This Way to Pendle Hill
The Challenge Facing Unprogrammed Meetings
The Roots of Sanctuary
Among Friends: Advice for the Long Haul

On a particularly cold, wet day this month, I took my boys to see a flock of Canada geese who make their winter home in Philadelphia. I'm not sure who enjoyed the event most: the ravenous birds, who quickly surrounded us and devoured every crumb of bread we tossed them; three-year-old Simeon looking wide-eyed at the geese, who stood as tall as he; five-year-old Andrew laughing at the geese impatiently snatched pieces of bread from his hands; or me trying to keep the whole affair.

In spring and fall I often watch and listen for flocks of wild geese overhead. Something about such seasonal migrations stirs my imagination and brings out the child in me. I pointed skyward and said excitedly, “Look! It’s the geese, they’re heading north!” Another time my wife, hearing my urgent cries of “come, quick!”, dashed from the house, fearing, perhaps, that a neighbor’s dog had eaten one of the children. She seemed relieved to find me stumbling backward into the marigolds and pointing toward a disappearing flight of birds.

Recently one of my colleagues left a clipping on my desk, a letter to the editor by William W. Kenney published in the Witness. It tells of a laboratory study of wild geese conducted in a wind tunnel. It was learned that the birds can fly a 71 percent longer range when they fly in formation than when they fly alone. “Evidently,” Kenney writes, “the action of the wing tips of the geese ahead creates an uplift which makes it easier for the goose that follows.” The geese rotate leadership so that the leader doesn’t get worn out. Also, when one of the birds becomes ill or weakened and has to leave the flock, another goose always accompanies it.

A moral for Friends: a flock working together covers more ground than one concerned Friend trying to wing it alone.

* * *

We have sold the last copy of our February issue on aging but are planning to print more copies soon. Because of the increased expense of a second printing, the cost for single copies will be $2.

Vinton Deming
The sky was dark at 3:45 a.m. near the little village of Clitheroe in central England, and it was drizzling rain. I was in a hurry to find the foot of Pendle Hill so that I might retrace the steps of George Fox and complete the ascent before sunrise. This was the last remaining morning left in my hectic schedule before returning to the United States. I was really looking forward to seeing the beauty of the sun rising over the English countryside, yet I was hopelessly lost on a narrow, rain-slicked country road. The meandering road was bounded on either side by neatly constructed stone fences.

On a side road I spotted a milkman making his early morning deliveries and much to his surprise, I pulled my car in front of his parked truck. The startled delivery man advised me that the path leading to the top of Pendle Hill was located a half mile down the winding road and that I should turn left into a farmer's field at the second cattle crossing. He told me I couldn't miss it and also said the farmer did not object to strangers crossing his pasture at night without permission. He then wished me good luck.

Next to the farmer's muddy, rut-filled lane, there was a simple, handpainted sign indicating the direction to Pendle Hill. The lane, which ran through the farmer's pasture, narrowed to a well-worn dirt footpath that rose sharply up the hill. The hillside was dotted by large rocks and numerous grayish-colored

This Way to Pendle Hill

by Donald C. Johnson

The sky was dark at 3:45 a.m. near the little village of Clitheroe in central England, and it was drizzling rain. I was in a hurry to find the foot of Pendle Hill so that I might retrace the steps of George Fox and complete the ascent before sunrise. This was the last remaining morning left in my hectic schedule before returning to the United States. I was really looking forward to seeing the beauty of the sun rising over the English countryside, yet I was hopelessly lost on a narrow, rain-slicked country road. The meandering road was bounded on either side by neatly constructed stone fences.

On a side road I spotted a milkman making his early morning deliveries and much to his surprise, I pulled my car in front of his parked truck. The startled delivery man advised me that the path leading to the top of Pendle Hill was located a half mile down the winding road and that I should turn left into a farmer's field at the second cattle crossing. He told me I couldn't miss it and also said the farmer did not object to strangers crossing his pasture at night without permission. He then wished me good luck.

Next to the farmer's muddy, rut-filled lane, there was a simple, handpainted sign indicating the direction to Pendle Hill. The lane, which ran through the farmer's pasture, narrowed to a well-worn dirt footpath that rose sharply up the hill. The hillside was dotted by large rocks and numerous grayish-colored
sheep quietly grazed in the early morning mist.

I hurriedly ascended the footpath until it became quite steep, and I felt as though I were climbing a small mountain rather than a hill. My legs began to feel heavy and my breathing became difficult. I fell behind my planned schedule. There was no choice for me but to stop reluctantly and rest near a large boulder. There was little chance that I would be able to see the beauty of the sunrise. I suddenly felt foolish that I had lulled myself into making this climb in such bad weather. Perhaps George Fox's trip up the hill was a mere flight of fancy resulting from too much soul searching. The fact that the wet path was well worn and well marked meant that this was not going to be the unique experience that I had anticipated.

The short rest was followed by a 30-minute struggle up the remainder of the hill, and to my surprise, there were seven sheep tranquilly grazing on top of George Fox's hill. They did not appear to be impressed by my late arrival at the shrouded crest of the hill. I saw a loose stack of stones of various colors, sizes, and textures. By custom, pilgrims who make the climb to the top of Pendle Hill are asked to find a stone and place it with the larger group of stones. I, too, placed a stone with the stones of others who had come before me.

Within the quiet, peace-filled mist on top of the hill, the struggle of the climb and the disappointment of not having my plans go according to a rigid schedule began to dissipate. I began to feel a sense of connectedness with those who had traveled up the hill before me and with those who would in the future.

In the stillness of that moment, I again experienced the kindness extended to me by the English milkman who helped to show me the way and the generosity of the unknown farmer who did not mind strangers walking across his pasture. I felt an appreciation for the struggle of the climb up the hill and the gift of the moment which I could not have planned or anticipated.

In the solitude of our hearts each of us, wherever we are, has the opportunity to experience the gift of feeling connected with one another and of being an important part of a much larger scheme. For me, this was my Pendle Hill experience. Thank you, George Fox, for sharing your legacy.

