As the sap flows through the branches of the vine and vitalizes the whole organism so that it bursts into the beauty and foliage and blossom and finally into fruit, so through the lives of men and women, inwardly responsive and joyously receptive, the life of God as Spirit flows, carrying vitality, awakening love, creating passion for goodness, kindling the fervor of consecration and producing that living body, that organism of the Spirit, that "blessed community," which continues through the centuries the revelation of God as love and tenderness and eternal goodness.—Rufus M. Jones
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Editorial Comments

A Vigorous Journalistic Expression

In his editorial remarks in the first issue of Friends Journal, William Hubben wrote, “We believe that religious witness, as well as our testimonies of peace, social, and racial reconciliation, requires a vigorous journalistic expression.” Now, as we look back 30 years, we can affirm that the Journal has been such a means of Quaker expression.

All of the articles in this anniversary issue are reprints from our past. We tried to select a balance of materials from three very different decades. These articles appear with only slight editing. (We did not, for instance, change language—acceptable at the time—that many readers today might consider sexist.) We chose articles by authors whose thoughts have been important to readers over the years. Included are articles on worship, Quaker history, life in our meetings, personalities, and Friends testimonies. I only regret that we could not include even more in this expanded, 40-page issue.

What struck me as I began to read through the old issues of the magazine this past winter was the great variety of material that has been published over the years. I was impressed as well with the timeless nature of many of the articles. To read one of Henry Cadbury’s letters, for instance, still provides a valuable lesson in Quaker history (and a glimpse of Henry’s sparkling wit); Elwood Cronk’s story about Benjamin Lay comes alive today as it did for earlier readers; Mildred Young’s thoughts on Quakerism in our daily lives remain timeless; Ruth Kilpack’s description of the Hiroshima Maidens’ visit to Pendle Hill seems particularly appropriate during this 40th anniversary year of the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Our thanks to our many readers who sent their recommended titles from the past. These suggestions were a big help to us as we selected articles. The assistance of Eleanor Stabler Clarke and Carol Brainerd was particularly helpful. Their close association with the Journal over the years, including long service on our board of managers, has provided steady support for each of our editors. Their thoughts, which follow, provide an important glimpse of our history.

Three Friends whose artwork has added beauty to our pages over the years are included in this issue: Fritz Eichenberg, Peter Fingesten, and Eileen Waring. Fritz Eichenberg, I should add, created our colophon, which has appeared in every issue of the Journal.

So I invite you to celebrate our past with us and to help us plan for the future. To help us keep track of time in the next 30 years let me offer this Friends calendar rhyme that appeared in “Friendly Folklore” by Maurice A. Mook (FJ 10/31/59), a Quaker version of “Thirty Days Hath September”:

The fourth, eleventh, ninth and sixth,
Have thirty days to each affixed;
And every other thirty-one,
Except the second month alone,
Which has but twenty-eight in fine,
Till leap-year gives it twenty-nine.

Vinton Deming

After Thirty Years

A DECADE or so before the hundredth anniversary of the 1827 separation of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting into two yearly meetings, there were stirrings among the Friends of both groups. The more imaginative perhaps dared to think that maybe some day there would once again be only one Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

Friends since the days of George Fox have believed in the written as well as the spoken word, so of course each Philadelphia Yearly Meeting had its own magazine. The papers were aware of stirrings among Philadelphia Friends and watched in interest what each published.

Things were happening. The young Friends of both groups had discovered each other, some had even gone so far as to marry. More and more intervisitation occurred between the yearly meetings, certain sessions were held jointly. Certain monthly meetings declared themselves “united meetings” responsible to both yearly meetings, and their members could belong to either yearly meeting.

Perhaps the single most important event that led to the reuniting of the two Philadelphia yearly meetings was the establishing of the American Friends Service Committee in April 1917. Friends from all over the United States and Canada were drawn into the work. In Philadelphia, Hicksite and Orthodox Friends who had not known each other previously were finally introduced! So when the great year of 1955 arrived, the two Philadelphia yearly meetings joined into one. Friends realized, too, that the time had come for the two yearly meeting publications to come together. That year, The Friend of the Arch Street Friends, established in 1827, and the Friends Intelligencer of Race Street, established
in 1844, joined. A board of managers was selected, about half from each yearly meeting.

Richard R. Wood, who had been the editor of *The Friend*, was ready to retire. William Hubben of the *Friends Intelligencer* was glad to carry on, and the board appointed him editor. There is no record of the Friend who had the inspiration of the name “Friends Journal.” *Journal* is a good Quaker word; early Friends wrote many journals; why not have a journal about today’s Friends?

With his interest in what Friends over the world were thinking, one of William Hubben’s first actions as editor of the new paper was to set up a list of “contributing correspondents.” Richard Wood and three other Friends in the Middle West, New England, and the West Coast kept him aware of U.S. Quaker thinking. Foreign correspondents represented England, Germany, India, Japan, Scandinavia, Switzerland, Turkey, and Africa.

After William Hubben’s retirement as editor in 1963, *Friends Journal* had a series of editors, the imagination of each one making a contribution to the paper.

Now, in 1985, *Friends Journal* looks forward to its next 30—and more—years of service to an increasing number of readers.

Eleanor Stabler Clarke

*What It Took to Start Friends Journal*

**THE basic condition leading to the establishment of Friends Journal was the cooperation between the two Philadelphia yearly meetings at the end of World War II. It was no accident that the Journal’s birth coincided with the reunification of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in 1955. The climate of cooperation made it possible for those in charge of The Friend and the Friends Intelligencer to solve the problems involved in merging the two papers.**

**Even so, the merger did not happen overnight. The obstacles to any joint effort included administrative, financial, and legal considerations. There were also conflicting ideas about the kind of magazine wanted and frequency of publication. Was there material? Was there demand? What should be the editorial policy? What about personnel?**

*The Friend* was a biweekly of 16 pages, with about 1,400 subscribers; the *Intelligencer* came out weekly, with sometimes 12 pages and sometimes 16, and had a circulation of about 4,900. Each paper operated with chronic deficits. *The Friend* was published by its Contributors. The *Intelligencer* was responsible primarily to Friends General Conference and also to its Associates.

Representatives of the two boards of managers began talking to each other about a merger sometime in 1947, and discussions progressed as far as a draft charter and by-laws before they were suspended in the fall of 1948. Unity had not yet been achieved. At the same time, I think everyone concerned knew that merger was just postponed, not rejected. In the long run, it had to come.

At last, in July 1954, the Joint Exploratory Committee of three persons from each board got to work. It invited the two editors, William Hubben and Richard Wood, along with others representing groups such as the AFSC and Friends World Committee, to meet and discuss “the services which a merged paper might perform,” and “especially . . . how such a paper could be helpful on a much wider basis than is currently the case.” From the outset, the organizers thought of *Friends Journal* as serving Friends and their agencies near and far.

Many people gave support as organization plans took form, legal work was begun, and operating questions decided. By March 1955 the committee could report to the newly reunited Philadelphia Yearly Meeting that *Friends Journal* would replace *The Friend* and the *Friends Intelligencer* on July 1.

It would be published by a new legal entity, Friends Publishing Corporation, and would be closely associated with Friends General Conference.

*Friends Journal* began life as a weekly with a subscription price of $4, a circulation of about 5,000, and a budget that projected an annual deficit of $14,000. (In 1985 dollars, read $16 for the price and $56,000 for the deficit.) Its greatest asset was its experienced staff.

Staff and board alike hoped to attract many new subscribers and to bring the deficit down (ultimately) to zero. The circulation goal was 10,000. Thirty years have been needed to come within reach of this mark. It comes as no surprise that there is still a deficit, when one considers that (among other things) the Journal has lived through a revolution in printing, a severe inflation, and social changes that have sharply modified the readership.

The heart of the Journal is of course its writing and editing: what it says comes first, and all else is support. And support in its many forms—from artwork to advertising to board meetings—is essential. The important thing today is that staff, authors, artists, managers, office volunteers, advertisers, and readers have, together, kept the paper very much alive and have amply fulfilled the expectations of those who gave it its start.

Carol P. Brainerd
Coming With Hearts and Minds Prepared

by Candida Palmer
March 15, 1972

I have changed my tactics entirely when explaining to prospective attenders how it is with Friends meeting for worship, “silent” style, and its ministry.

In the past I have started with George Fox and early Friends. I still believe fervently, as did they, that meeting for worship is an act of corporate discipline and holy obedience, rather than various mystical and contemplative states so often described.

Today I would start my grand tour around meetings for worship on the subject of “sidas”—largely because the real thing is hardly ever demonstrable these days.

Sidas are those good and powerful impulses that only too often land up in meeting for worship when they should have been usefully shunted elsewhere, like the defeated election candidate for high office, who should have been appointed baseball commissioner and thus kept safely out of further politics. (Instead, he made a comeback.)

Then I would give an example of how my own sids work, and how much better they are ending up in a newspaper poetry corner than in meeting for worship. There was that published snake poem, for example, which described a baby copperhead that almost lost its nerve when encountering my garden hose, thinking it was some hoary grandfather snake one had better not climb over. So it kept tonguing till it had the “old one” figured, and then slithered majestically across. That episode made the Columbus Dispatch “Verse for Today,” when it could have made an 11:15 a.m. First-day sermon on respect for elders or the myriad other sermons Friends know how to extract from nature lore.

Productive artists and writers are fortunate to have almost unlimited outlet for these mental curlicues, where their loves and tears find a home and they can record significant experience and wonderment. Many times Rembrandt van Rijn is thought to have painted the features of his beloved Saskia into the faces of incidential bystanders and children.

Then my meeting inquirer would almost certainly ask, “Are nature talks, or current events, not permissible in Quaker worship?”

Permissible they are, of course. Are they, though, the best we can do? “On-my-way-to-meeting-I-saw” ministry and “I-read-in-the-New-York-Times” sermons do not lack substance—but do they have sufficient significant substance? We must be ultimately tender, but we must also keep our expectations high. I should like to be able to tell the prospective attender that she or he will be fed in our meeting and can clearly expect this.

In the creative arts, one finds very soon that not every idea is equally inspired or has equal sustaining power. There are more novels begun than finished because the original idea was not substantial enough to carry the writer’s interest through to the end. Such material has worth, but should have found a different expression or become part of another whole.

Here my prospective attender would gag, for this smacks of arrogance, intolerance, and inegalitarianism, merely to whisper that all messages in meeting are not of equal worth. “That’s for the listener to decide.”

