

December 15, 1985

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today





FRIENDS JOURNAL

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When the old 12th Street Meetinghouse was moved from Philadelphia, Olcott Sanders discovered a piece of stained glass stored in a closet. Cover photograph of the stained glass by Barbara Benton.

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AMONG FRIENDS

Learning to Live With It

For the past five years the JOURNAL staff has taken time in late November to gather for a group photograph for the December 15 issue. It's always fun to face the camera together—but when the proof sheets come back from the photo store, it is sometimes a challenge to reach consensus on which is the best shot ("Not *that* one, I've got my eyes closed . . . oh, no, what a silly grin").

Photographs help to point out our imperfections, just as astute JOURNAL readers sometimes catch us at spelling and grammatical errors in copy. My ears were red (and not from the cold weather yet, Friends) because of at least two such slips in my column in recent issues.

Two things helped me to feel better, however, when I began to consider the difficult task of catching every "typo." The first was a little note I spotted in the *Foulkeways Bulletin* this past year about a flaw in the embroidered wall hanging that brightens a stairwell at the Foulkeways Retirement Community. The embroiderer, Frances McKee, decided not to correct the inadvertent error in the design. Instead she calls it her "Amish mistake." She explains that the Amish believe nothing is perfect unless it is made by God, so all Amish handicraft has at least one imperfection.

The other morale boost occurred the same week that I was combing my hair for the staff photograph. Our computer shared the exciting news that we now have an all-time high of 10,000 subscribers—10,008 to be precise. What an exciting way to conclude the year—and a good sign that our readers can forgive our imperfections.

So as we look at you, we wish you and yours the very best of holiday seasons and good health and happiness in the new year. And we thank you for your continuing support.

Vinton Deming

Seated, from left: Vinton Deming, Carolyn Terrell, Joy Martin, Ruth Laughlin; standing: Eve Homan, Jeanne Beisel, John Gummere, Jim Nevel, Renee Crauder, Gene Miyakawa, Barbara Benton.



Kenneth P. Miller

GOD IN UNLIKELY PLACES

by Robert Frederick Lauer

The light shone in the darkness, and the darkness understood it not. . . . He was in the world, and the world was made by him, but the world knew him not. He came to his own, but they did not receive him. But as many as did receive him, to them he gave the power to become children of God.

John 1:5, 10 12

It amazes me how that first Christmas snuck up on the world. Of course then, like now, everyone was waiting for the Messiah to come; everyone knew that God would send us a savior. They talked about it, prophesied about it, wept and laughed over it.

But for all their talking, arguing, and prophesying, no one thought of walking out the back door and looking for God behind the stables. What would God be doing sleeping in a manger? Society was in big trouble! Organized religion was failing miserably. Family ties weren't as stable as they once were. Rome ruled the world, and those Greek perverts were spreading around all sorts of immoral ideas. And don't forget crime and the threat of war. At a time like this, surely God wouldn't play a dirty trick on us like sneaking out to the stable and falling asleep like a newborn baby in something the animals eat out of!

Well, that's exactly what God did, and few even noticed. How unfair! Or was it? There were clues enough, but people overlooked them. There was that teen-age girl Mary who had been pregnant for the past nine months but only married for a little over three months. Everyone knows what type of girl she is. Is anyone to believe that God had something to do with that? There were those shepherds running around at all hours of the night, singing and shouting about

angels and lights out in their fields, but how can anyone trust such fanatics? And there were those "wise men" from the East—that cult of superstitious astrologers who marched into town talking about "a newborn king." One can never make head-nor-tail of what those Orientals are talking about, and aren't we all too enlightened to take their primitive hocus-pocus seriously?

Well, that's just the way people were back in biblical days, and any resemblance between them and us is purely historical and not a coincidence.

I wonder about the main characters in the Christmas story—did they really know what was going on at the time, or were they as confused and unsure as I might be if I were in their place? Did Mary realize how fully she was accepting God when she accepted that unplanned, unexplainable pregnancy that was sure to cause talk among the neighbors and maybe even rifts in her fami-

ly? Was Joseph aware that he was accepting God when he decided to take Mary as his wife and raise as his own son a child he knew was not biologically his? Did Herod realize he was attempting to murder God when he ordered the slaying of the innocents?

These are questions I ask myself every Christmas, and for the most part, such questions help make the holiday meaningful. I wonder if we see "something of God" in the unwed pregnant teen-age girls in our society, and I wonder what my responsibility in Christ is to such people. I wonder about the fanatics—our latter-day shepherds who come running to us during the night, singing and shouting about angels and lights in the fields. I think about those people from different cultures, nations, and religions whose strange beliefs and practices seem outdated, even uncivilized and ridiculous, who are searching for the same star we more enlightened Westerners are searching for. I think about our modern Herods—those government and religious leaders who would protect the status quo at all costs from any "newborn kings" who just might pop up. And I think of all the humans who will be born this Christmas Eve and put to sleep in mangers and trash cans because we who have so much can't seem to find room in our inns; and I wonder if we, for all our singing of carols and reading of Scriptures, are overlooking God being born again and again into our world.

When all is said and done, I find myself thinking back to that first Christmas Eve. I am sitting in the dark stable, trying to keep warm between the animals as we look on together at what appears to be just another baby sleeping in the manger. Part of me is filled with wonder at the way God sneaks into our world in completely unexpected, sometimes even ridiculous, ways, and part of me is very grateful that I was born nearly 2,000 years after Jesus. It's much easier to see God in a manger, when the manger has been bought from Murphy's and is placed under a lighted Christmas tree. □



Actor in and director of the Tidewater Dinner Theatre in Norfolk, Va., and the Performing Arts School of Portsmouth, Va., Robert Frederick Lauer was the winner of the 1982 Mayhew Literary Award for Drama for his play Digger. He is a member of Virginia Beach (Va.) Meeting.

A CHRISTMAS STORY

by Richard Eldridge

There lies between the earth and farthest star a place—well, no, not a place, because it can't be located—a space where the spirits are. They float like seeds in the wind, their space being the time when they leave the dying flower, and land again to take root. The great spirit that guides us all, let us call it God, is like the wind, for it blows the seeds every which way until, by design or chance, they land and encase themselves around a body.

The spirits do not think about time, but we do, so let us say that one time God decided to send to earth the most special spirit living in the space between earth and the farthest star. God sent one of its favorite spirits, Gabriel, to bring to God the greatest spirit Gabriel could find.

"But what kind of spirit would you like?" Gabriel asked. "What would be the greatest?"

God thought. "I suppose the spirit that is most in my image," it said.

So Gabriel, being what it was, went out in all directions and all speeds at once, trying to find a spirit most in God's image. We know neither how long it took nor whether Gabriel cared, but let us say that for 40 days and 40 nights Gabriel searched from the earth to the farthest star for this spirit. At last Gabriel returned with not one but three spirits.

"I couldn't decide," Gabriel said. "Since all spirits are in your image, who am I to say which is most like you?"

God thought for a moment, or something like a moment, and said, "In that case, I shall hear all three and choose the one most like me."

Richard Eldridge, the principal of Buckingham Friends School, is on the Executive Committee of the Friends Council on Education. He is a member of Doylestown (Pa.) Meeting.



Gabriel brought the first spirit into God's awareness. "Here," Gabriel said, "is a spirit you will trust most."

God considered this piece of energy and knew it well, for it whirled about and flexed its heat in a perfectly orderly way. But God decided to ask it some questions anyway. "What," asked God, "is your faith like?"

The spirit answered, "My faith is a reflection of your light."

"How would you defend your faith?"

"I would defend my faith with the power of a million spirits, and utterly destroy those who forsake us."

"Suppose they do not know they forsake us?"

"Then in their ignorance may they be destroyed."

God sadly nodded its mind. "You are to be trusted. Truly the power of God will be defended to the end, even if you be the only one left."

The spirit was elated. "Why yes," it said, "for if I am the only one left, our power need never be defended again."

God said, "Gabriel, who else is in my image?"

Gabriel brought forth another spirit. "Here," Gabriel said, "is a spirit you will admire most."

God, though it knew all things, was less sure about this force, for it spun closely in upon itself, and any light that passed its way was swallowed into blackness. So God said, "What is your greatest hope?"

"My greatest hope," replied the spirit, as if talking to itself, "is to know that everything has a purpose other than swirling about as stars and starfish, galaxies and goldenrod, moons and mice. I hope I can encompass all wisdom to find the truth, and at long last be at peace with myself."

God's heart ached. "You are to be admired for the truth you seek, for it is a perfect truth. Truly the secret of the universe lies in the seed, and when the seed grows, it loses a truth."

"Yes," the spirit said, "if only I could learn the wisdom of returning to the seed without dying."

God was about to say that nothing dies, nothing; and that seeds are never beginnings, never. But God knew that a spirit so admirable in purpose needed to continue hoping. "Who else," God asked Gabriel, "is most in my image?"





Gabriel brought forth a third spirit. "Here," Gabriel said, "is a spirit you will love most."

Into God's awareness came a faltering patch of light, a bundle of nods and blinks that never quite went out. In God's memory there appeared something like the farthest star, farthest because it had been the first to be created. God was moved to tenderness, even though God was baffled that such imperfect light should still be shining after so long a time—or, we should say, so long a space. "What is it you love most?" God asked.

"I love wood," the spirit said. "I love wood, for even when it is no longer a tree it still lives its beauty. I love wood because it too must love: it exacts no demands when it shelters, no tribute when it is felled, no reverence when it is shaped to the needs of the user. It gives light, heat, and comfort, whether it be thanked or not."

God was amazed, for it had not thought much about wood, having created so many other things encased in spirit. "Gabriel," God said, "take this spirit to earth, for it is most in my image. Encase it around a—no, not a tree, a human. But give it hands that will love wood. Make it a carpenter. And even to the very end, when the spirit leaves, fasten its hands to the wood it so loves, even if the hands must bleed. Let it know that of faith, hope, and love, the greatest is love."

So Gabriel whirled toward earth with the spirit, found a human body to be encased for a moment of time, and placed the spirit carefully in the straw that was there. Then Gabriel flew to the hills in search of a few humans with wooden crooks in their hands to give them the good news. □

CHRISTMAS QUERY

are you a gift to the meeting
is your present sometimes sent
wrapped up in plain brown paper
and filled up with good intent?

are you a gift to the meeting
do bright ribbons ever hide
a dark and lonely silence
that denies the light inside?

well i sometimes feel an answer
it's a conscious covenant
to be ready, even willing
to receive what i have sent

elaine werner

CAROLINA WREN

After stockings by the fireplace
the opening of presents
it's time to pull on woolen hats
wrap scarfs under our chins
wrench on tight-fitting boots
for our Christmas morning walk
to Meeting

Sometimes, under loblolly pines
we stand in the soft fall of snow
and listen for the call
of the small brown bird

Today,
from the brushpile by the hedgerow
we hear his rolling liquid notes
for all the world proclaiming
the Child is born

Maxwell Corydon Wheat, Jr.

