

October 15, 1985

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today



Union Differentiates John Yungblut

Reconstituting the World Elizabeth Watson



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AMONG FRIENDS

A New Face to the Future

Our readers may be interested to learn that our two October issues of the magazine have been published from a new location. In early September the JOURNAL packed up its collective "suitcase" and moved to larger office space.

Our reason for moving the office was a good one. We have grown. When we moved into our former office in the summer of 1975, the Friends Center was brand new. Our space there, in the basement, was well suited to a staff of six (and several part-time volunteers).

But the next decade brought considerable growth and change for the JOURNAL. We soon added a typesetting machine and later purchased new equipment jointly with the American Friends Service Committee to help us serve our own typesetting needs and to expand our service to outside customers. An active promotional campaign, initiated about four years ago, has increased our list of subscribers by one-third. To help us maintain this growing number of subscribers, we have added a personal computer. With growth, of course, has come the need for additional staff: we added graphic artists, typesetting personnel, a computer operator, and an editorial assistant.

Last year our need for additional space became particularly clear: when a new file cabinet was delivered we discovered that we had no place to put it. And often on busy days, when everyone was in the office at once, it became too noisy for us to work efficiently.

Elizabeth Watson's article in this issue points to the need to bring our diversity into some kind of unity. In this spirit we packed ourselves up on September 4 and moved across the courtyard to a different building at Friends Center. We are now on the second floor, in the same building as Friends General Conference. Earlier editors may raise their eyebrows and note that the JOURNAL has "come home again," for we have moved back to the building where we used to be. But visitors from an earlier time will see that the building has been brightened and remodeled. Now that we have space for ourselves, and visitors, come see us!

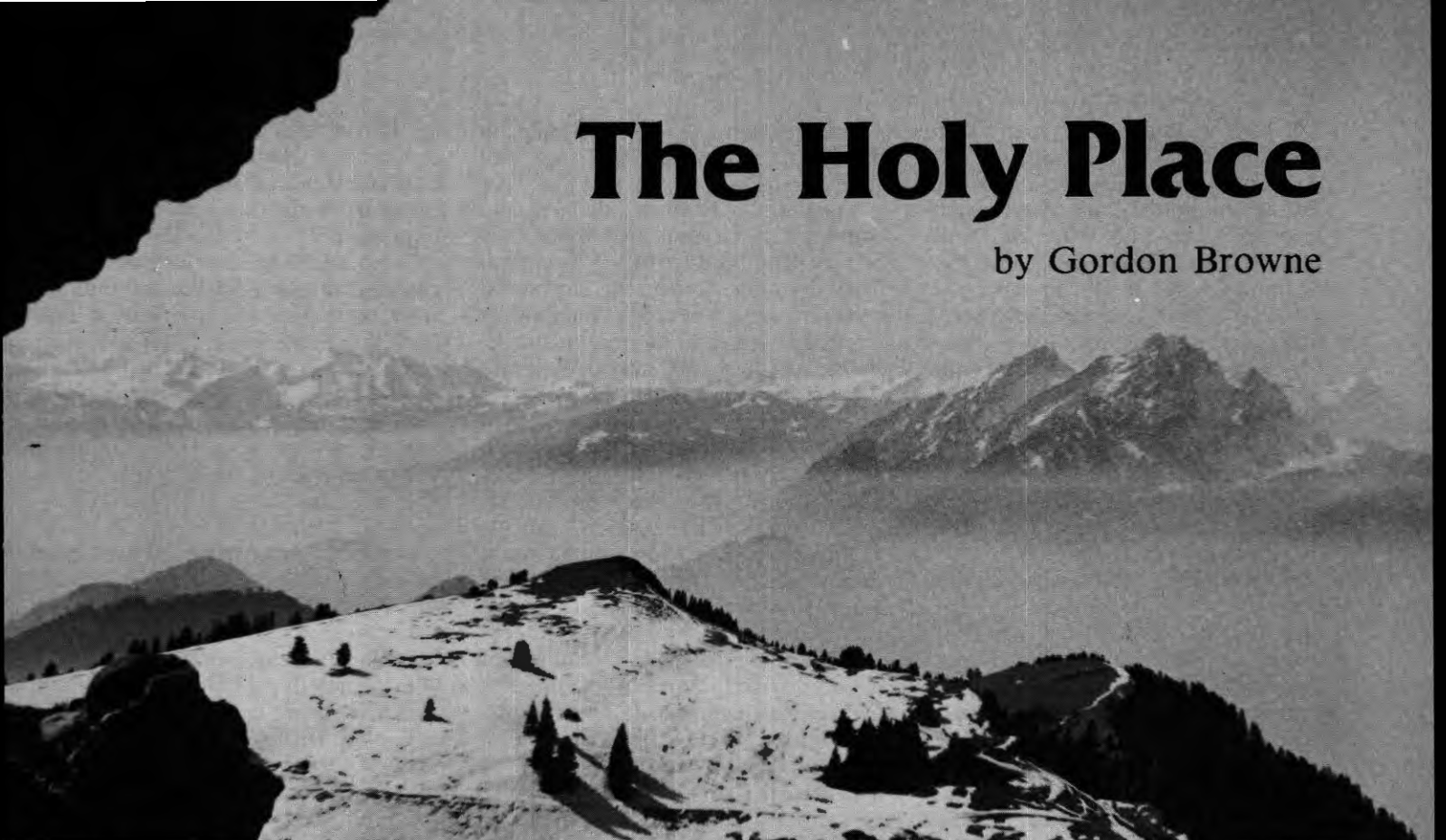
It is not only a change of location that makes life different for us this month. Some changes in personnel also have occurred. Our two typesetters, Susan Hardee Norris and Phyllis Kline, have left. Larry Spears will leave soon as well, after four years at the JOURNAL, to become alumni director at Friends Select School. We wish our former colleagues well and we welcome two new staff members, Joyce Marie Martin and Gene Miyakawa.

Good news! Readers will be pleased to know that Amanda Kwadi (FJ 10/1) was released from prison in South Africa on October 3. I understand that she is in good health and is safely at home.

Vinton Deming

The Holy Place

by Gordon Browne



The following article is excerpted from an address given by Gordon Browne at the dedication of the new Milwaukee Meetinghouse, May 27, 1984.—Ed.

It is perhaps inevitable on an occasion like this, when we have all gathered to dedicate a new meetinghouse, that we should be especially conscious of the importance of place, of site, of setting, in our human experience. Like time or emotion, place is one of the elements that defines experience. Indeed, there is experience which we designate by place. For example, we speak of "mountain-top experiences" or of being "in the depths." Allusions to the Damascus Road, to Mt. Sinai, instantly present us with the experiences set in those places.

Who is there who is old enough to remember the assassination of John Kennedy who cannot tell you exactly where he or she was when the news came? We know the feel, the scent, the dimensions of the places where we became engaged or were married, where we first made love, of the places to

which we rushed our injured children with broken arms or bleeding scalps. Those unforgettable moments of humiliation that 20 years after the actual event leave us cringing inwardly with shame and embarrassment always have a geography, a setting, a place. It is, perhaps, because we are physical creatures, physical entities ourselves, that we so often experience our lives in terms of physical place.

But there is more. Places become holy. Most churches think of themselves as being on holy ground, sanctified by the act of committing that place to the worship and service of God. Quaker experience is that all places are holy, none more than others. For a holy place is one where God is present, and Quaker experience has been that an incursion of the Holy Spirit may occur in any place. That Mother Teresa finds God among the outcast poor of India does not surprise us. That Henri Nouwen is ministered by the swarming poor of a Peruvian barrio where he is parish priest does not surprise us. When our own teen-agers tell us they find more of God in a walk in the woods than in our weekly meetings for worship, we are disappointed but not surprised. And we try to be patient. Our meeting places are not

holy places any more than any other places are. This is not specially sanctified ground on which we stand. For our experience is that wherever we go, God is present to us if we are but open to the Presence. We know experientially that a devout prayer from a dungeon, from an alcoholic detox center, from the very bowels of the Pentagon will as surely be heard and heeded as one from the high altar of St. Peter's in Rome.

The fact that meetinghouses are not holy places does not make them unimportant to us, however. I have told some of you that my travels for Friends World Committee for Consultation have brought me into contact with Friends around the world, with the result that I rarely enter into worship without the awareness that even as I aspire to be open to God's presence, to know more clearly what God requires of me, and to seek the strength and blessing that will help me to do what is required—even as I enter into worship with joy and thanksgiving—my brothers and sisters in meetinghouses around the world are also opening themselves to God with the same aspirations, and a chorus of our prayers is rising everywhere. But there is another experience of worship in my home meeting that moves me deeply.

Gordon Browne is executive secretary of Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas. Gordon, a member of Sandwich (Mass.) Meeting, travels extensively among Friends.

The meeting in which my membership now resides is the oldest in North America. It has been in uninterrupted existence since 1657, only five years after George Fox had his vision on Pendle Hill. And nearly every First-day as I settle into worship I feel the presence of all those who have gathered there before me, their hopes and hurts being offered for illumination by the Light, even as my own are. I am a part of a precious continuity, an ongoing flow of seeking and of finding. So, too, in every meetinghouse. So it will be here. And in this place, your children's children's children will feel you with them as they gather in expectant waiting on God.

Who knows what other drama may occur here? Some of you will have known of and have participated in the effort to build a meetinghouse in Soweto, South Africa, an effort still courageously in process. An integrated Quaker meeting in that tormented black township will almost certainly not change the history of that tragic land. But it might! You might change U.S. history here.

Or history may appear to pass you by, just as it did in the Long Beach (Calif.) Friends Church. An old meeting in a center city neighborhood, the Long Beach Church was shrinking, ready to give up on itself. Then one Sunday four shy and wary Cambodian refugees appeared. Were these the people of the

Cross they had known in the camps in Thailand, those who had fed and healed them?

Long Beach Friends welcomed and embraced the Cambodian seekers. They helped them adjust to their new land. They introduced them to city social services. They opened a Cambodian Christian Center in the meetinghouse, where an educated Cambodian taught English to the newcomers and led their Bible classes. First there were four, then 40, then 140 Cambodians in Long Beach Meeting. Many passed on to other places and churches. But many stayed. And Long Beach Friends Church is again alive and thriving with an active family ministry. Now half its members are of Cambodian ancestry. Does that sort of drama lie ahead in Milwaukee?

What does it mean at this moment of history to build and to dedicate a Quaker meetinghouse? It is an affirmation of life. It is an affirmation that an ocean of Light still is over the ocean of darkness. It is an affirmation of faith, of hope, and of love. It asserts that there is human work to be done, work illumined by the special Quaker experience and understanding of God, work to be carried forward under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Building and dedicating a meetinghouse today is an assertion that Quaker experience is relevant to the nuclear age, that Quaker experience of stewardship is relevant to preserving our

earth from fatal pollution, that Quaker experience is relevant to this day's agony of oppression and tyranny, to this day's rising determination and hope of the oppressed.

What will happen in this place? Who can possibly predict? But the outlook from these windows is already a contradiction to the forces of destruction in our midst. We can hope that what will happen here will be something like this—that fallible human beings like you and me will bring to this place their purest aspirations to be placed in the Presence; that they will submit their individual Light to the corporate experience of Truth. Some will come here seeking wholeness and healing. May they find it! Some will find here instead the cross that they are meant to bear. May they find the courage to accept it! We can pray that all who come here will find love, acceptance, and affirmation as in no other fellowship. In this place, may they find, in the words of Robert Barclay, the evil in them weakened and the good raised up.

What a blessing such a place will be to the people of Milwaukee and of Wisconsin; what a blessing such a place will be to the Religious Society of Friends; what a blessing such a place and such a people will be to our world! For those who come out of such a place will see not just this meetinghouse but all of God's world as a holy place. □

Breaking the Dune Barrier

The dunes wear tufts of peacock plumes
bowing in admiration to the golden
goldenrod.
I have not told them money men
question their right to life.
Monarch butterflies zig-zag
to rendezvous in Mexico—
they race October.

On the next cycle, if they puzzle
over intruding double duplexes
will they come again?
How frivolous the commerce of the wind!
Come in out of the chill
where brittle waves keep juggling the seasons.
Those who climb on summer's coattails
drag behind like one-legged herring gulls
that paused to pry a clam.
It doesn't matter what you think
of tides, seas, berries burning red.
Whoever plucks one thistle
wins them all,
and takes from everyone.

Virginia Stetser

Union Differentiates

by John Yungblut

Years ago I came across the extraordinary metaphor "union differentiates" in the writing of Teilhard de Chardin. He designates this as an unfailing law of evolution. I still remember the double take that took place in my mind when I first read this statement. It was like a kind of satori or illumination. I would have thought that union would blur, if not do away with, differentiation. Not at all! Union differentiates! As baldly as that! Since then the phrase has stuck in my mind like a burr. Many confirmations have come. For example: that marriage is good in which the union still further differentiates the two; that monthly meeting is healthy in which the members are conscious that their union still further differentiates them so that they value one another most for their differences.

Robert Frost once wrote an essay entitled "Education by Metaphor." He maintained that it was the only sound form of pedagogy. Weary of the stream of enthusiasms he encountered on campuses, he announced that the only form of enthusiasm he could tolerate was one which had been "tamed by metaphor." He would have been willing to substitute the word *poetry* for metaphor, because what he was really advocating was education by poetry. One who is educated by poetry knows what it is to have one's enthusiasms tamed by metaphor. When a young, brash, "would-be" revolutionary in the movement years of the '60s asked Nhat Hanh, the Buddhist Vietnamese poet, to describe the one thing needful if one



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A graduate of Harvard College and Episcopal Divinity School, John R. Yungblut is director of the Guild for Spiritual Guidance in Rye, N.Y., and a member of Goose Creek (N.Y.) Meeting. He has written several Pendle Hill pamphlets and books on spiritual seeking. This article is based on an address he gave on June 30 at the Friends General Conference gathering in Slippery Rock, Pa.

would be an effective revolutionary, Nhat Hanh responded quietly, after a moment's reflection, "read poetry." I think Robert Frost and Nhat Hanh must have gotten together and compared notes!

Now we are told that poetry, like other forms of art, is a function of the right hemisphere of the brain. I'm not a poet, but I want to approach "union differentiates" from the perspective of the right brain; therefore, do not look

for syllogism or logic. Let me in the spirit of metaphor suggest by image and indirection some aspects of the functioning of this law, "union differentiates." I want to ring some changes on it as if it were a carillon. With what will have to be uncommonly swift strokes, I want to suggest a palette of colors. I want to point to some conjunctions of opposites. I want to ask you to respond with your right brain. This might enable us to communicate radially, not merely tangentially (as Teilhard suggests). Let's employ our intuition, our mystical apprehension, if you will.

Parker Palmer of Pendle Hill, speaking about community, once said: "Community is the place where the person you least want to live with always lives." Similarly, Jean Paul Sartre described Hell in his play, *No Exit*, as the confinement throughout all eternity of three people in a single room, sitting on a sofa. Each one drives the other two up the wall. They cannot abide each other. Even the colors of their clothing clash. I agree. That would be some kind of hell! And we all have been there—in anticipation at least. But Sartre was wrong in suggesting there is no exit. There is a secret exit which consists not in effecting change in the other two (which is our first passionate impulse) but in becoming inwardly transformed so that the other two are no longer capable of constituting hell for us. Community is also where one learns to live with another, perhaps a number of others, one can't abide. Ideally a monthly meeting in the Society of Friends serves as such a community.