A comeback for that one is first our daughter’s definition (to another 15-year-old) of a professional and an amateur writer: An amateur writes only when he feels like it; a professional writes whether in the mood or not.

To that must be added a revealing experience by a seasoned Friend who served as representative to the National Council of Churches. Members of the council took turns leading worship services for their gatherings. This Friend found to her utter amazement, when it was her turn to arrange a meeting for worship after the manner of Friends, that all these “professionals of the cloth,” with a sprinkling of bishops among them, were much better able to effect and sustain a deeply meaningful meeting for worship, a better one than she had ever experienced among Friends.

Books of discipline speak of “coming [to meeting] with hearts and minds prepared.” This preparedness was the daily state of soul of these hireling professional reverends. They did not need the “right” mood.

The late Thomas Merton described a Quaker meeting he attended as a young man: “The people were mostly middle-aged or old, and there was nothing that distinguished them in any evident way from the congregations in... any other Protestant church, except that they kept silent, waiting for the inspiration of the Holy Ghost.” Thomas Merton liked this and was beginning to open up to the silence, when “presently one of the middle-aged ladies thought the Holy Ghost was after her to get up and talk...” When I was in Switzerland I took this snapshot of the famous Lion of Lucerne...” With that she pulled out a picture.”

This Friend evidently ministered lengthily, connecting her tourism (a long
"way-to-meeting") to the cardinal virtues of the Swiss.

"The Friends accepted it in patience," Thomas Merton continued. "But I went out of the meetinghouse saying to myself: 'In other churches it is the minister who hands out commonplaces, and here it is liable to be just anybody.'"

I would want to make sure that my interviewee had these two episodes well digested and then come back at me for my "negativism."

There is much evidence that worshipers come away from our meetings underfed, rather than walk out halfway because they have been overfed. We do have to ask again and again not whether our ministry is passable but whether it is truly nourished by "the life of significant soil," and therefore so nourishes.

That phrase is quoted from T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets* and brings me back full circle to where the guided meeting tour began: Then what is the nature of the ministry in meeting for worship, shared by speaker and listener?

We can go back to Fox, but I think I would go to T. S. Eliot again in a passage from the same poem. This has always reminded me of Friends worship:

*The Great Transparencies*

Lately I have been thinking much of those.
The open ones, the great transparencies,
Through whom life—is it wind or water—flows
Unstinted, who have learned the sovereign ease.
They are not young; they are not ever young.

Youth is too vulnerable to bear the tide,
And let it rise, and never hold it back,
Then let it ebb, not suffering from pride,
Nor thinking it must ebb from private lack.
The elders yield because they are so strong.

Seized by the great wind like a ripening field,
All rippled over in a sensuous sweep,
Wave after wave, lifted and glad to yield,
But, whether wind or water, never keep
The tide from flowing or hold it back for long.

Lately I have been thinking much of these,
The unafraid although still vulnerable,
Through whom life flows, the great transparencies,
The old and open, brave and beautiful...
They are not young; they are not ever young.

—May Sarton
FJ January 1, 1969

The hint half guessed, the gift half understood,
is Incarnation.

All this must be labored with the enthusiastic, ardent inquirer in mind, for the new attender who comes to us in sorrow or perplexity will leave us in despair the moment the bird-butterfly-ecology "on-my-way-to-meeting" no longer provides a bulwark against life's onslaught and no longer comforts, fills, or nourishes significantly. A life without adequate "sidings" is incomplete, and, besides, I am also obliged to answer the very young Friend who asks after meeting, "How come they never see bulldozers?"
ON CONTEMPLATION

by Peter Fingesten
March 1, 1966

Religion, to paraphrase the German Protestant theologian Schleiermacher, is a feeling of infinite dependence upon God, leading to an understanding of the relatedness of all things and the concatenation of all events. A religious orientation is positive and optimistic because it gives meaning to the whole, while more often than not a nonreligious orientation is pessimistic, leading to cynicism. Quakerism is a religion with an open end; it is always amenable to further revelations. The Quaker spirit, therefore, is prophetic in controlling thought as well as in control of the body. Quaker worship includes an open mind. Exhaling has a remarkably calming effect upon the body.

First: When comfortably seated and physically relaxed, close your eyes. If you prefer to keep them open, look ahead at a chosen point but without intellectual involvement with that which the eyes are seeing. Refuse to be disturbed by any noise. Do not turn your head to see who enters late or who delivers a message.

Second: Direct your thoughts. Whatever thought or image appears before one's mental eyes may be utilized for direction and escalation. Direction means the pursuing of one image, turning and observing it from several angles. Do not permit other thoughts to intrude or to displace the image but, rather, include them in the primary one. This applies particularly to messages that may break in on the silence. Then take the image, which should be clear and distinct by now, and escalate it. This means to project it into ever-larger contexts, from the particular to the universal, until it is all-embracing or is entirely spiritualized. By way of example, let us suppose that the image of a grove of trees has arisen in the mind. Do not reject it or push it aside; on the contrary, see it as clearly as possible, even analytically. Consider how the tree is related to nature, which itself is related to the biological life of the whole planet; how the life of our planet is part of the universe and is dependent upon the sun, which in turn is the light and life of the universe. Once an image is escalated to such a point, one can make easily and naturally the next step to the "light of light," which is God. To a religious person all things are related; all events are concatenated. Thus, it is not too difficult to ascend by degrees to the Giver of all life. When the image is finally seen from a universal or a spiritual point of view, and if it seems to have an appealing power relevant to the mood of the meeting, it might be expressed as a vocal message.

Fifth: Let go of all thought. The goal of all centering down and of all contemplation is mystic union with God. Every human being has the latent possibility to become spiritually incandescent, but the instrument must be put in contact with the ultimate source of power. However, this reality cannot be talked about. It can only be experienced.

The inability of language to deal with such experiences and problems has become a basic concept in modern philosophy, from Kant to Wittgenstein. Wittgenstein summed this up in an aphorism which might have been written by a God-intoxicated mystic rather than by a contemporary Viennese logical positivist: "Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent."
Expression of Religion in Our Private Life

by Mildred Binns Young

December 29, 1956

If you explore the life of things and of conditioned being, you come to the unfathomable; if you deny the life of things and of conditioned being, you stand before nothingness; if you hallow this life, you meet the living God," wrote Martin Buber.

If you hallow this life of common and creaturely activity, you meet the living God. The converse, too, is valid: When you have met the living God, you will know how to "hallow this life of things and of conditioned being," so that all things are seen in an eternal light, all life is a sacrament.

Mildred Binns Young has worked in a number of positions with Friends. For 20 years she and her husband, Wilmer Young, served with the American Friends Service Committee in the rural South, working with tenant farmers and sharecroppers. Later, they were on the staff of Pendle Hill for 12 years. Now retired, Mildred is a member of Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting.

This, I think, is part of the meaning of the first three petitions of the Lord’s Prayer: hallowed in my heart and in each action of my daily life be thy name; thy Kingdom come, thy will be done, in my house, in my community and country, in my world, in every aspect of my life.

But the question is always: How can we make our daily life holy? Although the subject is indivisible, I want to talk about it in three sections: the personal or interior life; the life of the household, the family; and the life of the person and the family in community.

We come more and more to accept the fact that the personal or interior life is crucial, and has always been so. Even the most unselﬁcious, unselﬁcentered saint has had ﬁrst of all himself to reckon with. One cannot “hallow” the life of his household and of his community until he has made a holy place within himself. This means, practically, he must take some time for his own inner life.

The centerpiece of each day should be its time set apart for devotion and beholding. The reason it is not trite to say it again is that it is so hard in our busy lives to set such a time apart that probably, even among earnest seekers, there are still more of us who keep no such time apart than there are who do.

The more active we are in the world of people and things, the more urgently we need this time of orientation and repowering. Without it our activities can be more harmful than useful, and instead of expressing love and relating us to our surroundings, they may even limit us and cut us off. This was surely what Friends meant by the old phrase “creaturely activity.”
Yet one must put in a note of warning, too, because there are some minds for which withdrawal is a self-indulgence more than a self-realization, and leads to a sterile stirring in their own depths, which is almost a poison for some natures.

This creative balance can hardly be achieved in the burdened life. The Latin for baggage is *impedimenta*, and impediment indeed our possessions and interests can be. We need to strip off much of the less important, as mariners throw overboard even precious cargo when life itself is at stake.

Personal success in a material sense can be achieved at the expense of one's fellow men. Perhaps there is no way to achieve it but at the expense of others. I remember the saying of Mary Webb's heroine in *Precious Bane*: "For if you stop to be kind you must ever swerve from your path. So when folk tell me of this great man and that great man, I think to myself, Who was stunted of joy for his glory? How many old folk and children did his coach wheels go over? What bridial lacked his song, and what mourner his tears, that he found time to climb so high?"

On the spiritual side, success can never be achieved at the expense of others. One cannot climb high by trampling on others or neglecting them. The cries we do not answer, the needs we do not meet, keep pulling us back.

How are we to find time for the inner life when the outer demands on our mercy are so unending and urgent? The answer can only be in rigorous pruning, in lopping off much that is superfluous, in "ordering" our lives, first things first.

One group for whom it is almost hardest of all to balance activity with retirement, "return" with "withdrawal," is the group of young parents, and perhaps, peculiarly so, the young mothers. How can we hallow the daily routine of our homes? How can we make room for the eternal in that routine?

What mother, after getting husband off to work and children to school, has not felt desecrated by the ignobility of the scramble? Probably if she can take time to relax at all after they are gone, it will oftenest be with a cup of coffee and a neighbor's chatter, or the radio, or a magazine. She may even add to the confusion by rushing off to a job herself, and she will be lucky if the evening is any improvement over the morning.

Is there any remedy for this way of living? Do our homes of young families have to resemble the busy corners of streets, with traffic going in every direction and frequent collisions? Is there no way for the modern family to claim again the order and comeliness and inward grace of an earlier time? Is there no way to clear space in our lives for the holy?

The time when Friends needed to look different, speak differently, and act differently from other people seems to have gone by. It is no longer felt that differences bear any valid testimony to our faith. Yet I think that a forthright rejection of the American standard of living as an ideal would bear testimony to our faith, and would again clear our lives of much that clutters and negates them. The fact that destitution, sheer hunger, and cold still form a major part of the suffering in our world makes it logical that we who believe in the close brotherhood of all people should refuse to feast and waste. The fact that prosperity still battens upon the preparation for war and on threats of war makes it logical that we who refuse to participate in war should refuse to compete for a share in prosperity above our real needs.