The Challenge Facing

by Ted Hoare

What canst thou say?” With these words George Fox challenged his listeners to reassess their attitude to the Scriptures. Hearing them, Margaret Fell cried, “We are all thieves for we have taken the Scriptures in words and know nothing of them in ourselves.”

Today, many thoughtful Friends would echo her words on two counts. Many Friends take for granted not only the Scriptures (that is, if we think about them at all) but the past witness upon which the present structure of the Society has been built, and “know nothing in themselves.”

As a result, Friends of the unprogrammed tradition are at a crossroads today. In the past there was an underlying commonality of belief. Although Friends had differences in doctrine, certain things could be taken for granted. This is no longer the case. Many convinced Friends, refugees from other churches, often bring with them baggage containing elements hostile to the word “Christianity.” Other convinced Friends have had no Christian background. Few receive instruction in historic Quaker witness before being accepted into membership, and the result is a loss of Quaker testimony in our meetings.

Any one meeting may now contain members ranging from those who would call themselves Christian, in varying degree, to those Universalists, agnostics, and Humanists who disclaim the Christian label. Whereas at one time Quakerism was definable within a range of beliefs that could be described as an alternative Christianity, today Friends frequently hesitate to discuss their faith in their meeting for fear of offending others with different views. Consequently the message that Quakers once had for the world is muted; attenders and children move on, not finding nurture in the meeting and numbers decline as older members die.

True, it is not only Friends who find their numbers declining. As a result of 19th- and 20th-century biblical criticism, traditional beliefs in the authority and authenticity of the Bible have been shaken. Advances in scientific knowledge, the godlessness of two world wars, and the impact of Eastern religious thought have turned many away from their traditional religious beliefs.

Such people see religious education as irrelevant, and children come of age ignorant of the Bible and of other religious thought. However, the natural human hunger for a spiritual dimension to life does not dry up, and within the Society of Friends there is increasing evidence that many members are not finding in their meetings the nurture that they seek.

The remedy is not to put the clock back and say that Friends should revert to the manners and language of their forebears, but it would be equally wrong to say that what past generations have found fulfilling can no longer have any

The first essential for individual Friends is to deepen our spiritual roots, for not only our personal attitudes but our outward actions evolve from our spiritual core.
Unprogrammed Meetings

If Friends take time to listen to each other, differences can be understood and a deeper sense of trust and community will develop.

If we are to recover our Quaker identity we have to find a mode of Quakerism that will serve us as effectively as the discovery of "Christian faith made new" served the early Friends. As a start we need to examine that discovery and consider what relevance their message has for us today.

Wilmer Cooper has set out the gospel of the early Friends in five parts, which may be paraphrased as follows:

1. The core of the Quaker gospel which George Fox discovered from personal experience was that "Christ has come to teach his people himself." The words acknowledge the reality of the Jesus of history and the Christ of faith and imply that the latter can be known inwardly in the experience of everyone. Early Friends took the Resurrection seriously and believed that since Jesus had overcome death he was, in some manner, alive. Isaac Penington wrote that the Scriptures "expressly distinguish between the Christ and the garment he wore; between him that came and the body in which he came." The inward Christ was present as Teacher, Master, Guide, Light, and Seed.

2. They held that the Christ Spirit, with which Jesus had been filled, existed in smaller measure in everyone and that if each was true to the leadings of the Spirit a greater measure of the Light would be given. This teaching is based on John 1:9 and contrasted the good news of universal grace with the Calvinistic doctrine, prevalent at that time, of a grace limited to those predestined to receive it. The universal aspect of the Light has always been central to Quakers, for they realized that it cannot only be in Christians that the spirit of God is free to do God's work and that the church cannot act as if it had control of God as God's sole agent upon earth. Nevertheless, the church was the recipient of the gospel truth of God's grace and had a duty to make it known.

3. Early Friends maintained that the experience of the living Christ is not only a personal experience but a corporate experience of the people of God. The church was not buildings, but people. Friends gathered in community to seek the power of the spirit, and it was in community, all being in the one Light, that individual leadings were tested. Membership in a meeting became membership in a supportive community.

4. Having come to know the inward Christ, Friends were charged with the necessity of obeying its leading; hence the inward and the outward journeys. The Light was first Judge and then Teacher, and obedience to the teaching brought empowerment to live the life of the kingdom now on earth, instead of in some future existence. Early Friends tried to live "in the strength of the power that takes away wrongdoings," and George Fox held that it was a "poor gospel" that said that this was not possible.

5. The Quaker theology was one of hope, which George Fox expressed in terms of an ocean of light overcoming an ocean of darkness, of ultimate victory over sin and evil, despair and death.

In summary, Friends proclaimed a faith that was experiential and that was one of continuing revelation. The inward Christ was present, empowering, available to all. This power found its fullest expression in community, and Friends, being in the one Light, became responsible for one another. The awareness of the inner Light changed their lives as they tried to "align their souls with the will of God." This led them into their testimonies against war and for simplicity, equality, and justice, which would eventually prevail.

Taken as a whole, this message still has meaning for us, but looking at
Friends today, we find that the Society contains a number of different groups, each emphasizing a part of the traditional message of Friends.

The New Foundation Fellowship sees as its first priority the need to persuade Friends of the necessity to reconsider the original Quaker message. This emphasizes the reality of the inward Christ and the need to be open to and obey those leadings. Individual leadings were tested in the community, which was also supportive in all other aspects of life. The Quaker message has a general appeal and should be available to a wider sector of the community. We should proclaim it by speech, by the witness of our lives, by responding to the challenge of critics, and by the love shown to each other in community.

The Universalists remind us that Friends have always been universalist in outlook. We should therefore avoid expressing our message in terms that will deter seekers from examining it, and we should be open to “mutual irradiation” with other religions.

The ethical mystics call Friends to deeper contemplation, to a God-centered mysticism which “constituted the religion of Jesus himself as distinct from a religion about Jesus” (John Yungblut). While accepting the teachings of Jesus, we are called to look beyond him to the Godhead. It is through the unity that those of all faiths could reach on a deeper plane of consciousness, that the world can come into unity.