PEACE IN NOVEMBER

The Christmas cactus has four buds,
Advent flower, ivory deep pink center.
The brown grass waits for snow.
A child smiles as
the neighbor splits wood, lifts
the fresh piece to smell
the pine before tossing it
to the pile.

Jane Elkington Wohl

THE POSTURES OF PEACEMAKING

by Ron McDonald

Peacemaking is in crisis today. This is nothing new. Peacemaking has always been in crisis. Peacemakers usually live and work under threat, in places where peace is sorely needed. They tend to be unpopular and living in danger. But this threat has never been the real crisis. The real crisis continues to be how peaceful people meet the threat. It is a crisis of choice: shall we live as peacemakers *apart from* or as peacemakers *a part of*? The path often chosen is to live *apart from* the warring world, but the most liberating and righteous peacemaking continues to be from people who are *a part of* the warring world. This route for peacemaking is one that requires four very difficult postures. They are righteousness, power, undefendedness, and compassion—postures that are based upon a very simple and profound profession: by grace through faith.

I want to challenge the view of peacemaking that sees it as something apart from violence and war; that is meekness or gentleness, not peacemaking. Peacemakers, we are told, are to be called the children of God, while the meek shall inherit the earth. By meekness or gentleness we are blessed with community praise and love because we are Mother Teresa to so many, but by peacemaking we become one with all of God's children and are hardly distinguishable

from them. *The real peacemakers are those who are so much a part of the world that they are dirtied by it.* The four postures of peacemaking require an expanded view of righteousness, power, and undefendedness. These postures are what make peacemaking a task not apart from the world, but a part of it.

Peacemaking begins with righteousness that is based not upon peacemaking but upon a deeper sense of righteousness, such as apostle Paul taught: righteousness that can never be fully earned, not even by peacemaking. Romans 3:30-31 can rightly be paraphrased this way: "God will therefore justify both the (Jews) peacemakers by virtue of their faith, and the (Gentiles) warriors through their faith. Does this mean that we are using faith to undermine (the

law) peacemaking? By no means: we are placing (the law) peacemaking itself on a firmer footing."

This firmer footing, which is faith, is faith that must mean a *trusting surrender* to God's grace, which as a stance is *openness*. Faith must not be merely surrender, for we sometimes surrender to overwhelming enemies and hate it. It must be trusting, for then and only then can it be relaxing and comforting—saving. And trusting surrender is experienced as a sense of opening up. As such we can actually *will* faith. I can decide to open up: my body, my thoughts, my feelings, myself. Abraham opened up to God and that was counted as righteousness!

Openness is a prerequisite to peacemaking. Openness is the human ground for peacemaking. It means that we are

The real peacemakers are those who are so much part of the world that they are dirtied by it.

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righteous *not* because we are peacemakers but because we are open to the violent and warring in the world as well as the goodness and peace in the world. We dare to let the world's evil into our own home. Make no mistake about it. To do so makes us behave badly on occasion, for we cannot rub elbows with those bad influences without occasionally doing just what we believe is wrong. Being a part of this world makes us a part of what is wrong with this world as well as a part of what is good.

But our righteousness does not depend on being apart from evil! We are righteous by faith, and the faith stance is without walls to shut out the world—it is open. Peacemakers are righteous not by their peacemaking activities but by faith.

Peacefulness depends on a feeling of power. People who feel powerful in and of themselves do not feel the need to resort to violence.

People who can be peaceful under duress feel the power in themselves to imagine other choices and possibilities. One possibility they can embrace is death. The ultimate result of violence is death, and the ultimate risk of peacemaking near violence is death.

But the peacefulness of the peacemaker depends not on living or even protecting life but in seeking to enable others to live life fully while accepting death as a meaningful part of life itself. The Eternal Now is the seat of power; that means living fully in the present, regarding life and its challenges—even

death—as holy. Death is not to defend against. The peacemaker has no qualms with the words of the "Battle Hymn": "As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free." As Dick Gregory points out, the words are not "As He *killed* to make men holy, let us kill to make men free."

But there can be no peaceful death without the grace of God. The firmer footing for peacemaking is not merely faith, but also grace. Grace is the blessing that empowers us through faith. Grace is the experience of acceptance.

Moments of grace are those occasional times when we feel so much at peace, so satisfied with what we have, that death is not bothersome. At these times we feel that we have loved enough and been loved enough; we are filled up and need no more. This is the power of God's grace liberating us from our usual compulsive attempts to find acceptance and fight off death and finitude. With grace we feel salvation. We have hope.

We often backslide from that sense of assuredness and peace, for doubts are at every corner and death is too mysterious and final to be inviting. But what if we could kindle that feeling continuously? Would we not then have a sense of power so great that violence, whether small or large, would not seem to be the only choice? With such power would not our sense of commonality with *all* people compel us to seek solutions that would not harm our brothers and sisters? With such power we would have nothing to defend. Not even death could separate us from the love of God.

It is this posture of undefendedness in which human work becomes central. Faith is not work; it means trusting surrender, openness. Grace is not work; it is the power of love and hope given to us freely, no strings attached. Undefendedness, however, is hard work. It means that we accept consciously the attacks on our attitudes, behavior, and body that are slung at us. Undefendedness is a posture of faith, of opening up that is possible because we trust that grace will be there, that we will feel accepted and hopeful in spite of difficulties and pain.

Unlike the experience of grace and faith, which are more aligned with emotion, undefendedness is more aligned with thought. One simple way to be undefended is to tell ourselves "I am okay. I can listen." When attacked or criticized, saying this to ourselves can put us in an undefended posture, ready to listen and understand. By reminding ourselves that we are okay and can listen, we not only calm ourselves down, remove defenses, but we also let ourselves feel safe and capable. And no one can be a peacemaker without feeling safe and capable. It feels safe to be saying, "I have no need to defend myself. I am okay as I am." It feels capable to be saying, "I can listen without the interference of defenses and fears."

I believe this posture is simple, but as the cliché goes, some of the simplest things are the hardest to do. The difficulty of being undefended is the task of becoming less defended to those conflicts in our personality, or, as psychotherapists describe it, getting behind the defenses to re-experience and liberate ourselves from early conflicts. There is no easy way to do this. If there were, there would be no need for psychotherapy, spiritual guidance, or religious communities. In fact, ridding ourselves of defenses is the most difficult of life's challenges. Gandhi used to say that the most difficult battle is the one in one's own soul. This is a battle that is intensely personal, yet it is not a battle to do alone.

Being with someone undefended is a deep craving in all of us. In the presence of such a person we experience a sense of acceptance and safety that allows us

Peacemakers are righteous not by their peacemaking activities but by their faith.

Peacemaking must move back into the world and be part of it.

to muster up the courage to face our own defenses. An undefended person is one who is not afraid, not even afraid of our own aggression at him or her. A startling sense of peacefulness is linked with personal power. We sense this person can be hurt, but is not afraid of hurt, even embraces hurt, claiming ownership of his or her own emotions no matter what they are. In such presence we feel a sense of emotional logic that says, "If this person I am with is not so afraid to defend himself or herself, then what I am defending myself against must not be dangerous." Undefendedness begets undefendedness.

No one is undefended all the time, but there are many who can share with us moments of undefendedness that feed our courage and push us to grow. Undefendedness is not a permanent state for anyone—we are all human, of course. We see it in snatches, always experiencing it *now*.

The peacemaker develops this posture of undefendedness in the presence of an undefended mentor. It is essential to our ability to be peacemakers that each of us seek mentors of undefendedness.

Until we transform our society back to smaller-knit communities where old and young, strong and weak constantly interact intimately, I believe we desperately need two types of mentoring for peace. One is to seek a spiritual guide or a psychotherapist, not merely to solve problems but to help us look at ourselves. The relationship between "priest" (or therapist) and seeker is one in which the work of finding inner peace can

more easily and effectively take place. The priest or therapist has three sources of strength: one is the protection of the appointed hour and confidentiality itself where openness is expected and easier; another is that the priests or therapists have themselves experienced personal mentoring with another priest or therapist; and, thirdly, the grace of God is expected, i.e., the "power of positive thinking" is at work.

The second type of mentoring is to be a part of a spiritual community where we can join other serious seekers in pulling apart from the outside world on a regular, albeit time-limited basis. The strength we receive from worship and retreat is more powerful than bombs. It is essential.

The route to undefendedness requires that we pull apart from the world and look into our own souls and psychic history, but if that is as far as we go then we are not peacemakers. That is the route to gentleness or meekness, a valuable route indeed. But peacemaking must move back into the world and be a part of it. Undefendedness is not only a spiritual stance but a political stance. Undefendedness in the world means that we are ready and willing to face the slings and arrows of fortune and violence, content with the lives we presently have. Undefendedness means we do not live for the future, but rally around the power of the present, unwilling to defend ourselves from the consequences of past errors or to destroy for personal desires.

Undefendedness can be just as social

as it is personal. What if we were so confident in the *spirit* of the United States that we did not feel threatened by the Soviets? With such confidence couldn't we disarm *unilaterally*, assured that the Soviets could not conquer the American spirit and would find no joy in trying to do so?

The American belief in the importance of defense is a lack of confidence in the American spirit. It is unpatriotic. *Real* patriotism needs no defense. As an undefended nation we have nothing to fear. As a defended nation perhaps we need to heed some of the prophetic words of Edward Gibbon, written at the conclusion of his classic study, *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*: "Everything that is fortified will be destroyed."

Finally, at the end we have only compassion. We ask in pain, How can we do all this evil to one another? The peacemaker is so fully involved in the world, touching its pain and its joy, that every expression that is life-taking rather than life-giving or life-enabling is a blow to the very heart. How else can one react but with passion? Sorrow and tears are unavoidable in peacemaking, but joy and laughter are unavoidable too, for the whole of life is embraced with deep and abiding compassion. The peacemaker is in love, and like Jesus, wails, "O Jerusalem, O Jerusalem, would that I could take you into my arms and hold you safely and teach you peace." And when Jerusalem responds, as it does occasionally, the peacemaker dances with joy!

All I want to say about being a peacemaker cannot be encapsulated into the idea of compassion, but it would be nothing without compassion. Compassion is what gives life and humaneness to even the peacemaker. But if compassion is all we have, then our gift is that of meekness, and if Jesus is right, we shall inherit the earth. But peacemaking involves us more directly in the sins of the world, calling us to a righteousness that is not apart from the world but warm and open to *all* others, filling us with the power of God's accepting grace, and disarming us to undefendedness.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God. □

"DO NO EVIL, DO ONLY GOOD"



Photographs by Kerttu Barnett

by Kerttu Barnett

Burma is perhaps one of the few remaining countries in which religion is practiced as a way of life. This is especially true in the countryside. My husband, Irving, and I had an opportunity to visit the Socialist Republic of the Union of Burma last spring and to experience this for ourselves.