I have forgotten who coined the phrase "keeping up with the Joneses," but I am almost sure it has been around as long as I can remember. As Mark Twain is said to have remarked about the weather, it is a subject that everybody talks about, but nobody does anything about it.

Well, some people do try. You hear of people who hold out for some time against the pressure to get a television set, or a new television set, or who drive an old-fashioned car for the simple but unsound reason that it still runs well; but these pioneers mostly have to give in. Self-confidence is impaired if one is shabby or odd. Success is jeopardized. Yet a peculiarly unbecoming sort of disorder in clothes and houses is current and acceptable among young and not-so-young people, and seems to leave self-confidence and self-respect intact.

Again we "owe it to ourselves" to take vacations, and we rush all the harder in order to have longer vacations, in better places, preferably farther away.

How, in the midst of all this welter
of conspicuous consumption, do we go about hallowing the life of our household?

There must be more houses than ever before in which one might hope to find real homes flourishing. They are planned for efficiency, full of labor-saving devices, placed in neat yards on paved roads, and lighted and serviced as never before and nowhere else. Yet in many of these homes the mother of young children goes out to work as well as the father, and the home is hardly more than a central station at which they all touch at some times in the day.

Many of us have been much challenged in recent years by the development of communities especially planned for answering some of these questions and these outrages against modern living. Planned, or "intentional," communities, in which goods are communally owned to a greater or lesser extent, furnish a real answer for some few people, but they do not yet seem to be an answer for all those who are seeking, even all those who are most earnestly seeking, an answer.

Yet if daily life is to express our religious faith and is to be hallowed, this hallowing must also spread through the wider community beyond the doors of home.

On the negative side, I think this almost surely means that we dare not block the way to relatedness by a collection of goods and a standard of living that is right out of the reach of the greater number of mankind. On the positive side of training in relatedness to the whole community, the meeting for worship and business is what first comes to the mind of Friends. At its best, this is the "beloved community" that ties the person and the family and the intimate group, through the larger group, to the world, and it forms the avenue through which love and brotherhood are expressed in worship and work.

But a meeting community must have at least a core group of the same worshipers who meet together week after week, so that they get to be aware of each other on deep levels and to know each other's needs on the everyday level, too. It is true worship together that can keep them in close touch with each other without degenerating to gossip and medlesomeness. I have been touched of late to hear of a rather worldly seeming suburban meeting in which this solidarity below the surface was still strong enough that the meeting was able to come effectively to the help of a member who was suddenly in need. This is how the Christian community should operate, not depending on the state or a dozen forms of insurance for the relief of its members' needs.

Out of this kind of close fellowship in their meetings, individuals and families can go forth on even rather risky errands of mercy without suffering from the heady exhilaration at first and afterward the crippling loneliness to which isolated efforts can be subject. Out of such close meeting fellowship came the incredible travels in the ministry undertaken by earlier generations of Friends.

The meeting is a second place, after the home, in which whole families can participate. Separate activities to some extent divide even the most closely knit family. But in meeting it should come together again, and we need to beware of a tendency to divide the family again there, assuming that silent worship is for adults only, or that First-day school takes the place for children of worship with adults and with each other.

With this nurture of the community of worship as the living link between the individual and the whole community of the creation, we come full circle and reach again the crucial point of the person, the individual "I," individually bound to its own "Thou," which is the experience of God that it knows for itself.

I want to end with another quotation from Martin Buber from his book I and Thou: "The authentic assurance of constancy in space consists in the fact that men's relations with their true Thou, the radial lines that proceed from all the points of the I to the Center, form a circle. It is not the periphery, the community, that comes first but the radii, the common quality of relation with the Center. This alone guarantees the authentic existence of community.

"Only when these two arise—the binding up of time in a relational life of salvation and the binding up of space in the community that is made one by its Center—and only so long as they exist, does there arise and exist, round about the invisible altar, a human cosmos with bounds and form, grasped with the spirit out of the universal stuff of the aeon, a world that is house and home, a dwelling for man in the universe."
This I Can Now Affirm

Winifred Rawlins's poetry has appeared regularly in the Journal since 1956. Winifred lived and worked at Pendle Hill for many years until her retirement. A member of Providence (Pa.) Meeting, she is a regular volunteer for the American Friends Service Committee.

Or whose eyes burned dark and kind
Like the ancient teddy bear
I took to bed as a child.
And in the abandoned room
Where no man's footstep sounded,
Where there was no bed made;
No table set with food,
When the door was closed behind me
Even the dust of the floor
Silently blessed my feet.
Even the dying light
Gently caressed my brow,
While a thin flute played in my head
A song I had loved before birth.
Faithfully this has recurred.
Why should I then suppose
It will one day be otherwise?
—Winifred Rawlins
FJ February 28, 1959
Judgment Day in Breeches

by Elwood Cronk
October 8, 1955

Just as the meeting was beginning, the door quietly opened, and across the threshold stepped the tiny figure of a man. No more than four feet seven inches in height, he wore a huge coat that swept the floor as he walked, and carried a large book under his left arm. He was hunched, his head was large, and a long beard flowed from his kindly face. He stopped, looked over the gathering, and strode down the aisle toward the facing benches. But preferring the steps leading between them, he quietly sat down and bowed his head in worship.

Finally he arose, and his voice broke the deep silence. "Oh all of you Negro masters, who are contentedly holding your fellow creatures in a state of slavery. . . You must know they are not made slaves by any direct law, but are held by an arbitrary and self-interested custom. . . You are forcibly retaining your fellow men from one generation to another, in a state of unconditional servitude; you might as well throw off the plain coat as I do."

With a lightning gesture he threw off the huge coat that hung limply from his tiny frame. As it fell to the floor, a distorted body was revealed, teetering upon legs so slender that they appeared unequal to the task of bearing his weight. A sword dangling from a scabbard at his side nearly touched the floor.

He continued, "It would be as justifiable in the sight of the Almighty, who beholds and respects all nations and colors of men with equal regard, if you should thrust a sword through their hearts, as I do this." He drew the sword, stabbed himself, and crumpled in a heap on the steps. Friends were spattered by what seemed to be blood, and several ladies fainted. Those nearby rushed to his side and quickly discovered his deception. The sword had pierced a bladder of pokeberry juice cleverly hidden between the book cover he carried under his arm. He was gently picked up, carried down the aisle, and deposited on the porch. He was still there when the meeting broke up, and did not arise until Friends had walked past or over his prone body.

The main figure in this drama was Benjamin Lay. The incident took place in 1738 at the Annual Meeting of the Society of Friends, held in Burlington, New Jersey. Benjamin Lay was born in Colchester, England, in 1677 of Quaker parents. He received very little education, went to sea at an early age, and followed this profession until his marriage in 1710, when he settled down in the town of his birth. His wife, Sarah, like himself was small and hunched. Because of his interest and activity in the public affairs of the day he was read out of meeting.

In 1718 Benjamin and Sarah Lay sailed for Barbados, where he established himself in the mercantile business. Here he witnessed the brutality and cruelty of the slave trade. He felt the op-
pressive weight of the burden known to
those held in bondage. Perhaps, too, he
saw the spirit of oppression insidiously
working in the hearts of those who held
slaves—saw how it made them hard,
callous, and indifferent to the plight of
their brothers. Each Sunday many of the
slaves visited him. He was able to give
them counsel and wholesome food.

In 1731, after having lived in Bar-
bados for 13 years, he and his wife sailed
for America. When Benjamin and Sarah
Lay arrived in Philadelphia, they dis-
covered that slaveholding was generally
practiced throughout Pennsylvania.
Although the slaves were treated much
better, he would not tolerate human bond-
age in any form. He purchased a few
acres of land between Germantown and
Old York Road about six miles north of
Philadelphia, and built a simple cottage
that resembled a cave in its construction.
His wants were very simple. Benjamin
Lay drank nothing but water or milk,
and he lived on acorns, chestnuts, and
cold boiled potatoes. He would not eat
food or wear clothes that had been ob-
tained at the expense of animal life or
slave labor. Hence, he grew the flax
from which he made his own clothing.
The cloth was left its natural color,
covered that slaveholding was generally
accepted, that the presses were
pressed, the printer being
much encumbered with other concerns;
thou art lovingly entreated to excuse,
amend, or censure it, as thee pleases;
but remember that it is written by one
that was a poor common sailor, and an
illiterate man.”

Another dramatic effort to point out
the evil of slaveholding involved a neigh-
bor of Benjamin Lay’s who held a
young girl in captivity. He had spoken
to him many times, but he would not
release the girl. One day Benjamin Lay
coaxed the neighbor’s six-year-old boy
to come to his house, where he kept him
amused all day. Toward evening he saw
the distraught parents hurrying through
the fields. Pretending surprise and con-
cern, he went to meet them and asked
the cause of their distress. When they ex-
plained to him that their little boy had
been lost all day, he said, “Your child
is safe in my house; and you may now
conceive of the sorrow you inflict upon
the parents of the Negro girl you hold
in slavery; for she was torn from them
by avarice.”

Over the years he traveled widely,
visiting private citizens, public officials,
and churches of all denominations. An
amusing incident took place in Christ
Church in Philadelphia. On the day
Benjamin Lay attended, the text of the
sermon was “He shall set the sheep on
His right hand, but the goats on His
left.” After the service Benjamin Lay
stepped forward and asked the minister
how the sheep would be distinguished
from the goats. The minister took hold
of Benjamin’s beard and said, “By their
beards, Benjamin, by their beards.”

He was past 60 when he and his wife
left their home and went to board with
the family of John Phipps near Abing-
ton Friends Meetinghouse. His wife
died shortly after, and he was left alone
in the world. On the farm he found a
natural excavation in the earth which he
dug out further and covered the roof
with evergreen. Here he spent the re-
mainder of his days reading, writing,
and meditating. He died on January 3,
1759, at the age of 82. For 41 years, 28
of them in Pennsylvania, he had waged
an unceasing war on slavery.

What can be said of a life such as
this? It is true that at times he was ec-
centric, that often his temper flared, and
that his judgment was not always of the
best. Yet in spite of these criticisms, the
life of Benjamin Lay contains much to
inspire us. He had reason because of his
unattractive physical appearance to feel
sorry for himself. Instead, his heart was
filled with compassion for his oppressed
brother, whose condition was infinitely
worse than his own. It can truly be said
that in the house where dwells the spirit
of universal love there is no room for
self-pity.