The Evangelicals remind us how early Friends thought that their message was for all and set out to proclaim it. They remind Friends of the need to share our Quaker faith and they will see in our meetings something worth joining.

The liberals remind us of the early Friends’ prophetic witness for justice and peace. They warn us against narrowness of thought and remind us to be open with each other.

The ecologists call us to a new witness of simplicity.

How are we to respond?

The first essential for individual Friends is to deepen our spiritual roots, for not only our personal attitudes but our outward actions evolve from our spiritual core. We need to establish better communication with the divine presence in ourselves if we are to “seek that of God” in others.

Second, just as early Friends thought that they were the true successors of the early Christian church, we need to look at the teachings of Jesus. Many convinced Friends entering the Society today either have little knowledge of these teachings, or are “turned off” by other experiences. Jesus’ teaching forms much of the foundation of Western society and its relevance cannot be ignored. The Society of Friends has always been an alternative Christianity: to deny its roots atrophies its testimonies.

When we have worked upon the life of our meetings in these ways, we shall be ready to tell others about our Quaker faith and they will see in our meetings something worth joining.

Third, we need to reappraise our structures. In a reaction to authority which had often become oppressive, many meetings abolished the positions of recorded minister, elder, and overseer. The role of elders was to encourage ministry in their meeting, but with the abolition of recorded ministers, this function fell into disuse, and, ministry being the responsibility of all, in many meetings it has become the responsibility of no one. As a result, we often lack depth of ministry with a resultant lack of spiritual guidance. To be open to guidance presupposes obedience to it. Obedience to the will of God was at the root of Quaker living and decision making.

Fourth, the role of the overseers was to encourage the life of the meeting as community. Currently the element of community is lacking in many meetings whose members are reluctant to involve themselves in more than periodic attendance at meeting for worship. They tend neither to play a part in the business of the meeting nor to associate the meeting with their personal life. This lack of commitment distances members from each other and limits the effectiveness of the meeting’s witness. Community requires accountability to each other and this we need to examine anew. Techniques such as creative listening need to be more widely understood and practiced. If Friends take time to listen to each other, differences can be understood and a deeper sense of trust and community will develop, leading to a greater sense of commitment to the meeting.

Fifth, many of our meetings have grown comfortably staid and self-satisfied. We need to encourage a traveling ministry to hold up a mirror to meetings and to build up the network of Quaker action.

Sixth, when we have worked upon the life of our meetings in these ways, we shall be ready to tell others about our Quaker faith and they will see in our meetings something worth joining. We must look outside the written word to community radio for outreach and to video for internal instruction, devising imaginative programs to challenge members and stimulate attenders and young Friends.

We are living in a time of change in which the accepted truths of the past have been undermined, and we are having to cope with a flood of new knowledge. As a result, many outside the Society seek security in fundamental or dogmatic faiths. There are, however, many others to whom the real message of Friends, with its emphasis upon personal experience of the God within, continuing revelation, empowerment for practical action, hope, and membership in a supportive community, would be immensely attractive.

These people represent a challenge to us as members of the Society. Will we accept it? What priority will we give to the Society in our lives? Will we take positive steps to deepen our spiritual base, to discuss our beliefs and live in the open with each other, to renew our ideas of community, and to increase our active and financial support for Friends’ actions under concern? Will we decide to make ourselves known to the public as a religious society with a message for our times, actively working for justice for all humankind?

George Fox asked the question What canst thou say?
It was Bach's 300th birthday. From the radio came "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring"; from the south windows came sun pouring into the room. One of the rays had been broken by the three-sided glass prism on the window sill. I smiled at the rainbow-rectangle on the ceiling as I crossed the room to answer the phone.

"How's the weather back there in Connecticut?"

A member of Hartford (Conn.) Meeting, Ellen Paullin is known to many Friends as a song leader at Friends General Conference. She was a committee member for A Hymnal for Friends and Songs of the Spirit, and editor of Around the Friendly World songbook. She is the author of several books, and has retired as director of public relations at Hartford College for Women.

It was the traditional first question from my sister in Nebraska. However, as her last letter had said that she was going into the hospital for some "tests," I quickly disposed of our sunny day and asked about any reports from her doctors.

Edie's voice was very matter-of-fact. "They've found that some cancer cells have invaded the bone marrow, but no primary source yet. They're going to do what they call an 'exploratory' operation—soon, I guess."

I was shocked; I was speechless; I was totally unprepared for the request that followed: "I'd like for you to come out here and help me plan a Quaker funeral."

On the plane on the way to Lincoln, I recalled the experience that must have been behind my practicing Presbyterian sister's wish. One weekend when she had visited in Connecticut, she had gone with us to our Friends meeting. I had tried to prepare her for the silent worship service, no music, no minister, no structure of any kind, just friends sitting together in silence broken only by a speaker who felt moved to share a thought, an experience, or a spiritual insight. It happened that a beloved member of the meeting had died during the week before, and the messages given that Sunday were in celebration of Wendell's life, his generous, kind spirit, his obsessive love for the Cleveland Indians, and his habit of sending funny postcards whenever he wanted to communicate with his friends. Near the end of the service Edie rose and spoke quietly.

"I didn't know your friend, but I wish I had. I feel as if I had known him, and that he is my friend, too."

That experience had stayed with her across the years, and was the reason for my flight that cold March day.

There was not much time for planning any kind of funeral when I got to Nebraska, for Edith died five hours after I arrived. I went with her husband and four grown children to the quiet hospital lounge at the end of the hall, numb and silent.

Edie's husband took a paper out of his pocket.

"Johnny talked with me before the operation about some things," he said, using the name he always called her—one she had chosen for herself as an eight-year-old tomboy and one that had stayed with her through college. "We just didn't think it would be so soon..." his voice broke.

At 55, the youngest of my six brothers and sisters, it was too soon, in all ways.