During my first day in Rangoon, I took my shoes off and walked up the wide steps of Sule Pagoda, heading toward a golden bell-shaped tower that shone in the morning light. The huge bell is indeed encrusted with thick layers of gold leaf, gifts from worshipers. According to Buddhist belief, the shape of the bell (like the ones used to summon a maid) embodies perfection, and thus reminds its viewers of the Buddhist goal of attaining perfection. Around the bell tower are clusters of shrines in which images of Buddha sit alone or together. Each shrine is different. They are lovingly decorated with silver, gold, and marble, together with all that is proper for a Buddha figure. I felt that I had suddenly left this world and was removed to another place where wonders awaited me at each step.

After each offering, a yellow-robed monk sounded a huge bronze bell with a wooden mallet. The mellow sound vibrated upward, announcing that a good merit had been earned. Everywhere people were placing fresh flowers in front of Buddhas or pouring water

Once active in New York Yearly Meeting, Kerttu Barnett and her husband, Irving Barnett, live and work in Beijing, China. Kerttu writes that there are now four Friends in Beijing who hold meetings regularly in the Barnetts' apartment.



over small marble statues of Buddha in the courtyard. I understood that this was a holy place. I have been accustomed to the plain surroundings of the Quaker meetinghouse—the statues, rituals, chants, kneeling, and milling of the people here left me mystified. I wished to find somebody to answer my questions and explain it to me.

My wish was immediately fulfilled. How could it be otherwise? An elderly man approached me and spoke to me in perfect English. He was one of the nine trustees of Sule Pagoda. He invited me to his office, where I could ask all the questions I wished. He very kindly explained to me many of the rituals I had observed in the pagoda. On the next day Irving, who had even more questions than I, went to see him also. After a long discussion, the trustee suggested that we speak with an 82-year-old Buddhist monk, who surely could answer all our remaining questions.

Next evening a barefoot driver wearing a long skirt-like garment appeared at our door. He drove his small passenger Jeep at a dizzying rate of speed. I sat next to him while Irving bounced up and down on a wooden bench behind us. Once we shot across a wide highway full of fast moving traffic without any hesitation. After some time we arrived at a compound that turned out to be an army depot. The soldier on guard, who

was leaning against a palm tree, seemed to know the place we were looking for. We were directed to the gate of a wooden building quite near the road.

A friendly young girl invited us in. We removed our shoes and entered a spacious room with wooden floors, flowers on the table, and a cluster of chairs, including a small rocking chair in one corner. Many fresh flowers were placed in front of a life-size golden Buddha who sat in a glass case. On the wall were photographs of a man in a monk's robe.

We sat down and waited. The noise of the traffic outside made the room seem by contrast quiet and peaceful. A very old man in a red-orange robe entered. He introduced himself as U Thit-Tila, the man we had come to see. We had no idea of his rank in the monasterial order or how to greet him formally. We pulled our chairs up and tried to sit as close as possible in order to hear him over the din of traffic.

He seemed to be very comfortable with us and asked us some questions. When he found out that we were Quakers, his face lit up. He was, it seemed, familiar with many British Quakers and told us about a speaking trip he had made to the United States, arranged by Kenneth Morgan, a well-known member of the Quaker community.

Now we had an opportunity to ask our questions. We were aware that the

government was trying to raise the standard of living in Burma and asked how the Buddhist leaders saw their role in improving economic conditions.

He replied that while all religions should be treated equally, if Buddhism were taken away from people in Burma there would be little left. Buddhism in Burma is based on a spiritual view of life, but now the social conditions are changing; new conditions are coming in. Religion here has nothing to do with government; it is entirely an individual matter. The Buddhist leaders are not free to talk about government. He seemed to be very sad about this situation.

He continued: "Buddhism is said to be a pessimistic religion, since its goals are so high that they cannot be reached. This is not so. Buddhism is for everybody. It is not only for Buddhists but it is for lay people also. To be heavenly good demands practice; it is not an instant revelation. Man became Buddha through compassion, love, and kindness. Buddha was a human teacher."

He stressed that each of us should rely on our inner potentialities and work for our own salvation. We have a power, a



spark of wisdom dwelling in each of us, which we develop by thinking rightly, helping each other, and living in peace and love. "Do no evil, do only good," Buddha teaches.

Although simple, his teachings are nevertheless difficult to follow. To illustrate his thoughts U Thit-Tila told us a story:

A Chinese emperor had a wise premier with high qualities. He was a skillful statesman, an excellent orator, a great poet, and a good writer. The emperor liked this premier for the many things he could do. One day the emperor asked his counselors, "Who is the wisest man in my land?" "The premier" was the answer. "Who is the most revered and loved?" asked the emperor. There was no answer. "Answer me rightly, why are you so quiet?" insisted the emperor. The answer finally came: "It is not the premier, it is an old monk, rather uneducated, who lives in the forest." "I am dumbfounded," the premier said when he heard of this. "What did this monk do in order to be so loved? I must go and see him."

The monk was sitting in the front of his hut when the premier arrived. "You see I am here," called the premier. "I came here to ask you one question. You sit here and it seems that you have nothing to do. I am very busy; I have many responsibilities. Tell me, what is the most important thing for a person to do?"

The old monk answered: "Do not do any evil, do only good." "What, this is it?" said the disappointed premier. "I expected great things—this is only simple—rather elementary."

The monk looked at him and said: "Yes, you are right, the answer is so simple, but it is very difficult to follow. You are a politician. Are you able to practice doing good and no evil even for a single day? Are you able to keep your mind calm, quiet, pure of hatred, malice, and envy?"

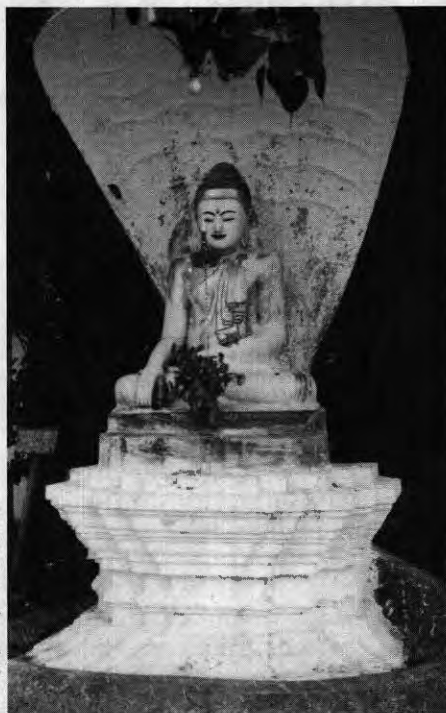
The premier did not ask more but went silently away.

Darkness fell around us, as we sat listening to the monk. The golden Buddha in the glass case kept smiling, and little by little our many questions became less and less important, and finally ceased.

U Thit-Tila continued to talk. He said that Western societies ignore the idea of enlightenment; they neither give people

opportunities to grow in grace, nor do they teach how to develop the physical, emotional, and moral aspect of their nature. He said he had often been asked whether Buddha had anything to do with worldly affairs—to which he responded that Buddha in his teachings, encourages all kinds of development in us.

He then told a story: a man named Rhadu was very eager to see the Buddha, to listen to the Buddha. However, Rhadu had lost his oxen and had to find



Photographs by Keritu Barnett

them first. Without his oxen he could not work his fields and would have nothing to eat. In the midday he found his oxen. He ran to the Buddha. Buddha knew he had had nothing to eat. "Poor man," said the Buddha, "is there any food left? If he is hungry, he will not be able to concentrate." Those who are hungry must be given food, for only then can they take the spiritual food they are offered.

Before we left I asked his blessing. When we walked back to our Jeep I felt that we were like the premier in his story. We were also given a rare opportunity to ask the question: What is the most important thing for a person to do? And we were reminded by this loving and wise monk. "Do no evil, do only good." We too walked away silently pondering the message he had given us. □

by Bruce Birchard

During meeting for worship on August 4, as I thought about the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, my thoughts turned to the question of evil. For many years the abstract idea of "evil," like so many of the orthodox religious concepts with which I had grown up, held little meaning for me. I had worked for civil rights for black people, for an end to the Vietnam War, and for disarmament and peace, but *evil*—that word did not speak to my condition.

The idea of evil began to have meaning for me when, several years ago, I spent a day in Auschwitz. Until that time, the Holocaust was represented in my mind by the image of the concentration camps and the vicious, cruel, and obviously "insane" (i.e., "not human") SS men who ran them. I knew about the awful experiments that doctors had performed on their suffering victims. I knew about the beatings and individual cruelties, and held in my mind many particular horror stories.

But the visit to Auschwitz changed this image of the Holocaust for me. There I saw the remains of a massive and efficient industry devoted to the total exploitation and destruction of human beings. The camp called Birkenau was the largest of the Auschwitz camps. It measured nearly a mile on each side. The railroad tracks led straight to the gas chambers, which stood near the crematoriums. Here, in four years, more than three million Jews, Communists, Socialists, homosexuals, gypsies, Soviet soldiers, and handicapped people had been gassed and cremated.

And then I understood. This was not the product of deranged and demented minds. This facility could only have been built by highly skilled and trained engineers and architects. Such an industry could only have been run by educated and well-trained bureaucrats and

A member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting, Bruce Birchard is the co-coordinator for the National Disarmament Program of the American Friends Service Committee.

RECOGNIZING EVIL

administrators. The real creators and operators of the Holocaust could not have been monsters. They had to be reasonably sane and competent people, and many must have seemed quite decent. They were involved in institutions and bureaucratic structures which somehow diffused responsibility for the monstrous evil being perpetrated, but, as the Nuremberg War Crimes Tribunal decided, this did not relieve them of responsibility.

I am reminded of the centuries of slavery in the United States. Most of the slaveholders and slave traders who exploited and directly or indirectly killed millions of African women, men, and children must have been thought by their neighbors to be decent, God-fearing people. It even took more than a century for Friends to become clear about this evil.

In this light I also reflect on the development and use of nuclear weapons. I have come to appreciate the fact that Robert Oppenheimer, director of the Manhattan Project, which developed the first atomic bomb, was a man with very deep and fine concerns for humanity. Edward Teller, the physicist who developed the hydrogen bomb, and who continues to argue vehemently for new and increasingly sophisticated nuclear weapons today, is said to be an accomplished classical pianist.

What does this mean, that people who are otherwise loving and sensitive can be the instruments of such horrible exploitation, suffering, and death? I am reminded of the first book I was given to read when I went to college in 1963. It was Hannah Arendt's classic study of the Holocaust, *Eichmann in Jerusalem*, in which she describes the banality of evil. Recalling this book, I understand that evil does not usually have the appearance we anticipate. We think of evil as shocking and obvious, but it often appears in entirely ordinary and even benign garb.

As Friends, we often look at these facts and stress that there is indeed "that of God" in the evildoer. This is an important and even precious insight. But the problem lies here also: that we often ignore the reality of the evil in our rush

to affirm the good, or even the potential for good. This is particularly easy to do because evil so often runs through what may be considered perfectly normal people and institutions.