Robert Frost, in his poem "The Death of the Hired Man," defines home as "the place where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in." Perhaps this is why so many of us have found our spiritual home in the Society of Friends. When we had to go there, they had to take us in! It is wise to let any unbridled enthusiasm for the Society of Friends be tamed by this metaphor lest, as Paul warned, we think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think. The community we aspire to is that of a family, and the Society of Friends we really want is a commodious home for all kinds and conditions of men and women. The kind of union we want is one that still further differentiates, a unity with diversity.

Moreover, the community we seek is



Henry Troup

a conjunction of opposites that spares us, at one extreme, the frozen unity that is the mere conformity to a rigid collective, and at the other, a diversity that fosters rugged individualism for its own sake. Historically, we have consciously avoided a unity based on a fundamentalism either of scriptural interpretation or creedal statement. Our commitment to consensus as a means of arriving at decisions in meetings for business has enabled us to escape the tyranny of a hierarchy on the one hand and the political divisiveness of majority rule on the other. This calls for a delicate balance and the cultivation of a sensitive discernment in identifying and correcting imbalance. It is a narrow way that leads into life for a community as well as for a solitary individual. Few there be that find it, whether communities, or individuals.

"Yea, a joyful and a pleasant thing it is for brothers and sisters to dwell together in unity!" The Psalmist said it for us. But we have to learn to live this counsel for ourselves. One of our most malignant shadow manifestations is the bane of a self-image of "sweetness and light," in which we cover up our serious differences and permit our repressed hurts and angers to fester in the unconscious until some unexpected spark causes an uncomfortable explosion in an encounter between two of us or in a meeting for business. And Friends, do we not do better at pretending that we agree lest we quarrel than in engaging in hard-headed, candid threshing sessions in our quest for a transcendent unity beyond our diversity? Surely one of our most persistent shadow manifestations is to say "peace, peace,

when there is no peace." Achieving the union that differentiates is a sobering, demanding, painful process, but one that we must espouse if we would be faithful to our calling as Friends.

It is a process we must pursue both with regard to faith and to practice. We have eschewed creedal formularies, but this does not release us from the responsibility to reach for consensus in giving an account of the faith that is in us. Are there any elements in our faith as Friends on which we can speak with one voice, beyond our much-vaunted and -publicized "There is that of God in everyone"? What about the theological assumptions and mystical implications of this faith? What are its roots in our history within the Christian phylum, and inevitable corollaries in political theory and international policy? Articulation of one's faith will properly remain an individual matter, but we do need to be in open dialogue with one another with regard to our understanding of the nature and will of God, our convictions concerning the Jesus of history and the Christ of faith, the practices of private and corporate prayer.

With reference to our testimonies, there will always be a place for individual witness, but once again we need to consult and to communicate to one another our convictions on the social issues of our times so that, as far as possible, we may make a corporate witness. Barbara Deming comments: "If we concentrate upon trying to invent together better ways of listening to one another as we make decisions—ways that deny none of our differences—I think we begin to create a new world, even as we do this. And I think that this

caring process can release among us our very deepest powers." I agree. In this way we encourage the realization of a beloved community in which we can experience unity with diversity.

But we must remember that, strictly speaking, we can't create a community. It is a matter of grace. We can't say, "Go to, we'll have community now." True, we can by effort and discipline avoid the kind of rancor, competitiveness, and power struggle that can preclude or destroy community. But the experience of genuine community comes unbidden, a cool, soft wind on a hot night, a visitation from on high! It is like the gold, to quote Robert Frost again, which comes unbidden in the spring, but lasts only a short while.

*Nature's first green is gold
Her hardest hue to hold
Her early leaf's a flower
But only so an hour
Then leaf subsides to leaf
So Eden sank to grief
So dawn goes down to day
Nothing gold can stay.*

The poem ends on a melancholy note: "Nothing gold can stay."

When we do experience, now and again, real community, our tendency is to reach out and grab it. Alas, it always eludes our grasp. Frost provides us yet another relevant metaphor: "Heaven gives its glimpses only to those not in position to look too close." One cannot contrive a gathered meeting. Neither can one arrange or construct a beloved community. The mystery is beyond our ken and our capacity to create and to maintain. But we may, if we chose to do so, pursue certain disciplines in solitude that make both more likely to happen in our monthly meetings.

Where shall we turn with confidence for counsel regarding these disciplines? What more reliable counselor may we

consult than the nature of the cosmos itself, the mysterious source of the way things are? The cosmos can guide us through its nearest manifestation, the earth, specifically through the process of the continuing creation on earth we call evolution. We may assume that the author of evolution has placed supreme value on its "modus vivendi," the way it works. As far as we can see from the operation of evolution itself, three values predominate: differentiation, interiority, and communion. In the evolution of our planet everything has developed as if these values were the ultimate concern of the author or source. Let us agree for the moment to name this imageless and unnameable author or source, God.

In the first place, in the process of continuing creation it is clear that God has valued differentiation. This process distinguishes phyla from each other, genera from each other, species from each other, and in the human species, especially distinguishes one individual from another. Indeed, all the way up the tree of life, it is through the differentiation of individuals within species that mutations come, producing new species. The key is the process of differentiation. Within the human species Jung defined the process of differentiation as *individuation*, a word by which he designated the inward journey to the self and to the Self, God within. It is the process in you and me by which I become me, and you become you, and God becomes God in this never-to-be-repeated way.

In the second place, in the process of continuing creation, God demonstrably values interiority. In one of the latest creations here on earth, the human species, God has fostered rising consciousness by deepening interiority through the practices of meditation, prayer, and contemplation. It is clear that these two values, differentiation

and interiority, support and benefit one another. It has been said that in men and women the earth is at prayer for the first time. Moreover, insofar as men and women experience ecstasy, the species could be said to have become the ecstatic mode of the earth.

In the third place, the author of continuing creation clearly values communion among the creatures. We can see that differentiation and interiority are in fact means to the end of rich and deep communication between creatures and between creatures and their God. Beginning with the attraction of subatomic particles for each other, of which science has become aware relatively recently, all the way up the tree of life, there is manifest the phenomenon of mutual attraction, for which Brian Swimme, the author of *The Universe Is a Green Dragon*, has chosen the word *allurement*. On the human level we call this allurement, love.

Of these, then—differentiation, interiority, communion—the greatest of these is communion which is enriched and deepened according to the quality of the other two. A monthly meeting becomes a beloved community, at least now and again by grace, when there are enough members who have committed themselves to the disciplines of differentiation and interiority to enable a communion "after the manner of Friends" to take place.

If one would further the kind of community which realizes unity in diversity one must pursue the appropriate disciplines: becoming who one inherently is, an individuated person, by the pursuit of self-knowledge through reflection, seeking spiritual counsel, and keeping a journal; and by exposing oneself to the greatest devotional literature in the Bible, the scriptures of other living religions, and the writings of the developed mystics, and faithfully practicing the classic forms of meditative and contemplative prayer.

May God grant us the courage and perseverance to pursue these disciplines to the end of building a community that is a genuine unity with diversity, that is to say, a beloved community, a genuine Society of Friends! Finally, despite its limitations and weaknesses, I should like to apply to the Society of Friends what Robert Frost said of life on this planet: "I don't know where it's likely to go much better." □



Reconstituting the World

by Elizabeth Watson

*My heart is moved by all I cannot
save:*

so much has been destroyed

*I have to cast my lot with those
who age after age, perversely,*

*with no extraordinary power,
reconstitute the world.*

—Adrienne Rich

On my desk is a familiar photo of the earth taken by the astronauts, our first view of this beautiful planet as it looks floating in space. Beneath the picture is the one word *Home*. It was given to me by a student at Friends World College, and it reminds me daily that I am a citizen of the world, an "earthling."

This same picture appears on the cover of *The Last Whole Earth Catalogue*, published in 1971. This time the caption with the photo reads: *We can't put it together. It is together.*

Although the words *earth* and *world* are often used interchangeably, I want to make a distinction between them. The first definition of *earth* in my dictionary is "the third planet in order from the sun." And the first definition of *world* is "the earth and its inhabitants." Our planet, the earth, is together. However, the world of human beings has not got its act together. We need to reconstitute the world. If we do not bring our diversity into some kind of unity, we will destroy ourselves and our habitat.

Adrienne Rich's lines about reconstituting the world are in a poem called "Natural Resources." I believe that community is the law of the universe, written into the structure of things, so that we have natural resources to draw on as we work to reconstitute the human community.

*Elizabeth Watson, a writer, is especially interested in feminist theology. Her books include *Guests of My Life* and *Daughters of Zion*. Elizabeth, a member of North Easton (Mass.) Meeting, is also a member of the JOURNAL's board of managers. This article is based on the address she gave on June 30 at the 1985 Friends General Conference gathering in Slippery Rock, Pa.*

Our planet is a delicately balanced ecosystem in which everything is interdependent. The earth puts forth grass, trees, plants of infinite variety, all giving out oxygen which the animals breathe. The animals in turn breathe out carbon dioxide and provide manure which the plants need. Earth has many recycling systems of land, air, and water, powered by the energy of the sun—a marvelous unity with diversity.

The pattern of community is also found in cells. In his wonderful book, *Lives of a Cell*, Lewis Thomas speaks of a basic tendency "for living things to join up, establish linkages, live inside each other, return to earlier arrangements, get along, whenever possible" (p.126). Thomas goes on:

Any cell—man, animal, fish, fowl, or insect—given the chance and under the right conditions, brought into contact with any other cell, however foreign, will fuse with it. Cytoplasm will flow easily from one to the other, the nuclei will com-

bine, and it will become, for a time anyway, a single cell with two complete genomes, ready to dance, ready to multiply.

Human society, also, has a foundation of interdependence, a community with diversity. We all depend on others for food, shelter, health, safety, language, well-being. Few of us could survive without a vast support system of farmers, storekeepers, builders, repair people, teachers, healers, writers, friends. All of us are threatened when someone is diseased. None of us are safe in the streets if some of us are poor or mentally ill. All of us are endangered when some nations stockpile nuclear weapons. Hunger and oppression in underdeveloped countries are directly linked to our standard of living.

This already existing community of



John Davis Gummere

interdependence is the foundation on which we can reconstitute the world community. Living in awareness of it, we can pray for those who would destroy us. From it we can draw strength and courage to persist when we seem to go down to defeat, for this community of interdependence will go on, whatever happens to us personally. Because of it, there is always the possibility that, like Lewis Thomas's cells, we can combine, join up, establish linkages, and be ready to dance. Networking is the major tool for reconstituting the world.

"Ready to dance!" The pattern of the earth is like an intricate circle dance in which each dancer is important. If one dancer stumbles, the whole circle feels it. But the light-footed and the graceful can flow, accommodate, and help the slow and clumsy learn the patterns, and the joy of "turning, turning, till we

come round right."

I believe that community is in the nature of God. Paul Tillich spoke of God as "the infinite and inexhaustible ground of our being." Alfred North Whitehead spoke of God as "the binding element of the world." I think of God as the integrative process at work in the universe, holding stars in their courses, atoms and molecules in their dance, and showing us patterns of unity and diversity as we work to create the community of God here on earth.

The poem "Natural Resources" is in a book of poems by Adrienne Rich called, *The Dream of a Common Language*. If community is in the nature of God and the law of the universe, what went wrong with people? Why do we need to reconstitute the world? I believe our problem is rooted in language, in our differing and often inaccurate perceptions of things. We need a common language.

Sociologist Peter Berger, in his book

The Sacred Canopy, suggests that an important function of any society is "naming the world." We must impose some order on reality by giving names to things, or we will live in utter confusion and cannot communicate with one another. I think that in many respects our Western civilization has misnamed the world.

Although the earliest representations of deity found on our planet are female, there is evidence that by the Neolithic age, some four thousand years ago, the people in little villages in the Middle East worshiped two deities—an earth mother called by variations on the name Astarte, and her consort, usually called Baal, a storm god.

Was it, as some historians suggest, the taming of horses and learning to ride that first separated men from the earth, leading to cults of male gods and the rise of patriarchy? However it happened, patriarchy became the dominant world view.

In the second chapter of Genesis, after the world was created, Yahweh brought the birds and animals to the man to see what he would name them. Naming gives power, and the man assumed dominion over them. In the next chapter, the man names the woman. This story is part of what scholars call the "J" document. It was probably written down about 950 B.C., toward the end of David's reign. The unknown writer of this part of Genesis wanted it to look as though patriarchy was in the nature of things, ordained by God. However, it was a long struggle to discredit the female deities. As late as the fall of Jerusalem in 589 B.C., people were telling Jeremiah that things had gone better when they worshiped the Queen of Heaven (Jer. 44:15-19).

Patriarchy is related to hierarchy, and our Western civilization sees the world in hierarchical terms. In Psalm 8, with what seems to me great arrogance, David says to God:

*You have made us a little lower than
the angels
and have crowned us with glory and
honor;*



*You have given us dominion over the
works of your hands;
You have put all things under our
feet.*

So our man in Genesis assumed authority over the animals, and many have become extinct. And what "dominion over the earth" has done to this planet I need not detail here. We all live with pollution and resource exhaustion.

This patriarchal, hierarchical structure underlies even our democratic society. When Thomas Jefferson wrote in the Declaration of Independence, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal," he was not talking about generic mankind. He was specifically talking about white, propertied, adult males. Native Americans, blacks, apprentices, students, and women were not included. Our national history can be read as the struggles of each of these groups to secure their human rights.

Our world has been named by affluent, white (and I will add "straight") males, and their views are considered normative for everyone. Christian theology has been largely a male, Western, scholarly province until well into the 20th century. Our ideas of God, the universe, nature, human nature, and relationships, are all filtered through a patriarchal lens. And our language reflects our thinking. It is not a common language. It does not have as its underlying world view interdependence and community.

This subtle, all-pervading, insidious hierarchical structure in our society and religious tradition is, I believe, contrary to the mind of Christ. Jesus said to his disciples: "You know that the rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great men exercise authority over them. It shall not be so among you; but whoever would be great among you must be your servant, and whoever would be first among you must be your slave . . ." (Matt. 20:25-27). Paul captures the essence of the message of Jesus when he says: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither slave nor free, there is neither male nor female; for you are all one in Christ Jesus" (Gal. 3:28). Elsewhere Paul's vision was not quite as clear regarding slaves and women! And what tremendous harm Paul has done to gays and lesbians. I find no homophobic words attributed to Jesus. Un-

fortunately, the Christian church has often paid more attention to what Paul wrote than to what Jesus said and did.

Thank God for the clear vision of George Fox, who sought to return to primitive, nonhierarchical Christianity! So, no human being programs our worship, and we transact our business (not always without difficulty) by striving for a "sense of the meeting," the dream of a common language that speaks for all of us.



Men need to be liberated from the violent, macho, success-oriented stereotypes of masculinity, just as much as women need to be liberated from being sex symbols. We need men who are not afraid to be gentle, tender, intuitive, and fully themselves. Fortunately the Religious Society of Friends has many men who have grown into wholeness, and they are beautiful people.

