesson. He passed on to all his family how to get along with Yahweh. The Kenites (QYN) became the authorities about theology. Moses married one. Zipporah taught Moses what she knew about Yahweh.

Jehu, the revolutionary, invited Jonadab the Kenite to ride with him as he killed 70 men he did not like. For wholesale murder he needed the blessing of the clergy.

Abel’s name, in its superlative form, became the title of the Book of Ecclesiastes. Vanity of Vanities. Is there satisfaction for a murdered man to have a book named for him?

If you enjoy short stories, read the Old Testament. Begin with the Sex-Pepper Tree, with all its branches: all about the Jug Man, his potty mind, his theology, his murders, and his hunger for meat.

Should there perhaps be a Sex-Pepper Tree at the door of McDonald’s Restaurant?
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World of Friends

Friends "down under" can be proud that Jo Vallentine, full-time peace activist and member of Perth Regional Meeting, was elected to the Australian Senate in last December's elections. She was the candidate of the recently formed Nuclear Disarmament Party, whose objectives for Australia are to prohibit the storage or shipment of nuclear weapons, to close all foreign military bases, and to end the mining and export of uranium.

Community service projects in Cuba and Mexico, administered by the American Friends Service Committee and the Service, Development, and Peace, A.C., will be offered again this summer. The programs in Mexico, from July 1 to mid-August, will take place in areas around Mexico City and also in the northern state of Sonora. In Cuba the one-month program will be conducted outside Havana. The age range for volunteers is 18-26 and fluency in Spanish is essential. Requests for applications should be sent to AFSC, Personnel Dept., 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

The study and practice of mysticism receives annual support from the grants program of the Elizabeth Ann Bogert Memorial Fund. By mysticism, the Bogert Fund means direct and personal experience of the divine leading to an immediate and intimate relationship with all creation. Experiential and scholarly exploration is encouraged through grants, which this year will be awarded at the Overseers meeting in Philadelphia, Pa., in May. The deadline for this year's applications is April 1. Inquiries or contributions should be sent to the Bogert Fund Overseers, c/o Friends World Committee for Consultation, 1506 Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

The Quaker Universalist Fellowship will hold its annual gathering on Saturday, March 9, at the Friends meetinghouse in Brooklyn, N.Y. Joy Weaver, a workshop leader for Friends General Conference, will give the opening address, initiated with a quote from Isaiah. Discussion in small groups will follow. Registration and lunch cost $10, dinners $5. Overnight hospitality will be available. For details and registration forms, write Henry Koster, 1256 E. 10th St., Brooklyn, NY 11230.

A strong message of admiration can be found in the Mother's Day fundraising fair held last year by New York City's Fifteenth
Street Meeting. The fair proved that showing respect to the nurturer in all people can be enjoyable and yield bountiful results. The proceeds were sent to an organization that helps mothers and children suffering from armed strife in their own countries. Of their efforts, the meeting writes, “The world is big and the problems are almost overwhelming, but it may be that, from such small steps, good work can grow. We commend such occasions to others.”

The dot graph comparing the explosive power of today's nuclear weapons to weapons used in World War II (F4 10/1/82 cover) is a key tool in enabling ordinary persons to understand the threat we all face today. Dean Nims of Iowa has donated 75,000 sheets of paper to the Iowa Peace Resource Center for printing the graphs. Then Nims produced about 20 flags portraying the dot, and recently distributed 6 of these in Japan and China. Flags can be ordered for $100 each through the Peace Resource Center, Iowa Peace Network, 4211 Grand Ave., Des Moines, IA 50312.

Correspondents are sought by two prisoners in Ohio. Friends may wish to write to Gus G. Owens 138775 or to Richard Jackson 144061, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001.

Bread for the World, a national Christian citizens' movement against hunger, noting that the proportion of poor Americans in 1983—15.2 percent—was the highest since 1965, recommends a plan to reduce hunger in the United States. The plan includes establishing a national nutrition policy that assures every citizen an adequate diet; restoring and increasing funds for food assistance programs that have been severely reduced since 1982; and establishing a system for monitoring nutrition. For more information on hunger issues, write Bread for the World, 820 Rhode Island Ave. NE, Washington, DC 20001.

A stewardship workshop offered by Friends United Meeting will help define in a new, clearer way what it means to be God's steward. Stewardship as a lifestyle is stressed in the workshop. Virginia Esch, who is responsible for stewardship education at FUM, is available to help meetings set up stewardship/lifestyle workshops. She has led such workshops in Iowa, Florida, Michigan, Indiana, and Kansas. Write Virginia Esch at the FUM office, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond, IN 47374 or call (317) 962-7573.