This problem is exacerbated by the fact that (most U.S. Friends being reasonably well-off citizens of the most powerful nation in the world) we are seldom at the receiving end of the grossest forms of violence and exploitation (though women, people of color, gays, and lesbians have more experience in this regard than most of the rest of us). Few of us have experienced the effects of the weapons which our country uses and exports. Our children are not dying of malnutrition.

As we consider the extremes of violence, oppression, and death in the

world around us—from Central America to South Africa to Afghanistan, from the poverty, unemployment, and drugs of the poor who live amid our unparalleled affluence to the nuclear arsenals of the next holocaust—we must realize that evil is very much alive and thriving in our beautiful, God-filled world, just as beauty and truth and love are.

Recognizing this, we must take the courage to recognize these evils and to confront them in the strongest ways we can imagine. This was the gift of Gandhi, of Martin Luther King, and indeed of Jesus of Nazareth: to confront the greatest evils of our world *in love*, but without denying the reality of the evil itself or the fact that real, human people carry out the most evil deeds. We must try to do no less. □



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A BIBLE ALPHABET

In response to "Learning Our ABCs" (FJ 3/15), several Friends have sent their suggestions for a Bible verse alphabet. Our special thanks to Louise and Whitelaw Wilson, Althea Postlethwaite, and Maggie Ziegler for their recommendations. Unless noted, verses are taken from the Revised Standard Version. Does some reader have a suggestion of a verse starting with the letter X?—Ed.

Ask, and it will be given you; seek and you will find; knock and it will be opened to you.

Matt. 7:7

Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they shall be satisfied.

Matt. 5:6

Consider the lilies, how they grow; they neither toil nor spin; yet I tell you, even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Luke 12:27

Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

Ps. 34:14

Every good endowment and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of lights. . . .

James 1:17

For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven; a time to be born, and a time to die.

Eccles. 3:1-2

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Ps. 46:1

Honor your father and your mother, that your days may be long in the land which the Lord your God gives you.

Exod. 20:12

In thee, O Lord, do I take refuge; let me never be put to shame!

Ps. 71:1

Judge not, that you be not judged.

Matt. 7:1

Keep yourselves in the love of God; wait for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.

Jude 21

Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this thing that has happened, which the Lord has made known to us.

Luke 2:15

May God be gracious to us and bless us and make his face to shine upon us. . . .

Ps. 67:1

No one can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or he will be devoted to the one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and mammon.

Matt. 6:24



Geoffrey Makins, courtesy of Quaker Monthly

O Lord, thou art my God; I will exalt thee, I will praise thy name; for thou hast done wonderful things, plans formed of old, faithful and sure.

Isa. 25:1

Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you; not as the world gives do I give to you. Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid.

John 14:27

Quicken me after thy loving-kindness; so shall I keep the testimony of thy mouth.

Ps. 119:88 KJV

Rejoice in your hope, be patient in tribulation, be constant in prayer.

Rom. 12:12

Seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things shall be yours as well.

Matt. 6:33

Therefore do not be anxious about tomorrow, for tomorrow will be anxious for itself. Let the day's own trouble be sufficient for the day.

Matt. 6:34

Underneath are the everlasting arms.

Deut. 33:27

Vanity of vanities! All is vanity.

Eccles. 1:2

When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became a man, I gave up childish ways. For now we see in a mirror dimly, but then face to face.

1 Cor. 13:11-12

Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe.

John 4:48 KJV

You are the light of the world.

Matt. 5:14

Zion hears and is glad, and the daughters of Judah rejoice, because of thy judgments, O God.

Ps. 97:8

SEARCHING

We tumble down the hill
falling into our own crevice.
Circling above our own canyons
we rise like eagles on the wind.

Judith Randall



STORM

Billowed clouds lie heavy
in the western sky,
the setting sun
in one last flare
darts probing shafts of pink
and purple light around
their somber graying ranks,
and slips beneath the sea—
full quiet is the water
on the night.

Though it should be
this lowering calm presage a storm,
yet peace it is to gather strength
before its might.

Leigh Tucker

BEYOND THE DREAM

You and I riding an updraft,
soaring on outstretched wings,
dancing in perfect symmetry
to the sound of silence—no
end and no beginning,
no awkward take-off or landing
with flapping wings, unsteady
feet—only an out-flowing
past known horizons, powered by
crystal light from eye-windows
meeting and holding course
together, till time again
is before, and silence after.

Effortless the parting as if
overtones once heard
would sound forever. Even
so—forever.

Emily Sargent Councilman

SUN ON BLEAK WATER

You are the sun
smiling on bleak water
and frozen meadow,
until the reeds relax,
remembering spring.

You are a warm fire
on a bitter night,
when the Gestapo wind
finds every hiding place,
and snow, the hungry bloodhound,
tracks my weary feet
to your safe garrison.

Alice MacKenzie Swaim

Sister Horse and Brother Ox

by Hi Doty

On a First-day morning thee likely will be greeted at our meetinghouse door by Shemp, the Gaynors' golden retriever, radiating a fine air of geniality, his tail awag and a green tennis ball tight in his teeth. GP-2, our nursery school's current guinea pig, is waiting inside, not so demonstrative as Shemp but, in his/her own solemn way, showing the same pleasure at the sound of thy voice or the touch of thy hand. Just now GP-2 is working out a relationship with Bébé-Bugs, a domestic rabbit, who recently came to us as a result of SPCA intervention in a cruelty-to-animals case. And that time is near when the warmth of our meetinghouse may coax a few field mice in from the cold, to worship with us for a season.

Our understanding is fed by these small reminders that *Homo sapiens* is only one species among God's children, but they are small reminders indeed, compared with the rich association of man and beast that occurred on most of the 15,600 First-day mornings of Concord (Pa.) Meeting's 300 years.

Today we are brought to meeting by machines from Detroit or Japan that purr as though with life while they carry us, but then go cold and dead when their ignition is turned off. They are not part of God's creation. We park them beside a row of empty carriage sheds.

A member of Concord (Pa.) Meeting, Hi Doty writes a regular column called "Quaker Philately" for the Concord Monthly Meeting Newsletter. His column draws connections between the meeting and the stamp with which the newsletter was mailed. This column is reprinted from the October 1985 issue.

Our carriage sheds weren't always empty and silent. Through most of our 300 years they steamed with warm, sweet-smelling bodies, and from them came the sounds of pawing hoofs, of great soft lips snuffling and sneezing in the oats-bags, of whinnying horse-language, of the jangle of harness fittings. And the family dogs, who had trotted to meeting under the axles, had their own parts in our First-day carriage-shed symphony.

Lewis Palmer, jotting down Concord reminiscences in 1911, recalled that in his boyhood many members arrived on horseback, sometimes husband and wife on the same horse, sometimes two boys or two girls astride together. He remembered the various vehicles, gigs replacing wagons, then giving way to carriages. He noted that by 1911 automobiles were bringing some members.

This month's newsletter is carried by stamps picturing two of the vehicles that once rolled up to our sheds, a buckboard of the 1880s, and a surrey of the 1890s, two items plucked from our Postal Service's Transportation Series. Let thy mind's eye add shafts to them and place horses within the shafts, for we are looking this month at living, breathing things.



Our first members came into a vast, dark forest, and the physical task of making it farmland was more than humans alone could handle, so they turned to our fellows, the horse and the ox. First homes were primitive caves or cabins, which often sheltered human and beast together, yokefellows by day, bedfellows by night. When time made better housing possible, human and beast lived separately, but there was equal concern for the comfort of each. The old stone farmhouses which survive in our neighborhood are overtowered by their great stone barns, the homes of sister horse and brother ox.

For most of us, those days are gone;

the farm is suburban development; the barn is empty, or in ruins, or converted into apartments. Most of the wild animals who have chosen to remain with us are creatures of the night, and we see little of them. We turn to dogs and cats to meet the ancient human need for animal associates.

These are the days of holocaust for our fellow creatures. They are threatened everywhere by loss of environment and extinction. The bulldozer and the chain saw, the poisons dispersed by planes, the pollution pouring everywhere into the waters—by countless obscene ways we are killing God's creation. We hope that all Friends are supporters of the World Wildlife Fund,



Greenpeace, National Wildlife Federation, and other attempts to rescue our friends from extermination.

But of all dangers faced by our fellow creatures, the most dreadful for them, as for us, is nuclear war. Once again, as in the caves and cabins of our first members, we and the beasts are in it together, share and share alike. The scientific community is reaching agreement that an all-out nuclear war will bring a years-long nuclear winter night. The sun will not penetrate our blanket of floating debris; the earth's surface will grow cold, and the oceans will freeze, and all hearts will cease to beat, whether in great blue whales or tiny fruit flies. If we go, we'll take Shemp and GP-2 with us, as well as the meetinghouse mice, thy dog, and my cat. There will be no more mountain gorillas, chipmunks, black-tailed ferrets. No new lamb or kitten ever will be born. God's gift of life will end.

If there is a cat on thy lap when thee reads this, or a dog at thy feet, look now into animal eyes, and promise that thee will work harder, for the sake of all of us, to root out this final evil from its home—the human heart. It is not too late. □

Response to the Cadbury Event

For the 1985 Cadbury Event FRIENDS JOURNAL presented Sonia Johnson, who delivered an address, "Feminism: The CenterPeace," on July 1 at the Friends General Conference gathering in Slippery Rock, Pa. Excommunicated by the Mormon church for her active support of the Equal Rights Amendment, she has become known as a feminist, peace activist, lecturer, and author. Her speech was excerpted in the October 1 issue of the JOURNAL. —Ed.

Response to the event:

On reading the JOURNAL's excerpts from Sonia Johnson's talk at the Friends General Conference gathering last July, I am even more distressed than when I heard the words spoken. If I was stunned then to find that Friends would not only listen but applaud such an overwrought, emotional outpouring, I am even more appalled now when I see it in print and recall that for a week it was hailed as the great revelation of the 1985 gathering.

I am glad that Henry Cadbury, in whose honor the lecture was named, was not there. I think he would have been most uncomfortable. For Henry Cadbury had a gentle wit. He was the soul of careful scholarship and honesty. His use of words was precise and illuminating—not blinding. I think he would have

disliked the emotionalism, the use of dramatization and folksy humor as tricks of rhetoric, the references to rape and incest for shock purposes, the jump from partial truths to the exaggerated conclusion that our patriarchal society is conducting a "war on women." (If so, it is certainly a war that is being lost.)

I recognize that for centuries women were treated as inferiors in Western civilization, but this was an arrangement that began as a practical division of labor and grew into a cultural taboo against a reversal of roles. In my lifetime (I am 65) I have seen technology (in the form of vacuum cleaners, refrigerators, washing machines, and dryers) make it possible for women to break away from the confines of child care and housekeeping and change those mores. I have seen women make gain after gain in professions formerly open only to men and attaining higher and higher levels of responsibility. I see doors opening rather than closing.