Believe in the dream of a common language—the dream of renaming the world so no one is excluded. We need a common language to celebrate our rainbow diversity, gathered into the community of God.

Our modern society is somewhat schizophrenic. On the one hand we resist community by making false distinctions between "good guys and bad guys." And on the other, we try to reduce everything to the least common denominator. Mass communication seems calculated to destroy our diversity. We travel across our land from sea to shining sea and eat the same meal each night at Howard Johnsons. We go round the world, sleeping each night in a Hilton, very much like the last one. We are being molded into carbon copies, and we talk and act like television commercials. It is the sickness of our time, succinctly expressed in a song in Leonard Bernstein's *Mass*:

*What I say I don't feel;
What I feel I don't show;
What I show isn't real;
What is real, Lord, I don't know.*

*What I need I don't have;
What I have I don't own;
What I own I don't want;
What I want, Lord, I don't know.*

There is really only one thing to want: to be fully yourself, making your unique contribution to the community of earth—an original and no one's copy.

To reconstitute the world we begin with ourselves, by finding out who we are. We do it with prayer, meditation, keeping a journal—whatever works for us. We learn to accept ourselves, to be comfortable with our limitations, and not falsely humble about our strengths. Most of us live only partial lives. Wholeness is living to the circumference of our lives, becoming all God meant us to be. We take charge of our lives and accept responsibility for them, no longer blaming our parents, or circumstances, or the boss, or the government for what happens to us.

Out of the security of wholeness, we reach out to those around us, learning from them, exchanging ideas, supporting them as they need, laughing and worshiping together, dancing our intricate circle dance. We learn to see those around us as whole—potentially, if not yet actually—and thereby help them grow more whole.

We also accept responsibility for the earth and the rest of the human family, recognizing that all we do has ramifications far beyond our doorsteps. Each of us must decide where we draw the line: will we bother to recycle newspapers and glass? boycott South African goods? work in political campaigns? join Amnesty International? participate in antinuclear demonstrations? join in the work of the American Friends Service Committee or the Friends Committee on National Legislation? Wholeness is caring about what happens to people, to the earth and its creatures.

We create a vision of the reconstituted world—where no one is hungry, where children grow up without fear, where all our sisters and brothers can grow to the circumference of their lives. And thus we join the goodly company of those who, "age after age, perversely, with no extraordinary power, reconstitute the world." □

A Ribbon of Cloth

Barbara Benton



by Carol Virginia Ferm

As I entered the Florida Avenue Meetinghouse in Washington, D.C., I paused for a moment outside the dining room, gazing at the unaccustomed gaiety of the dimly lit hallway. Along every wall, covering every bulletin board, hanging from clotheslines like party streamers, were ribbons: pieces of the Ribbon. It was the evening of August 3, and Friends and their friends had gathered at the meetinghouse for a joyous celebration of the Ribbon's imminent unwinding.

On August 4, the Sunday preceding the 40th anniversary of the Hiroshima bombing, these Friends would be among the 20,000 people carrying three-foot lengths of cloth tied together to form a 15-mile ribbon linking the Pentagon, the White House, and the Capitol. Each

A member of Columbia (S.C.) Meeting, Carol Virginia Ferm graduated with honors from Oberlin College. She spent a year as an intern at Friends Committee on National Legislation, and is now living in Seattle, Wash.

segment of the Ribbon was embroidered, painted, quilted, batiked, or otherwise decorated with the images of something its creator "could not bear to think of as lost forever in a nuclear war."

In March 1982, Justine Merritt, founder of the Ribbon project, had sent a letter to every person on her Christmas card list, explaining her plan to tie a ribbon around the Pentagon. Since that time, more than 25,500 "pieces for peace" had been made by people from every U.S. state, by people in 20 countries around the world, by Quakers and Catholics, Methodists and Baptists, Buddhists and atheists. Every piece of the Ribbon represents hours of work, thought, and prayer on the part of some individual or group.

On August 4, all these sections would be brought together, to encircle what Justine Merritt calls "symbols of military [Pentagon], personal [White House], and political [Capitol] power in this nation." These symbols of government would be linked by the thousands of personal, private symbols made by people concerned that nuclear war could

destroy the things they hold most dear.

The Friends Meeting of Washington, along with approximately 40 other Washington religious and peace groups, volunteered to host Ribbon makers and Ribbon carriers who had come from distant states to take part in the celebration.

As I found a seat on one of the narrow wooden benches and settled myself for meeting for worship, I thought about "centeredness." I wondered how many people in the room had found even a moment in the excitement of the past few days to seek inward silence.

As meeting began, my concern seemed well founded. The gathering was filled with intensity. Many had been to the Ribbon ceremony at the Episcopal Cathedral that afternoon. There, Justine Merritt had spoken of "the unleashed power of the human spirit" and called on her listeners to commit themselves to working for peace. Much had been accomplished; much remained to be done. Yet a sense of frustration was mingled with the joy and inspiration Ribbon makers felt on the eve of their success.

One Friend rose early in meeting to

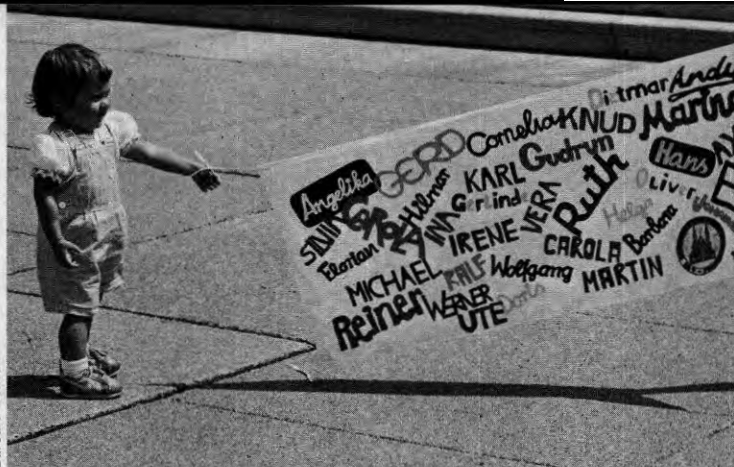
express the anger he felt over all the injustice and waste in the world. Another spoke of the difficulty in loving not only our enemies but also our leaders. Still another told of her cynicism about the future: "When I first heard of the Ribbon," she said, "it was 1983. I didn't think then that there would be an August 4, 1985."

Hope and despair warred in more than one heart. Ribbon makers from all over the world had contributed their hours of labor and thought and prayer to the cause of peace. Most would not get their banners back: creations of the heart, the pieces would be relinquished in hope of saving that which they represented. Yet what impact would all those hours, all that labor have? Could such a vague statement as the Ribbon have any impact on national defense policy?

Slowly the meeting drew together. Somewhere in the core of each of us, there was a silence, a center. Somehow, punctuated by word and song, that silence overflowed until the meeting was lapped in its currents. The silence deepened, binding each message, each song, each thought, into a single prayer.

It was then I realized that this meeting was the Ribbon, tiny bits of individual hope and fear bound together by a deep longing for peace and justice. Each of us, alone in our silence, contemplating our own loves and cherished dreams, was a piece of the Ribbon. This was the same silence, the silence of many individual hearts, out of which the Ribbon was made.

All Ribbon makers had to search for the one way to send their own personal messages. The Ribbon demanded much of its creators: that they face, finally and irrevocably, what a nuclear war would mean to their lives. Each moment of painful silence made another piece of



Barbara Benton

the whole. Each person's flash of hope completed the circle.

The next day dawned bright and sunny. Puffy clouds swam in a sea of blue sky, and the humidity was (for August in Washington) minimal. Early in the morning, Ribbon organizers were at the three staging areas (the Pentagon, the Lincoln Memorial, and the Capitol), setting up tables and hanging some of the most beautiful ribbons around the stages and tents.

According to the newsletters being distributed, marchers were to fan out in two directions from each staging area (starting at 10 a.m.) and complete the circle sometime between 2 and 3 p.m. Marchers carrying sections of the Ribbon were to circle the Pentagon and Capitol, then proceed north and west (respectively) to join with marchers coming from the Lincoln Memorial to line the Washington Monument and the Ellipse behind the White House. When everyone was in place, the Ribbon would be joined in one continuous loop all across the city.

Marchers were assigned to different staging areas by state. A crowd had already begun to form at the Lincoln Memorial by the time I arrived at 9 a.m. Tables labeled Ohio, Illinois, Okla-

homa, Colorado, and Massachusetts (among others) were piled high with ribbons. Marchers held up their ribbons for photographers, and the landscape was dotted with the yellow T-shirts of "peace-keepers," standing ready to give aid, directions, and information to befuddled participants. The scene might have been any summer art festival.

Then I noticed two poles at the edge of the staging area. Between them was suspended a banner which read, "The Ribbon starts here." The same legend was repeated on a sign attached to the podium in the press tent, where Justine Merritt stood as she explained to reporters why she and "a few friends" had decided to tie a ribbon around the Pentagon.

"I never doubted it would work," the bespectacled, 61-year-old Justine Merritt had told me a week before. "I thought maybe we'd have 2,000 segments, 1,500 people. But that's good in a way. How could I have imagined taking care of 25,500 segments, 15 miles of Ribbon, in March of 1982, when there wasn't even one?"

During a retreat in Sedalia, Colorado, in early spring 1982, Justine Merritt felt the stirrings of the idea that she should work for peace. At first, however, her way was unclear. Once an English teacher, wife, and mother, now an itinerant pilgrim, how could Justine Merritt make a difference?

The idea for the Ribbon began with the image of a small child trying to remember an important task. "When I was a little girl, I used to tie a string around my finger to help me remember something," Justine explained. The Ribbon around the Pentagon would act as a reminder to government leaders that their constituents "love the earth and its peoples."

"I have said," Justine told me, "that



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it was God's idea, and I just didn't argue." With a chuckle, she added, "Well, you know, we don't know how many people God asked to build the ark—Noah was the one who said yes!" Yet, she admits, she didn't always say yes. "I hung back from peace work for 25 years," she said, "until the Ribbon drew me in." It is her hope that many others will also be drawn in.

In that sense, the Ribbon may be a uniquely compelling statement for peace. Many of the people who made Ribbon segments are not activists: some would not even consider themselves liberals. They are housewives and mothers, physicians and artists, engineers and sixth-graders, real estate agents and secretaries. Many in Washington had never been to a demonstration before or carried a protest sign.

This diversity is what Justine Merritt hopes will make the Ribbon an influential political symbol. "I see the Ribbon as enabling the political leadership to realize that they have misjudged the deep yearning for peace in the grassroots movement. I see the people who come on August 4 as General Eisenhower's people . . . echoing his statement that someday the people would want peace so much they would tell their governments to get out of the way and let them have it."

Yet, having attended many a demonstration and having carried many a protest sign, I could not help wondering whether the governments were listening. Congress had left Washington en masse for the summer recess on August 1, and President Reagan was still on his way back from Camp David on August 4. The windows of the Pentagon on Sunday would be empty.

If any doubts assailed Justine Merritt on August 4, they were not evident. Unassuming, smiling, unabashedly excited, she greeted reporters enthusiastically, inviting them to her "party."

As I walked the miles of the Ribbon that day, I, too, was filled with elation at what had been accomplished. One pair of eyes was not enough to see, one mind was not enough to remember even a small part of the Ribbon. There were ribbons embroidered with names, there were locks of hair and snapshots, there were handprints and faces, whales and flamingos, trees and children, sailboats and poison ivy, musical scores and quo-

tations. Every piece was different; every one a cry for peace.

One by one, Ribbon carriers connected their sections and sat waiting on the edge of the road for word that the Ribbon was complete. As the afternoon wore on, determined-looking crews of Ribbon bearers, their segments already linked, marched past on their way to patch up some gap in the circle.

Newspapers later commented that the Ribbon gathering was an unusually serene demonstration. There were no slogans, no chanting, no antinuclear placards. Although many had to wait along the way for an hour or more in the afternoon sun, the faces behind the Ribbon were smiling. Banners were lifted proudly for the drivers of passing automobiles, many of whom honked their horns and waved to show support. At the Pentagon, Ribbon bearers at the entrances carefully lifted the Ribbon over their heads periodically, to let the black-windowed limousines in and out.

Of all ages, all colors, and many countries, the Ribbon bearers' faces shared the look of artists about to see



Justine Merritt

their creation completed. In those faces I saw determination, patience, excitement, and happiness. It was hard to believe how many people were there to carry, and how many more were there in spirit. The Ribbon was the work of many hearts, and those present carried it for them with joy.

Perhaps the climax of the day was the moment when the two ends of the Ribbon were brought up to the stage so that Justine Merritt could tie her piece of Ribbon into the circle. Or perhaps it was the moment when 500 balloons rose into the air from the Lincoln Memorial,

proclaiming that the entire circuit was complete.

For me, however, the peak came—anticlimactically—moments after the Ribbon was linked. From my vantage point, I could see the Ribbon, a line of tiny, distant figures lining the highway, stretched away to the south, all the way to the Pentagon, and to the east, across the Memorial Bridge to Lincoln Memorial and, beyond, to the Capitol and the Ellipse.

The figures I saw, dwindling in the distance, held little scraps of cloth like banners before them. They looked so fragile, so small, yet so full of determination that my eyes filled with tears. How could it be enough? How could it not?

The Ribbon melted away into its myriad pieces even more quickly than it had formed. By 2:30, most of the marchers had returned to the staging areas, bringing their Ribbon segments to the volunteers who collected and boxed them. Thousands of tiny pieces, folded away, the Ribbon will not return to its creators. Five hundred segments will go to the Peace Museum in Chicago. More will be distributed to other museums and peace centers around the country; a display will be sent to the United Nations. The remainder will return to the state coordinators of the Ribbon project, for use in other peace work.

The organizers intentionally eschewed political and policy-oriented statements. The Ribbon, as Justine Merritt explains, is a message to our nation's leaders that they have "misjudged the yearning for peace" among their constituents. As for how they can satisfy that yearning: well, that is an issue for another time.