The Working Group on World Federal Government, established in 1984 by Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, believes that “peace and justice in the increasingly interdependent world community will require institutions of law and order at the world level.” They plan to produce educational materials on this issue to be used in the yearly meeting. In addition, four queries concerning the achievement of world federal government will be sent to monthly meetings.

A 300th anniversary celebration is being planned by Springfield (Pa.) Monthly Meeting for 1986. The meeting is looking for memorabilia, historical documentation, personal anecdotes, souvenirs, and pictures. Write to the meeting at 1001 Old Sproul Rd., Springfield, PA 19064.

At noon on Mother's Day, May 13, 1984, bells rang for peace in 20 of the world's 24 time zones. The ringing of the bells was a simple and powerful plea for peace known as the Peace Bell Treaty. For information on how you can participate in 1985 or plan a local event, contact Jack Mayer, Enosburg Falls, VT 05450.

A 22-year study on television violence has found that children studied in 1960 at the age of eight who preferred and watched more television violence were, as adults, convicted of crimes 150 percent more violent than other children from the same classroom. The National Coalition on Television Violence reported that the study also found that parents who as children preferred violent programming later allowed their children to watch violent programs. In another report, NCTV found that television violence has risen to a record high, with violent programs consuming 64 percent of all prime-time program hours. Violence has increased 65 percent since 1980 to a present average of 9.4 violent acts per hour.

Pen pals are being sought for students of English at Hankook High School in Seoul, Korea, by their teacher. Those interested should send their name, address, age, sex, and special interests to John Ahn, P.O. Box 20, Central, Seoul, 100, Korea.
RESEARCH AT PENDLE HILL ON AGING

Pendle Hill, in cooperation with the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting Committee on Aging, is embarking on a research project to trace the history of Friends' relationship to questions of aging. At a time when major Quaker resources are being utilized to meet the needs of its older members, there is a special appropriateness to learning how Friends have met these questions throughout our history.

A research fellowship will provide a period of study in residence at Pendle Hill with access to other research facilities in the area. The fellowship will be open to any Friend qualified to carry out a research and writing project of this scope.

Pendle Hill's intention is to produce a published document of practical value to Friends meetings, Friends retirement communities, and all Friends involved or interested in the field of aging.

For further information, write to: Robert A. Lyon, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, PA 19086, (215) 566-4807.

FORUM

A House of Quiet

I think it is the Hebrews who have two words for quiet—one defining the absence of noise, the other the presence of power and the potential for something good to develop out of the silence. It is the place where hope is born, where understanding comes, where God can mediate between person and person. Friends know this place.

Father Bruno, speaking of Neve Shalom at the Quaker International Center, gave us this thought, which is only a dream in some parts of the world, where different races share the same land but view God differently or not at all.

At Neve Shalom's School for Peace, Arabs and Jews come together for a week at a time to learn about each other's cultures, in a place threatened with becoming reconciled in understanding. Many are children, and the hope of the future lies in their hands. Conditions are primitive but idealism and faith are high. Out on the hillside, a few yards from their living quarters, is a place set aside for silence. The land has been flattened and trees and bushes planted round, and here they come to join in a fellowship of quiet when the weather is fine. For almost six months of the year it is too bleak to meet outside and they have no money to build a house. There are so many other needs to be fulfilled.

But living and prayer go hand in hand, and I am fired by their need for a shelter of quiet—a haven of peace and silence. Are there other Friends who feel as I do, who would be prepared to find ways of helping Neve Shalom and Father Bruno to build his House of Quiet? If so, please write to me so that together we can explore the best way forward.

Dorothy Farrant
24 Farncombe Hill, Godalming, Surrey, England

How Have Meetings Responded?

Over the last few years as I have given workshops at yearly meeting, I have been made aware of how many meetings spend very large amounts of time and energy caring for members and attenders who are deeply troubled in some way. Sometimes meetings have faced troubles so serious that the relationship between meeting and the troubled one has become strained over long periods of time.

I believe that we need to share with each other how we have proceeded in these circumstances. How have we been creative? How have we failed? What have the successes and failures meant to meeting as a whole?

I would like to write an article about this, if there are enough of you willing to share your experiences with me.

I do know the need to respect privacy in this area, and I trust that if you write something for me, you will be tender in changing names or specific material that could be hurtful.