Sonia Johnson, as a Mormon, may have an excuse for her feelings, since Mormons are known to have been far more restrictive in their treatment of women than other groups in our society. She goes too far, however, when she assumes this is universal, and Quakers do not have to agree with her. And when she goes still further to cite rape and incest as a result of, or as examples of, patriarchy, I find her remarks downright offensive, especially as she draws them

out in dramatic detail to increase their shock value. Rape and incest are too serious a matter to be spoken of in an inflammatory manner.

I would like to add that Sonia Johnson concludes her piece with the extravagant comment that we must do something "revolutionary . . . learn to love women . . . because those characteristics called womanly are at this time the characteristics which are most human." My answer: Not all women are perfect. Women too can be corrupted by power. It is not a question of male versus female natures, but of immaturity versus maturity—of macho versus compassionate. And both men and women have been and can be either.

Amy Weber
Haddonfield, N.J.

I very much enjoyed the Cadbury Event at Slippery Rock. Thanks so much for inviting Sonia Johnson. What she said should be an inspiration to all of us. I am sharing the tape with friends so they too can benefit.

Juanita Benton
Memphis, Tenn.

I want to thank you for bringing Sonia Johnson to the Friends General Conference gathering as the Cadbury Event speaker. I actually think it is the best Friends gathering I've ever attended. For the first time I left with no First-day pain, which is what I call the pain I feel on a regular basis when I am continually excluded by language, by concepts, by messages, and by attitudes. I feel excluded by most of present-day Quaker analysis because it seems to be just a rehash, in Quakerese, of the same old patriarchal, controlling, win-lose analysis that has held sway for the majority of recorded human history.

I'm sure that if George Fox and Margaret Fell, yes even Jesus himself, had been at the Cadbury Event they would have stood up and cheered to hear a different view, so close to their own, of a possible spiritual and action way to save humankind from annihilation while nourishing our souls. Sonia Johnson's outpouring of love to that which is best in each of us was a balm to my soul.

Alice Wiser
Guelph, Ontario, Canada

Sonia Johnson put it all together in her splendid talk at the gathering. She is known as an outspoken advocate for the



Ellen Di Piazza

Discussion continues with Sonia Johnson (left) after her speech at Friends General Conference.



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equality of women, but she made it very clear that her mission is to reach all of humanity. Her burning concern is to free women and men and children, animals, plants, land, sea, and sky from the lethal effects of the patriarchal system. She sees feminism as the missing piece in the puzzle, the key to breaking through the impasse of patriarchal thinking that has brought our global society to the point of self-destruction. She yearns for justice, peace, and equality, and she invites men to lay down the burdens of patriarchy and to absorb womanly attitudes, thereby freeing us all. She is calling for human liberation.

Yes, some people, both men and women, were upset by her talk. Yes, she did use some "sweeping generalities" to make her point. But I appreciated her straightforward analysis and vigorous delivery. Having been timidly and futilely trying to make similar points in guarded, nonthreatening language, I was thrilled to hear Sonia spell it out so boldly. I hope both men and women can really hear what she is saying. She is pleading for *survival*.

Many, many thanks to the FGC Planning Committee, the FGC Women's Center, and of course to FRIENDS JOURNAL for arranging this very special Cadbury Event which brought Sonia to us.

Allie Walton
Deerfield, Ill.

The Cadbury Event this year certainly turned out to be the "gathering event." The whole week was divided into "before Sonia" and "after Sonia." Thanks for talking with her, asking her to come; it's a marvelous contribution to all of us.

Please convey our gratitude to Sonia. I wonder if she has any idea of the impact she had on so many of us.

Marty Walton
Stockton, Calif.

First the congratulations: we've just returned—exhausted, energized, and buzzing—from the FGC gathering. One of the highlights for us was the Cadbury Event in which Sonia Johnson so eloquently and lovingly spoke to our condition. Congratulations to FRIENDS JOURNAL for sponsoring her presentation and for providing us with so many new threads for the tapestry.

Secondly, we need to confess. We were so moved by Sonia Johnson's speech that we bought her book, *From Housewife to Heretic*. It's a marvelous book and adds many thought-provoking dimensions to her personality. At some point during the week, however, we somehow accumulated an extra copy of the book—a discovery we didn't make until we returned to Toronto. We don't know how or when this happened—perhaps the laundry room at Bard Dorm?—but we would certainly like to find the owner of this extra copy. If one of your readers attended the

gathering and has found her or his copy missing, please let us know so we can return it.

Larry Tayler
Spencer Brennan
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

I have only ever fallen in love with one Quaker man. That love relationship has been an enormous struggle and delight as we try to ground ourselves enough to offer the other an unencumbered whole. We call it a partnership of equals. For two middle-aged people whose values were set in the '40s and '50s, the path is difficult with many peaks and valleys to traverse.

Sonia Johnson's challenge to the gathering could have torn us apart, for it was a painful, confusing, and weighty challenge. She asked us to understand women's pain and anger, to know and accept that we are part and parcel of the patriarchal oppression that causes it. Most importantly she challenged us to do something about it, to recognize and value the womanliness in every man and to nurture our children to be different.

Sonia then stunned the audience by declaring every man present an honorary woman. In ten seconds she created an unheard of, unimagined sisterhood.

From that Monday evening on flowed an enormous wave of liberating dialogue between men and their consciences, men and men, and men and women. It was a glorious sight to behold. It made me fall in love with Quaker men all over again.

Mary Ellen McNish
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sonia Johnson's speech was, as she noted, difficult for many of us to listen to, because making changes in our thinking and our lives is difficult, scary work. Added to this emotional difficulty is the fact that feminist thinkers have been discussing and refining terms such as *feminism* and *patriarchy* over the years. They have become much more clear about what they mean by these terms than those who are further from the center of the women's movement.

I need much clearer basic definitions of feminism and patriarchy. I understand Sonia Johnson to be saying that the world must move toward what she describes as "women's culture" (feminism) and away from "men's culture" (patriarchy), *not* that women as individuals are exemplary and men are guilty, evil, and peripheral to the future of humankind. But I need to understand more clearly what this "women's culture" looks like in order to live my life in it more consciously. Eventually, when we understand it well enough, I'd like us all to be able to rename it so that men can own it too, while being men—not only while experiencing themselves as "honorary women."

Barbara Benton
Philadelphia, Pa.

Response to the article:

It intrigues me that Sonia Johnson does not realize that the women of her former church—and mine—form the personalities of its patriarchs by their nearly exclusive control of a very effective system of indoctrination from nursery to age 11, when boys become Scouts under the indoctrination of lesser patriarchs formed by the same “invisible patriarchy.”

Nor does she seem to realize that “on the other side of the railroad tracks” there exists another form of childhood indoctrination in which women scream at, and sometimes curse, their hard-working men and hapless children all too often. I grew up there, and others are growing up there now.

I hope, then, for forgiveness if I confess to some weariness that so many “feminists” and “traditionalists” seem to sing the same childish refrain to different melodies, “snakes and snails and puppy dog tails . . . sugar and spice and everything nice . . .”

Perhaps now is the time to cast aside the clichés and stereotypes and isolated statistics that make half of the world’s men into incestuous, raping killers, to bring into play the “love and nurture” I hear so much about, and, through it, change the world according to the clearly nonpatriarchal teaching of Jesus of Nazareth. A good place to begin is, “Let *she* who is without sin cast the first stone.”

Frank Shutts
Hermosillo Sonora, Mexico.

Sonia Johnson is preaching a very attractive war: to stand up to the bully on the block and defend the oppressed. Certainly few fair-minded persons would oppose the war on criminal violence, on pornography, and on the inequalities of the economic system.

Nonetheless it is a war. By emphasizing the differences between men and women, feminism is trying to introduce into Quakerism something very like apartheid.

The plain fact of the matter is that there is no such thing as feminine spirituality or masculine spirituality, but only spirituality. God is One (Deut. 6:4). When Jesus was asked about the future life of a woman, i.e., which of the seven men she had married on earth would be her heavenly husband, he answered that there was no marriage in the spiritual world. All are “as the angels of God in heaven” (Matt. 22:23-30). In first century language, “angels” are pure spirits above and beyond sex. Such a concept is hard to grasp in our sex-ridden culture.

How is it, then, that the concept of sex has got mixed up with the experience of God? I think that Joan of Arc has the answer to this question. At her trial she was asked contemptuously by her English

judges if she maintained that God spoke French. Her answer was: “I don’t know what language God speaks; I hear him in French.” So it is that some people “hear” God mostly as a male figure, and others “hear” God as a female figure. Because of the limits of human understanding, people have to use earthly terminology to express spiritual experience. While it is generally agreed that the experience of God is ineffable, i.e., incommunicable, still people are driven to share with each other the splendor of their experience.

However, it is also a historical fact that female symbolism of the divine has played an important role, again in the experience of *both* men and women. Protestants tend to forget the power of the “Mother of God” symbolism in the Roman church and that of the “Hagia Sophia” in the Greek. Similarly it is entirely possible that the “Mother of God” is as appealing to men as to women.

Please let us not fight about symbols. If some hear God in French, so be it. If some hear Him, so be it. If some hear Her, so be it. We do not need to feel threatened by other people’s preferences and so we do not need to try to wipe them out.

George T. Peck
Brunswick, Maine

How refreshing to read Sonia Johnson’s excerpted lecture, especially for those weary of exhortations to listen for HIS voice, ask HIS forgiveness, see the beauty of HIS world, be thankful for HIS blessings, pray for HIS healing! Why do we continue to limit ourselves to this stale concept of a patriarchal figure in charge of the universe? A failure of the imagination?

Some of us who are trying to transcend this male concept of “God” often feel lonely, even in gatherings of Friends.

Sonia Johnson’s words will unsettle many readers—they will turn to something more soothing, something less gut-wrenching. For her ideas are threatening. The article may never be mentioned, much less discussed by members of most meetings. Men reading it (few will), will either laugh it off, be insulted by it, or dismiss it as the rantings of a fanatic.

But, Friends, sadly, most of what Johnson says is *true*. No, this is not the sweetness and light we women are supposed to be dispensing. This is the way it is! And, some of us truly believe that until attitudes toward women change nothing in the world will change for the better.

Ruth E. Dickinson
Lake Worth, Fla.

I realize that I may be a rare specimen, brought up as I was by a competent mother, who was clearly appreciated for her talents by my father, and who always treated me as though I were capable of

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FJ 2

anything I wanted to undertake. So I have a biased view; but so does everyone else.

Sonia Johnson, from my point of view, disregards the facts of history and misuses statistics in a shockingly irresponsible manner to "prove" her case. For example, though she fervently cites demographic figures about rape of women, where does she mention how many young boys are sexually abused by their male or female adult relatives, an occurrence we know from many sources is common?

Why does Sonia Johnson, like so many feminists before her, fail to remember that women worked as equal-but-different partners in the agricultural world until finally the industrial revolution made it possible not to remove women from power but to *relieve* them of such burdens of labor as they had carried before?