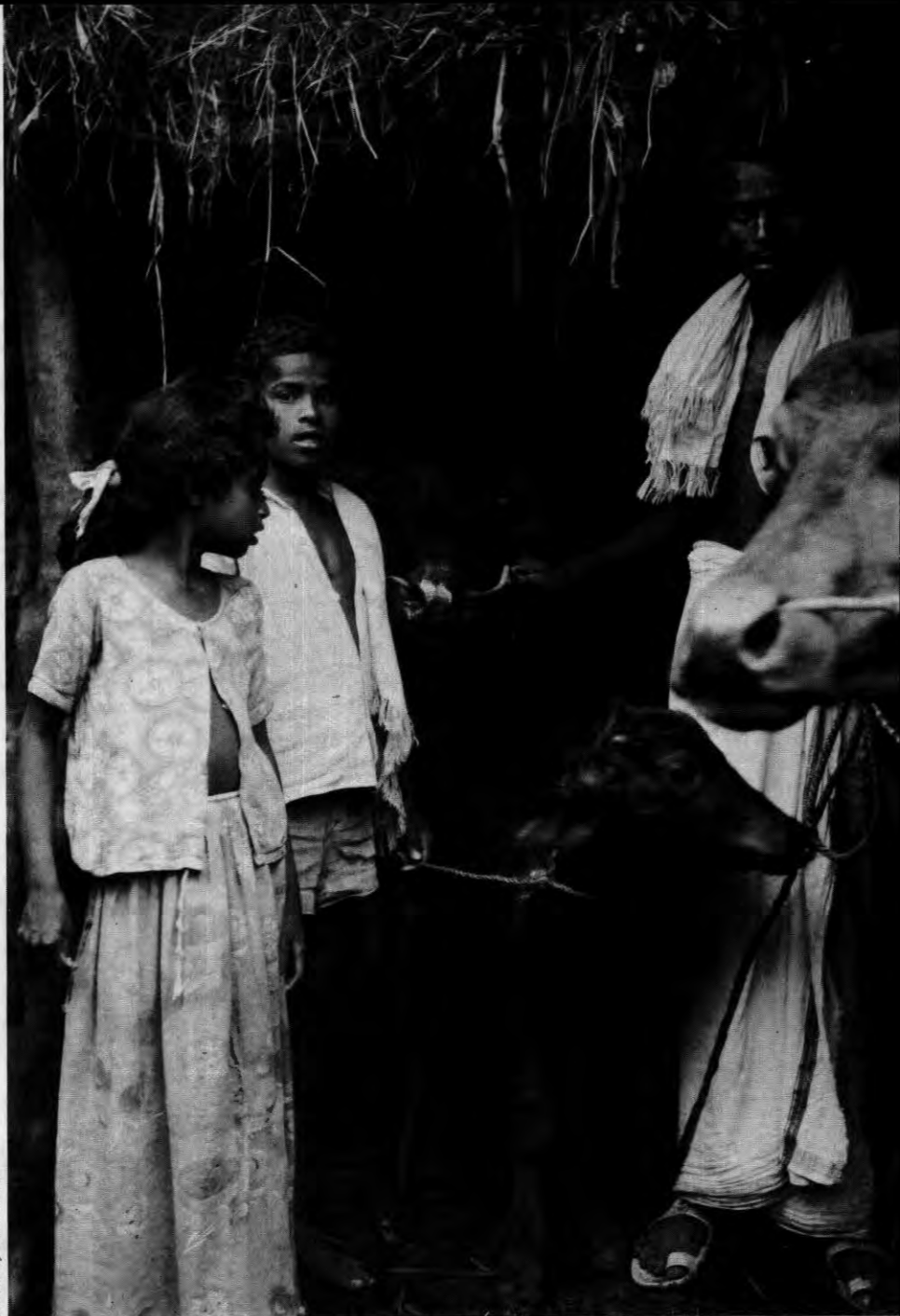
The apolitical nature of the Ribbon troubled me. How easy, I knew, for our elected officials to agree wholeheartedly with the need for peace, while continuing to increase military funding at an unprecedented rate.

But the location chosen for the unwinding of the Ribbon was symbolic, not literal. The Ribbon was unwound not at the center of our government but at the heart of our nation. It encircled the entire country. The Ribbon grew, over the weeks and months and years, until it wound all around the world, with its simple message of peace: no more waiting. We are chosen. We are called to bring peace. □

Right Sharing in India

by Elizabeth Moen

Photos by Tom Moen



Last year Tom Moen and I spent nine months in Asia and visited as many Quaker-related projects as we could. One of our most memorable experiences was our four-day visit to the small town of T. Kallupatti in the state of Tamil Nadu, southern India. Here the Friends World Committee for Consultation's Right Sharing project has provided a series of small grants to the People's Service Society for their water buffalo dairy project.

Elizabeth Moen is a member of Boulder (Colo.) Meeting. She teaches population studies, human ecology, and women's studies at the University of Colorado.

It is hard to decide how to tell about our experiences there: the warmth, generosity, and hospitality; the inspiration of a person who truly lives by Gandhian/Quaker principles; the excitement of being the honored guests at a function which drew more than 5,000 people from the town and surrounding villages; walking through ankle-deep mud to visit some of the poorest people in the world; seeing the great pride and dignity the ownership of one water buffalo has given some of these people.

It was all of this and more. Deep inside we were changed.

T. Gopal has lived in T. Kallupatti all

of his life. At the local Gandhian ashram he received the learn-by-doing education prescribed by Gandhi, and for many years he worked for this organization. He married and had six daughters and six stillborn sons. He deeply mourns the loss of those sons, but his daughters have not been neglected. Independent and outspoken, they all go to school: the eldest is in law school, the next is working toward a master's degree in peace studies, and the third has finished her first year of college. Each declares she will not marry until she is well established in the business of helping the poor and downtrodden.

Gopal, his wife, six daughters, and invalid mother live, by T. Kallupatti standards, comfortably. They rent a concrete house for \$12 a month. The house has two small rooms, an indoor kitchen, a cubicle for taking a bucket bath, a semi-enclosed porch, and a few light bulbs. As in most homes in India, there is no water tap, toilet, or latrine. There are only a few pieces of furniture; most of the family sits, eats, sleeps, and studies on the concrete floor.

Gopal is deeply religious, and like many Hindus, he appreciates and integrates other spiritual revelations into his faith. He knows how much Gandhi was influenced by Quakerism, and he lives by that Light. A few years ago Gopal started the People's Service Society, which is dedicated to "the upliftment of the poor" through education, community organization, and the initiation of self-help projects. Gopal has dedicated his life to this work; his only income is what people give directly to him and the small sums he earns from the occasional export of textiles to people who have visited the project. He is aided by other middle-class members of the community, such as M. Kaliraj, who owns a small shop with an inventory of less than a dozen eggs, a few magazines, and many raffle tickets.

Let me put \$12 a month in perspective. Tamil Nadu is one of the more affluent states in India; however, the wealth (as elsewhere) is not equitably distributed. Most of the people are landless farm laborers, whose work is irregular and usually available for only 150 days a year. In 1984 the wage for a full day's work was from eight to ten rupees for men and from four to five rupees for women. A rupee was worth ten U.S. cents. The rest of the time the people struggle to get something to eat and to avoid having to go to the moneylender. Food is not cheap in India, although it may seem so to us. Rice is subsidized, but for many it is not cheap enough. Rice on the market costs about four and a half rupees per kilogram, which is about half the price of rice in the United States. Most of the people near T. Kallupatti do not eat fruit, vegetables, meat, or the traditional rice dishes but instead subsist on porridge made from millet or whatever is cheapest. And few families can avoid the moneylender, who may charge as much as one percent a day.

Even in T. Kallupatti there is a poverty line—a household income of 60 rupees a month, or \$72 a year. Those who earn less than this are the families the People's Service Society serves. In 1980 the society began its first major project with a grant of \$2,650 from the FWCC's Right Sharing project. This money was used to establish a revolving no-interest loan to enable poor households to purchase female water buffaloes. By 1984 Right Sharing had contributed a total of \$13,530 to the fund, which has enabled the purchase of 91 buffaloes, and which, as the loans are paid back over five years, will continuously be loaned out for the purchase of more buffaloes.

The People's Service Society teaches the care of water buffaloes, oversees the repayment of loans (there have been no defaults), and has also organized the collection and marketing of the milk, which provides additional jobs. Each day the family milks its buffalo, keeping part of the milk and selling the rest to the dairy. The proceeds are used to repay the loan, and buy food for the buffalo, and a few rupees are profit. It doesn't sound like much money, but by owning a buffalo, a family can earn an average of \$30 a year more than can be earned by seasonal labor, and the two combined can make a big difference. Later, when the loan has been repaid, the family can keep more of the milk or more of the income from its sale. Equal-

ly important, the buffaloes provide dung, which in turn provides critically needed fuel for cooking, fertilizer for those who have a bit of land, and additional income if it is sold. Also, household members are employed in tending, milking, and gathering food for the buffalo.

Although we were not official representatives of the FWCC we were treated as if we ourselves had been great benefactors to the community. The gratitude and esteem were to be conveyed to the FWCC and Quakers in the United States. On one day we visited each of the buffaloes in T. Kallupatti, and on another we pedaled three kilometers to visit the buffaloes in the village of Vannivelampatti. Here we were greeted by a large crowd and given lovely flower wreaths in welcome.

Like most Indians, the villagers live in tiny mud huts. The thatch roofs, dilapidated and leaky, cannot be replaced because even coconut palm fronds and other thatching materials must be purchased. Although the buffaloes are sturdy, reliable animals, they cannot stand much direct sunlight. There are few trees, so buffalo are kept close to the huts to catch whatever shade they can from wall and roof. This makes living conditions even more unsanitary. The dirt floors are little more than extensions of the mud-dung muck outside caused by a post-monsoon storm. The huts are nearly empty except for a few





cooking pots, a water jar, perhaps a few clothes.

Many of the women who once owned culturally required gold jewelry now have only holes in their ears and noses. They have had to sell or hock their only form of personal security. Their arms are bereft of even cheap plastic bangles, and most wear a yellow string instead of the gold necklace, which in south India proclaims that you are a married woman and by that offers some protection. Some wear only a ragged sari—no blouse and no petticoat—in a necessary violation of modesty norms.

The children display all the signs of malnutrition and infestation—retardation, skinny arms and legs, bloated stomach, reddish and frizzled hair, open sores, dysentery. They tumbled after us like puppies and roared with laughter when I, in my long skirt, tried to get on a men's bike.

This is known as a Communist village; some of the men carry red towels over their shoulders and some huts have a hammer and sickle painted on the side. When asked what it means to be a Communist they say they do not know what communism is, but they do know that when they were being harassed by the police, only the Communists came to their aid. And so they vote for Communist party candidates in elections.

The villagers surrounded us, curious and friendly, but with that look we experienced so many times in India, a look

of desperation that says, yes, we greet you as friends but we know you are rich and we know you could help us. They resisted saying the words; they resisted holding out their hands; they prevented the children from begging; and we were grateful.

The People's Service Society's real aim is empowerment. You can see it when a family brings its buffalo out for a picture, and you know it is developing as family members learn to keep accounts and plan for the time when their buffalo produces more buffaloes. Already these families are forming cooperatives to collect and sell their milk, and five buffalo owners attend meetings of the society's board of directors. Gopal believes projects such as this one increase democracy in India, because very poor people are afraid to exert their rights.

But there are still problems, such as keeping the buffaloes alive during the hot, dry season. Gopal figures a shed with a roof would cost about \$50, much more than any of these families can afford.

There are also plans. The success of the FWCC-sponsored loan program has encouraged Indian banks to work with the People's Service Society. Three banks will loan 200 families \$300 each to purchase water buffaloes if the society can contribute \$5,000. A Danish organization will give 40 percent of the funds needed for a large poultry project

if the society can get a bank loan of \$35,000 (which it has) plus raise an additional \$4,900 in donations and provide the land and a building, which will cost \$5,100. The society plans to also participate in a federally funded adult literacy program, and it hopes to establish a tree-planting program, day care centers, and a goat project.

From the perspective of U.S. citizens, these are not large sums of money. But in India, \$15,000 for the buffalo and poultry projects will mean self-sufficiency for hundreds of desperately poor families.

On our last night in T. Kallupatti we were presented with a proclamation written by Gopal. It was illustrated in color by one of the villagers and framed by another:

We the people of T. Kallupatti, Madurai District, Tamil Nadu, are very happy to receive you, the apostles of Right Sharing of World Resources of Friends World Committee for Consultation of U.S.A.

PRODIGIOUS AND GIFTED COUPLE OF BOULDER FRIENDS MEETING, COLORADO.

We wholeheartedly appreciate both of you for the philanthropic deeds, kindness, and sympathy shown toward our people. Your yeoman service is praiseworthy and should be written in the annals of human life.

WE ARE PLENTY OF PEOPLE TO GREET YOU AND YOUR MISSION.

Indeed that the policy of Right Sharing of World Resources of Friends World Committee for Consultation is the panacea for all the ills of the developing countries. Your people are setting an example for the same. Your profound LOVE has united with us. We believe that wherever the human spirit strives to push back the sphere of darkness and to widen the area of light, wherever people sacrifice the immediate interests of the one alone for the diviner aims of the many together, there God is present, in that search for the better and more inclusive world that is to be. The kingdoms we build for love's sake, our dedication to the good of the whole, our passions and agonizing struggle for LIGHT and TRUTH and LIFE are ways of touching the hem of the garment of God.

We humbly pray to the God to strengthen our friendship in the years to come. We pray the Almighty to shower all His Blessings upon you, our friends, and your great country.

What else is there to say? □

Riding in Style and Missing the Boat

by Virginia A. Hostetler

My husband and I got taken for a ride, both literally in a navy Lincoln Continental, and figuratively speaking.

There we were, two devotees of simple living, touring a recreational resort club. We listened to a gushing guide tell us the joys of camping middle-class style: air-conditioned RV, swimming pool down the road, horseback riding, and much more.

In the parking lot an issue of *Sojourners* magazine lay on the seat of our car, opened to an article by Henri Nouwen entitled "Temptation."

It all began with a "prize award notice" that I had won two as-yet-undetermined prizes from a list including a Chevette, \$2,000 in cash, a Panasonic TV, a recorder, a diamond pendant, and a Las Vegas trip. All I had to do was come for an "inspection" tour of a new vacation resort, bringing along my husband. After the tour we'd get our prizes.

We went, two Mennonites taught that we have to work for everything we get out of life, two Christians who believe that people are infinitely more important than possessions—but also two people lulled by the promise of winning *The Big Prize*.

The resort was a 75-minute drive from our home in the Shenandoah Valley. A security guard took down information about us and gave us a clearance pass. ("We don't want any riffraff here," the guide told us later to explain the guard.)

Virginia A. Hostetler is a free-lance writer from Harrisonburg, Va. Her article is reprinted from the March 12, 1985, issue of the Mennonite.

Our guide shook hands with us when we met and opened and closed our car doors.

The resort was attractive. Campsites were neat, a paved road led past a new clubhouse, a swimming pool, and several bathhouses. The Shenandoah River flowed nearby, and canoes were available. The guide said fishing was good. There was a little store with a Laundromat, pay phone, and according to our guide, "all the necessities, you know—like beer, ice, and things."

He assured us we would be surrounded by people who, like us, paid their bills and took care of property—the nice kind of people.

Finally we heard the price: \$9,000 for a charter membership or \$8,000 for an associate membership, paid over six or seven years with 18 percent interest plus a yearly membership fee of \$96. Our raised eyebrows brought another offer—\$5,000 for an associate membership, "just for you, only today," if we provided addresses of ten friends.

"No, we're not interested and cannot afford it," was our firm reply. We looked at our watches, curious about the "gifts" and concerned about the time.

The guide took us to the parking lot and handed us three small boxes and some papers. With a curt "good-bye" he was gone.

We knew the Chevette and the \$2,000 probably weren't ours. Only one in every 250,000 people get these, said the small print in our brochure.