I will acknowledge the letters and keep you in touch with the project.

Barbara Greenler
1901 W. Pioneer Rd.
Mequon, WI 53092

On Aging: What Are the Answers?

In writing this letter I am assuming that Quakers are like others in facing the problems of aging. My query is: are they any wiser in providing some of the answers?

At age 87 I am more fortunate than many octogenarians in having only a painless case of glaucoma in one of my eyes; otherwise sight, hearing, digestion, and other bodily functions are remarkably normal. Of course there are many helpful tasks that I am no longer able to do, memories are weaker, and all actions, responses, and decisions come more slowly than they used to.

My tendency is to live in the past rather than in the present or future—all of which is hard on my wife, family, and friends. I suppose that I should not have been as surprised as I was that my autobiography, which I wrote several years ago, made little impression on my children and grandchildren, doubtless because they knew little or nothing about the people, places, and incidents described.

After serving as clerk and treasurer of our local meeting, my tendency is to shun community and other meetings, petitions, and demonstrations and to assuage my conscience by reasoning that I did my share of all these things in the past.

Although I still enjoy receiving FRIENDS JOURNAL, Fellowship, Kendal Reporter, and other such publications, I seldom read them in detail but always look at the death notices to see who is still around.

New friendships are harder to develop, changes of all kinds are harder to accept, and I doubtlessly scare of some individuals who would like to know how older Friends function and enjoy life.

As a birthright Friend I often wish that in all sincerity I could commit myself to God and to God's tender mercies, but here again the aging, doubting process intervenes. What, if any, are the answers?

Edward N. Wright
Carmel, Calif.

FRIENDS JOURNAL welcomes contributions from readers. We reserve the right to edit all letters, and, although lengthy letters are printed occasionally, we request that those submitted be no longer than 300 words.

February 15, 1985 FRIENDS JOURNAL

In the publisher's blurb on a recent novel, Northern Ireland is described as "a land where tenderness and innocence only flicker briefly in the dark." This must be the image of Northern Ireland in the minds of many people in the United States—a dangerous image because it can lead to a horrified dis­missal of the IRA and their supporters as monsters who cannot be understood or, worse, it can lead to a romantic glorification of them as heroes who are doing what is necessary in an extreme situation.

This book is a worthy attempt to destroy that image by giving all the necessary information about what is happening and who is involved. If it does not entirely succeed, that may be because—although published in 1984—it fails to suggest that life here and now in Northern Ireland is in many ways normal, healthy, lively, and outgoing. It does service by giving details of 24 peace enterprises and organizations (and even that is not a complete list); but it finds no space for the hundreds of groups offering welfare advice, volunteer work, help for the handicapped, religious and political discussion, support for alcoholics and their families, teaching for illiterate s, and so on. groups that in most cases bridge the community divide. It is as though the trauma of the last 15 years has released a great surge of commu­nity spirit, and caused the realization that they British are fair-minded people who have nothing else in our lives.

But having made that criticism, I can go on to say that within their chosen area the authors have amassed a great deal of information. The reporting of events is remarkably free of value judgments; where blame is appropriate, it is given, whether to para­militaries, Northern Irish political parties of all persuasion, or the sovereign governments in London and Dublin. Their answers to difficult questions, which constitute the final chapter, are equally sharp and clear-sighted, whatever bias the questions betray. The open-minded reader who inclines to the view that the British are fair-minded people who would not be oppressive to a sizable minor­ity, or to the view that a postcolonial free­dom struggle should be supported in Ireland, will find it difficult to sustain his or her prejudices after reading this book.

John Lampen


“Reformation” is apparently returning as a pivotal concept in the study of Quakerism, if not always in its current practice. We have all known that Fox, Fell, Penn, and Barclay considered themselves in the reform tradition. Now, thanks to Jack Marietta’s important book, we know that a reformation took place among Philadelphia Quakers—Marietta’s broader title is a bit misleading—and we shall be prepared to assess the next reformation, that of the Hicksites, some 50 years later.

Marietta’s well-researched exploration demonstrates that the ingredient necessary for the distinctive Quaker contributions to 19th-century American life, antislavery and work with Indians, was a reformation that called upon Friends to remain separate and different from the world’s people. At first opposed by well-to-do urban Friends, the revolutionary agitation beginning in the 1760s drove customarily cautious city believers into a common cause with reformers like George Churchman, Samuel Allinson, and Warner Mifflin. When the American Revolution ended, Marietta finds, the Society emerged strengthened, its sinews of separateness tightened, its members reduced in numbers but fortified by their commitments.