"She was so specific," said her husband, almost smiling. "The turquoise bracelet is for you, Janie, and the squash blossom necklace for Julie." He read from the piece of paper, his hand trembling: how insurance monies were to be divided, disposal of the many crafts supplies she had on hand, instructions for filling orders for the Christmas dolls she made; even the pump in the goldfish pond in her rock garden was "for the janitor at the church, he always wanted one like it."

She had requested a "Quaker funeral. ""You will tell us how to arrange that," he said, nodding to me. "She wanted to be cremated," he turned to the children, "and she wants us to scatter her ashes in that valley in Iowa where we used to go to hunt mushrooms every..."
springs when we lived there.

As I saw the many friends crowded into the long narrow room at the mortuary in the little Iowa town where Edith had wanted the service to be, I realized how strange the “Quaker funeral” would seem to my sister’s family and friends. When I realized that the mortician had reserved an alcove off the side of the main room for the family, I asked him to remove the pulpit from the front and move the alcove chairs into the main room so we could all be together.

Edith’s friend, Grace, had been playing the organ as people gathered. As soon as she finished, I stood, terrified. I explained the background of Edith’s request—the meeting in Connecticut where the memories of our friend had been shared by all of us.

“The spirit of that meeting impressed her very much, I guess, and it is in that spirit that she wanted her life to be commemorated,” I said. “In the next hour we will be gathered in silence, and if anyone wishes to share a memory, a poem, a song, please stand and do so. We will end the service by shaking hands with each other, and all are invited to the church, just down the hill, to meet Edith’s family and her friends. We will now celebrate her short, full life, and be grateful together for the immense privilege of knowing her.”

My heart sank as I sat down. Perhaps it was too different. The mortician, standing at the door, shifted his feet nervously.

A young man stood up at the back of the room. “I was a student of hers when she taught in western Nebraska. She brought me up as I changed from a boy to a man. She taught me the value of hard work and honesty. But she also taught me to stop along the way and look at the flowers, pick mushrooms, bake bread, and have a good life. She started the Friends of the Red-Winged Blackbird Club. How she loved those birds! She made all of us one of these to wear.” He indicated his black sweatshirt, with narrow bands of red and yellow felt sewed on each sleeve.

“Edith and I shared a love for John Neihardt, our beloved Nebraskan poet,” said a small, gray-haired woman near the door. “She made a quilt, each block representing some book or poem he had written, for the public television auction. She admired him so much. I want to share part of one of his poems—it is so appropriate for Edith, and for this day:

Seek not for me within a tomb;
You shall not find me in the clay!
I pierce a little wall of gloom
To mingle with the Day!

I brothered with the things that pass,
Poor giddy Joy and puckered Grief;
I go to brother with the Grass
And with the sunning Leaf...”

Her tousle-headed son, an artist, said quietly, “I am so proud to have been her kid. I keep thinking of what others will miss out on, as well as us—her love of the sand hills, trail rides in the mountains, hunting for agates, hunting for interesting people. So many things we’ll all miss out on.”

“My sister Edie is an inspiration to us all,” said our youngest brother. “She taught us how to live, and she has taught us how to die.”

The last person to speak was Edith’s older daughter, Julie. “As I grew up, I was always terrified of the day my mother might die. I didn’t think I could survive it. She was the core of our family, and I was afraid we would fall apart if she weren’t there. But I know now that I didn’t give her enough credit for the strength she gave each of us. We see her in all of you and will be reminded of her in all the beautiful things she taught us to see.”

In the week that the lilacs bloomed in that valley in Iowa, a red-winged blackbird appeared at our bird feeder, the first I have ever seen there.
The Roots of Sanctuary

by David Alan Munro

We children of Illinois political leader Fayette Smith Munro were bequeathed his own patriotism, derived from landed-gentry attitudes transplanted from upstate New York, mixed with a certain romantic impracticality which, for us, constituted being "American."

This served us well. We projected it onto others. We looked for and found it in people everywhere. It organized our lives, saw us through upheavals and depressions, told us how to vote. It was comforting. It made the world comprehensible.

But into this web of certainties came the shock of Hitler's Germany. And our victory in war did nothing to heal the wound we suffered from a stray distant ideological bullet. We knew we had fought a modern nation, like ourselves, turned implacably vicious; we knew we could only say, "There but for the grace of God go I." Obviously the solid gold coin of our patriotism had an ugly face we'd never seen. Protectively we pasted a warning label on it, saying "It can't happen here," but things were never again the same.

Burdened with this personal ambivalence, we are newly sensitive to every persecuted minority among us. It is not simply that we feel the blows of the billy clubs when the police break up a protest march; we also wield those clubs. The enemy is us.

This nourishes the roots of sanctuary among us. We care for the half million Salvadorians and Guatemalans in the United States—in flight from death squads at home—because we cannot do otherwise. I can do nothing about the terrors in Central America, but I am directly responsible for the terrors imposed by (my/your) clubs, guns, courts, handcuffs, concentration camps upon (our/your) scapegoats: (our/your) "Jews."

Thus it is in sadness but also desperation that we take up the cross of the sanctuary movement, knowing that to whatever level (our/your) government in Washington, D.C., with club-wielders in California, raises the intensity of violence against these people, we shall interpose our bodies, our physical churches, our assets, our hearts, and our hands until it is overmastered. In conscience we cannot do otherwise. In love of this land we now know that what we do to the least of these we do to ourselves, and to humankind.

This is not to disregard the legal case for sanctuary, which is powerful; or the political case, with the overthrow of Republican rule a distinct possibility; or the historical example, where the previous Underground Railroad prefigured civil war—but to assert that the roots of sanctuary are what we are.

David Alan Munro is a long-time member of the Peace and Social Concerns Committee of Orange County (Calif.) Meeting.
Exiles
(For Ramon, from El Salvador)

Walking upland through snowy woods we used only the simplest words:

Using only such speech as exiles speak, feeling the same cold, the same wind, we climbed higher, slipped on the wet snow, laughed, and clambered on.
Our sanctuary lay ahead, some lichen-spotted boulders. We sat down without a word.