The prizes were a set of steak knives,

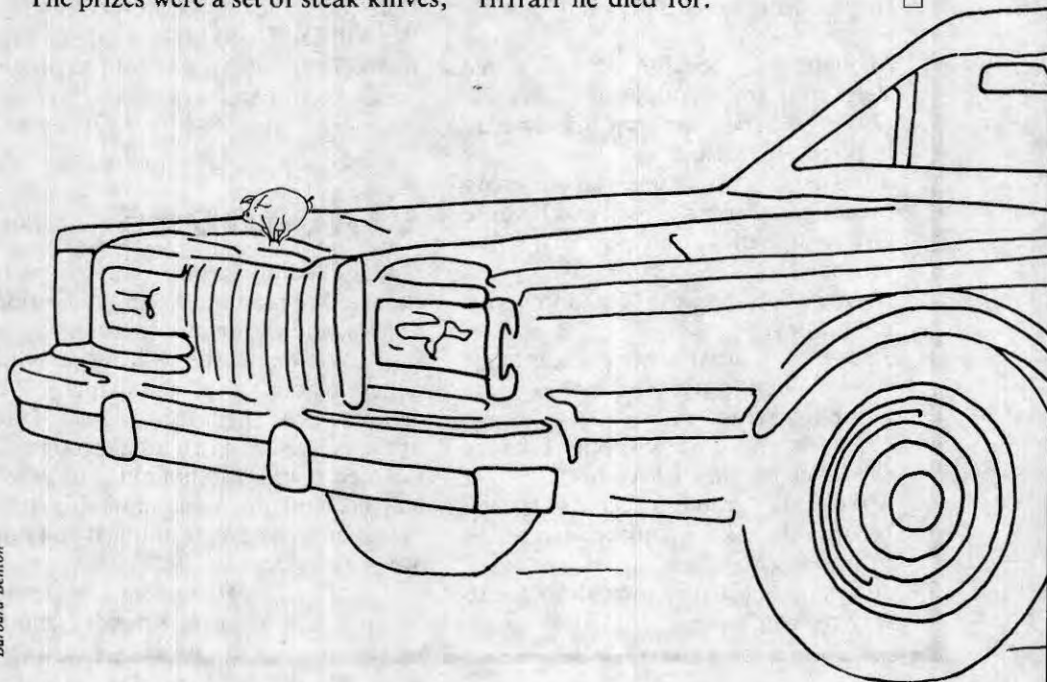
a plastic pen and pencil set, a microscopic "genuine hand-set diamond pendant," and a Las Vegas vacation ("Three suntanned days, two star-splashed nights," with transportation, meals, taxes, and tips not included, plus an additional lodging surcharge of \$7.50 per person per night.)

So we got taken for a ride. We knew this before we left home. But we went.

Why did we let ourselves get sucked into it? I think because we were, as Henri Nouwen writes, tempted by the longing for power and security. We wanted to get something for nothing.

I'm embarrassed now to admit we allowed a stranger to tell us this was the vacation of our dreams—the chance everyone wants—that only we the privileged ones are allowed to have. That we were people who hate the riffraff, knowing all the while that we had committed ourselves to Jesus, who urged us to love and serve all people. We are servants of Christ, who gave his life for outcasts and commanded us to do likewise. We forgot that in God's eyes we're no more deserving than the grungiest people.

That evening as I read Nouwen's articles on "downward mobility," I realized again how contrary to the world's standards is our calling as Christ's followers. Yes, sometimes I yield to the temptations of status, power, and superficial pleasure. But deep inside I know what matters in the eyes of God: to do justice, to walk humbly, and to love the riffraff he died for. □



Barbara Benton

JUNIOR JOURNAL

Grandparents Are Very Special

Our grandparents are very special people. Every year at West Chester Friends School we look forward to having them share our morning. We are thankful to have our grandparents with us whether in person or in spirit.

Teacher Connie's class talked about what makes grandparents so very special:

Kyle: My grandparents are special because they spoil me.

Stephen: . . . because they live up in the mountains and they take me to the mountains.

Matt: . . . because they play soccer with me. They try their best but I always win. I hope they win some of the time.

Robert: . . . every time I visit them they take me to see Santa and I get my picture taken.

Meghan: . . . because they let me sleep over for a couple of nights.

Owen: . . . because they love to play basketball with me.

Jordan: . . . because Grandmom makes great banana bread and because Grandpop smokes his pipe and I like the smell.

Nathan: . . . because they always give me money.

Justin: . . . because my grandmom is such a good cook. She makes great pumpkin bread.

Eric: My grandma is special because she loves me and I love her.

Mike: My grandmother is special because she takes me places and we go to meeting together.

Jason: . . . because they allow me to stay overnight.

Cherry: . . . because they love to come over to our house.

Lauren: My grandmother is special because she is nice to me and plays with me.

My grandfather has two horses and one pony. The pony is mine and my sister's. The horses are my grandfather's and my uncle's. My pony is brown and white.

Jennifer Giacchino, 2nd grade

I go to my grandparents'. They take me out. One of them I see every Saturday or Sunday. They watch me ride my bike. I love my grandparents!

Deirdre Huzzard, 1st grade

My grandparents will be coming on Grandparents' Day. They live in Delaware. They visit me every Sunday. We will eat Thanksgiving dinner with them. They will take me out to dinner on Grandparents' Day.

Ben Price, 1st grade

Volcanoes

My reading group studied volcanoes. We read books and magazine articles, and we made volcanoes. It was icky! We made the volcanoes with paper maché and newspaper. We demonstrated them for the class. One of the volcanoes had a tube through it. We blew it and rice shot out. The other had a can on top. You put baking soda in and add vinegar. It bubbled and ran down the side.

Jeff Becker, 2nd grade
West Chester Friends School

Seasons' Mornings

SUMMER

Heat burning the night away.
Sun sending warm welcome
to night's sorrow.
Slow life rising from fast death.
Unrelenting sun's sprays,
filtering through the trees,
reaching to the sky.

FALL

The trees giving up their leaves for
a new beginning.
Simple treasure,
passing to crackling ground,
in hope for a new life.
Complaining to the wind.
For those who will listen.
For the last end, or the new beginning.

WINTER

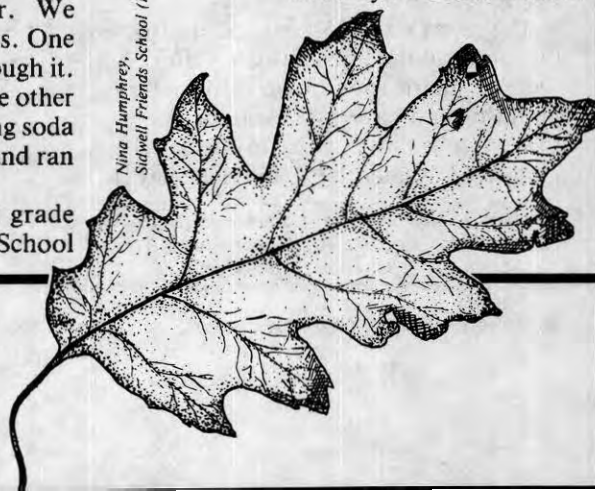
The long white crystals scattered over
the frozen drab ground.
White marbles dancing
on a frozen blue sky.
The cold sun burying gold
beneath the silver surface.
Scattered treasure.
Silent crying.
Frozen by life.
The bleakness of this day may bring forth
the color of tomorrow.

SPRING

Spring's tears
sparkle in the unclouded sunlight.
A diamond mine.
Outside my window, the lilacs are purple
amethysts,
like the small stones
in my locked drawer,
glittering in the dark,
futilely.
But harboring hope,
Like my hope for this new day.

Alexine Fleck, 8th grade
Brooklyn Friends School

*Nina Humphrey,
Sidwell Friends School (1982)*



A Geographical Word-Find

O A S I S Y H F J L H D A
A H N T C O N T I N E N T
O N A C L O V C H K J M I
C A N A L F A D I K E Z A
B J P W A L B D P O R A R
D L R X T U Z E N C A N T
E D U T I G N O L A U M S
F Y R A T U B I R T Q R N
G M S V U Z F G I L P O M
E K Q U D A T R O P I C S
C I O P E N I N S U L A N

Find:
CANAL
CONTINENT
DIKE
GULF
LATITUDE
LONGITUDE
OASIS
PENINSULA
STRAIT
TRIBUTARY
TROPICS
VOLCANO

These words are spelled horizontally and vertically, forwards and backwards. Answers are on page 28.

*Jen Howard, 5th-6th grade
West Chester Friends School*

The Battle of Black

When the world was dark,
And but two colors existed, Black and Gray,
The battle of Black was fought.
It still goes on.
It happened as follows:
One dark day something strange happened,
When out of Black came Red,
Orange, Yellow, and Brown.
Yellow settled overhead
Enabling Blue to come out and form sun and sky.
Red went to attack Black,
And White emerged.
Orange went to help Yellow in firing up the sun.
Then Green and Violet came from Gray.
Green turned into bushes and leaves,
And also joined Brown to make trees.
Then ALL the colors got together and made all the animals,
And all the oceans,
And the land,
And

EVERYTHING . . .
And there was life.
But then, when night came,
Black revenged.
Only White survived.
And it made moon and stars.
But not everything turned Black and White,
Things just got darker.
And then morning came,
And it happened all over again.
It still goes on.

*Chris Makler, 5th grade
Abington Friends School*



John Davis Gummere

The Next Step

The next step, gathering energy from within
as parched lips draw hot sky to parched lungs.
My chapped hands hold obscure nothings,
little pieces of rock daring to protrude from the granite.
I laugh,
then put my life on them.
My body is covered with a silk sheet of sweat
that runs in ripples down my bare back.
I cautiously shift weight and position to reach
a place higher.
Shoes smear across the surface of smoothness,
giving the needed boost to grab a crack.
I edge through the granite's mingled doors,
charcoal black, white, and mixed grey.
Powdery dirt and crusty lichens sprinkle
on matted hair, open eyes, and sticky body.
Smoothness unpredictably changes to sandpaper.
The rock through its wisdom keeps still
for there is a depth far below the surface,
and inside is held a galaxy of past events.
When I touch the rock it touches me
and we share our energy.
The rock absorbs energy and gives strength and knowledge.
Enough to reach for

in the next step.

*Andrew M. Kritscher
John Woolman School*



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FJ 53

REPORTS

A Community Centered on God: Lake Erie Yearly Meeting

Two ten-year-old girls, arms around each other, passed me in front of the Main Building of Olney School. "Hi!" said one as they wheeled and faced me. The other announced to me, "You know, we only met about an hour ago." They both giggled, looked at each other, and tightened their embrace. It was the first night of Lake Erie Yearly Meeting, and that moment captured for me the mood of the entire weekend. The theme, "Communities of the Heart," was indeed appropriate for the sense of Spirit-led community that is building in many meetings in Lake Erie Yearly Meeting, and was experienced at Barnesville, Ohio, June 20-23.

More people attended yearly meeting in 1985 than ever before: 126 adults, 18 youths, and 45 children, and it was hard to find any who felt left out of the warm, cooperative spirit of the gathering. After Susan Stark led us in singing an upbeat version of "Lord of the Dance," Louise Wilson spoke from the heart on the power available to those who are part of a community centered on God. Her examples of that power illustrated the healing that is possible for heart and body. She challenged us to deepen our trust in God and each other—to take more seriously the spiritual grounding of our Religious Society of Friends.

Business sessions were opened with worship, and clerk Isabel Bliss focused our attention on the testimony of plain speech. Integrity is often lacking in public life, and we pray for a world community in which honesty, rather than skulduggery, can be assumed. The Committee on Peace and Social Concern brought us two important minutes which were approved. One suggested that Friends General Conference set up a fund for Friends who wish to withhold the military portion of their taxes. The other minute was in support of our ten meetings which are actively involved in sanctuary and other assistance to Central American refugees whose lives would be in peril if they were forced to return to their homes.

Evelyn Kirkhart shared with us her excitement about Woodlands, a one-year-old center for renewal and refreshment, which is being helped by Akron (Ohio) Meeting. A clearness committee was appointed to consider the role our yearly meeting might play in the nurture of this center, which is inspired by the community of spiritual renewal of Pendle Hill.

Our fellowship with Ohio Yearly Meeting

was acknowledged by the presence of some of their number at our sessions. It was enriching to worship with Ohio Friends in both the Stillwater Meetinghouse and, for some, at Chestnut Ridge Meeting on First-day morning.

A variety of workshops on different aspects of community gave us a choice of experiences on Saturday afternoon. They were on spiritual friendships, integrating youth into the meeting, becoming whole, estrangement and community, intentional Christian communities, and marriage enrichment. The sharing became personal that evening, as a panel of Friends spoke to the group concerning special experiences in which community was particularly important to them. A common thread was the "gift of irritants": difficult people in our meetings whom we have grown to love. That deeply felt session of Friends opening themselves in humility and trust, sharing the pain and joy of personal growth, seemed to one visitor to represent the "heart of Lake Erie Yearly Meeting."

Thomas F. Taylor

Awakening the Power in Illinois Yearly Meeting

More than 250 Friends of all ages gathered for the 11th annual session of Illinois Yearly Meeting at McNabb, Illinois, July 31-August 4. We were surrounded by fields filled with growing corn and soybeans, an atmosphere which gave intensified meaning to our theme, "Where Is Our Power?"

The opening session of our meeting for worship with a concern for business, with Allie Walton as clerk, was given a memorable start by quoting from former member Elizabeth Watson's address to the Friends General Conference gathering in June, "We begin now, without any extraordinary power, to reconstitute the world."

Our business sessions dealt with revisions to our operational guidelines in our handbook, finances, nominations, committee reports, and representatives, endorsements, and concerns. An extra measure of energy was given to building up an effective program for our children and Young Friends so they can feel part of and continuously connected to the yearly meeting community during the entire year. We want our children to have a strong sense of the supportive qualities and the vision of our Quakerism.

Our speakers and evening programs addressed our theme. Carolyn Treadway's talk, "Awakening Our Power," pointed to love as enabling Friends to cope with the demands of our world today and to be the creative influence and force of God.

Judy Brutz, of Lake Erie Yearly Meeting, presented "Parable and Transforming Power Among Friends." She described her research on pacifism in Quakerism and how

her findings can lead to a transforming power that may bring us into a world community in which the causes of war no longer exist.

At dawn on Sunday morning, Friends gathered on the porch to sing out with others around the world in a call for peace. We remembered the 40th anniversary of Hiroshima and the Peace Ribbon gathering in Washington, D.C. May its message of "no more war" be resoundingly heard!

Before the final meeting for worship, the Jonathan Plummer Lecture, "Widening the Circle," was given by Agnita Wright Dupree of Decatur (Ill.) Meeting. It was a glowing message showing the many ways God's grace exists and is among us all in its unique and mystical way.

Activities engaging the children, who attended in greater number this year, were related to service on local, yearly meeting, and worldwide levels. The theme "Many Hands Make Light Work" set a cheerful tone. Members of Junior Yearly Meeting made a large number of toys for the American Friends Service Committee's Material Aids Program.

After the closing meeting for worship, Friends walked across Quaker Lane to our tenting ground for the opening ceremony of "Fox Hole," an abandoned farm shed that teen-age Friends had converted to a cheerful and useful gathering place to be used in future years.

Lewis Walton

Practicing Our Faith at Wilmington Yearly Meeting

The 94th session of Wilmington Yearly Meeting was held July 24-28 on the campus of Hiwassee College in Madisonville, Tennessee. Twenty-three monthly meetings were represented by 144 persons in residence and 240 attending some part of the sessions (31 were under age five). The famed "Southern hospitality" was in evidence all week.