The book would have been improved by a fuller fleshing out of the principal actors and by a skillful integration of the first half, on “social reformation,” with the second, on “political reformation.” For those Friends wishing to understand their history, both the roads taken and those not, Marietta’s contribution, however, makes such shortcomings seem minor indeed. It will repay rich dividends to those who invest a bit of time and a nice chunk of money.

Larry Ingle

Books in Brief


John Lampen
MILESTONES

Births

Landau — Claire Aline Landau on December 17, 1984, to Signe Wilkinson and Jon Landau. Signe and Jon are members of Willistown (Pa.) Meeting and attenders at San Jose (Calif.) Meeting.

Lanier — Elizabeth Nicole Lanier on August 10, 1984, to Virginia B. and W. D. Lanier in Augusta, Ga. Her mother and grandparents, Faith and Edwin Bertsch, are members of Augusta (Ga.) Friends Meeting.

Veselka — Heather Anne Veselka on January 6 to Don and Heidi Veselka. The baby's mother and grandparents, Otto and Margret Hofmann, are members of Austin (Tex.) Meeting.

Adoption

Hunter — Martin Woodring Hunter on December 13, 1984, by Barbara Hofmann and Paul Hunter. Martin, named for Martin Luther King, was born on December 10, 1984. His grandparents, Margret and Otto Hofmann, are members of Austin (Tex.) Meeting.

Deaths

Bowles — Gertrude Bedell Bowles, 83, on December 28, 1984, in Stehekin, Wash. She graduated from Earlham College in 1923 and then taught in New York state public schools and Lansdowne Friends School. She and her husband, Herbert Bowles, worked in Tokyo, Japan, for five years. They lived in Hawaii for many years after that, where Gertrude was active in Honolulu Meeting and worked with the AFSC during World War II, helping older Japanese, who in 1960 the Bowleses worked in Africa with the AFSC Family Planning Program and worked in Newfoundland with the Wilfred Grenfell Mission. She then made her home in the Cascade Mountains and worked as a volunteer for the North Cascades National Park. She spent part of each year in Philadelphia, Pa., where she attended Coubert St. Meeting. She is survived by her husband, Herbert Bowles; daughters, Helen Nicholson and Virginia Schnell; sons John and Stephen Bowles; ten grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

Castillo — Psychoanalyst Fortunato G. Castillo, 60, on October 10, 1984, in London. Born in Matamoros, Mexico, to a Quaker pastor, he was a member of Brentford and Isleworth (England) Friends Meeting and Westminster (England) Monthly Meeting. He studied in Mexico, the United States, and Great Britain. Said to be one of London’s ablest psychiatrists, he worked for many years at St. Mary’s Hospital and the Hampstead Clinic. He served as governor of the world’s first mental hospital, the Retreat at York, which was founded by Quakers. A man of cheerful and ebullient spirit, he contributed many articles to British and U.S. Quaker publications and spoke at Friends gatherings in both countries. He leaves his wife, Sylvia Perry Castillo; daughter, Gabriela C. Damron; son, Fortunato Castillo, Jr.; a granddaughter; and two brothers.

Ellis — Elizabeth Wilson Ellis, 67, on November 21, 1984, at Kendal at Longwood, Kennett Square, Pa. She had been deeply involved in the nursery school of Scarsdale (N. Y.) Meeting and in FGC. She served as clerk of FGC’s Religious Education Committee for ten years and wrote and edited religious education materials for the FGC. More recently, she was a member of the Carolina Friends School board. She is survived by her husband, C. Herb Ellis; sons, John, Terrell W. Ellis, and Robert A. Ellis; granddaughter, Mary Elizabeth Ellis; and sister, Mary Lu Wilson.

Hoffman — On November 7, 1984, Robert Hoffman, 47, a member of Albany (N. Y.) Meeting. As a noted professor at the State University of Albany, Bob was the author of two books and was active in many peace concerns. He is survived by his wife, S. Valerie Doty Hoffman; son, Martin; two daughters, Susan and Marci; and brother, Dr. Robert Hoffman.

Jones — Margaret E. Jones, 89, on November 26, 1984, at Medford Leas, Medford, N.J. She graduated from Wellesley College in 1917. In 1923 she began work for the AFSC and as assistant to the director, she was responsible for the Home Service Program, which provided summer opportunities for young people. She later worked in several overseas posts as well as in Washington, D.C., and in New York at the United Nations. She served on the AFSC board of directors from 1964 to 1969. She was also chairman of the Quaker Fellowship for a period. She is survived by her sisters, Alice Jones Cushman and Grace Jones Page, and by four nieces and nephews.