L. Maria Child in the introduction to
the Memoir of Benjamin Lay has beau-
tifully caught the spirit of our ancient
Friend: “I have become so thoroughly
imbued with a living sense of the good
man’s character, and have so learned to
love his tender and gentle spirit, that I
view it with reverence, as I would some
strange disjointed apartment where an
angel was imprisoned for a season.”

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In Memoriam, Norman R. Morrison

We do not understand, and yet we do.
We turn away in horror, yet we look.
Distance doses in: statistics leap
before our eyes, burst in interior flame!
Vietnam is now, here in our guilt and shame!
And we, excoriated by the truth we reap,
who closed the war away as in a book,
now for a moment know just what we do.

Listen! Who speaks? Who speaks?
The long, the fatal silence weeps and weeps.
—Jeannette S. Michener
FJ December 1, 1965

On November 2, 1965,
Norman R. Morrison, a
member of Stony Run (Md.)
Meeting, set himself on fire
outside the Pentagon and died
in protest of U.S. military
activity in Vietnam. Jeannette
S. Michener is a member of
Southampton (Pa.) Meeting.
She lives at Pennwood
Village in Newtown, Pa.
Stand Still in the Light

by Howard H. Brinton
October 24, 1959

Stand still.” These words recur like a refrain in a brief epistle George Fox wrote in 1652. Friends are told to “stand still in trouble and see the strength of the Lord,” “stand still in that which is pure after ye see yourselves,” “stand still in that which shows and discovers,” “stand still in the Light and submit to it,” “stand still in the Light that shows them” (“temptations, corruptions, uncleanness”), “stand still in that Power which brings peace,” and, with the same meaning, to “sink down in that which is pure, and all will be hushed and fly away.”

The date of this letter is significant. In 1652 the Quaker movement received its first great impetus and gained thousands of adherents. Friends have probably never been more active and uplifted than they were in that first great year, when it seemed that a new “day of the Lord” was dawning. How then can we explain this quiescent advice to “stand still,” coming as it did from the most active Quaker of them all? Would it not have been more appropriate if Fox had advised Friends to “be busy in the Light”?

One answer to this question can be found in the need for inner strength and composure sufficient for meeting and overcoming powerful destructive forces. During the first 40 years of Quaker history no effort was spared by church and state to destroy the new movement. But, although Lutherans and the German states had succeeded in crushing the Anabaptists in Germany, Anglicans and Puritans did not succeed in crushing Quakers in England. Perhaps this was partly because Quakers had discovered a form of worship which taught them how to “stand still in the Light.” In the midst of struggle and suffering they could, either in their meetings or elsewhere, retreat to a “quiet habitation within,” a place where “all will be hushed and fly away.”

Such a retreat did not necessarily mean a withdrawal from activity, as is shown by other figures of speech used by Fox to express similar advice. Friends are told to “stand faithful to the Lord God and His Power and Truth, that their heads may not sink in the storms but may be kept above the waves” (Epistle 283). “Do not,” he says elsewhere, “gad about from the Truth Within, that ye may be kept above all high-swelling storms, bustling and tempests and with it ye may be kept over the world” (Epistle 130). This does not mean that Friends should flee from the storms but rather that, although their bodies were in it, their heads should be above it in the calm and serene presence of the Light.

There were other reasons for standing still in the Light, for in 1652 persecution, though it had begun, was far from having reached the intensity of ten years later. Light, including divine Light, is that which reveals. “Stand still,” says Fox, “in that which shows and discovers.” Clearly it discovers our own sins and weaknesses, for we are asked to “stand still after we see ourselves.” Self-examination in the Light must come first—”in the Light” because the Light reveals obstacles which stand between it and ourselves. Their dark shadows must be removed before we can see clearly. The medieval mystics likewise declared that “purification” is the necessary first stage in spiritual progress on the way to the second stage, which is “illumination.”

But the revelation of truth about ourselves is not the only function of the Light, for the Light is also moral and religious truth in a broader sense. Here we must understand the meaning of that essentially quietistic word pure. When we seek in Fox’s words to “stand still in that which is pure,” we try to find a truth which is purified because it is not contaminated by our own prejudices and preconceptions. The truth is pure and “above the world” because it is free from the worldly conventional opinions of society around us. By seeking and sometimes finding that which is purified of conventionalities, Friends became a nonconformist minority in the midst of a hostile majority. In dress, speech, and behavior they were not afraid to be different, though not, at least at first, for the sake of being different. They became pioneers in a number of social causes because they had recourse to a source of truth other than the voice of society.

The Quaker position in these causes has now become generally accepted by the “world,” except their nonparticipation...
The Death Penalty, An Anachronism

by Stuart Innerst
March 1, 1961

Leo Tolstoy once witnessed an execution in Paris. In his account of it he wrote: "When I saw how the head was separated from the body and as it dropped noisily into the basket. I understood, not with my reason but with my whole being that no theories of the rationality of modern civilization and its institutions could justify this act; that if all the people in the world, by whatever theory, had found it necessary, I knew that it was useless, that it was evil."

Here is a simple, accurate appraisal of the death penalty. It is useless; it is evil. It fails to achieve any worthy end society expects of it. On the other hand, it forges another evil link in a chain of evil events. And since it is the state that imposes the death penalty, it involves every citizen in the evil act of taking a life.

Capital punishment dies slowly because it is deeply rooted in our mores. Social customs like it are the product of generation after generation of wrong thinking and conduct. Eradicating such deep grooves from group behavior is all the more difficult when a social custom or institution is believed to have religious sanction. Slavery clearly illustrates this difficulty.

A little over a hundred years ago, when slavery was being vigorously debated, the governor of a state wrote to a friend: "I firmly believe that American slavery is not only not a sin, but especially commanded by God through Moses, and approved by Christ through his apostles." A prominent minister in a debate asserted: "Not only will I throughout this discussion openly and boldly take the ground that slavery as it exists in America ought to be perpetuated, but that slavery is an established and inevitable condition to human society. I will maintain the ground that God always intended the relation of master and slave to exist... that slavery having existed ever since the first organization of society, it will exist to the end of time."

Now that slavery has been abolished, statements like these seem incredible. How could anyone be so misled? And yet, whenever capital punishment is discussed in the press, letters to the editor appear from ministers or other devout souls who declare that the gas chamber or the electric chair must be retained to fulfill the law of God.

The thinking of many religious people regarding capital punishment runs something like this: Only God who creates life has the right to take it away. But God works through men to achieve his purposes. He has ordained the state to see that his law is carried out. When an individual, through his own choosing, violates the law of God so as to endanger the lives of others, he forfeits his right to be a member of society. To take his life becomes necessary as a means of protecting society. In executing the wrongdoer, therefore, the will of God is being done, and justice is promoted. Consequently, to abolish capital punishment is to interfere with the operation of God's law for mankind.

The contention that the death penalty is morally justified within the Hebrew-Christian tradition breaks down when consideration is given to the teachings of Jesus, together with the new knowledge gained from the behavioral sciences. Jesus taught that men at their worst are still of supreme value in the sight of God; that no man need continue in his evil state; that God yearns for men to turn from their evil ways; that God takes no delight in the death of the wicked; that the lost should be found and restored to the fold; that the ultimate goal of human society is that
By insisting on the law of a life for a life, society actually settles for a corpse.

of men living together as in a well-ordered family under God the father.

The behavioral scientists are in agreement with the teachings of Jesus in showing that “no man is an island, no man stands alone.” Man is, rather, the result of many factors in his biological inheritance, his social environment, and the responses he unwittingly and unwittingly makes to both.

Consider, for instance, the notorious case of Caryl Chessman. The public image of Chessman created by the newspapers was that of a monster deserving death. The night before his execution he wrote: “I am a confessed fool who is keenly aware of the nature and quality of the folly of his earlier rebellious years. I learned too late and only after coming to death row that each of us ever must be aware of the brotherhood of man and responsibility we individually bear to act responsibly in translating this vital concept into the reality of everyday life.”

Notice what led to “his earlier rebellious years.” At seven a severe case of pneumonia left him subject to attacks of asthma. At eight he had encephalitis, and became tone-deaf. Before this he had shown talent in music. Personality changes now manifested themselves—brooding, a tendency to withdraw, temper tantrums. A year later he was in an auto accident that invalidated his mother for life.

Because of his mother’s illness and the economic depression of the 1930s the family had to go on relief. His father twice attempted suicide. According to neighbors, young Chessman was at this time “an undersized, undernourished child, whose long, narrow head was much too large for the thin, frail body.” Other children considered him “queer” and shunned him. It was at this time that he took to petty theft to meet his family’s needs and to compensate for his sense of physical and social inferiority. The boy was developing hatred for society and rebellion against it.

Isadore Ziferstein, a doctor, in describing these “earlier rebellious years,” writes: “Chessman had at last found the neurotic solution to all his problems, the psychopathic cure for all his ills. With a gun in his hand he found that his asthma cleared up, his feelings of inferiority disappeared, his humiliating experiences were avenged, he was no longer afraid of anybody or anything.”

By what it did and failed to do, society helped to make Caryl Chessman what he was. What if some understanding person had taken an interest in him during those periods when he attended Sunday school regularly? What if the schools had detected tendencies toward delinquency, and sought to remedy them? Chessman might have become a famous lawyer or writer, in both of which fields he had marked talent.

“We shall never get rid of the criminal,” wrote Laurence Hausman, “till we cease to separate ourselves from him, till we make his interest our interest, till we share, willingly and consciously, the responsibility of the society which has produced him.”

The fault of society in the execution chamber is that it self-righteously separates itself from the offender, whose life it deliberately snuffs out. To make the victim the scapegoat for its sins of omission and commission cannot be squared with the moral code on which it professes to take its stand. What within the Christian ethic can justify the practice of inflicting upon a member of society the supreme penalty for an act for which the group shares some degree of responsibility?

The writer is aware that in saying this he opens up the whole problem of crime and the treatment of the offender. It needs to be opened up and scrutinized in the light of the Hebrew-Christian ethic and the new knowledge of the behavioral sciences. The Roman concept of justice symbolized in Justitia, blindfolded, with scales in her hand, is obsolete. Christian justice is open-eyed, understanding, and compassionate. Its aim is not to “make the punishment fit the crime,” but to remake the criminal.