The theme "Practicing Our Faith" was highlighted in each speaker's message. Alan Kolp declared that "spiritual shape" does

Wilmington Yearly Meeting members with
Zebedee Musudia of East Africa Yearly Meeting



Courtesy of Erna P. Wilson

not just happen but must be cultivated by each individual. Nancy Alexander reminded us that we must know ourselves before we can love the stranger, especially the stranger within ourselves.

Jean Coffin, speaking to the combined Quaker Men and United Society of Friends Women, told us that discovering what God wants us to do is the first step in practicing faith. We must discover our own design.

T. Eugene Coffin, a recorded Friends minister who is chaplain of the Tower and executive pastor of the Crystal Cathedral, led the daily Bible meditations focusing on the three journeys of Christians: the journey inward, the journey outward, and the journey forward. With such inspiring and thoughtful messages, the business sessions were conducted in a Spirit with the Lord.

Adding a Committee on Family Life to the Board on Educational Concerns was recommended and approved this year. A representative was appointed to attend the newly forming Friends Family Ministries, which will include all North American Friends.

From the Friendsville Quarter, Scott Knight and Michael McCormick were recorded as ministers at the closing session. Roy Joe Stuckey's resignation as clerk of the yearly meeting was accepted with regrets. We look forward with enthusiasm to Robert Bevan, Sr.'s serving as the clerk.

We were pleased to welcome Zebedee Musudia from East Africa Yearly Meeting, South, who read the epistle from his yearly meeting. His final comment, "Let our lives speak" said simply what others had expounded at length.

Sharon Trivett

The Spiritual Family at North Carolina Yearly Meeting (Cons.)

Within the diversity of Friends, "the special contribution of Conservative Friends may be the realization that when we do minister, we should release all that is not spiritual." These words by Daniel Seeger addressed to North Carolina Yearly Meeting (Conservative) at its 288th annual session, held at Chowan College in Murfreesboro, North Carolina, July 11-14, brought into focus this year's theme, "The Spiritual Family." Three visiting Friends addressed different aspects of the topic.

Hannah Gosling of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting wove together with the words of the Bible her personal experiences as a teacher of children, a potter, and a participant and leader in workshops on spiritual gifts, as she traced a path from healing, to wholeness, to resurrection, to community.

Dan Seeger (New York Yearly Meeting), speaking on "Unity and Diversity in the Spiritual Family," described our doctrinal statements as a form of poetry rather than a legal brief, and as a necessary human

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response to the experience of joy. Evangelism, he said, can also be seen as an expression of inner transformation that reveals the person to the listener who is open and sensitive. The diversity of our expressions should be celebrated, not homogenized, in the unity of Love.

Arlene Kelly (Philadelphia Yearly Meeting) spoke of community in the spiritual family of the meeting. In true community Friends are free to be vulnerable. Diversity is necessary if we are to hear God's word in our lives. But diversity requires each person to accept his or her own gifts, be accountable, relinquish control, and deal with conflict.

The theme of "The Spiritual Family" was underscored by the report of five Friends who had participated in the 1984 Quaker Hill conference on "Spiritual Authority and Accountability." Yearly meeting clerks Louise Wilson and Damon Hickey were joined by Hannah Gosling, Richard Hall (Ohio Yearly Meeting), and Lloyd Lee Wilson (Baltimore Yearly Meeting) in testifying to a sense of the unifying presence of Christ in this gathering, so powerful that the theological differences within the group were eclipsed. It was a time of healing, renewal, and transformation in which Friends turned to one another for guidance and support in discerning and responding to the leadings of the Spirit. All felt that what they had experienced was a fresh wind blowing through their lives and throughout the Society.

The yearly meeting struggled with the issue of sanctuary for Central American refugees. Visiting Friend Austin Wattles (Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting) brought this concern of Atlanta (Ga.) Meeting to both the representative body and the full yearly meeting. Individual monthly meetings responded with statements of concern, support, solidarity, and readiness to shelter those in need. But none was ready to take the step of declaring public sanctuary. Friendship (N.C.) Meeting reported on its support of a South African refugee in Botswana and a Salvadorian refugee family in Oklahoma.

A new monthly meeting in Greenville, North Carolina, was welcomed into membership. Holly Spring (N.C.) Meeting, now inactive, is in the process of being laid down. A committee was set up to study the alignment and function of quarterly meetings, and their possible relationship with Piedmont Friends Fellowship, the group of unprogrammed meetings in North Carolina affiliated with Friends General Conference.

This year's session brought a surprising number and diversity of visitors whose presence added considerably to the gathering. Ten yearly meetings, including Conservative, Evangelical, FGC, Friends United Meeting, and independent Friends, were represented.

Damon D. Hickey

WORLD OF FRIENDS

Friendship and letters are sought by the following prisoners: Otha Kyles-Bey #047709, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102; Ronnie R. Cannon #177182, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001; Anthony Logan #078155, Apalachee Correctional Institution, P.O. Box 699, 0-38, Sneads, FL 32460 (he is interested in chess, reading, and the martial arts); Edwin A. Roberts #080457, Apalachee Correctional Institution, P.O. Box 699, 0-52, Sneads, FL 32460; Johnny Stokes #084679, Hendry Correctional Institution, Mail Box #258, Rte. 2, Box 13-A, Immokalee, FL 33934-9747.

The world's first Children's Peace Site was dedicated by the children of Live Oak (Tex.) Meeting last spring at the meetinghouse. Festivities included peace testimonies by the children, a puppet show enacting a spectacular end to MX missiles, and teaching the adults to sing "We Are the World." The children have also prepared a reproduction of their peace site sign which served as a link in the Peace Ribbon to encircle the Pentagon on August 4. They are also planning a peace festival for children and a children's speakers bureau—a list of children and adults to speak to children's groups on peace concerns. The goal of the peace site movement of SANE Educational Development Fund is to have a



Children of Live Oak (Tex.) Meeting gather in front of their peace site.

peace site for every military site in the world. There are 76 peace sites; the Children's Peace Site is number 72. Those interested in establishing peace sites may write to Louis Kousin, 435 N. Union Ave., Cranford, NJ 07016.

Raising funds to reequip the only medical facility in Sebokeng, South Africa, is Abington (Pa.) Meeting's present concern and way of participating in the struggle in that country. The clinic, the only medical facility in Sebokeng, a black township of 300,000 people 31 miles south of Johannesburg, was burned during rent-hike riots in September 1984. The clinic is operated by Modupe Tsolo, whose brother attends Abington Meeting. The meeting has so far raised \$5,000 through individual and church contributions, a plant sale, film shows, and a pie-eating contest. The goal is to replace the doctor's equipment and supplies. Transvaal Meeting in Johannesburg is handling the funds in South Africa, but checks may be made payable to Abington Meeting/Sebokeng, Greenwood Avenue and Meetinghouse Road, Jenkintown, PA 19046.

AFSC Annual Gathering to Feature Leah Tutu

Leah Tutu, wife of Nobel Peace Prize winner Bishop Desmond Tutu of South Africa, will be the featured speaker at the American Friends Service Committee's Annual Public Gathering (annual meeting) on Saturday, November 2, at the Arch Street Meeting in Philadelphia.

An activist, Leah Tutu organizes domestic workers, a group which by law cannot have a union in South Africa. Together with Bishop Tutu, she has long been involved in the struggle for peace and equality, and for power for the black majority in the Republic of South Africa.

The 1985 annual gathering will be highlighted by Leah Tutu's speech in the general session, beginning at 2:45 p.m., at which AFSC Executive Secretary Asia Bennett will preside. A reception will follow.

The day's activities will begin with opening remarks at 9:30 a.m. by Stephen G. Cary, AFSC chairperson. Simultaneous panel discussions, held from 10:15 to

11:30 a.m., include "The U.S. in the Mid-80s: Views for the 'Other America,'" "U.S. Policy in Central America: Nicaragua and the United States," and one on the current crisis in South Africa and the continuing search for ways to end apartheid.

Nine interest groups will meet in the afternoon session from 1 to 2:30 p.m. Among the subjects will be youth voices for justice and peace; erosion of rights and protections; and the search for just and humane immigration practices.

Other topics will include "East Meets West," "Continuing the Spirit of Nairobi: Strategies Toward a Feminist Future," and "Strategies in Support of Women Workers." Interest groups will also meet to discuss a number of concerns: work for relief and reconciliation in Lebanon; African approaches to the challenge of development; and 12 years of AFSC work in Chile, "Nonviolence in a Repressive Regime."

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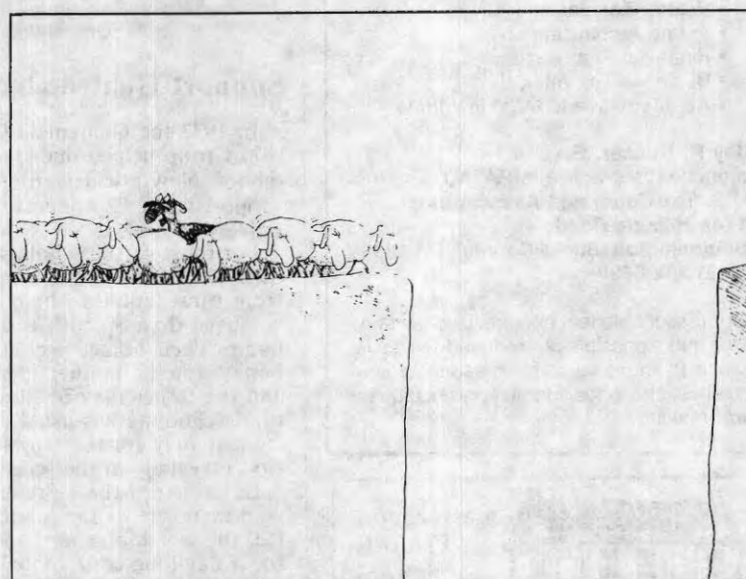


Illustration by Lee Shivers
Courtesy of the
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OCTOBER 1986

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	SEPTEMBER 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	NOVEMBER 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11 <small>Rosh Hashanah</small>
12	13 <small>Yom Kippur</small>	14 <small>William Penn, 1644</small>	15	16	17 <small>Anna Benson, 1887</small>	18
19 <small>John Woolman, 1720 Clarence Pickert, 1864</small>	20	21	22	23	24	25
26 <small>William Penn arrived in New Castle, Del., 1682</small>	27	28 <small>Levi Coffin, 1796</small>	29	30	31 <small>AFSC's Nobel Peace Prize announced, 1947</small>	

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FORUM

Support Guatemalan Students

In 1973 the Guatemala City Worship Group helped one student to go to school. Now a wider group of Friends support some 53 students, most at the university level.

For most of the scholarship students their studies are not easy. They come from rural families where another language than Spanish is used in the home. Their homes probably contain no books, for the mother speaks no Spanish and the father may be illiterate. Their rural schooling has usually prepared them inadequately for the rigors of the university, especially in the science fields.

In late April these present students met with members of the scholarship committee, the worship group, and 25 graduates for a day-long conference. The theme was "Higher or Technical Education, Is It Worth It?" The panel of graduates included a recently graduated doctor now practicing in his home community, a nurse who has been working for three years in rural areas, an accountant who wishes to go to law school, and an auxiliary nurse.

One purpose of the conference was indeed to reinforce the students' faith that education is valuable both for themselves and for their communities, and that others like them have succeeded in graduating and establishing a career.

We wish each of you could have shared this rich experience with us.

*Trudie and Tom Hunt
for the scholarship committee,
Guatemala*

Afflicting the Comfortable

Many Friends in the United States and Canada have been actively involved in support of the sanctuary movement for Guatemalan and Salvadorian refugees.

How many of us are aware of the number of indigenous Friends in Guatemala, Honduras, and El Salvador? Guatemala alone has nearly 10,000 on its membership rolls (according to their representatives at the World Gathering of Young Friends), but closer to 20,000 are active participants. This would be more than all Friends in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting!

This summer, those who attended the World Gathering of Young Friends grew aware of the number of Latin American Friends and were challenged by them in many ways. After the world gathering, one Irish, one Kenyan, and two U.S. Friends had a chance to travel among northern New England Friends meetings

for three weeks with Lisandro Gordillo, a young Friend from Guatemala City Worship Group.

At each meeting we visited, as soon as the word *Guatemala* was heard, local Friends proudly shared how they support the sanctuary movement and wanted to talk about the politics of the situation. Lisandro has a real gift in challenging Friends to dig deeper. He shared from his own experience as a young Christian Friend living in a land torn apart by political battles, violence, severe economic problems, high unemployment, as well as a sense of fear and hopelessness among the youth. They are uncertain whether or not they will be given another day to live. (How different from those of us who are comfortable in the United States!)

The message of Friends in that area is that there is one who can speak to everyone's condition when all other humans fail (that is Christ Jesus). This was the same message preached by George Fox long ago. Friends in Guatemala are growing rapidly in numbers due to their helping each other find inner peace with God through Christ and then sharing that love within families and with neighbors, helping the sick with a medical clinic (open to anyone), as well as helping alcoholics and others around them. They are peacemakers, not just protesters.

It's amazing how little most of us know about where Friends are and how easily we get involved in trying to help troubled areas in the world without even bothering to find out if there are local Friends who could help us get a clearer or more complete view of what is really happening in a country and what kind of help is most desired of us by the Lord. Let us not be turned off by the labels of evangelical, liberal, pastoral, etc., but let's look beyond the labels we give each other (as was done at the World Gathering of Young Friends) and truly seek the Lord's guidance together in order to make peace in this world today.

*Marian Baker
Hillsboro, N.H.*

Should a Change Be Made?

We regret the announcement of the marriage of two women (Milestones, *FJ* 7/1-15). Our reasons are as follows:

For 300 years Quakers have maintained a testimony on sexual morality. They have declined to approve of sexual relations outside of heterosexual marriage.

At the present time some of the committees of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting are considering if a change should be made in this testimony. It seems clear that all the monthly meetings in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting should have the opportunity to consider such a major change in a Quaker testimony. No single monthly meeting should act before this has been done.

We hope that individual Friends, monthly meetings, and FRIENDS JOURNAL will refrain from further action until the monthly meetings have been consulted. Such restraint would allow the monthly meetings of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting to review such a proposed change, permitting them to advise the yearly meeting on their views without undue pressure.

John H. Curtis and Barbara L. Curtis
Kennett Square, Pa.

"Urgent Action" Needed

We regularly write letters to Congress on specific peace-related issues as suggested by the newsletter of the Friends Committee on National Legislation.

At the same time, we recognize that world peace depends not only on the efforts of our own leaders but on those of leaders of other nations as well.

Occasionally we write foreign leaders. A recent case, for example, was in response to the JOURNAL's suggestion that letters were needed in support of New Zealand's nuclear ban.

But we feel a more concerted effort to focus world opinion on peace issues is needed.

Amnesty International has been very effective at monitoring world actions on human rights and organizing very specific letter writing campaigns through its Urgent Action Network. As many FRIENDS JOURNAL readers know, AI mails Urgent Action participants a statement of the problem, suggests points that should be raised in letters, and provides a list of relevant addresses.

We are unaware, however, of any similar program on peace issues.

Do other FRIENDS JOURNAL readers know of such a program or feel a need for one?

Keith Graham and Chrys Graham
Atlanta, Ga.