Why do feminists impute to mere men the forethought, control, and deliberation necessary to do such evil things to women? Our society has evolved with very little control by anyone and any deliberate moves by men were meant to spare women grief and trouble at least as much as to erode their power.

Innate and inbred confidence and competence, and bad luck, have enabled me to be a fairly liberated woman, but I've never been a feminist. The war between men and women was declared by women. I do not participate in wars.

There are "feminine" characteristics which could, if nurtured in us all, promote peace in the world. Sonia Johnson, at least as excerpted in the FRIENDS JOURNAL, does not nurture them.

Elizabeth Gustafson
Santa Rosa, Calif.

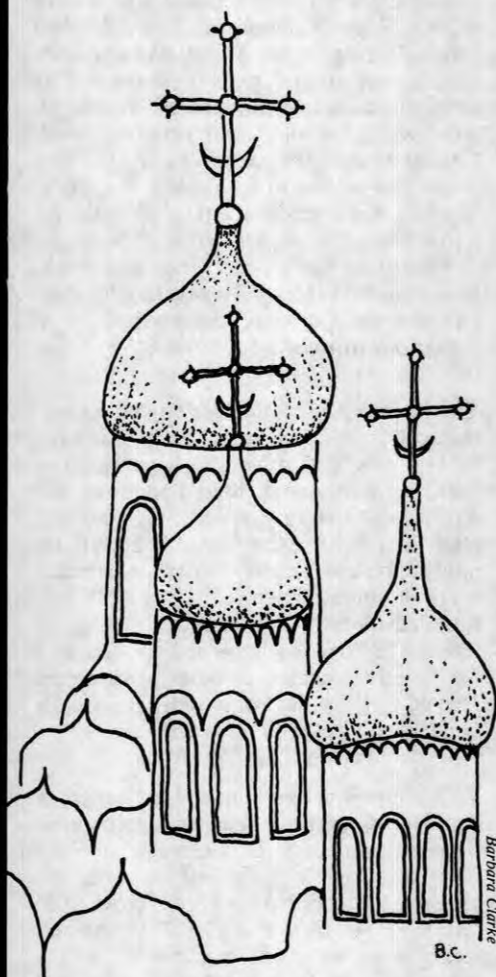
I am quite bothered that you printed "Feminism: The CenterPeace." I was insulted by Sonia Johnson's accusation that "even men who do not themselves physically participate in rape are in complicity insofar as they enjoy the privileges of being male."

I could go on and on about why her article bothered me. I don't want to do that, however. Instead I want you to know that the JOURNAL has been anticipated and savored for years. It has been a beacon of light for me with its stories, poetry, and pictures providing inspiration and at the least good pondering material.

"Feminism: The CenterPeace" has broken the mold, however. It appears more as a personal vendetta, quite undeserving to have been in the JOURNAL. Articles extolling our common bonds and innermost natures would do more to further peace and justice and promote well-being between women and men.

Tom Hafman
Kiel, Wis.

REPORTS



Quarterly Meeting Group Visits the Soviet Union

Seventeen Philadelphia Yearly Meeting Friends took part in Western Quarter's trip to the Soviet Union, October 2-17. Sent off with a minute from the yearly meeting's Representative Meeting, the group visited Moscow, Baku, Leningrad, and Novgorod. Our major focus was meaningful contact with the widest possible range of Soviet citizens, and each participant returned with stories of conversations held and experiences shared.

Two of us experienced firsthand the respect with which Friends are regarded in the Soviet Union when we met with Valerie Chibisenkov, secretary general of the USSR-USA Society. We had met him when he attended a session of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in March 1985. Although he had little advance notice of our visit to Moscow, he greeted us warmly and met with us for close to an hour. We discussed a broad range

of issues, including prospects for the Reagan-Gorbachev summit, the Soviet desire for détente, Jewish emigration, and cultural exchange agreements. He, like almost all of the Soviet people we met, expressed optimism about Gorbachev's leadership.

We found great spiritual power in Russian Orthodox and Baptist churches, in synagogues, and in a mosque. More than a thousand people crammed into Moscow's Baptist Church for Sunday morning worship. All seats were taken, the aisles were jammed, and people lined the halls and pressed against each other in open doorways. The worship lasted two hours and included sermons, singing by a superb choir, and communion. A pastor reported on an international Baptist conference and noted, "Christians in the United States are the same as we are. We all want peace." The pastor told us there are from eight to ten thousand new baptisms in the Soviet Union each year.

At a school in Baku, the capital of Azerbaijan, we noted the careful discipline, memorization as a major learning technique, and much friendliness. Children in neat uniforms recited Longfellow's "I Shot an Arrow Into the Air," sang "We Shall Overcome," and led us in an Azerbaijani folk dance. A teacher remembered with appreciation the teachers' exchanges organized by the American Friends Service Committee in the 1960s. In the principal's office, under the omnipresent gaze of Lenin, we enjoyed huge cups of tea, pomegranates, and cakes prepared by the students.

Memory of the devastation of World War II continues strong. On a tour of the historic city of Novgorod, almost totally destroyed during that war, we learned that of the 40,000 inhabitants of the city prior to the war, only 30 survived. Galina, our guide, said, "We don't blame people." Altogether, the Soviet Union lost 20 million people in the war. It is customary for newly married couples to lay flowers at a war memorial or other historic site, so that the past is not forgotten.

The Soviet Union promotes a different set of "human rights" from those we in the United States understand by that term. Young members of Novgorod's International Club affirmed their way of life, glad to have a guaranteed job, free education, and free medical care. We had frank discussions on many aspects of Soviet and American life. One woman told some of us about her difficulty in getting a visa to visit Italy, and shared that she had 40 pen pals scattered throughout the world.

The trip participants have prepared a slide-show and are showing it widely. We hope to promote U.S./USSR relations, undo harmful stereotypes about the Soviet Union, and—not least of all—show what a good time Quakers can have when they travel together.

Shirley Dodson

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WORLD OF FRIENDS

Joint winners of the Sasakawa International Environment Prize for 1985 are Gilbert F. White of the United States and Hasan Asmaz of Turkey. The award, established in 1976, is given by the United Nations Environment Program (UNEP) to recognize outstanding contributions in the management and protection of the environment consistent with UNEP's policies and objectives. Gilbert White, a member of Intermountain Yearly Meeting, is one of the world's leaders in environmental management. He is director of the Natural Hazards Applications and Information Center at the University of Colorado, and he has been president of Haverford College.

The suit by four U.S. Quaker taxpayers for an unprecedented income-tax refund was dismissed by the federal court in Baltimore, Md. (see *World of Friends*, *FJ* 5/15). Sheldon D. and Lucy S. Clark of Sandy Spring (Md.) Meeting and Edward F. and Dorothy M. Snyder of Adelphi (Md.) Meeting alleged that their income taxes had been spent illegally in U.S. military operations in El Salvador and Nicaragua. Commenting on the decision, they said, "It closes another door to people who are seeking to assure that the United States is a government of laws and not of men. . . . The court closes the doors to individuals who seek to act responsibly and legally to raise valid questions."

Pax World Fund, the first socially responsible mutual fund offered to the public, posted a 31.7 percent total annual return for the year ending June 30, 1985. Since it was begun in 1971, the fund has invested in life-supporting products and services, in firms with fair employment practices, and in those companies that practice environmental protection. Investments are focused in the areas of health care, food, housing, building materials, energy, retail, appliances, leisure time, pollution control, and international development. Friends wishing more information may write Pax World Fund, 224 State St., Portsmouth, NH 03801.

When writing to government officials, Scarsdale (N.Y.) Friends suggest that you headline the letter with a brief statement of your view. Once they wrote to President Reagan in protest of a policy and received a response thanking them for their support! The implication is that many letters are not read carefully, and in order to put forth your message loud and clear, be brief and to the point.

Four IRS agents seized Craig MacDonald's pickup truck on August 30 in Wappingers Falls, N.Y., in lieu of his 1982 and 1983 federal income taxes. Craig MacDonald, a member of Purchase (N.Y.) Meeting, attends Cornwall (N.Y.) Meeting, where he is clerk of the Peace Committee. The IRS had ordered Craig to pay \$1,440.85, which includes interest and penalty charges. The original amount of taxes owed, \$1,159.90, was put into the Stamford-Greenwich Friends Meeting Peace Tax Fund. The IRS seized this money in addition to the truck. The IRS explained in a letter that it did not know about the account until after seizure of the truck. Neither truck nor money has been returned to Craig. To pay the additional IRS charges, Cornwall Meeting has set up a fund for suffering for Craig.

The Friends Association for Higher Education office in Greensboro, N.C., has been moved to the Guilford College campus. Jeanette Wilson has been appointed administrative secretary, succeeding Anne and Nathaniel Shope, who retired as FAHE administrative coordinators in August after five years of volunteer service. The FAHE was founded in 1980 as a support agency for teachers in Friends schools and colleges, and for Friends teaching in other institutions. Harold C. Cope, former president of Friends University, is executive director.

To encourage networking and to strengthen ties among meetings that support or have declared sanctuary to Central American refugees, Friends are asked to write the Friends Sanctuary Network, c/o AFSC, 1660 Lafayette St., Denver, CO 80218. The network hopes to produce a mailing and a phone list and perhaps an occasional newsletter.

Jamaica Yearly Meeting considered the concern of apartheid in South Africa at its annual meeting in August. The yearly meeting issued the following statement:

"We agonize with the millions of South Africans whose human dignity is in a constant state of erosion by the present government of South Africa, whose stubborn refusal to listen to the intercession of every civilized country of the world or even to have dialogue, has created a crisis in the world. The inhuman system of apartheid is, to say the least, the most degrading of all evil systems. Apartheid would reduce a person from a person to a 'thing,' and in addition it violates every human right.

"The Jamaica Yearly Meeting of Friends joins with the rest of Jamaica and the civilized world in praying that the forces of good will overcome the forces of evil and that the situation will not culminate in uncontrollable violence."

When was the last time you thanked a Friend doing a job for the meeting? We are all volunteers, suggests the *Berkeley Meeting Newsletter*, and we take on meeting jobs for love of the meeting and each other. We can say "thank you" more often, and mean it. And if we think we can do the job better, we might volunteer next year!

All Friends are welcome to attend the 1986 Annual Meeting of the Friends World Committee for Consultation, which will be held March 21-23, 1986, in Greensboro, N.C. Greensboro Friends are arranging a special social hour, and Sunday tours of Guilford College, the Greensboro Friends retirement community, and area Friends meetings. For further information on the FWCC's residential annual meeting, write to Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas, 1506 Race St., Philadelphia PA 19102.

Join the fun and celebrate! Concord (Pa.) Meeting will celebrate its tricentennial with a homecoming weekend, June 21-22, 1986. A special publication and events for all ages are being planned. Anyone with an interest in Concord Meeting is invited. Pictures, memoirs, or other memorabilia are solicited. Contact Kathy Holmes, 47 Kirk Road, Boothwyn, PA 19061.