But echoing in my mind like wind trapped in a cave were words Ramon repeated often:
"I have lost my God, I have lost my God."
Marriage, children, country, God—all lost, like last fall's leaves.
What could I say?

Here, as we sat among the ancient stones, silence covered everything; nothing needed to be said.

With a smile Ramon got up and wrote his girlfriend's name in the snow, someone he hoped to meet in Toronto, then leaned back against a rock and disappeared into his poncho.

I continued to watch the trees: buds, like tiny nipples, slept on tips of branches.

—Anthony Manousos

The brick house with the salt cedar windbreak on Grant Avenue has been my grandmother's home since before I was born. For a long time she lived there with her husband and her sister. Then she lived there with her sister. Now she lives there alone.

In her 90s, with no family left in El Paso, she's come to depend on her Mexican help. A Mexican "nurse" stops by to get her up in the morning and to put her to bed at night. Twice a week an elderly lady crosses from Juarez to vacuum and dust for her. With this assistance, she's been able to avoid exile to a nursing home and stay in her own place.

The house stands on a large flat lot beside the tracks. Nothing but a crumbling stone wall separates the parched and prickly back yard from the trains that pass at all hours, shaking the house and continuously screeching their whistles.

Next to the house is an empty brick garage where my parents' dalmatian stays when they visit, and a water spigot where she drinks. The desert heat is vicious, and my parents make sure that Patch has good shelter and plenty to drink when they leave her outside.

Behind the garage, behind the clothesline, in the farthest corner of the tumbled stone wall is a little junky shed. For years my father has been saying that he should tear that shed down because bums probably sleep in it. In fact, we've known that someone uses it: one time my father hammered down a loose corner and, the next time he came to town, the strip had been pried up again, open-

A member of New Orleans (La.) Meeting, Donna Williams is a pediatric nurse. She has a degree in Spanish and is working on a M.A. in international public health. She was born in Mexico, and has had "one foot in each of two cultures since then."
Steve Brooks is an activist and journalist in New Orleans.

April 1, 1986 FRIENDS JOURNAL
ing a gap large enough for a man to crawl through.

Someone in the shed. It fascinated me.

In the last few years, when I've visited Grandmother, I've wanted to look inside, but I never did. The silent presence reminded me of stories about farm people on the railroad lines, during the Depression, leaving their doors unlocked so that strangers could come in. In the morning, they would get up and find several hoboes asleep on the kitchen floor. They would feed them and see them on their way.

I thought of that story and imagined putting out food for the people in the shed, but I never did.

I was scared, too. I didn't know what kind of people they were. Would they respect Grandmother's age? Would they feel compassion for her aloneness? Would they remember tenderness toward their own grandmothers? To them, would she be a venerable anciana, or merely “easy pickin's”? She's so old—her bones are so fragile—she's so vulnerable—the idea of anyone hurting her, or even just scaring her, is intolerable to me.

Yesterday, my parents phoned me from my grandmother's house, where they are staying on an extended visit.

"Patch," my father announced, "practically single-handedly captured six wetbacks." I waited to hear the story. My mother, on the other line, laughed and said, "Well... she didn't actually put the handcuffs on them."

Just a week before, I'd met a Guatemalan refugee who is claiming sanctuary with a Baton Rouge church. I listened to his stories of desperately dodging immigration checks all across Mexico and Texas. He was an architecture student and his crime—for which he had been threatened with death—was to be president of his school's student association, which had imprudently demanded more desks and easier entrance exams.

So, on the phone with my parents, I was split. I was with them. I shared their fear for Grandmother's safety. I shared their indignation that our property had been invaded. But the Guatemalan boy's story was fresh on my heart, and I was also with the four men in the shed as the big spotted dog kicked up such a ruckus that the fat North American lady (my mother) came out to investigate. They told her that they were emigrantes. She told them that they were on propiedad privada—private property. They said they would go away and not come back. She said muy bien.

And the very next night, the dog set up the same kind of barking. (My mother commented, "That shed must be on their maps.") My father went down, put Patch on the leash, and walked up to the shed.

There were two of them this time. Daddy could tell from their accents that they were not Mexicans; they had come from even farther away. He told me they looked like "pretty tough hombres," but he hadn't been too worried because Patch was roaring and lunging, doing a good job of looking terrifying. One of the men had a little jug in his hand when he crawled out of the shed. He gestured toward Patch's spigot and told Daddy that they had come for agua. The men went away.

My father says he has the shed almost fully demolished now. He found that they had set up a nice little fire grate inside for cooking. He's going to start rebuilding the old stone wall tomorrow.

It amazed both my parents and me how quickly Patch extended her territorial possessiveness to include Grandmother's place. Guarding territory is her job, and she does it well.
by Barbara Houghton

At a conference of the Young Friends Committee of North America in 1955 a decision was made to promote contact between young people of the United States and the Soviet Union. That was a daring decision in those cold war days, but Young Friends believed it was an important mission.

Two years later David Houghton, a Quaker student at the Pennsylvania State University, sat down to write a "Dear Young Russian" letter. A correspondence was started that was to expand the ripples of that 1955 conference further than anyone dreamed at the time.

In 1959, after two years of exchanging letters, tapes, photos, and books, David Houghton and Yurey Gurskey, the young Russian (a 31-year-old high school English teacher), spent three days together in Moscow getting acquainted face to face, reinforcing the friendship that had been developed by mail. On that occasion David had not been able to get permission to visit Yurey's home in Parakhino, a small village 100 miles from Leningrad.

The visit was a prelude to more years of letter writing. Their friendship had developed a life independent of the vagaries of international relations.

A recent packet of photos illustrates the latest ripples from that Young Friends' conference 30 years ago. Pictured are David's son, Eric Houghton; Yurey's wife, Faina Gurskey; her daughter, Tanya; and her three-year-old granddaughter Katya. The photographer was Yurey, now 61 and a television repair person.

After 30 years the importance of the Young Friends' mission is undiminished. Indeed, the stakes are higher than ever—which was what inspired 21-year-old Eric to take a tour of the Soviet Union before returning home from his college junior year in England.