When a criminal is executed, it is said he has paid his debt to society. A fitting comment is that society may have cheated itself. The world would be poorer if Moses had been executed for killing an Egyptian, or if Paul for standing sponsor at the death of Stephen. By insisting on the law of a life for a life, society actually settles for a corpse. If the offender is to pay his debt to society, he must be helped to become a useful citizen. Every effort at restoration should be made; every avenue to restitution should be opened.

One of the chief arguments urged in support of capital punishment is that it advances justice. In its actual operation the death penalty promotes injustice. It results in a double standard of justice for rich and poor, and black and white. Lewis E. Lawes, formerly warden of Sing Sing prison, writing about the 114 men and women he escorted to the electric chair, says: “In one respect they were all alike. All were poor, and most of them friendless. . . . The defendant of wealth and position never goes to the electric chair or the gallows.”

In a summary of general findings on executions in California, 1938-53, it was stated that “75 percent came from homes broken by divorce, death, or separation.” Most of them had received little schooling. They had no steady employment, but “worked as laborers, seasonal farmhands, or migrant pickers at odd jobs.” The majority were “emotionally unstable, psychoneurotic, or psychopathic.”

The death penalty in practice not only discriminates against the poor and helpless, but against minority groups. Of the last 11 executions in a northern state, nine were Negroes and two were whites. In the same state, of 15 men on death row, eight are Negroes. These figures are out of all proportion to the ratio of Negroes in the total population.

Not to be overlooked in considering the moral aspects of the death penalty is that it may lead to tragic injustice by executing the innocent. Judge Jerome Frank said: “No one knows how many innocent men, erroneously convicted of murder, have been put to death by American governments.”

In conclusion, executing the murderer does not undo the evil he has done. It adds murder by the state to murder by the individual. It cheapens life, brutalizes society, and paves the way for more crime. It is a form of revenge, a thing frowned upon in every other area of human relations. It is completely immoral and deserves no place in a culture committed to the Hebrew-Christian ethic.
Nonviolence and Racial Justice
by Martin Luther King, Jr.
July 26, 1958

Many summer issues of the Journal in the 1950s and 1960s carried reports of the Friends General Conference gatherings at Cape May, New Jersey. A particularly memorable conference in 1958 attracted 2,800 Friends. Speakers that year included Norman Cousins, Howard and Anna Brinton, Dorothy Watson, Dorothy Hutchinson, and Martin Luther King, Jr. The following article is taken from Martin Luther King's moving address to Friends on June 27, 1958. —Ed.

The problem of race is certainly the chief moral dilemma of our nation. We are faced now with the tremendous responsibility of solving this problem before it is too late. The state of the world today does not permit us the luxury of an anemic democracy, and the clock of destiny is ticking out. We must solve this problem before it is too late.

We must go out once more and urge all men of good will to get to work, urge all the agencies of our nation, the federal government, the white liberals of the North, the white moderates of the South, organized labor, the church and all religious bodies, and the Negro himself. And all these agencies must come together to work hard now to bring about the fulfillment of the dream of our democracy. Social progress does not roll in on the wheels of inevitability. It comes only through persistent work and the tireless efforts of dedicated individuals. Without this persistent work, time itself becomes the ally of the insurgent and primitive forces of irrational emotionalism and social stagnation.

I think of the great work that has been done by the Society of Friends. It gives all of us who struggle for justice new hope, and I simply say to you: continue in that struggle, continue with that same determination, continue with that same faith in the future.

Modern psychology has a word that is used probably more than any other word in modern psychology. It is the word maladjusted. All of us are desirous of living the well-adjusted life. I know I am, and we must be concerned about living a well-adjusted life in order to avoid neurotic and schizophrenic personalities. But I say to you that there are certain things within our social order to which I am proud to be maladjusted, and I call upon you to be maladjusted to all of these things. I never intend to become adjusted to segregation and discrimination. I never intend to adjust myself to the viciousness of mob rule. I never intend to adjust myself to economic conditions which take necessities from the masses to give luxuries to the classes. I never intend to adjust myself to the madness of militarism and the self-defeating effects of physical violence.

I call upon you to be maladjusted to each of these things. It may be that the salvation of our world lies in the hands of the maladjusted. So let us be maladjusted. As maladjusted as the prophet Amos, who in the midst of the injustices of his day could cry out in words that echo across the generations, "Let judgment run down like waters, and righteousness like a mighty stream." As maladjusted as Abraham Lincoln, who had the vision to see that this nation could not exist half slave and half free. As maladjusted as Thomas Jefferson, who in the midst of an age amazingly adjusted to slavery could cry out in words lifted to cosmic proportions: "All men are created equal, and . . . are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, and . . . among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." As maladjusted as Jesus of Nazareth, who could look at the men of his generation and cry out, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, pray for them that despitefully use you."

Through such maladjustment we will be able to emerge from the bleak and desolate midnight of man's inhumanity to man into the bright and glittering daybreak of freedom and justice. This is what stands ahead. We've made progress, and it is great progress that we must make if we are to fulfill the dreams of our democracy, the dreams of Christianity, the dreams of the great religions of the world.

I close by quoting the words of an old Negro slave preacher who didn't have his grammar quite right. But he uttered words with profound meaning. The words were in the form of a prayer: "Lord, we ain't what we want to be, we ain't what we ought to be, we ain't what we gonna be, but thank God, we ain't what we was." And so I say, "We ain't what we ought to be, but thank God we ain't what we was." And let us continue, my friends, going on and on toward that great city where all men will live together as brothers in respected dignity and worth of all human personality. This will be a great day, a day, figuratively speaking, when the "morning stars will sing together, and the sons of God will shout for joy."
The Hiroshima Maidens
by Ruth Geibel Kilpack
August 1/15, 1978

The whole world shuddered on August 6, 1945, and the shock waves have continued to spread in ever-widening circles down through the years, even to this morning's paper with its black headlines about the neutron bomb, the latest hideous offspring of that first atomic blast.

Since I am one who must speak experimentally, let me tell you what that first blast meant to me.

When the news hit, I too shuddered—but enough empathy to encompass such overwhelming disaster or to cope in any real way with the enormity of its meaning was far beyond me. But the one thing I could comprehend was that, though it was President Truman (True Man) who gave the actual order and the pilot of the Enola Gay who released the bomb—as a citizen, I too was inextricably involved in causing this awesome calamity. I was no less responsible than everyone else in this country.

And, on the basis of that understanding, I asked myself: What did it mean in human terms to those caught in the blinding flash of the cataclysmic mushroom that rose and spread in the heavens above them on that dreadful day?

It wasn't until ten years later that I even began to understand what it meant. I was living by then at Pendle Hill, the Quaker center for study and contemplation located near Philadelphia.

On a beautiful, sunny day in May, 25 young women arrived by bus from Philadelphia International Airport, having been flown by a U.S. Air Force plane straight from Tokyo, with only one night intervening in San Francisco. They were heralded as the "Hiroshima Maidens," a title they had assumed as a small group of hibakusha, victims of the atomic blast, whose offspring, it was understood, would carry the genes producing physical deformities as a result of atomic irradiation. A Japanese Christian pastor, finding these young women scattered, outcast, and alone, had gathered them together in a small band for comfort and aid and to renew their sense of self-worth after the terrible ordeal they had experienced.

A group of U.S. citizens had then become involved and, under the leadership of Norman Cousins (editor of the Saturday Review), was now bringing them to this country where they were to receive plastic surgery in New York City hospitals. During their year's treatment, they were to stay in the homes of Friends and others. Perhaps it was not only a crushing sense of guilt that had prompted this undertaking but also a hope that "seeing is believing" and that the consciences of many would be touched—blasted open—by what they saw.

Whatever the outcome might prove to be, I happened to be among the group of people—staff and students at Pendle Hill—who initially welcomed the Hiroshima Maidens to this country. We were to initiate them to the ways and wonders of our land, to help prepare them for the year ahead.

But when they descended from the bus that morning in the green and budding paradise of Pendle Hill, I was suddenly overwhelmed by a colossal sense of shame at what one glance revealed: a soft cheek twisted into an eternal grimace; a pretty hand melted into a gnarled claw; tender flesh seared by the bomb, never to be the same again, no matter how skillful any surgery.

But the shining, dark eyes of these young women peered out brightly from behind the scarred tissues, and their laughter, high and delicate, was infectious with excitement as they gathered up their bundles and straw bags to begin their year in the United States.

For two weeks all of us at Pendle Hill opened our hearts and our lives to these...
emissaries from Hiroshima. They called the women among us their “American mothers”—two of the few English words they knew—and we responded with fervor, overwhelmed by their radiant good will. But in the interior recess of my own mind, I heard the words, “You are a citizen of the country that has wrought this terrible havoc. What will you do? Can you bear their forgiveness?” But we were drawn out of ourselves, communicating without speech, since we were ignorant of the language. We pantomimed our way through the daily necessities of life, and in the evenings they drew us into their singing dances, one a pantomime version of baseball, our great national game, swinging imaginary bats, throwing imaginary balls, parading around and around the big dining room in single file, over and over again. Or they taught us their songs; we especially loved the plaintive one about the lone maiden who sits apart, waiting for her lover to come. They taught us their songs; we especially loved the plaintive one about the lone maiden who sits apart, waiting patiently in the gathering dusk for her lover to come.

They wore their favorite kimonos for us and their golden obis, walking with small, mincing steps in their getas, bringing us gifts, bowing politely, smiling, their voices rising and falling in their own delicate cadence behind their flickering fans. They prepared Japanese meals for us, taught us to eat with chopsticks, to drink the pale, hot tea without sugar, to bow and kneel. We forgot our guilt and their sorrow in the joy of sharing.

One night we all gathered before the television set in Firbank, one of the Pendle Hill houses. I sat among the Hiroshima Maidens on the floor of the living room as a documentary film of the bombing of Hiroshima flashed upon the TV screen. We heard the roar of the bomber’s motors all about us. From the sky we looked down on the miles and miles of flat, matchstick roofs of the city spread out below. We heard the detonation of the blast, and we watched the stately rise and spread of the great mushroom, the “Death Angel.”

Then a strange cry rose all about me from the kneeling forms that swayed and rocked like a wheatfield in the wind—a strange, eerie cry like nothing I ever expect to hear again: a muted, whispered wail in unison that rose—fell again, a sound that seemed the essence of sorrow. “For the win...
Fierce Feathers, 1955

by Ruth G. Campbell
October 1, 1955

It was a bright, warm August Sunday in 1955. Sunlight beat down on the steep roof of the South Meetinghouse in the township of Easton, Washington County, New York, just as it did that midweek day in 1777 when Friends, gathered together in their new log meetinghouse, were surrounded by a band of Indians. Allies of Burgoyne, they had come to slay all, but changed their minds and stayed to meeting.