The following Friends meetings in the United States offer sanctuary to refugees from Central America. This list will be updated periodically to include new meetings who have sent the JOURNAL a copy of their sanctuary minute.

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Davis (Calif.)
Duluth (Minn.)
Eugene (Oreg.)
Granville (Ohio)
Ithaca (N.Y.)
Kalamazoo (Mich.)

La Jolla (Calif.)
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Lehigh Valley (Pa.)
Morningside (N.Y.)
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Oklahoma City (Okla.)
Orange Grove (Calif.)
Palo Alto (Calif.)
Penn Valley (Mo.)
Pima (Ariz.)
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San Francisco (Calif.)
Santa Cruz (Calif.)
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Urbana-Champaign (Ill.)
Wooster (Ohio)



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BOOKS

Comet Over Nantucket: Maria Mitchell and Her Island. By Elizabeth Fraser Torjesen. Friends United Press, Richmond, IN 47374, 1984. 162 pages. \$8.95.

On Tenth Month 1, 1847, a young Quaker woman, an amateur astronomer, observed a "fuzzy" object in the night sky as she peered through her telescope. She recorded her finding from her small observatory on Nantucket Island and sent the information via mailboat to Harvard University. Maria Mitchell had discovered a new comet. She was the first woman astronomer in the United States and the first woman to receive the gold medal offered by the king of Denmark for the discovery of a new comet. The comet was subsequently named for Maria Mitchell, and she went on to become the first woman elected to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, in 1848.

Comet Over Nantucket, a fictionalized biography for ages ten and up, describes the childhood of Maria Mitchell and her family's influences on her abilities as teacher, librarian, and astronomer. Elizabeth Fraser Torjesen creates the life of an inquisitive Quaker girl growing up in Nantucket in a large family. Young people (and adults!) will enjoy the vivid descriptions of Maria's father's schoolhouse, of the wharf where the great whaling ships docked, of the cobblestone streets of Nantucket, and of the simple and warm home life of a Quaker family in Nantucket, now the home of the Nantucket Maria Mitchell Association and Observatory, as well as photographs of constellations and Halley's comet. In this time of renewed interest in the return of Halley's comet and in role models for today's young women, *Comet Over Nantucket* will make an important and enjoyable addition to a young person's library and to the collections of Friends meetings and First-day schools.

Kate de Riel

Meditations: Selections From a Century of Mottoes. Compiled by Elizabeth McLeod Scattergood. Haverford House, Wayne, Pa., 1985. 370 pages. \$10.

For 100 years members of the Scattergood family have printed an attractive calendar with from three to six well-chosen quotations for each month. To celebrate that milestone, the Scattergoods have now produced a small book which features from three to six carefully chosen quotations for each day of the year.

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such as Blake, Emerson, Philips Brooks, Goethe, and Rauschenbusch, to name only a few.

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Leonard S. Kenworthy

Ain't Gonna Study War No More. By Milton Meltzer. Harper and Row, New York, 1985. 282 pages. \$12.50.

Most of us did not learn that the peace movement is a legitimate part of our history. We are not taught to respect the feelings against the military solution of the American Revolution; we did not learn of peace societies and peace fairs flourishing in the 1800s. *Ain't Gonna Study War No More* is a comprehensive history of the peace movement in the United States, written for ages 12 and up.

Important contributions by Quakers—from the American Revolution through the Civil War, and from the beginning of the American Friends Service Committee and through the Vietnam War—are not forgotten by Meltzer. The differences between pacifists of conscience (Quakers), and passive nonresisters (Mennonites) are made clear, and the history of the struggle of the conscientious objector from all pacifist perspectives and the C.O.'s steadfast endurance of torture are here, also.

For those active in the peace movement—or contemplating such activity—who are not aware of the roots from which their activism grows, this book can provide both perspective and connectedness to that past. For instance, learning of the strong popular opposition to U.S. involvement in the Philippines at the turn of the century gives us perspective of the Nicaraguan situation today; studying peace communities developed in the 1800s might help us to further develop the idea today.

To say this book is written sympathetically is certainly true; that it is slanted, except for the last chapter, is arguable. The last chapter contains Meltzer's personal testimony, in which he asks his young readers to consider the evidence and find ways to address this nuclear age. He points out the advantages of a nuclear freeze, and urges activism—giving a kind of pep talk that is not out of place only because he saved it all for the last chapter.

Perhaps if we can be more aware of this "other side" of history, we can begin to change our society from one in which those who plan war systems never to be used are considered "normal and sane" to one in which activists decrying war are not locked in jail.

Joan Broadfield

FRIENDLY WORDS

One Explorer's Glossary of Quaker Terms, by Warren Sylvester Smith, is a handy, subtly humorous directory of Quaker terminology. Its 60 pages go from "Advancement" to "Yearly Meeting, Yearly Meeting Friends." The 1985 **Directory for Traveling Friends**, edited by Gretchen Castle, lists 712 Quaker hosts offering hospitality in 43 states, 5 provinces, and 20 other countries. It's an excellent way to travel inexpensively among Friends. The glossary (\$3.95) and the directory (\$11.50) are published by and available from Friends General Conference, 1520-B Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.



Sanctuary for Refugees From El Salvador and Guatemala: A Resource Guide for Friends, a 32-page booklet compiled by the Friends Peace Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, includes sanctuary minutes from Friends meetings, answers to the question of what sanctuary is, and a section of resources for action. Send \$3 plus \$.75 postage, or \$2.50 plus postage on orders of ten or more, to Friends Peace Committee, 1515 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

Woodstown Friends Meeting: 1785-1985 is a 48-page booklet written to commemorate Woodstown (N.J.) Meeting's 200th anniversary. Photographs illustrate the history not only of the meetinghouse but of meeting members. Copies are \$1 and may be ordered from Marion Frazier, clerk, Woodstown Meeting, Box 13, Woodstown, NJ 08098.

The New Foundation Papers are pamphlets that contain biblically based articles; they are published bimonthly at \$6 per year and are available from the editor, John McCandless, P.O. Box 267, Kutztown, PA 19530.

First in the new Social Order Series of Pacific Yearly Meeting is **Friendly Business**, a 28-page pamphlet by Robert Schutz, the series' editor. He suggests that a church is probably the best organization to be trustee of a socially responsible commercial venture and outlines the structure of a Friendly cooperative business. Second in the series is **Defense of the Peaceable Kingdom**, a 34-page pamphlet by Marshall Massey. In it is his call for Friends to create a new testimony regarding the environmental crisis. These pamphlets, \$2.50 and \$3.50 respectively, are available from Friends bookstores.

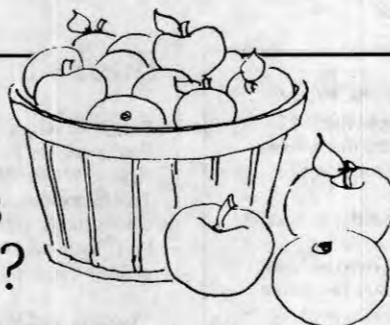
Growing in the Light: Toward a Better Understanding of Quakerism Today, a "multi-aged curriculum for unprogrammed Friends" provides lessons on silence, meeting for worship, community, equality, harmony, simplicity, social action, and the work of committees. The 132-page loose-leaf book is laid out in lesson plans suitable for First-day school and includes quotations, reading suggestions, art projects, and questions for exploration. Order for \$12 plus \$1 postage from the Religious Education Committee, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, 1515 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

The Wider Quaker Fellowship has available a number of small pamphlets. **A Conversation With Henri Nouwen** (\$.85 plus \$1 postage) movingly explains Nouwen's ministry in South America. He discusses the paradox that while ministering, he himself is ministered to as he observes the joy and happiness which coexist with death and oppression. In **You Are Your Brother's Keeper—The Divine Imperative** (\$.75 plus \$1 postage) Simeon Shitemi of Kenya shares his understanding that all people must work together in justice and truth. A list of other publications may be obtained from the Wider Quaker Fellowship, 1506 Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

The Quaker Council for European Affairs has published two pamphlets which provide facts for Friends concerned about conscientious objection to military taxation, and the economic and psychological problems associated with trade coalitions between developed and developing nations: **Paying for Peace** (second edition), and **The Lomé Agreement: Europe and the Third World**. Each is about 60 pages and is available for \$2 from Friends Book Shop, Euston Road, London NW1 2BJ, U.K., or from Friends Book Store, 156 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

Ralph H. Pickett's 30-page pamphlet, **A History of Providence Meeting at Media, Pennsylvania**, records 300 years of Quaker worship in that part of Delaware County, Pa. The pamphlet is available for \$3.50 from Providence Meeting, Media, PA 19065.

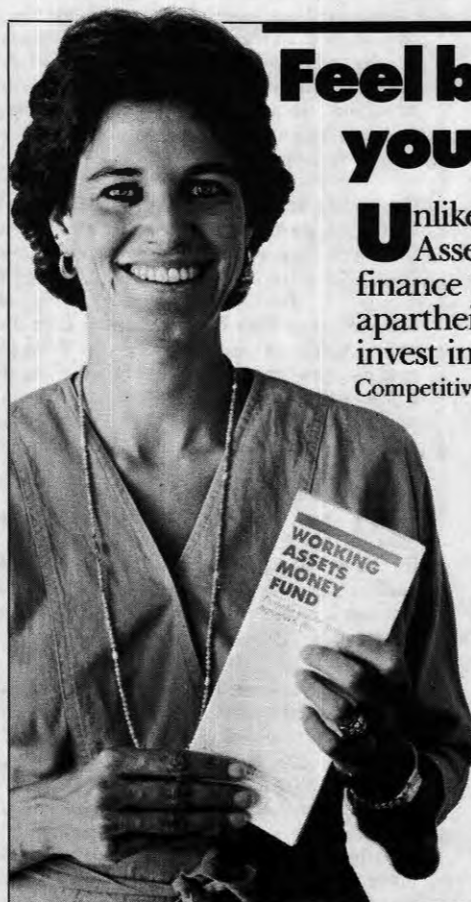
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Books in Brief

Forest of Algae and Ivy: Outside/In. By Nancy Fate and Leon Baker. Ivy Press, 1414 Hill St., Ann Arbor, MI 48104, 1984. 58 pages. \$3/paperback. This interesting and emotional collection of poems covers such topics as death, imprisonment, justice, love, and self-realization as experienced by a prisoner and his friend.

Weavers and War: A True Story. By Richard E. Early. Routledge and Kegan Paul, Inc., Boston, 1984. 199 pages. \$19.95. Using his diary and letters, the author describes his experiences in the Friends Ambulance Unit and as a prisoner of war in World War II.

The Arab World: Personal Encounters. By Elizabeth Warnock Fernea and Robert A. Fernea. Anchor Press, Doubleday, 1985. 366 pages. \$19.95. The authors lived in the Middle East (Iraq, Egypt, Morocco, Lebanon, Saudi Arabia, Yemen, Libya, and Jordan) for varying lengths of time between 1956 and 1983. Their book is a series of reminiscences and vignettes, juxtaposing visits in the early 1980s with those of the 1950s. Many of the chapters conclude with a commentary on a larger aspect of the Middle East, such as "Unity and Diversity in Islam." This is a readable book about ordinary people in an area of upheaval and continuing importance to the West.