Having been, during the course of the year, in Italy, Britain, and, of course, the United States, he confessed to having "the whimsical idea of visiting all four of the major empires of the past 2000 years." Only Russia was missing. In a more practical vein, Eric added, "I wanted to meet people and get a more personal look at Russia than the political views we get in newspapers and find out what kind of image they have of us. Also, I hoped to dispel at least a few of those images and have at least a few of my own dispelled."

Also high on his priority list was a "hoped-for visit with a friend of my father's who had seen me when I was

Clerk of Madison (Wis.) Meeting and Northern Yearly Meeting representative to the Friends Committee on National Legislation, Barbara Houghton is a freelance writer, poet, and a reporter for a weekly newspaper. She has published a history of McFarland, Wis.
just under two years old.” (David and his family had visited Moscow for three months in 1966 under the Scientific Cultural Exchange program.) Thus, on June 29, 1985, Eric landed at the Leningrad airport a bit cramped and very tired. While much of his experience was standard tourist fare, it was the part of the trip that wasn’t included in his itinerary that makes the experience worth sharing.

After a night to catch up on sleep at the Hotel Moskva on Leningrad’s Nevsky Prospekt, Eric placed a telephone call to Yurey, who had shared in an extensive three-way correspondence with Eric and David prior to Eric’s departure. That phone call was disappointing, for Yurey told Eric that he had been unable to get permission for Eric to visit him in Novgorod, where he now lives. Eric’s pre-departure efforts had also come to naught. Now his last hope, it seemed, had fallen through.

However, Yurey, undiscouraged, promised that he would drive the 120 miles to Leningrad and try to “iron out any difficulty.” Meanwhile, Eric continued trying to obtain a visa on his own. In doing so he experienced firsthand the elusiveness of Soviet bureaucracy. The interpreter for his tour group suggested that Eric contact the head interpreter for all tour groups quartered in the Hotel Moskva. That person sent him to the hotel service bureau, which directed him to the excursion desk, where his request was met by a flat no.

The normally unaggressive Eric pressed a bit. He was then told that going to Novgorod was possible, but he would have to purchase a side trip visa which would provide him with a car and an Intourist driver who would drive him to Novgorod. There the Novgorod Intourist people would give him two tours of Novgorod, one in the morning, one in the afternoon, and he would be driven back to Leningrad in the evening—all at a cost of 95 rubles or $110. That suited neither Eric’s pocketbook nor his purpose.

More discouraged than ever, he went with his group on a tour of Leningrad. Perhaps it was his state of mind, but his main impression was “that just about every building in Leningrad was designed by Carlo Rossi. They kept pointing out buildings, and they all looked the same—‘classic Russian’ style.”

Back at the hotel things began to brighten up, for Yurey was there. “He recognized me,” Eric reported with obvious pleasure. And to magnify the excitement, Yurey’s wife, daughter, and granddaughter had accompanied him on the three-and-a-half-hour drive.

After filling Eric’s arms with a pile of gifts ranging from books and badges to “a bottle of strong Russian drink for Dad and a doorbell,” they went together to the excursion desk to continue trying to get permission for him to go with Yurey. “Finally, with a slight smile, the woman there suggested that, under the circumstances, he should just drive me down,” said Eric with an air of one remembering a huge anticlimax.
He put the gifts in his room, picked up those he had brought along for the Gurskeys, let some of his group members know where he was going, and left!

Although he felt quite nervous about the whole expedition—unauthorized as it appeared to be—the experiences of the next day and a half more than compensated for any apprehensiveness he may have experienced.

The trip to Novgorod was accomplished “amidst flurries of what sounded like Russian backseat driving,” Eric recalled. “Katya was showing off her new hat, pulling it down over her face and pecking at me from under it.” She apparently had no hesitation about entertaining an American.

“Tanya was singing in English ‘Little Mouse, Little Mouse, Come to My House’ to Katya,” and to make the atmosphere even more homelike, “we stopped at a wayside for lunch.”

There, however, the similarity stopped. Eric described their lunch: “The gas stove came out of the back of the car. From canisters of water they brewed up a batch of strong Russian tea. There were long loaves of bread, fresh butter purchased on a quick stop just before leaving Leningrad, a two-and-a-half-foot-long tube of what appeared to be bologna, and a cupcake-style pastry.”

Recalling the amplitude of the meal, Eric added, “We ‘snarfed’ it all down and then made a quick trip to the facilities, which were atrocious—dirty, basically hole-in-the-ground sorts of things carelessly used.” He hastened to add that not all the facilities were in quite such bad condition.

As the drive continued, Eric observed the passing scene—terrible roads with bumps and potholes, many large tenement-style apartment houses, part of a program to move people out of villages. He also saw many small wooden houses in various styles and of indeterminate ages painted in very sharp, bright colors. A horse-drawn load of grain caught his attention as did occasional groups of men cutting roadside grass by hand with scythes, raking it up, or taking a break and sleeping on the ground.

“At one rather terrifying point,” Eric recalled, “we were stopped at a stop light. There was one car in front of us. A policeman walked over and started talking to the driver, gesticulating. I had no idea whether they were stopping all cars looking for me or what. Eventually he got into the car ahead, and they drove off.”

The third floor apartment which was their destination had a small kitchen, a Western-style toilet in one room, and a bathroom with tub and sink. A bedroom, closet, dining room, and living room completed the layout.

Eric distributed his gifts—a computerized chess set, a copy of The Hundredth Monkey, Punch, and the London Guardian. Dinner presented him with the dilemma every non-drinker faces in the Soviet Union—the toast. For the sake of international friendship he allowed himself to be talked into drinking a proper toast with wine. (Perhaps that was because he recalled his mother’s story of how during the 1966 visit she was told she could not toast with her water. “Only wine would do for toasts,” they said.) His other hurdle at dinner was being urged to have a second piece of chicken when there was not enough for everyone at the table to have even one.