"It would show little faith," Quakers said, "to leave our homes and go with the other settlers to Albany Fort. Armed with the power of the Lord, we fear no man." They exercised their own judgment without blame to the authorities, who had urged evacuation.

Robert Nesbit, a visiting Friend, had walked two days through the untamed wilderness from East Hoosac, now Adams, Massachusetts, to bring them comfort. He had come because he knew of the dangers that threatened the little clearing.

"The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety," he told them. "He shall cover thee with his feathers. Under his wings shall thou trust." He lingered over the words.

The Indians, 13 of them, in war paint and feathers, with tomahawks and gory scalps dangling from their belts, came noiselessly through the doorless entrance. Twelve poisoned arrows were ready to fly at the signal from their chief, whose piercing eyes searched every corner and nook for weapons. Finding the Friends unarmed, he signaled his warriors, and the 12 arrows were placed back in their quivers, the bows stacked against the wall.

The brave seated themselves on a bench and bowed their heads, but not before a silent, terrible struggle had taken place between the forces of love and hate. The fierce, dark eyes of hate looked into the calm, blue eyes of love belonging to Zebulon Hoxie, patriarch of the meeting. Finding only steady friendship in Zebulon's unwavering gaze, the dark eyes finally fell, and himself unarmed, the Indian chief sat down, his dusky braves ranged around him. The silent meeting continued, increasing in solemnity. The whole room was filled with the presence of a living, unseen Power.

The slow moments passed. At last the hour of silent worship ended. On the facing bench, old Zebulon shook hands with the elder beside him and then advanced and shook hands with the Indian chief.

"Indians come to kill white people," the chief explained in broken English and sign language. "Find no guns, no arrows, no knives! White man worship Great Spirit. Great Spirit inside Indian, too. Great Spirit say, 'No kill 'em!'" Selecting a white feather from his ar-
rows, he placed it over the doorway as a sign of peace between the Indians and the Quakers. It was one of the strangest Friends meetings ever held. A New York state historical marker near the road commemorates the incident.

In August 1955, J. Barnard Walton from Philadelphia was the visiting Friend at the meeting in Easton, New York. He had driven his car several hundred miles to attend New Yearly Meeting at Silver Bay. On the facing bench beside him were Eliza Crosby, Phebe Brown, and Martha Fleischer.

Eliza Crosby opened the meeting by reading Robert Nesbit's favorite passage from the 91st Psalm: "The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety. He shall cover thee with his feathers."

J. Barnard Walton spoke: "For the first time in Friends history the two New York yearly meetings are united," he said. "Now there is only one." He spoke of the recent Geneva Conference and commended President Eisenhower's efforts to overcome misunderstanding with Russia and bring lasting peace to the harried world.

Phebe Brown read her report and told of the four Hiroshima Maidens who were at Silver Bay. Martha Fleischer reserved her report for after lunch, when the children had their hour.

As on that other summer day there were little children who grew tired of meeting thoughts and found silent worship difficult; but unlike that other day, their parents allowed them to slip quietly through the open doors to run and play on the wide lawn, with no fear of anything hostile molesting them. And, like a sign, they found feathers in the grass, feathers that might have been dropped by the dove of peace or, maybe, only a blue jay flying overhead.

It has been many years since that brave little band of Quakers in Easton, New York, was surrounded by Burgoyne's Indian allies, but the spirit of those first staunch Friends who refused to leave their homes in the wilderness because it showed "little faith to be afraid" is still there, and their descendants keep the story of their faith and courage alive.

"The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety" is just as true and comforting in this atomic age, with its dreadful threat of nuclear weapons, as it was in 1777, with its threat of poisoned arrows and tomahawks.
If Thine Enemy Hunger...''

by Marshall O. Sutton
June 15, 1967

It is reported that over two-thirds of the world's population is suffering from lack of food. The population increase threatens even greater disaster in the next few decades. These facts come into sharp focus for me, for I know from experience the sensation of dire hunger and what it does to the mind and spirit.

One autumn morning more than 20 years ago I left the superintendent's office at the State Colony for retarded boys near New Lisbon, New Jersey, where I was performing alternative service as a conscientious objector. I was thinking about the superintendent's son, who had just landed with the Marines on Okinawa. I could sense the father's dire hunger and what it does to the mind and spirit.

The confrontation with the superintendent focused the choice before me. This was a time for action—not a time to take refuge in a quiet meeting for worship at seven o'clock each morning with my fellow conscientious objectors, safe in institutional buildings across from the training fields of Fort Dix. The quiet waiting from now on would be filled with a longing for action, an alternative to combat. Was violence the only "active" way of deciding international confrontations?

The next day when a member of Ancel Keys's staff at the University of Minnesota called the colony to ask for volunteers for an experiment in human starvation, I volunteered, along with 34 other healthy human specimens. The personal discipline this assignment required was attractive to me. It satisfied both my longing for action and the Selective Service requirement that C.O.s be given work of national importance.

In this experiment, the Brethren Service Committee, with the cooperation of the American Friends Service Committee and the Mennonite Central Committee, worked with the University of Minnesota's Laboratory of Physical Hygiene. Our quarters were within the windowless concrete walls of a dormitory under the football stadium. There we were observed by physiologists, nutritionists, psychologists, biochemists, and statisticians.

Little was known about the human response to starvation. No controlled experiment in that field ever had been tried in the history of medicine. It would take six months to reduce us to semistarvation levels for observation and three months to try various means of rehabilitation. The knowledge obtained would have practical effects in restoring mental and physical health to those uprooted by war. Our diet, low in protein and on the borderline in vitamins, would reduce our body weight from 20 to 30 percent.

For the first three months we were on the equivalent of army rations to build us up so that our top performance on various tests—mental, physical, and psychological—could be measured. This control period was easy; it meant classes at the university, recreation, and an abundance of food.

Then it happened! In the dining room, which was also used by students (including the football team), our twice-daily turn in line gave us special meals consisting of cabbage, potatoes, a few ounces of milk, and some bread. This was calculated to let us starve as civilians were starving under much worse housing conditions in southern Germany. The average daily value of the meals we ate was 1,600 calories. To aid our decline we walked on specially constructed treadmills moving at three and a half miles per hour on a ten percent grade. Here our energy output could be measured as we walked nowhere for 90 minutes, increasing our speed until we were completely exhausted. Besides the treadmill routine there were prescribed walks in Minneapolis past the exhaust fans of pastry shops. It is not easy to fall asleep hungry.

Those first few weeks were bearable. Being hungry sharpened our senses, and when one is a little lighter in weight, exhaustion is cushioned by the recovery of inner stamina. We looked forward with eagerness to the luxury of one "coke" a week (seven calories). We soon asked to be relieved of our work assignment in the kitchen, scraping leftover food from the dishes of energetic football players. Cookbook reading was popular, and there were other food temptations every day on walks in the downtown area.

Interest in food became an obsession, and each day was an experiment in overcoming temptation. Irritation was close to the surface, especially when healthy,
robust guests shared meals with us and left food on their plates. I became irked at the least lack of consideration by my closest friend. Sharp words and looks were exchanged. Just as quickly there were feelings of guilt and words of apology.

It helped to be mentally occupied. (I took a course in French.) We were allowed to chew gum, but I gave that up because it stimulated the appetite. I wondered how those at the lab who were not on the diet could laugh.

The days soon became longer. It was harder to concentrate for any sustained period. When one member of the group went on a gum-chewing spree that affected his weight curve everyone was asked to stop chewing gum. At this point we asked for a buddy system, believing temptations would be blunted if we went everywhere by twos.

One day as we passed an exhaust fan at a bakery, my buddy walked in, grabbed half a dozen doughnuts, handed them out to children on the street, and then watched with relish as they ate.

Under artificial conditions one can never completely identify with those who suffer. At the University of Minnesota we could keep clean with soap, rest on beds, and look out on a well-fed city. Our breakfasts were planned with care, although the total of calories per day never exceeded the prescribed amount necessary to continue the downward curve indicated on the chart. Our skin became rough and dry. Though mental ability remained untouched in this period, the will to use it declined, except in test situations. There was an increasing tendency to introversion, a lack of interest in the opposite sex, muscle soreness, apathy, general irritability, dizziness, and moodiness.

There came at last a fine morning when our plates were piled higher and rejoicing was everywhere. An important aspect of the venture was a controlled rehabilitation period. It took about six months for us to regain our stamina, less than that for the weight to come back. I still remember the three-day bus ride back home. At every stop I drank milk and asked for cheese. Later, a two-volume report of the experiment, The Biology of Human Starvation, was published by the university. I haven’t read it yet. I feel I know it.

Yes, if your enemy is hungry, feed him.
Oyster Crackers in the Spring

by Elizabeth Biddle Yarnall
March 21, 1959

The black silk bag was only four-by-six inches, of heavy faille with a narrow satin stripe and a tiny red dot, gathered with a drawstring at the top. Once a year, near the end of April, Mother took it from a bureau drawer and filled it with the small, round oyster crackers which belonged to yearly meeting week.

With Mother, and perhaps Grandfather and Great-Aunt Anne, my sister and I traveled by train from Wallingford to Philadelphia. At the old Broad Street Station we boarded the Market Street trolley, rode all the way down to Fourth Street, and walked across to the Arch Street Meetinghouse. (The graveyard then was still a graveyard; there was as yet neither playground nor parking lot.)

This, for us, was Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. (Only occasionally we heard of "the other branch of Friends," who met elsewhere and were enviably more worldly.) Furthermore, it was the Women's Meeting of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and it filled the West Room, as the Men's Meeting filled the East Room. From our regular place in the Youths' Gallery we had a fine view of the Ministers' Gallery, filled on both sides with women Friends in cloaks or shawls and plain bonnets of various designs.

The clerk, Rebecca S. Conard, a short, stout woman, presided with dignity and a clear carrying voice; we were fascinated to see, when she put aside her small, black half-bonnet, that she was nearly bald. She was kind and personal when we were introduced to her after meeting, and once, when the yearly meeting sent a printed letter to each of its children over her name as clerk, we liked to think that her hand had touched ours.