Lippincott — George F. Lippincott, 79, on December 24, 1984, in Cambridge, Md. George attended Friends Select School, Westtown School, Pennsylvania State University, and Harvard School of Business Administration. A long-time member of Cromwell (N.J.) Meeting, he transferred to Third Haven (Md.) Meeting in 1960. He gave much service to the meeting, to the World Quaker Federation, and to the Boy Scouts. George is survived by his wife, Dorothy Lippincott; son, Edward; daughter, Helen L. Ellis; and brother, John Lippincott.

McNees — Helen Bye McNees, 95, on November 29, 1984, at Pouleway, Gwynedd, Pa. She was a former resident of Medford, N.J., and a member of Providence (Pa.) Meeting. More recently she was a member of Gwynedd (Pa.) Meeting. She is survived by her daughters, Margaret Durgin, Rebecca Schuman, and Alice McNeill; and by her nieces and nephews.

Moore — Randolph Thomas Moore, 33, on December 13, 1984, at Elk Grove Village, Ill. Randy was a birthright member of New Garden (N.C.) Meeting and had been active in the Friends School. He was a young man of great promise and potential, who participated in summer programs at Pendle Hill for three years. He graduated from Guilford College in 1973 and for the past ten years had been employed by United Airlines, most recently as a reservations agent in Illinois. He is survived by his parents, J. Floyd and Lucretia J. Moore; sister, Margaret Moore; and brother, Douglas C. Moore.

Newlin — On January 9, Aggie I. Newlin, 89, in Greensboro, N.C. He graduated from Guilford College in 1921, received his M.A. from Harvard College, and his Ph.D. from the University of Chicago. The Guilford College faculty in 1924, where he remained until his retirement. An extraordinary teacher, scholar, and colleague, he chaired the history department and was a professor of political science. He was also a leading student of international relations and politics. In the 1930s, he was one of the group’s prominent figures, who helped transform the campus to the place of beauty it is today. An active member of New Garden (N.C.) Meeting, he was clerk of North Carolina Yearly Meeting from 1941 to 1946 and from 1953 to 1961. From 1941 to 1950, he was clerk of Five Years Meeting, the forerunner of FUM. He served on many AFSC and FWCC committees, and he and his wife, Eva Miles Newlin, co-directed Friends
International Center in Geneva for three years. He was a delegate to the first assembly of the World Council of Churches and served on its central committee. He is survived by his wife; Joan Newlin Poole; and son, James C. Newlin.

Nicholson—Rebecca Carter Nicholson, 55, peacefully while visiting with two grandsons on December 9, 1984, at Stapley Hall, Philadelphia, Pa. She graduated from Germantown and Westtown Friends schools. In 1917, she became assistant secretary in charge of women’s work (organizing sewing groups) for the AFSC, and in 1919 she went to France with the Quaker Reconstruction Unit. From 1946 to 1949 she was secretary of Chester (Pa.) Meeting and from 1949 to 1954 was a house mother at Chestertown Friends School. She studied painting with William Calfee and Hobson Pitman. She was active in Poets Walk In, a study group that has met since 1940, and her ability to recite poetry that she, as well as others, had written was a delight. She helped found Chestnut Hill (Pa.) Meeting and has been a member of Radnor (Pa.) and Washington (D.C.) meetings. At the time of her death, she belonged to Germantown (Pa.) Meeting. She is survived by her daughter, Carolyn Terrell; three sons and their wives, John and Bertha May Pearson Nicholson; Francis and Jean Michener Nicholson, and Christopher and Helen Bowles Nicholson; 16 grandchildren; and 9 great-grandchildren.