“After dinner,” Eric reported, “things were cleared away, and we settled down for the evening’s discussion,” which covered some rather heavy material. Comparisons between Afghanistan and Grenada were drawn; the Soviet perspective being that, as Yurey put it, “Afghanistan was a very medieval country with many Russians living there. It was medieval in the sense of having a serf-landlord situation. The Russians living under this situation asked the USSR to help them to end this, and how could Russia refuse them? They moved in and ended the domination over the serfs, provided education, and protected them from the Afghans’ feared U.S. attack.”

“Grenada,” Yurey continued, “is so small, it’s hardly a country. It couldn’t possibly be a threat to the U.S., but since the U.S. automatically strikes out at any country with pro-Communist leanings, they trotted over and stomped on Grenada, so the situations are not comparable.”

With equal certainty Yurey asked Eric if he was aware that “Reagan had signed a plan to build two concentration camps, each holding 100,000 people, to put people who disagreed with him into?”

Not having heard about such a plan, Eric pointed out that “it was basically silly because, though the Japanese were interned during wartime, it wasn’t likely in a non-wartime situation.”

“Besides,” he added with a touch of humor, “more than 200,000 people disagree with Reagan.”

In this 40th anniversary year of the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki it was almost inevitable that the subject would be raised, and Yurey voiced the conviction that “the U.S. wanted to dictate terms to Russia, which was why the atomic bombs were dropped on Japan. It was politics, not military need. It was a sign to the USSR that they’d have to do what the U.S. said.”

In a discussion about the power of the press Eric noted a basic difference between his perceptions and those of his Russian host. Eric’s perspective was that it is difficult to know for certain whether what appears in the newspapers is correct, while Yurey gave the impression that in the USSR they believe what they read.

“They were trying to educate me while I was trying to sow seeds of doubt,” was the way Eric summed it up.
(In a letter written to David after Eric’s visit, Yurey referred again to differences in “the perception of reality in our countries but,” he continued, “our friendship is an example that we have more that unites than things that divide us.”)

“We ended up talking ‘til two in the morning,” Eric recalled, and the sharing was warm and earnest. Following breakfast, Yurey, accompanied by Faina and Tanya, drove Eric back to Leningrad, where he rejoined the group with comparatively few ripples.

After the intensity of trying to compress a lifetime of intercultural exchange into a few hours, Eric found it somewhat fast. Some tossed a few questions, but in the end there was very little time for them. The session began with a summarization by the experts of the most recent five-year plan, a plea for “control of nuclear weapons, especially in space, then we could work together,” discussion of the need for development at home—“How could we want to communize the world when we have so much potential for development at home? Look at Siberia. It has a bad reputation, but, really, it’s quite beautiful, and in Siberia you can find every element in the periodic table,” the social scientist pointed out.

When the tourists finally got their turn, there was only time for six major questions dealing with such topics as the role of women, the pay scale, and religious freedom. Eric, echoing the concern that has persisted since those early days when Young Friends worked so hard to implement true exchanges, spoke of the importance of reciprocal exchanges promoting “contact between ordinary people in both countries.” “Why,” he wanted to know, “can’t Soviet citizens travel freely to other countries?”

One by one reasons were given—no hard currency was available, or they might be employed in government or other sensitive jobs. Thinking of the friend he had just visited who has several times been invited to go to the United States with all expenses paid, Eric refuted each of these reasons. The man responding to the questions shrugged and said, “Well, I’m sure there must be some kind of hitch.”

Some kind of hitch—that might well describe the entire situation that exists today between the Soviet Union and the United States. There is a lot of rhetoric and a lot of fear, but the excuses don’t always seem to fit the situation.

Thinking back over the time he spent in the Soviet Union, Eric acknowledged that the experience “gave me a lot to think about and will certainly lend a perspective that I would never have had otherwise. The time spent with Yurey and his family has personalized the Soviet Union as nothing else could have.”

And what did the visit mean to Yurey and his family? “After Eric left us,” Yurey wrote in his next letter, “Katya asked us, ‘Why did not Eric speak Russian? Why do not I speak English? Why is Eric American?’ Now you know more about us and how we live. Our home is open for your family any time. There is space for friendship in our families.”

Thus, the mission of those Young Friends passes on to yet another generation.

Peace and Friendship

by Walter B. Perry

Tourists are known, and sometimes thought to be notorious, for the pictures they take. Our band of 43 Friends, Brethren, and Mennonites who traveled in the Soviet Union for more than three weeks last summer were no different in this respect. The flashbulbs of pinaks bearing the message Mir e Druzhba (Peace and Friendship) were the same as the flashbulbs of tourists who have no such purposeful intent. And yet, I suspect that our thousands of candid snapshots rarely captured the warmth we brought with us and the love and acceptance we received.

Ours was a widely diversified group in terms of age and occupation. We ranged from a delightful child of 6 to a just-as-delightful grandmother of 84. The common threads that ran among us all were our urgent desire for peace and our willingness to demonstrate our sincere feeling that peace between the two superpowers is an essential and attainable goal.

To me, the most mystifying event took place in Moscow within the first two or three hours of our arrival. Among the crowds of people that filled the sidewalks around the GUM department store, my wife, Marlyn, encountered a woman who was about the same age as she is. The woman was dressed in nondescript clothes. My guess was that she had just left her place of work and that she was hurrying home. Marlyn’s grasp of conversational Russian may not be scholarly, but it is always more than sufficient to convey her message. Within less time than it takes to tell, our new-found friend and Marlyn were in one another’s arms, exchanging mir e družbjas and other phrases in what to me is a completely unintelligible language. When it was all over and we had gone our separate ways, I could only ask, “Did you know that lady from some place?”

“Of course not,” Marlyn replied. “But she’s experienced war herself. She knows what it has done to her own family. She knows why we have got to have peace.”

No photograph—tourist or professional—could have captured that moment when the desire for peace was transcendent to the point of incandescence.
A Special Readers' Forum

Do Friends Have a Testimony on Sexual Expression?