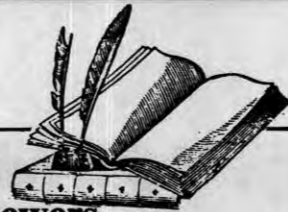
The Politics of Liberation. By John M. Swomley, Jr. Brethren Press, Elgin, Ill., 1984. 120 pages. \$7.95/paperback. "There is a sense in which most of us feel powerless to influence the events that control our lives," writes John Swomley. He then tells us how we can indeed influence events by becoming involved in the struggle for justice. Interlacing biblical, historical events with current situations, the author suggests that suffering is a price that those who challenge injustice must pay, just as Jesus paid that price.

If I Live to be 100 . . . Congregate Housing for Later Life. By Vivian F. Carlin, Ph.D., and Ruth Mansberg. Parker Publishing, West Nyack, N.Y., 1984. 222 pages. \$8.95/paperback. Using the details of life at the retirement community Lakeview House (not the actual name), the authors make a very good case for older people living longer in a place where they can remain active and share a pleasant life with others in a very supportive community. For Friends who are contemplating a move to a retirement home, this book is helpful.

Bread for the World. By Arthur Simon. Paulist Press, Ramsey, N.J., 1984. 219 pages. \$4.95/paperback. Arthur Simon is executive director of Bread for the World; this is a revised edition of the 1975 book, a classic in the literature of the connection between hunger, production, resources, population, and militarism.

Journey to Nowhere: The Saga of the New Underclass. By Dale Maharidge, photographs by Michael Williamson. Doubleday, Garden City, N.Y., 1985. 192 pages. \$24.95, \$15.95/paperback. A photo essay in the tradition of the classic Agee/Evans collaboration *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, *Journey to Nowhere* records the journeys and hardships of the "new Underclass," the workers made redundant by the modernization or relocation of U.S. industry. This extraordinary volume is a moving and informative testament to an increasing phenomena in U.S. life.

Poets & Reviewers



Joan Broadfield is a teacher and a member of Chester (Pa.) Meeting. She is active in racial concerns. A regular poetry contributor, Emily Sargent Councilman lives in Burlington, N.C. Leonard S. Kenworthy attends Kendal (Pa.) Meeting. He is the author of many books and pamphlets on Quakerism and a member of the JOURNAL's board. Judith Randall lives and teaches at the Meeting School in Rindge, N.H. Kate de Riel, a First-day school teacher, is a member of Haverford (Pa.) Meeting. A native of Scotland, Alice MacKenzie Swaim lives in Harrisburg, Pa. She has received numerous awards for her poetry. Leigh Tucker is a member of Chapel Hill (N.C.) Meeting who lives in Sanford, Fla. Elaine Werner lives in Portland and attends at Multnomah (Oreg.) Meeting. A published poet, Maxwell Corydon Wheat, Jr., teaches junior high school English in Farmingdale, N.Y. Jane Elkington Wohl lives in Sheridan, Wyo.

Resources

• **Thinkpeace**, a publication of the San Francisco Study Group for Peace, proposes to be a "clearinghouse of ideas" for peace groups throughout the nation. A subscription costs \$10 a year. Write 2735 Franklin St., San Francisco, CA 94123.

• **Invasion: A Guide to the U.S. Military Presence in Central America**, an introduction to our increased military involvement in Latin America and the Caribbean, is available from NARMIC/AFSC, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102, for \$2 (\$1 each for 10 or more orders).

• **The Nicaragua Interfaith Committee for Action**, an agency of the Northern California Ecumenical Council, publishes a bimonthly newspaper, *Nicaragua Update*. A yearly subscription costs \$10. Write 942 Market St., Rm. 709, San Francisco, CA 94102.

• **The Coalition for a New Foreign and Military Policy**, 712 G St. SE, Washington, DC 20003, publishes a quarterly newsletter as well as a variety of pamphlets and other resources. Their newsletter is \$20 a year. For \$2 you will be sent more detailed information, including a list of their various publications.

• **How to Hire Helpers: A Guide for Elders and Their Families** suggests ways of hiring helpers to prevent the abuse of older persons by fraudulent or abusive workers. Order for \$2 postpaid from the Church Council Task Force on Aging, Church Council of Greater Seattle, 4759 15th Ave. NE, Seattle, WA 98105.

• **The First Freedom: Freedom of Conscience and Religion in Canada**, by Gisela Ruebsaat, is a booklet that explores the historical and legal aspects of the proposed Peace Tax Fund in Canada. It costs \$1.50 and is available from Conscience Canada Inc., Peace Tax Fund Committee, 505-620 View St., Victoria, B.C. V8W 1J6 Canada.

MILESTONES

Births

Emens—*Tracy Bell Emens* on October 9 to Cynthia B. Emens and Arthur Greenhill Emens. Both parents are members of Winter Park (Fla.) Meeting.

Marriages

Eckels-Neumann—*Paul Neumann* and *Arloa Eckels* on September 14 in Minneapolis, under the joint care of Minneapolis (Minn.) and Miami (Ohio) meetings. Paul, the son of Louis and Nancy Neumann, is a member of Miami Meeting.

Kafes-Moore—*Greg Moore* and *Kathy Kafes* on August 3 under the care of Crosswicks (N.J.) Meeting, where the bride is a member.

MacMillan-Scattergood—*Kirk Scattergood* and *Donna MacMillan* on September 21 at Deep Creek Lake, Md., under the care of Crosswicks (N.J.) Meeting, where the groom is a member.

Goodwin-Kafes—*Thomas Kafes* and *Deborah Goodwin* on October 5 under the care of Crosswicks (N.J.) Meeting, where the groom is a member.

Deaths

Arnett—*John Hancock Arnett*, 96, on October 29 at Kendal, Kennett Square, Pa. A graduate of Princeton University and the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine, John Arnett served in the Army Medical Corps in World War I as a neurosurgeon. After the war he was on the staff of the University of Pennsylvania Hospital, then he served as chief of staff of medical services at Episcopal Hospital, and was head of student health service at Drexel University. He was the author of many articles on medical subjects and wrote the chapter on cardiovascular syphilis for the *Encyclopedia of Medicine*. He and his wife, Katherine, who died in 1984, were members of Chestnut Hill (Pa.) Meeting. He is survived by a son, Edward; a daughter, Alice Andrews; and four grandsons.

Becker—*Meta Becker*, 99, on September 2 in West Chester, Pa. Meta was born in Baltimore, Md., the daughter of Charles R. and Mary Middendorf Becker. A retired Philadelphia school teacher, she was a member of Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting.

Blass—*Malvi Blass*, 86, at Monmouth Medical Center in Long Branch, N.J., on September 22. A member of Shrewsbury (N.J.) Meeting since 1946, Malvi was known as "the grandmother of Shrewsbury Meeting," and was particularly active in the pastoral care group. Malvi Blass was born in Vienna and came to the United States in 1941. A refugee from Nazi Germany, she helped to support refugees from Hungary, Indonesia, and Indochina as they arrived in New Jersey. She also hosted one of the Hiroshima Maidens, Japanese women who came to the United States for plastic surgery after the atomic bombing of Japan. Her husband, Richard Blass, died in 1976. She is survived by a son, Walter; and three grandchildren, Kathryn, Christopher, and Gregory.

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Jacob—Philip E. Jacob, 70, on June 19 in Honolulu, Hawaii. A member of Honolulu Meeting, Philip was professor emeritus of political science at the University of Hawaii. He and his wife, Betty, came to Hawaii from Philadelphia, where Philip was professor of political science at the University of Pennsylvania. He also worked for the AFSC for many years, with the Emergency Peace Campaign in the 1930s; with Civilian Public Service and the Peace Section in the 1940s; and with International Student Seminars in the 1950s and 1960s. His books include the Franklin D. Roosevelt Award-winning *Conscription of Conscience: The American State and the Conscientious Objector*. He is survived by his wife, Betty; a daughter, Sarah E. Vogel; two sons, A. Kirk and Stephen P.; and five grandchildren.

Nixon—Erna Emilie Oesterreich Nixon, 93, on September 22 in Melbourne, Fla. The Erna Nixon Hammock in Melbourne Village and adjacent Erna Nixon Park in West Melbourne were named for her because she recognized the natural phenomena the hammocks in both areas represented and led the crusade to preserve the land. A native of Superior, Wis., she first taught piano and organ and later became a recorded Quaker minister. Her husband, Frederick Nixon, who died in 1967, was a Quaker missionary with whom she worked in the Midwest, North Carolina, and Jamaica. Following their return to the United States in 1940, she received her degree in the biological sciences and taught biology in Chicago's public schools until the couple retired to Melbourne Village. She was so widely loved and respected that on her 90th birthday a large community celebration was held for her, and "Erna Nixon Day" was proclaimed. Earlier, Melbourne Village residents had held a mock trial of her, accusing her of "Giving, Sharing and Creating Love in the First Degree" on ten counts. The "jury" happily pronounced her "guilty" on all counts. Erna Nixon was a long-time member of the Evanston (Ill.) Meeting, helped to form the Melbourne (Fla.) Worship Group, now the Space Coast Meeting, and participated in starting Southeastern Yearly Meeting.

Sanders—Clara Angeleta Sanders, on October 3 in Puyallup, Wash. A birthright Friend and a member of Tacoma (Wash.) Meeting, Angeleta was born in Cherokee County, Kans., which was then known as Quaker Valley. Angeleta lived simply and forthrightly. She had a down-to-earth sense of humor and a responsible sense of belonging without aspiring to be the leader. She taught elementary school for 46 years. Angeleta is survived by a nephew, P. William Burk.

Weaver—John C. Weaver, 89, on November 3 in New York City. An active long-time member of Pittsburgh (Pa.) Meeting, John Weaver was a social worker, economist, and activist. For many years he was assistant director of Kingsley Settlement House in Pittsburgh, where he met and married Elsa Stringaro of Trieste, Italy, who was serving as translator at the settlement house. Later, finding the need for more radical action to ameliorate poverty, John Weaver was active in the city government as a proponent of the single tax structure, whereby land values achieve maximum productivity by encouraging improvements while discouraging speculation. He is survived by three sons, Robert, Fritz, and Daniel; a daughter, Mary; and six grandchildren.

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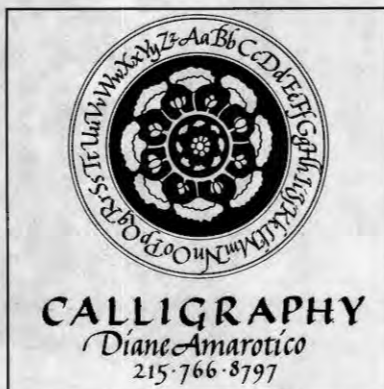
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