Philpott—Vera York Philpott, 95, on December 10, 1984, in Tacoma, Wash. She and her first husband, Herbert York, gathered a small Friends meeting in Kivalina, Alaska, where they lived for three years. They then moved to Seattle, Wash., where for the next 50 years Vera was busy in Seattle Monthly Meeting, the Pacific Coast Association, Friends Center, AFSC, FWCC, and in Indian affairs. From 1960 to 1984 she was a member of Dallas (Tex.) Meeting and served on the Ministry and Oversight Committee for several years. In 1965, she studied at Woodbrooke. Shortly before her death, she had transferred her membership to Tacoma (Wash.) Meeting. She is survived by her sister, Pauline Craig; son, Roy L. York, daughter, Mary Lou Kenny; eight grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

POWERS—Grace Powers, 87, on December 17, 1984, at Frederick Convalescent Hospital, Chula Vista, Calif. Grace had worked for AFSC’s in Philadelphia, Pa., and in Darmstadt, Germany. Her life of dedicated social work included working at the Lake Bluff Childrens Center. Before retiring, Grace lived and worked in the Neighborhood program in Philadelphia, Pa. She was a member of La Jolla (Calif.) Meeting and for some years served on the Ministry and Oversight Committee.

Welch—Margaret Pearnain Welch, 91, peacefully in her home in Framingham, Mass., on October 26, 1984. Graduated from Radcliffe College, she lived all her life in the Boston, Mass., area, devoted to peace and justice issues and supporting the arts. Planned Parenthood and Social Credit were particular concerns. A founder of the Massachusetts Roadside Council, she fostered an awareness of the need for beautification of urban areas and highways and for conservation of natural resources. Margaret was instrumental in having Sylvia Shaw Judson commissioned to sculpt the Mary Dyer statue placed on the Massachusetts state house grounds. She also spent long hours inside the state house in legislative process. She joined Cambridge (Mass.) Meeting in 1942, and then she and her friend, Penelope Turton, founded Framingham (Mass.) Meeting, where she was valued for her caring ministry. She is survived by two daughters, three stepchildren, and many grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

**THINKING ABOUT A MEETING HOUSE?**

If Friends in your meeting are beginning to think about buying or building a meeting house in the not-so-distant future, you are probably also thinking about beginning to set aside some money on a regular basis to use as a down payment, to cover closing costs, or for furnishing the meeting room. More and more meetings are looking to the Friends Meeting House Fund Mortgage Pool as a way to save for their own future and help other Friends at the same time.

You or your meeting can purchase mortgage pool notes in units of $500. The Friends Meeting House Fund uses the proceeds of note sales to finance mortgage loans to meetings. When your meeting is ready to make its purchase, you can redeem your notes and use the cash received for down payment, closing costs, new benches for the meeting room, or whatever. (The Meeting House Fund keeps adequate liquid reserves to assure prompt redemption capability.) Until then, you or your meeting will earn 6 percent interest on your money and help another Friends meeting finance the purchase of their meeting house.

For more information about mortgage pool notes and the Friends Meeting House Fund, Inc., write Friends Meeting House Fund, Inc., 1520-B Race Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. The Meeting House Fund is a service of Friends General Conference.
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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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Copy deadline: 36 days before publication.

Accommodations

Orlando—Claney House, next to Orlando Meeting, offers long- and short-term sojourn space for Friends and kindred spirits. Area attractions easily accessible. Contact Outreach Committee, Orlando Friends Meeting, 316 E. Marks St., Orlando, FL 32803. (305) 896-3766.

Powell House. Old Chatham, N.Y., near Albany in Columbia County. Reservations necessary. RD 1, Box 160, Old Chatham, NY 12136. (518) 794-8811. Programs available.


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: 536-2752.


Poets & Reviewers

Larry Ingle, a member of Chattanooga (Tenn.) Meeting, is a professor of history at the University of Tennessee. John Lampen is a Quaker living and doing community work in Londonderry. He compiled Will Warren: A Scrapbook—A Quaker in Northern Ireland, published by Quaker Home Service in London.
**Books and Publications**

**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, N.J. 08812.


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**Communities**

Friends Village, Newtown, Pa., a loving Quaker retirement community, has single room and apartment vacancy. For information call Peggy Levengood, (215) 988-2222.

Six rural egalitarian communities, established over the last 17 years, invite visitors/members. Integrate the best of urban and rural living! Peaceful, cooperative, self-supporting. Write ($1 appreciated): Federation, Twin Oaks, VA 23033.

Simple living, active thinking in Quaker community. Quality quiet, sunlight, in desert highlands. Renting, pleasant winter temperatures, snow very rare. Rentals available—mobiles plus rv hookups, average $5 per person daily. Friends Southwest Center, Rte. 1, Box 170, McNeal, AZ 85617.

**For Rent**


Winter Park, Florida. New 2-bed, 2-bath townhouse, use of pool. Furnished, well equipped, excellent location. Rent negotiable, around $550. Available late spring or now on share basis. Phone (305) 644-1346.