The solemn hours of the meeting—silence, preaching, vocal prayer, queries and answers, the report of the Boarding School at Westtown and of the Indian School at Tunesassa—seemed very long. The crisp swishing of bonnet ribbons being untied meant that someone was about to appear in supplication. Occasionally a loud, nasal voice broke the silence so suddenly that we were startled. Sometimes a great horsefly buzzed against a windowpane high above the Ministers' Gallery. From time to time Mother gave us oyster crackers from the black bag. They could be popped into one's mouth with no breaking or crumbs and softened up noiselessly with the tongue.

An element of quietism still possessed the Arch Street Yearly Meeting of those days. There was depth, with strength and stability, but little outreach or "creaturely activity." Among indi-
viduals there were stirrings of concern for peace, for temperance, for foreign missions, for First-day schools, and for improving the quality of Friends schools, but these subjects were dealt with by autonomous "associations," while race and industrial relations had not proceeded even that far in Quaker awareness.

A small group of gallery Friends clearly, though inconspicuously, shaped the course of the meeting. "That Friend speaks my mind," and "I unite with that summary answer," were frequently heard, followed usually by waves of murmured agreement. Occasional variety was provided when a messenger came from the Men's Meeting to say that Friend So-and-So had a concern to lay before women Friends. If the clerk thought this a suitable time, and the meeting concurred, the messenger would return, as deliberately as he had come, and soon Friend So-and-So, usually with a companion, would enter the gallery door, both wearing their hats, and sit in the places which women Friends, with little rustles and whisperings, had moved over to make available. After a solemn silence the message would be spoken. This might be a personal concern, a sermon addressed to the women, or it might be information about some action taken by the Men's Meeting. Sometimes the process was reversed, and a woman Friend with a companion went to the Men's Meeting.

If suddenly today we could enter one of those yearly meeting sessions of more than 50 years ago, we should find much that was solemn and impressive, some that seemed lifeless and dull, some that was charmingly quaint. Certainly, as little girls, we were often restless and bored, a good deal less aware than present-day children of the problems and principles with which our elders were supposed to wrestle. Yet somehow, mysteriously, yearly meeting was important. Of course, we liked the oyster crackers, and we liked picking violets with other children in the yard after meeting. But I think it was more than that. We belonged, deeply, inseparably, to something that was bigger than ourselves; we were tiny parts of a living whole; and we were moved by a sense of its ongoing life when the closing minute was read: "... then adjourned, to meet again next year if consistent with the Divine will. . . ."
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MILESTONES

Birthday

Taylor—Peter Collins Taylor on October 25, 1984, to Elizabeth Savery Taylor and William Collins Taylor. Elizabeth is a member of Cheltenham (Pa.) Meeting.

Marriage

Reichley-Quiring—Linda Quiring and Lucinda Reichley on May 18 under the care of Unami (Pa.) Meeting, where Lucinda and her parents are members. The couple plans to live in Philadelphia, where Linda grew up.

Deaths

Browdsh—Beulah Browdsh, 89, on March 7. A professional nurse, Beulah was outspoken, assertive, self-reliant, and highly practical. Reluctant to talk about her religious beliefs, her faith was closely woven into her life and expressed itself in many practical acts of kindness. She was a member of Evanston (Ill.) Meeting and was involved with the AFSC and the United Society of Friends Women.

David—Lore Rose David, 79, on May 10. She was a member of San Jose (Calif.) Meeting and a former attendee of Orange Grove (Calif.) and 57th St. (Ia.) meetings among others. Lore had a Ph.D. in zoology, and after coming to the United States as a German refugee, she worked at Cal Tech, Oak Ridge, Wilburforce University, and Richfield Oil. From midlife until her retirement, she worked as a librarian. Lore supported peace, justice, and ecology issues and volunteered as a museum docent, librarian, and German tutor. She was also a photographer of some recognition. Lore is survived by her nephew, Herman Minkowsky, and nieces, Eva Minkowsky Thomas, Gaby David, and Frances David.

Lohmann—Henry George Wolrad Lohmann, Jr., 62, at home on May 1 following a courageous three year struggle with brain cancer. Hank helped found Mt. View (Colo.) Meeting, and he and his wife served as directors of the first AFSC Interns in Agriculture Project at Wilmington College. In 1960 he became executive secretary of the FCL in San Francisco. He later taught high school for 12 years. At the time of his death, he was preparing to establish a family and marriage counseling practice. As a member of San Francisco (Calif.) Meeting, he was particularly interested in children's religious education. He served as clerk of Pacific Yearly Meeting's children's program and on the board of the West Coast Quaker Association for Religion and Psychology. He counseled many in his monthly meeting and gave much support to a Vietnamese family of the meeting sponsored. He served on several meeting committees as well. Hank is survived by his wife, Jeanne Lohmann; children, Stephen, David, Karen, and Brian; four grandchildren; sister, Mary Jane Wilson; and brother, Arthur Lohmann.

Pattison—Dexter Brayton Pattison, 66, on March 23 at his home in Santa Rosa, Calif. He was a member of Redwood Forest (Calif.) Meeting, where he had transferred his membership from Wilmington (Del.) Meeting in 1978. In 1946 he earned a Ph.D. in chemistry from the University of Pennsylvania while working part-time for the Quaker firm of J. E. Rhoads and Sons Leather Company. He worked for E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. as a research chemist for many years and had 14 patents to his credit. He retired from du Pont in 1975 to pursue his interest in financial investments and volunteer his time and knowledge to various philanthropies. He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth Helen Pattison, and two children, Thomas and Ann.

Pitman—Margaret Hallet Pitman, ’79, on April 6. Peggy attended Westtown School and later studied art. She was a valued, long-time member of Dallas (Tex.) Meeting, where she and her husband, Chalmers Van Anglin Pitman, were charter members. Peggy had previously been a member of Wilmington (Del.) Meeting. Peggy is survived by her daughter, Janet Pitman Henley; grandson, Robert Allen Henley; brother, George H. Hallet, Jr.; and sister, Rebecca Richie.

Sullivan—Joseph Thomas Sullivan II, 76, at his home in Huntingdon Valley, Pa., on October 11, 1984. He graduated from William Penn Charter School and Swarthmore College. He and his wife provided a home to many students from other countries. He was interested in protecting historical buildings from theft and fire, and the Statue of Liberty and the Caleb Pusey House in Upland, Pa., are some of the structures he helped protect. He was a lifelong member of Abington Friends Meeting, where his family had been members since 1690. He is survived by his wife, Margaret Maddock Sullivan; daughters, Mary Light Fairbanks, Janet Davis, Meemie Steere; son, Joseph T. Sullivan III; two grandchildren; brother, Marshall P. Sullivan, Jr.; and sisters, Mary S. Patterson, Elizabeth Davis, and Edith Sillers.

Whitaker—Harold Ward Whitaker on May 22 at his home in Waynesville, Ohio. He was a birthright member of Miami (Ohio) Meeting of Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting. He served the board of Quaker Heights Nursing Home for a number of years. He is survived by his wife, Catharine Whitaker; son, Richard Whitaker; daughters, Frances Baird and Rebecca Kern; his grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

CALENDAR

July

10-14—North Carolina Yearly Meeting (Con.), Chowan College, Murfreesboro, N.C. For information write Louise B. Wilson, 113 Pinewood Rd., Virginia Beach, VA 23451.

12-14—Central Alaska Friends Conference in Wasilla, Alaska. Write Ruthie Schoder-Ehri, Cor. Ct., 2205 N. Boniface #5, Anchorage, AK 99504.


24-28—Wilmingon Yearly Meeting, Hinsdale College, Madisonville, Tenn. Write Robert Beck, Wilmington College, Box 1194, Wilmington, OH 45177.

27-August 2—Northwest Yearly Meeting, George Fox College, Newberg, Oreg. Write Jack L. Willcuts, P.O. Box 190, Newberg, Oreg. 97132.

28-August 3—Pacific Yearly Meeting, La Verne University, La Verne, Calif. Write Robert S. Vogel, 1000 Calle Av., Pasadena, CA 91103.

31-August 4—Illinois Yearly Meeting, McNabb, Ill. Write Alice Walton, 1421 Northwoods Dr., Deerfield, IL 60015.

31-August 4—North Pacific Yearly Meeting, Candy Grove, Candy Grove, Ore. Write Jane Uphoff, NPYM, 531 N.W. Polk St., Corvallis, OR 97330.

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Positions Vacant

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Situation available, as of July 1885 or shortly thereafter, for a Friends couple to serve as resident hosts for San Francisco Friends Meeting. Inquiries should be sent to: Clerk, Property and Finance Committee, San Francisco Monthly Meeting, 2160 Lake St., San Francisco, CA 94112.

FWCC field staff opening. Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas, seeks half-time field staff to serve the High Plains Region (the Mississippi River west to the Continental Divide) beginning Jan. 1, 1986. Duties include visitation, interpretation, program work, fundraising. Inquiries or applications including resume and names of three references should be addressed to Executive Secretary, FWCC, 1506 Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102, by Oct. 15, 1985.

Coordinator for Children’s Creative Response to Conflict program. CCRC helps children 6-8 improve self-concept and communication skills in order to resolve conflicts nonviolently. Coordinator will administer the program, conduct workshops, develop materials, and raise some funds. Experience in teaching, workshop facilitation, writing, speaking, and administration important. Teacher certification and M.A. preferred. Salary: $16,000 plus benefits. Send resume to Fellowship of Reconciliation, Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960, by July 8. Equal opportunity, affirmative action employer.

Moorestown Monthly Meeting seeks part-time secretary, committee coordinator, and religious education administrator. Writing skills essential for monthly newsletter and weekly bulletin. Send resume to: Robert Grew, 2 Wall St., New York, NY 10003.

A Spanish-speaking trainer in conflict resolution is needed in a program sponsored by Friends Peace Center and Peace Workers in San Jose, Costa Rica. The program includes both training and services and is designed to further the understanding of nonviolent alternatives. Term of service is six months. Resume may be sent to Peace Workers, 314-9 Plymouth Rd., Lafayette, CA 94549.

Brooklyn Friends School seeks experienced building manager. Send resumes to Kay Edens, Brooklyn Friends School, 375 Pearl St., Brooklyn, NY 11231.

Part-time Field Secretary for Friends Committee on National Legislation. Interpret work and financial needs of FCN to constituents in the South. Needed by Sept. 1. Send inquiries or suggestions to David Boynton, FCN, 245 Second St. NE, Washington, DC 20002.