Going Up in Smoke

In going through my Sunday paper coupon section, I recently came across a coupon for a free pack of cigarettes. My husband and I discussed the matter and came up with an idea which could put a rather large dent in the tobacco industry.

It is an acknowledged fact that smoking is a health hazard and not the best thing we can do for our "temple," the dwelling place of the Holy Spirit.

If every person who obtains a free coupon were to use it, discard the cigarettes, and inform the company of their action, think what the impact could be. If hundreds of thousands within the Christian community were to so respond, think of the health savings in our country. Christians, by speaking out and acting, have made an impact on several other issues. Why not this one?

Lynn E. Ludwick
Bend, Oreg.

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BOOKS

The Secret Life of Hannah Whitall Smith.

By Marie Henry. *Chosen Books, Grand Rapids, Mich.*, 1984. 192 pages. \$9.95/paperback.

One of the most fascinating and complicated Quaker women of the 19th century was Hannah Whitall Smith, author of the best-seller *The Christian's Secret to a Happy Life* and other popular books of religious inspiration. Born of an orthodox Philadelphia Quaker family with connections going back to the times of William Penn and Elizabeth Haddon Estauagh (a collateral ancestor), Hannah became known as an international revivalist during the height of the post-Civil War Holiness movement, moved to England where her home became a salon for intellectuals of the period, and saw one daughter run away from a conventional marriage to live with the art critic Bernard Berenson on the Continent, the other become the first wife of Bertrand Russell, while her only surviving son, Logan Pearsall Smith, made a name for himself as a talented essayist.

A strong feminist, Hannah was active in the Women's Christian Temperance Union and in the suffrage movement and influenced not only her daughters but also her exciting and talented granddaughters to enter the struggle for women's rights. Unlike such Quaker feminists as Lucretia Mott, she took a rather sour view of the male sex, and lived to see her worst suspicions confirmed as her revivalist husband, Robert, suffered international disgrace for a too ardent involvement with a young female convert and later entered into a series of shoddy affairs. Blaming a religious enthusiasm which mistook emotional ecstasy for religious experience for her husband's downfall, Hannah came to insist upon a religion based on reason and to explore theological and philosophical questions with an open-minded attitude, while continuing to make a living by writing inspirational tracts. A lifelong interest in religious fanaticism was one fruit of her bitter experience with her husband, and her book by that title is one of her most interesting achievements. Her feminism led her to postulate and write about the maternal aspects of God many years before the current interest in feminist aspects of divinity.

Altogether, Hannah was a fascinating woman. In her life and in her writings are some of the interesting contradictions which Quakerism has carried with it through the centuries. While glimpses of this complex personality have appeared recently in such books as Barbara Strachey's *Remarkable*

Relations and James Flexner's *American Saga*, no full-length biography has been written. Marie Henry, having come across the trail of Hannah Whitall Smith while in theological school, has done a creditable amount of original research in attempting to fill an obvious vacuum. The result is a readable introduction to Hannah.

Interested readers will, however, want to press further, for the narrative is written as though designed for young adult readers and sometimes oversimplifies. Drawing from Hannah's diary, the author has repeated scenes with a certain amount of artistic license. In one case, she developed an imaginary sequence. The book is too brief and the story too dramatized to deal with some of the more puzzling and intriguing aspects of Hannah's life. The author's lack of familiarity with Quaker language and custom will bother some Quaker readers. But for those who have never before encountered Hannah Whitall Smith, Marie Henry has done us a service in presenting an outline of what is known in readable form. Hannah's own writings, and her son's collection of her letters, *Philadelphia Quaker*, will fill some of the remaining gaps until a more ambitious biography is undertaken.

Margaret Hope Bacon

Illiterate America. By Jonathan Kozol. *Anchor Press/Doubleday, New York*, 1985. 270 pages. \$15.95.

Illiterate America is aimed at the two-thirds of the people in the United States who can read. This book focuses upon the problems of illiteracy and discusses the implications that illiteracy has for all of us. It examines and discusses present literacy programs, delineates current problems, and identifies possibilities for the future. Unfortunately, Kozol gives no solutions to this problem.

To what extent does illiteracy exist? Kozol states that one out of every three Americans is unable to read his book. Palliatives such as "functional literacy" and "basic education," which conjure up the image of an adult who can read at the third- or fourth-grade level but who is considered successful without more advanced reading skills, are inappropriate in a society in which newspapers are written at the 10th-grade level and popular magazines such as *Time* and *Newsweek* are written at the 12th-grade level. Forty-five percent of all adults do not read the newspaper (ten percent by choice). Sixty percent of prison inmates cannot read above grade school level.

Kozol makes some points which are of special interest to Friends. He discusses the use of words such as *attack*, *war*, and *target population* as they are used to describe at-

tempts to solve the problems of illiteracy and poverty. When educators talk about word attack skills, what precisely is meant? Some of our current programs for illiterates retain these militaristic qualities. They focus upon "eradicating" illiteracy as if it were a "problem behavior" inherent in some people rather than helping people blossom through the development of skills essential for a full and productive life. Too often we act as if illiteracy is the result of a reluctance of illiterate adults to face up to their needs. We as literate adults must assume our share of the responsibility for this problem.

Marjorie E. Peary

Books in Brief

We Drink From Our Own Wells: The Spiritual Journey of a People. By Gustavo Gutierrez. *Orbis Books, Maryknoll, N.Y., 1984. 181 pages. \$7.95/paperback.* The author of *A Theology of Liberation* writes, "To drink from your own well is to live your own life in the Spirit of Jesus as you have encountered him in your concrete historical reality." Religion and politics are both parts of the same reality—the hope of the poor for a better life.

Outliving the Self: Generativity and the Interpretation of Lives. By John Kotre. *The Johns Hopkins University Press, Baltimore, Md., 1984. 282 pages. \$20.* John Kotre, a professor of psychology at the University of Michigan, interprets the way eight people deal with "generativity" (defined as the "desire to invest one's substance in forms of life and work that will outlive the self"). In light of the availability of contraceptives for the last several decades and the prevailing sense of egocentricity characterizing the "me generation," Kotre allows each person to tell their story in their own words, and generally follows with an analysis. One finds fascinating, often moving, ways in which people invest themselves into the future.

The War Against East Timor. By Carmel Budiardjo and Liem Soei Liong. *Zed Books Ltd., London, 1984. 253 pages. \$29.50, \$10.95/paperback.* East Timor, a former Portuguese colony located at the eastern end of the Lesser Sunda Islands in the Indonesian archipelago, was invaded by the Indonesian army in 1975. The book chronicles the planning, invasion, and current resurgence of Fretilin, the Timorese resistance movement. Although the book is valuable as a resource for an area rarely mentioned in the Western press, the authors present the story from a strictly Timorese view. However, this is more than has previously existed, as the pro-Western government of Indonesia has severely limited any reports originating from East Timor.

The Journeying Self: The Gospel of Mark Through a Jungian Perspective. By Diarmuid McGann. *Paulist Press, Ramsey, N.J., 1985. 216 pages. \$7.95/paperback.* This study applies the teachings of Carl Jung, a contemporary of Freud, to the Gospel of Mark. The author uses the various stories in the gospel as symbols of an archetype, or as the author writes, "the original word of God placed at the center of life."



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DIMENSION Christine Downing, leader |
| November 22-24 | ALIGNMENT: PERSONAL, SPIRITUAL,
AND POLITICAL DEVELOPMENT
George Lakey and Niela Miller, leaders |
| December 6-8 | GIVING BIRTH TO THE SPIRIT:
AN ADVENT RETREAT Julie Cadwallader-Staub,
Kathryn Damiano, Rebecca Mays, leaders |
| December 29-
January 1 | MUMFEST: NEW YEAR GATHERING
Ed Stivender and Les Jongleurs
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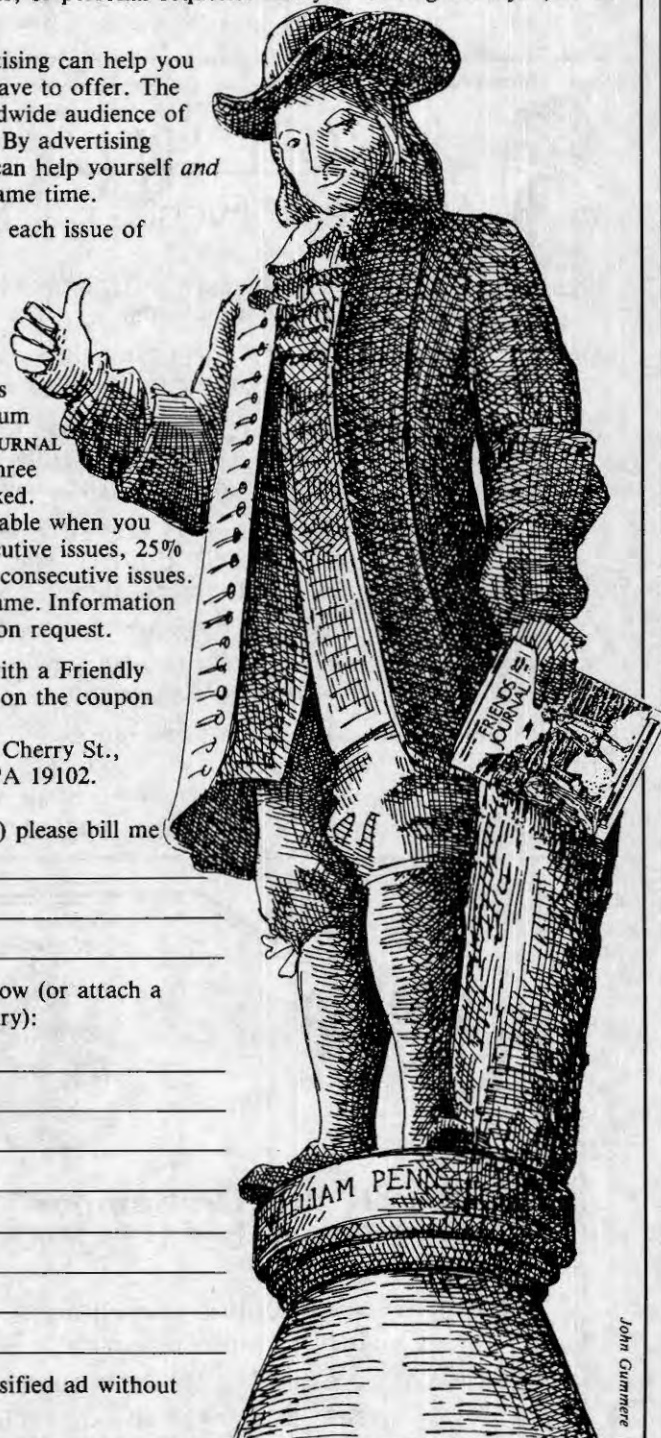
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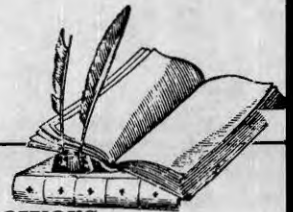
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Poets & Reviewers



A member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting, **Margaret Hope Bacon** has written numerous books about Friends, including *As the Way Opens: The Story of Quaker Women in America* and *Valiant Friend: The Life of Lucretia Mott*. **Marjorie E. Peary** is assistant professor of special education at Eastern Illinois University. A member of Clear Creek (Ill.) Meeting, she now attends Urbana-Champaign Meeting. **Virginia Stetser's** poetry has appeared widely; she won first prize for a poem in the 1985 Philadelphia Writers' contest. She is a member of Seaville (N.J.) Meeting.

Resources

• **The Oxfam Africa Resource Packet**, a collection of resources and reprints on the present crisis in Africa, is available from Oxfam America, 115 Broadway, Boston, MA 02116, for \$14 plus \$1 postage and handling.

• **The Southern Africa Media Center** is distributing three new films from Southern Africa: *Woza Albert!*, *Allen Boesak: Choosing for Justice*, and *Namibia: Africa's Last Colony*. (The Center is the most widely used source of films on Southern Africa in the world.) For a free catalogue, write the Southern Africa Media Center, California Newsreel, 630 Natoma St., San Francisco, CA 94103.

• **The Peace Resource Center** of Wilmington College lists valuable films, books, and other educational material dealing with peace studies. For information and a free catalogue, write Peace Resource Center of Wilmington College, Pyle Center—Box 1183, Wilmington, OH 45177.

• The January 1985 issue of **Engage/Social Action**, a publication of the United Methodist Church, centers on the problem of the abuse of alcohol. Write 100 Maryland Ave. NE, Washington, DC 20002.

Junior Journal Puzzle Answers

O	A	S	I	S	Y	H	F	J	L	H	D	A
A	H	N	T	C	O	N	T	I	N	E	N	T
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B	J	P	W	A	L	B	D	P	O	R	A	R
D	L	R	X	T	U	Z	E	N	C	A	N	T
E	D	U	T	I	G	N	O	L	A	U	M	S
F	Y	R	A	T	U	B	I	R	T	Q	R	N
G	M	S	V	U	Z	F	G	I	L	P	O	M
E	K	Q	U	D	A	T	R	O	P	I	C	S
C	I	O	P	E	N	I	N	S	U	L	A	N

MILESTONES

Births

Lorey—Amanda Jane Lorey on August 1 to Carolyn Ennis Lorey and Kenneth Lynn Lorey. Amanda's mother, sister, and grandmother, Joyce Ennis Hardin, are members of Pima (Ariz.) Meeting. Her grandfather, Robert L. Ennis, is a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting.

Matesich—Corinne Claire Matesich on July 22 to Joanna Hurn Matesich and Kenneth Matesich, in Tucson, Ariz. Her mother is a member of Phoenix (Ariz.) Meeting. Her maternal grandmother, Claire Sinclair, is a member of Palo Alto (Calif.) Meeting.

Mohr—Alexander Clare Mohr on August 28 to Marilyn Hurn Mohr and Daniel Mohr in Bozeman, Mont. His mother is a member of Davis (Calif.) Meeting and an attender of the Bozeman (Mont.) Friends Worship Group. His maternal grandmother, Claire Sinclair, is a member of Palo Alto (Calif.) Meeting.

Wenzler—Rachel Parks Wenzler on August 20 to Michael and Marcy Wenzler, members of Bloomington (Ind.) Meeting.

Marriages

Cullinane-Schultz—Stephen Schultz and Maeve Cullinane on July 13 in Needham, Mass. The couple attend Dover (N.H.) Meeting. Stephen's parents, Robert and Phyllis Stine Schultz, are members of Monadnock (N.H.) Meeting.

Powel-Davis—Cameron Frantz Davis and Anne Wood Powel on July 27 in Tagart Memorial Chapel, McDonogh School, Md., under the care of Pipe Creek (Md.) Monthly Meeting, where Anne is a member.

Ridgway-Hunt—Thomas Hunt and Dorothy Lenore Ridgway on September 8 under the care of Bulls Heads-Oswego (N.Y.) Meeting. The bride and her parents, Richard and Lenore Ridgway, are members of Bulls Head-Oswego Meeting. Her maternal grandmother is a member of 15th Street (N.Y.) Meeting, as was her grandfather, the late Philip Van Everen Stoughton.