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**Opportunity**


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**Personal**


Recently moved to Memphis, Tenn. Miss contact with Friends meeting. Are there other Friends here? Call evenings. Laura Boxman, 382-4866.


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**Positions Vacant**

Powell House. Assistant to the director, to begin mid-May 1985. For information write or phone Daniel P. Withington, 232 College Ave., San Diego, CA 92108. (619) 294-8811.

Summer opportunity: Responsible, energetic couple for housekeeping/caretaking services in exchange for use of cottage on unspoiled lake in western Adirondacks. Additional information available. Phone (215) 644-1346 or write Dreyer, 6 Loyola Court, Philadelphia, PA 19106.

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**Friends Music Institute**

**Four-week summer program for 12-18 year-olds emphasizing**

**Music Quakerism**

Community

July 7 - Aug. 4

at Barnesville, Ohio

For brochure, write: FMG, P.O. Box 427

Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387

Phone: 513-767-1311

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**CREMATION**

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

For information write or telephone

RICHARD F. BERTS

5448 Glen Echo Road

Philadelphia, PA 19119

(215) 577-2354

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**FRIENDS ACADEMY**

A Quaker-affiliated, co-educational country day school including over 600 students in grades pre-kindergarten through 12. A strong selected student body, made diverse by our cosmopolitan community and a generous scholarship program, is nurtured by a full- and part-time faculty of 75. Friends Academy, which is over 100 years old, seeks to provide demanding, somewhat traditional but new, college preparatory, academic, athletic, and arts programs within a friendly, supportive atmosphere. Each year we usually seek one or more top-notch teacher or experienced and versatile teachers who can be strong in the classroom and competent and willing to coach boys and girls' teams. We seek teachers who can command the respect and affection of young people and colleagues. Write to Frederic B. Withington, Headmaster, Friends Academy, Locust Valley, NY 11560.

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**Sandy Spring Friends School** seeks an experienced Middle School Teacher who can teach modern language, science, or music. Experience and training must include working with Middle School students and curriculum, record keeping, and daily management. Send resume and references to: Edwin E. Hinshaw, Sandy Springs Friends School, Sandy Spring, MD 20860. Deadline for application is March 1, 1985.

**The Peace Center of Connecticut** needs a full-time director for its staff. This ecumenical enterprise, a program of the state's Christian Conference of Connecticut, is devoted to bringing issues of peace and justice into the congregations of Connecticut and to the support of a Connecticut-based peace network. The director needs a deep commitment to peacemaking in all of its biblical and theological dimensions, organizational and social context, skill in program development and administration, fundraising, marketing, and interest in working with existing organizations (both religious and secular) which have a commitment to peace and justice. For more information, please call Courtney B. Bourns at (203) 278-3702.

**Help wanted.** A reliable couple to maintain a historic house on the Main Line, in exchange for living quarters and utilities. For information write to Box 182, Villanova, PA 19085.

**Music Institute**

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July 7 - Aug. 4

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For brochure, write: FMG, P.O. Box 427

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**FRIENDS JOURNAL**

February 15, 1985
FRIENDS JOURNAL Winter Special:

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Among Friends and family you surely know two who do not receive FRIENDS JOURNAL—and should. Possible new subscribers: a meeting attender, your son or daughter away from home, a teacher at your Friends school or public school, your local library, a nearby prison library, or one of the many Friends who just haven’t ever developed the JOURNAL habit. Get their checks (or give them a gift), and you will receive our new FRIENDS JOURNAL tote bag. (Offer good until March 31.)

Our attractive tote bag is made of dark blue duck cloth with matching web handles. Silk-screened in white is the phrase: “I read FRIENDS JOURNAL. Does thee?” This 13-by-13-inch bag has a pleated 3-inch bottom that makes book carrying easy.

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This offer expires March 31. Offer good while supply lasts. Sorry, but it is not retroactive.

FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102
Moorestown Friends School—Friends are sought as candidates for the following positions beginning with the 1985 school year: Director of Admissions, and Financial Aid. Manager of Physical Facilities. Mathematics Department Chairperson. Junior High Science and Mathematics. Junior and Senior High Spanish. MFS is a pre-primary through 12th grade co-ed boarding school of 800 students located on a 40-acre campus in a suburban community 12 miles from Philadelphia. For further information about these positions and other teaching opportunities at MFS write Alexander M. MacColl, Headmaster, Page’s Lane, Moorestown, N.J. 08057.