American Friends Service Committee seeks Regional Executive Secretary for Great Lakes region. Headquartered in Chicago, region includes WI, MI, IN, IL, OH, KY, extensive travel required. Qualifications sought include strong skills and experience in communication, consensus decision making, issue analysis, administration, financial planning, staff supervision. Must understand and agree with Friends principles. Prior AFSC experience desirable. Resumes to Carol McNell, AFSC, 407 S. Dearborn, #370, Chicago, IL 60605 by July 31. Applicants considered without regard to race, sex, sexual orientation, or disability.

Stapley in Germantown, a Friends-sponsored retirement community open to independent living units and 120-bed health care center, seeks medical director (part-time). Requirements: M.D. or D.O. license in Pennsylvania and demonstrated interest in the medical care of the aged and chronically ill. Also business manager. Requirements: B.A. in accounting and finance. Minimum three years’ experience in business operation of health care facility. Familiarity with third party reimbursement and EDP systems. For information and job description, call or write now: Executive Director, 6200 Gulphine St., Philadelphia, PA 19144. (215) 844-9870.

July 1/15, 1985 FRIENDS JOURNAL
A deeply persuasive marshaling of evidence, both pro and con, concerning the fact of our "life after death." Do we survive? If so, what is it that does the surviving? What could life possibly be like without any physical senses (no taste, touch, smell, sight, hearing)? What remains of ME that permits me to retain my sense of identity? Do I keep my emotions? My love of beauty? Of music? Finely researched, this is a book that cannot be taken lightly or temporarily. The evidence garnered by Dr. Marsh is impressive and will surely be of long-term resource use to all who continue to search out the truth of life. $7.50

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The Meeting School is looking for couples interested in creative teaching and houseparenting in a community that operates from a spiritual base and from the Quaker values of simplicity, trust, and nonviolence. Grades 10-12. Accredited by NEASC. Send inquiries to Claudia and Kurt Brandenburg, The Meeting School, Ninety, NH 03461. (603) 893-3366.

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Community Friends School, Crossville, Tennessee, is accepting applications from persons interested in teaching preschool to 8th grades. For further information, write or call Search Committee, CFS, P.O. Box 1127, Crossville, TN 38555. (615) 736-2736.

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CANADA

EDMONTON—Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. YWCA, Soroptimist room, 10305 100 Ave. 423-9922.
OTTAWA—Worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. 9½ Fourth Ave. (811) 528-9065.
TORONTO, ONTARIO—Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. 60 Lowther Ave. (North from cor. Bloor and Bedford).

COSTA RICA

MONTEVERDE—Phone 61-18-67.
SAN JOSE—Phone 24-43-76, 21-66-88, or 21-03-02. Unprogrammed meetings.

GERMANY (FED. REP.)

HANNOVER—Worship 3rd Sunday 10-45, Kreuzkirche (Gemeindehaus). Call Sander 629057 or Wolkenhsar 622461.

GUATEMALA

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PHOENIX—Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. 1702 E. Glendale, Phoenix 85020.
TEMPE—Unprogrammed. First-days, 9:30 a.m., child care provided. Danforth Chapel, ASU Campus, 85281. Phone: 967-0406.
TUCSON—Pima Friends Meeting (Intomountain Yearly Meeting). 738 E. 5th St. Worship 10 a.m. Barbara Elbrantzi, clerk. Phone: (602) 299-0779 or (602) 897-3059.

ARKANSAS

LITTLE ROCK—Unprogrammed meeting, First-day school, 9:45 a.m. World Methodist Church, 1601 S. Louisiana. Phone: 297-9865, 683-8283.

CALIFORNIA

ARCATA—10 a.m. 1920 Zehnder. 822-5615.
BERKELEY—Unprogrammed meeting. Worship 11 a.m., 2151 Vine St. at Walnut. 843-9725.
BERKELEY—Strawberry Creek, 2465 LeConte. P.O. Box 6696. Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m.
CHICO—10 a.m. singing, 10:30 a.m. meeting for worship, classes for children. 345-3429 or 342-1741.

DAVIS—Meeting for worship, First-day, 9:45 a.m. 345 L. Visitors call 735-5924.

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

HAYWARD—Worship 9:30 a.m. Eden United Church of Christ, 21455 Birch St. Phone: (415) 599-2327.

HEMET—Meeting for worship 9:30 a.m. 43480 Cedar Ave. Visitors call (714) 927-7678 or 925-3918.

LA JOLLA—Meeting 11 a.m. 7395 Eads Ave. Visitors call 469-8900 or 456-1020.

LONG BEACH—10:30 a.m. Huntington School Orzaba at Spaulding, 434-1004 or 631-4008.

LOS ANGELES—Meeting 11 a.m. 4167 S. Normandie. Visitors call 296-5733.

MARIN COUNTY—10 a.m. Room 3, Congregational Church, 8 N. San Pedro Rd., San Rafael, CA 94903. Call (415) 281-4455.

MONTEREY PENINSULA—Friends meeting for worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m. Call 357-3837 or 625-1761.

ORANGE COUNTY—Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Harbor Area Adult-Child Day Care, 651 Hamilton St., Costa Mesa, CA 92627. (714) 786-7691.

PALO ALTO—Meeting for worship and First-day classes for children 11 a.m. 857 Colorado.

PASADENA—Orange Grove Monthly Meeting, 520 E. Orange Grove Blvd. Unprogrammed worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. Phone: 792-6233.

REDLANDS-RIVERSIDE-SAN BERNARDINO—Inland Valley Friends Meeting, 114 W. Vine, Redlands. Worship 10 a.m., dialogue or program 11 a.m. For information, phone (714) 662-5364 or 792-1765.

SACRAMENTO—Stanford Settlement, 450 W. El Camino near Northgate. Meeting 10 a.m. Phone (916) 452-9317.

SAN DIEGO—Unprogrammed worship, First-days, 10:30 a.m. 4546 Seminole Dr. Clerk, Lowell Tzoker, (818) 286-5886.

SAN DIEGO VALLEY—Unprogrammed worship. First-days, 9 a.m. 15036 Glades, Sylmar. 850-7355.

SAN FRANCISCO—Meeting for worship, First-days, 11 a.m. 2160 Lake St. Phone 752-7440.

SAN JOSE—Worship and First-day school 11 a.m., discussion 9:30 a.m. 1707 Most St. 246-3030.

SAN LUIS OBISPO—Meeting for worship 9:30 a.m. Sunday, Cal-Poly University Christian Center, 1468 Foothill Blvd., San Luis Obispo, CA (805) 543-3120.

SANTA BARBARA—Meeting 10 a.m. Marymount School, 2130 Mission Ridge Rd. (W. of El Encanto Hotel).

SANTA MONICA—First-day school and meeting at 10 a.m. 1440 Harvard St. Phone: 628-4069.

SONOMA COUNTY—Redwood Forest Meeting. Worship 10 a.m. Phone: (707) 542-1571 for location.


WESTWOOD (West Los Angeles)—Meeting 10:30 a.m. 43480 Ida Ave., Ventura. Phone 246-3753.

WILLIAMSON—Whitewall Monthly Meeting, Administration Building, corner Painter and Philadelphia. Worship 9:30 a.m. P.O. Box 122. Phone: 698-7038.

July 11, 1985 FRIENDS JOURNAL

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ELMIRA — 10:30 a.m. Sundays. West 6th St. Phone: (607) 733-7555.
FREDONIA — Unprogrammed meeting 11 a.m. Call (716) 672-4427 or (716) 672-4518.
HAMILTON — Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Chapel House, College. Phone: John Pilgrim, (315) 684-9320. HUSTED — Meeting 1st and 3rd Sundays. 343 Union St. Claudia Anderson, clerk, (518) 996-8940 or (518) 329-0401.
ITHACA — First-day nursery, adult discussion 10 a.m., worship 11 a.m. Anabel Taylor Hall, Ocober-May, phone: 256-6421. June—September summer schedule.
LONG ISLAND (QUEENS, NASSAU, SUFFOLK COUNTIES) — Meetings for worship, 11 a.m. First-days. Location otherwise noted.
NEW YORK CITY — At 15 Rutherford Place, 15th St., Brooklyn: Clifton Friends Meeting. For program call (718) 427-3141. WILMINGTON — Unprogrammed meeting 9 a.m. Women’s Resource Center, 20 N. 16th St. Call (919) 392-2269. WINSTON-SALEM — Unprogrammed meeting 10:30 a.m. in worship of Winston-Salem Friends Meeting, 502 Broad St. N. Call 723-6001 or 723-4232 (Janie Stevenson). WORCESTER — Meeting 10 a.m. 245 Rosewood. Unprogrammed meeting 10 a.m., first and third Sundays, 781-0355.
CORNWALL — Meeting 10 a.m. Sundays. 343 Union St. Claudia Anderson, clerk, (518) 996-8940 or (518) 329-0401.
FRANKFORT — Meeting 10 a.m. 404 Alexander Ave. Contact Alice Keighlin, (419) 493-6652.
FAYETTEVILLE — Unprogrammed meeting 3:32-319.
GREENSBORO — Friendship Meeting (unprogrammed) Guilford College, Room of Dana Aud., except vacations and at Annual Meetings. Worship 11 a.m. Contact Albert Henderson, 594-0745.
GREENVILLE — Worship group. 752-0787, 752-4636.
ULFRIDGE COLLEGE, GREENSBORO — New Garden Meeting. Unprogrammed meeting 8:45 a.m. church school 9:45 a.m., meeting for worship 11 a.m. E. Daryl Kent, clerk and David W. Bills, pastoral minister.
RALEIGH — Unprogrammed 10 a.m. 915 Tower St. (Sable Sch.) Clerk. R. Doak, 782-3135.
WINSTON-SALEM — Unprogrammed meeting 9 a.m. Men’s Resource Center, 20 N. 16th St. Call (919) 392-2269.
WINSTON-SALEM — Unprogrammed meeting 10:30 a.m. in worship of Winston-Salem Friends Meeting, 502 Broad St. N. Call 723-6001 or 723-4232 (Janie Stevenson).
WESTBURY — 550 Post Ave., just south of Jericho Tpke. Phone: (516) 333-6780. Call (516) 733-7972.
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GREENSBORO — Friendship Meeting (unprogrammed) Guilford College, Room of Dana Aud., except vacations and at Annual Meetings. Worship 11 a.m. Contact Albert Henderson, 594-0745.
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