Taylor-Gamble—Paul Raymond Gamble and Katharine West Taylor on December 15 in Hockessin (Del.) Meeting under the care of Kennett (Pa.) Meeting. Katharine and her parents, Thomas B. and Frances C. Taylor, are members of Kennett Meeting.

Thomforde Thomas-Garner—Lee Jonathan Garner and Anne Thomforde Thomas on May 26 under the care of Plymouth (Pa.) Meeting, where Anne is a member. Lee is a member of Schenectady (N.Y.) Meeting.

Deaths

Balderston—Lydia Haviland Tatum Balderston, 90, on June 17 in Coloma, Md. A graduate of Westtown School, Lydia worked as a floriculturist in Coloma. She married Lloyd Balderston III, and the two were partners for many years on Coloma Farm, where they raised cows, fruit, and field crops, and offered hospitality to the large Balderston family. Lloyd Balderston died in 1980. Lydia continued to be active in Coloma Meeting, Western Quarter,

and Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. Lydia is survived by two nieces and many cousins.

Dietz—William H. Dietz, 64, on May 7 after a short illness. He was an organizer and clerk of Columbus (Ind.) Meeting. A delegate to the Friends Committee on National Legislation, he also worked for the American Friends Service Committee, and was on the board of Lauramoot Home in Richmond, Ind. He is survived by his wife, Margaret; sons, William H., Jr., and Walter S.; daughters, Ruthanne Mannix and Dorothy Blitz; eight grandchildren; and two brothers.

Kite—on August 19, Florence Lauer Kite, 87, at Foulkeways, Gwynedd, Pa. She was a member of Germantown (Pa.) Meeting. A native of Milton, Mass., Florence was educated at Milton Academy and Wellesley College. She taught briefly in George School and then worked at Pendle Hill. From 1943 to 1957 she served as executive secretary of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting's Race Relations Committee. She then worked for two years with the Friends Self-Help Housing Program and later seven years with the Philadelphia Commission on Human Relations. For many years she participated in war tax refusal. Florence lived comfortably within the tension of opposite forces without being controlled by them. Her concern about the problems of others was balanced by attention to her own needs. She could focus sharply on social issues and policy in one moment, and in the next, enter with warmth and understanding into casual conversation. Her interests were varied, including the NAACP, FWCC, SCLC, WILPF, and AFSC. Those who knew her and shared in her concerns and activities will in the days ahead find opportunities to recall and rejoice in her unique contributions. There are no immediate survivors.

Lenoir—James L. Lenoir, 81, on June 16 in Tucson, Ariz. A member of Pima (Ariz.) Meeting, he ministered with simple, probing messages whose spiritual weight stayed with meeting members for days. He was an attorney and professor of law at several universities. He is survived by his wife, Lora L. Deere Lenoir; five children; and five grandchildren.

Mather—Eleanore Price Mather, on June 24. She was a beloved member of Providence (Pa.) Meeting. Eleanore grew up and spent most of her life in Rose Valley, Pa. She attended Westtown School, Mt. Holyoke College, and the University of Delaware. She was gifted in writing, historical research, and editing. Among her published works are *Barclay in Brief*; *Pendle Hill, a Quaker Experiment in Education and Community*; *Edward Hicks, a Peaceful Season*; and most recently, *Edward Hicks, His Peaceable Kingdoms and Other Paintings*. For many years Eleanore edited the Pendle Hill pamphlets. She was active in the Friends Historical Association and in Historic Delaware County, Inc. She helped to design the William Penn dioramas at Arch Street Meeting. She is survived by her husband, Bob; two daughters, Janney and Morry; and two granddaughters, Morgan and Felicia Potter.

McKay—Ethel Bessie McKay on November 2, 1984, in Lubbock, Tex. Ethel, a member of St. Petersburg (Fla.) Meeting, was a long-time attender and spiritual mainstay of the Lubbock Friends Worship Group.

Pettit—Frances Coles Pettit, 87, on August 2 at Friends Home in Woodstown, N.J. She was a lifelong member of Woodstown Meeting. A George

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1. Sales through dealers, street vendors, and counter sales	NONE	NONE
2. Mail subscriptions	9,580	9,555
C. Total paid circulation	9,580	9,555
D. Free distribution (including samples) by mail or other means	184	145
E. Total distribution	9,764	9,700
F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	346	200
G. Total	10,110	9,900

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

VINTON DEMING, Editor-Manager

School graduate, Frances served on the George School Committee and attended her 65th class reunion in 1982. In her family and community Frances was known as a person whose home was a place where friends were welcomed and where members of the family received affection and understanding. For many years Frances sewed quilts and articles of clothing for the AFSC. Her husband, Frank C. Pettit, died in 1983. She is survived by three daughters, Elizabeth Darlington, Marion Frazier, and Ruth Johnson; son, Elmer

S. Pettit; brother, O. Hammond Coles; ten grandchildren; and 17 great-grandchildren.

Seaver—Benjamin Seaver, 80, on August 18 in Palo Alto, Calif. Ben was a member of San Francisco (Calif.) Meeting and had been peace education secretary in the San Francisco office of the AFSC for 17 years. He is survived by his wife, Madge; son, Paul; and six grandchildren.

Winterhoff—Virginia W. Winterhoff, 81, in Northport, N.Y., on May 20. A member of Pima (Ariz.) Meeting, Virginia was much loved for her

infectious delight in living. After her retirement as a dentist, she represented Pima Meeting at "Friends on the Outside," a program which facilitated and strengthened prisoner/home relationships. She was a charter participant in establishing the Friends Southwest Center at McNeal, Ariz., where she formed strong community ties despite her advanced age. Virginia walked cheerfully over the earth, and most certainly she spoke to that of God in other persons, who responded to her with deep affection.

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Communities

Interested in living in a Quaker community while studying or working in Manhattan? Penington Friends House, in the Gramercy Park area, is adjacent to the 15th St. Meeting and AFSC offices, and only 15 minutes from downtown or midtown Manhattan. Recently renovated and undergoing spiritual revitalization, PFH is based on mutual responsibility, trust, and friendly values. We are now accepting applications for residency. Please inquire at (212) 673-1730, or write Cathi Belcher, 215 E. 15th St., New York, NY 10003.

Integrate the best of urban and rural living. Six rural communities invite visitors/members. Write (donation appreciated): Federation of Egalitarian Communities, Twinoaks, FR851, Louisa, VA 23093.

For Rent

Florida condominium. Clearwater. One plus bedroom. Pool, golf, security. Fully furnished. Seniors. Rent/purchase. (707) 823-4141.

Snowbird rentals in Quaker Community, southeastern Arizona. Two houses available plus trailer hookups. Both houses adequately furnished. The "Quality Hill" one at \$200 monthly, the adobe-style at \$150. Utilities and heating extra. Set in a wide mountain valley, the area abounds in possibilities for birding, hiking, sunning. Snowbird, Friends SW Center, McNeal, AZ 85617.

For Sale

100% Wool Fishermans Yarn, new colors, imported Scottish tweeds, and our own white Corriedale worsted two ply. Samples \$2 refundable. Yarn Shop on the Farm, RD 2, Box 291-F, Stevens, PA 17578.

Guatemalan handwoven fabric. 100% cotton. \$5/yard, less for bulk orders. Selection of over 35 samples, \$2. La Paloma, Box 7824, Missoula, MT 59807. Partial profits aid Central American refugees.

Bamboo flutes, recordings, shakuhachis. Box 273, Mountainview, HI 96771.

Price reduced. 70 acres, two 5-room houses, one furnished cabin. Two concrete block barns. Pastures are fenced. Spring-fed pond. City water lines being extended to area. Fifteen miles from Friends meeting in Crossville, Tenn. For information call (615) 484-9552.

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

Nederland, Colorado. In town, large livable 5-bedroom home with den/music room, sauna, workshop. Near schools and RTD, easy commute to Boulder. Assumable financing and owner assistance available \$83,900. Call or write Ginna Fishel, 59 Rutland Square, Boston, MA 02118. (617) 247-2018.

Personal

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

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

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

Meet special friends! Try our worldwide correspondence magazine. Includes pictures and descriptions. Introductory issue \$2. Lawanda's, POB-F 81331, Mobile, AL 36608.

Concerned singles newsletter links compatible singles concerned about peace, environment; nationwide, all areas. Free sample: Box 7737-F, Berkeley, CA 94707.

Message—Cynthia Falkoff. Save \$5, original contact, if you mention this advertisement. By appointment only. (215) 527-2196.

Two Friends in southern Andes, working in rural development with indigenous, live on organic farm and dairy. Invite co-workers to visit or to join community. Katherine Bragg, Casilla 175, Pucon, Chile.

Positions Vacant



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A Quaker-affiliated, co-educational country day school including over 690 students in grades pre-kindergarten through 12. A strong selected student body, made diverse

by our cosmopolitan community and a generous scholarship program, is nurtured by a full- and part-time faculty of 75. Friends Academy, which is over 100 years old, seeks to provide demanding, somewhat traditional but lively, college preparatory, academic, athletic, and activities program within a friendly, supportive atmosphere. Each year we usually seek one or more top-rate beginner or experienced and versatile teachers who are strong in the classroom and competent and willing to coach boys' and girls' team sports. We seek teachers who can command the respect and affection of young people and colleagues. Write to Frederic B. Withington, Headmaster, Friends Academy, Locust Valley, NY 11560.

Seeking couple for community development work in isolated Mexican village. Farm background helpful. Room and board; no salary. Minimum stay one year. Term starts in December 1985. Write Asociacion Sonorense de los Amigos, Apdo. 15, Suc. A, Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico. Until Nov. 5, call Norman Krekler, (216) 666-3559, Akron, Ohio.

Full-time maintenance position available immediately. Carpentry, electrical, plumbing, appliance repair, etc. Apply to Warren Cadwallader-Staub, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, PA 19086, (215) 566-4507

New England Yearly Meeting is seeking a full-time Youth and Education Coordinator. Primary responsibilities include working with high school-age young Friends and with Christian Education committees throughout the yearly meeting, providing leadership, support, and resources. Send resume and get detailed job description from Clerk, Search Committee, Rte. 2, Box 346, Hillsboro, NH 03244.

Chief Operating Officer/Administrator. Foulkeways at Gwynedd, a continuing care retirement community in southeastern Pennsylvania, is seeking a qualified person to handle the daily operations of 233 apartments, 62 skilled nursing beds, and 32 personal care units. LNHA preferred with five years' experience as an assistant administrator in a LTC facility. Excellent organizational and communication skills needed. Send resume and salary requirements to Director of Personnel, Foulkeways at Gwynedd, Gwynedd, PA 19436. E.O.E.

Schools

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

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

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

Services Offered

Frustrated by office or household clutter? We can help you cope by custom organizing your business and family records. Call Horwitz Information Services for a free consultation on your information problems. (215) 544-8376.

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

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

Spoons carved from your wood. Preserve special trees, buildings, furniture as heirloom-quality spoons. Details: Ted Berger, Rte. 3, Box 129, Willow Springs, MO 65793.

Tours

Consider a Costa Rican Study Tour Jan. 17 to Jan. 28, 1986. Write or telephone Roy Joe and Ruth Stuckey, 1808 Ashby Rd., St. Louis, MO 63114. (314) 426-3810.

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Part-time or full-time family physician BC/BE to join three women FPs in central Maine. OB included. Office next to hospital. Skowhegan Family Medicine, P.O. Box 6, Skowhegan, ME 04976.

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An Exciting New Book for Friends: A Biography of David Scull

David Scull (1914-1983) lived an exciting and productive life as a Friend.

Langley Hill Monthly Meeting in McLean, Virginia, which David Scull helped found and where he made his spiritual home, is publishing a limited-edition biography of David, to share the story of his extraordinary career. This book will make a unique holiday gift for any Friend who shares David's concerns for racial equality, economic justice, international development, and a strengthened Society of Friends. It will also be a valuable addition to meeting and school libraries.

The biography, by Quaker author Chuck Fager, describes how David's personal Quaker witness led him into some of the major events of recent decades. It tells:

- How David accumulated one of the fattest investigative files in the State Department during the McCarthyite witch-hunts of the 1940s and 1950s, not because of any disloyalty, but because of his ceaseless work for racial equality, cooperatives, and other causes which he felt expressed his Quaker beliefs.
- How he later risked jail to face down a segregationist investigating committee during the years of "massive resistance" to desegregation in Virginia; he fought the case to the U.S. Supreme Court and won.

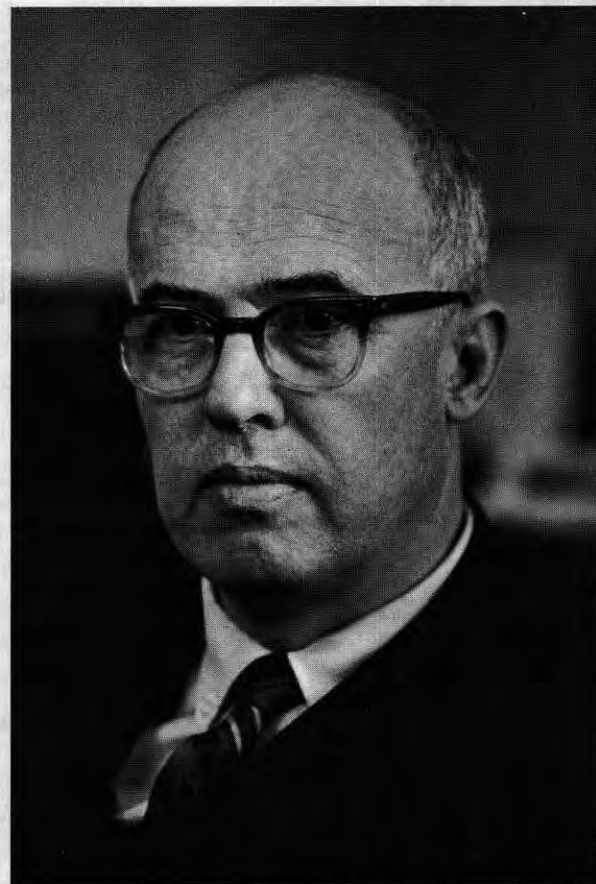
But public protest was not David's main interest. More often he worked quietly and constructively, on scores of Quaker and other committees and in his own business, in pursuit of Quaker values: For instance, his printing firm was the first in Virginia to have a fully integrated staff and a union shop. He served as chairman of the board of a private cooperative school in Virginia when it became the first in the state to integrate in 1950, and he sent all four of his children there.

In the late 1960s, pursuing a long-standing concern to find creative ways to offer effective development assistance to poor countries, David single-handedly conceived and organized Partnership for Productivity, a program of management assistance which now operates successfully in a dozen nations.

Besides these fascinating stories from David's full life, the book offers glimpses of his more personal side, from his struggles as an impoverished Swarthmore College student during the Depression to the later more reflective years with his wife Laurel and their four children. It also includes several of David's own essays.

A Special Limited Edition—Order Now

Only 500 copies of this book are being printed, and they will be ready to ship by early November, in time for holiday gift-giving. Won't you share the story of one of the most accomplished Quakers of our time? Use the coupon to order a copy for yourself, a Friend, or your meeting library.



ORDER FORM

Send to: Scull Book, c/o Langley Hill Friends Meeting, P.O. Box 118, McLean VA 22101

Dear Friends:

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