Three positions available assist FCNL’s lobbyists with legislative work. Assignments include research; writing; monitoring issues, hearings, and legislation; maintaining clipping and issue files. Application period closes March 15 for 11-month positions beginning September 1. For further information, write or call: Friends Committee on National Legislation, 245 Second Street NE, Washington, DC 20002. (202) 547-6500.

Director of Beacon Hill Friends House. Beacon Hill Friends House seeks Friendly director for student residence in downtown Boston, starting mid-June 1985. Duties involve ongoing administration of spiritually based residence as well as outreach to wider Quaker community. For further information, write or call Anne Kriebel, Director, Beacon Hill Friends House, 6 Chestnut St., Boston, MA 02108. (617) 237-9118. Application deadline Feb. 20.

Camp counselors. Small co-ed Quaker camp in Wisconsin needs college-age staff—W.S.I. or camp crafts skills. Jenny Lang, 3006 Fingley Rd., Shaker Heights, OH 44122.

Summer staff. For Friends camp, South China, Maine. Cook, W.S.I., nurse or E.M.T.; crafts, nature, music. Applicants must be 18 or older. Period of employment 6/7-8/18. For information write or call director: Susan Morris, Dept. FJ, P.O. Box 1329, Martinsville, IN 46151. (317) 342-4542.

Administrative Secretary, Friends Meeting of Washington (D.C.). The meeting seeks a person thoroughly familiar with Quaker faith and practice to oversee the maintenance of property; manage the business activities; supervise its employees; schedule and make arrangements for use of buildings and facilities; and act in extending meeting services to members, attendees, visitors, and the wider community. Salary range and detailed job description available upon request. Applications due March 15, 1985. Send resume and cover letter to: Personnel Committee, Friends Meeting of Washington, 2111 Florida Ave. N.W., Washington, DC 20006.

Mature, hospitable Friend sought for one-to-two-year term as resident for Santa Fe Friends Meeting, beginning summer 1985. For information packet please send letter of interest to Search Committee, 630 Canyon Rd., Santa Fe, NM 87501.

Financial Aid Director. Earlham College seeks Financial Aid Director to administer all programs of student financial assistance: grants, loans, work, position reports to the Vice President for Finance. The successful candidate will possess above average communications and interpersonal skills, have a thorough knowledge of financial aid procedures and reporting requirements, and be a knowledgeable computer data base user. Minimum requirements: B.A., Masters preferred; three years or more experience in financial aid. Send statement applying, resume, three references, and salary requirement to: Richard K. Smith, Vice President for Finance, Earlham College, Richmond, IN 47374. Closing date March 15, 1985. AA/EO.

Services Offered


Office clutter getting you down? Your records organized for efficient retrieval. We also locate information in all subjects, write newsletters, manuals, proposals. Horwitz Information Services, 45 Forest Rd., Springfield, PA 19064. (215) 844-8376.

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Do you need typesetting? Friends Journal typesetting service can give you your newsletters, brochures, pamphlets, and meeting directories a clean, professional format that is easily read. We provide fast, friendly typesetting service at reasonable rates. Call us at (215) 241-7282.

Moving to North Carolina? Maybe David Brown, a Quaker real estate broker, can help. Contact him at 1208 Pinewood Drive, Greensboro, NC 27410. (919) 284-2095.

Summer Camps

Friends China Camp. Serving ages 7–17. Small residential camp in South China, Maine. Individual needs met in a friendly environment. The program offers a variety of non-competitive activities. For brochure write or call: Susan Morris, Dept. FJ, P.O. Box 1329, Martinsville, IN 46151. (317) 342-4542.

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A QUAKER CAMP on Sturgeon Bay, 80 miles north of Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Programs for children, families, singles, mothers, seniors. Summer session approx. $130. Cdn. for 10 days. Reduced rates for children and for helpers: cooks, counselors, lifeguards, cheerleaders. Opening for a "Resident Friend." For brochure, write to Clerk, NeeKauNis Committee, Friends House, 60 Lowther Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M5R 1C7.

Vocalist and instrumentalists—beginning, intermediate, and advanced—are welcome at "FMI." Friends Music Institute. Summer program for 12–16 year olds held July at Barnesville, Ohio. Write P.O. Box 427, Yellow Springs, OH 45387. (513) 767-1311.

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Needed—a live-in housekeeper for a Quaker writer recovering from a stroke. She lives in the Boston area. Write to Nicholas Newman, 60 Campbell Rd., Wayland, MA 01778.
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