The following letters are in response to Herb Lape's article, "Our 300-Year-Old Testimony on Sexual Expression," which appeared in the JOURNAL's February 1, 1986, issue. —Ed.

Thank you for publishing the carefully documented article by Herb Lape. I read it with thankfulness and relief that there are still members of the Society with sufficient knowledge to write such an article, and with sufficient courage to do so. It sorely needed saying. But I found myself uneasy with part of the challenge with which the article ended.

The historical testimony of Friends on sexual conduct is clear and clearly stated in the article; but this is a different situation from that of John Woolman with regard to slavery. In this case, there was no clearly established testimony on slavery, and Woolman's travels served, in large measure, to establish one. In the case of sexual conduct there is clearly an established testimony, and it has stood the test of centuries. This is, in essence, a straightforward factual matter. There is another testimony of similar age that categorically forbids attempts to introduce innovations that are inconsistent with the leadings of the Spirit in earlier ages.

Particularly on substantive matters such as personal conduct, monthly meetings have no mandate to abrogate the established testimonies. It is probably wise to follow George Fox's advice to "keep low," maintaining instead a faithful witness to the traditions of the Society both "in our own particulars" and in speech, wherever this is appropriate.

Nigel I. Dolby
Anoka, Minn.

There is much with which I disagree in Herb Lape's article, but I wish to comment only on the matter of how testimonies get promulgated and then changed.

Any discussion of corporate testimonies among Friends needs to acknowledge the primacy and autonomy of the individual monthly meeting. Although historically there have been testimonies on which most Friends within a given yearly meeting have united, the history of our Society is filled with examples of testimonies that have not been shared beyond the boundaries of individual monthly meetings or quarters. Herb Lape writes as though in order to be considered valid or legitimate, a testimony (that is, a mutually agreed upon stance relative to a specific issue) must be held by a broad distribution of Friends geographically or numerically. This is simply not so.

Many monthly meetings have wrestled over a long period of time with issues of sexuality, and have sought the Light. When such meetings achieve consensus on changing their historical stance to one that they now consider more enlightened, the new testimony has the full weight and authority of the earlier, now discarded position. It is unfair to assume that when some Friends do choose to hold new values in regard to such matters as homosexuality and cohabitation, that they do it in ignorance or out of a compulsion to yield to pressure.

I also think Herb Lape's suggestion that it is incumbent on those who wish to articulate a new set of values to travel in the ministry to convince other Friends of their views is absurd. True, that was the method that John Woolman followed. But other historical testimonies, such as those on plain speech and plain dress, have been challenged and changed simply by individual monthly meetings being led in a new direction by their corporate search for the truth and the Light. This is precisely what is happening now in many meetings on matters of sexuality.

Lewy Olsson
Stonington, Conn.

Our broad areas of agreement tend to make us Quakers forget that we differ greatly in other areas and that we have often come to similar conclusions from...
very different starting points. It is a disservice to Friends of every variety when we do not try to understand the underlying assumptions that cause us to differ in detail within the overriding unity of our Quaker experience.

In my observation, the answers individuals give to three questions are crucial in determining what they will see as acceptable in the realm of sexual behavior. The three questions are: Which is more important: the bonding function of sex or its procreative function? Is there a duality of matter (flesh) and spirit or are they differing aspects of a valuable whole? Do humans naturally incline to do evil or to do good?

I believe that part of the reason that discussions of our differing views on sexual morality tend to generate as much heat as light is due to the fact that we rarely, if ever, discuss the underlying beliefs on which our differing views are based. To me these underlying beliefs are so central to the core of an individual's personality that I do not feel comfortable trying to change them if they are conscientiously held. In particular, I hope that the many Friends whose negative feelings toward homosexuality and homosexuals are based on prejudice and misinformation will inform themselves, reexamine their beliefs, and possibly change their minds. But I also hope that those Friends who, because of their underlying beliefs on the purpose of sex, the nature of humankind, and the material creation, find themselves unable to accept nontraditional sexual behavior will continue to say so, both so that they may be true to the Light that has been given them and so that those of us who have perhaps not sufficiently examined the basis for our own acceptance of it may be prompted to do so.

Elizabeth H. Muench
Lexington, Mass.

I would like to thank Herb Lape for writing and FRIENDS JOURNAL for publishing the article "Our 300-Year-Old Testimony on Sexual Expression." I believe both demonstrated courage in addressing a sensitive issue. Sometimes in the past I have had the feeling that questioning subjects mentioned in the article (such as unmarried couples living together or homosexuality) was not acceptable. So it was gratifying to me to read the article and learn about the history and traditions on sexual expression in the Religious Society of Friends. I realize that there is diversity of opinion, that questioning or varying concerns can be expressed, and that it can be okay to have those concerns and feelings.

Tom Dodder
St. Paul, Minn.

I read with interest Herb Lape's article and must agree heartily with his proposal that the subject needs discussion. I feel there is much to be said for long-term (forever?) relationships—and this after ten years of marriage to another man. I am disturbed, however, at the manner in which he chooses to raise the issue. After his lengthy correspondence with Friends General Conference, I, as a member of the long-range conference planning committee, cannot understand how he could say what he did about their decision-making procedure without knowing it was misleading. It raises sincere doubts in my mind that his purpose is really the discussion of Friends' attitudes toward sexuality and not simply the exclusion of gays from participation in one of the few truly
integrated religious gatherings in the world.

I'm sorry too that he chose to introduce the subject from the standpoint of Quakerism 300 years ago. Not that we shouldn't study our past—we should. But when we allow the truth to become subservient to custom or antiquarian interest, spiritual integrity suffers greatly. I do not believe the understanding of either God or sexuality common in the late 1600s are to be normative for Quakers today. Nor do I find that premise supported in our Faith and Practice.

This subject would have been better opened for discussion if Herb Lape had written out of his own spiritual journey from advocating free love to the position he currently holds. The issue could then be considered in its true spiritual context, and free of any question that it might be an effort to exclude other members from full participation in the Society of Friends.

I was pleased to see an article dealing with the issue of sexuality. I feel it is an issue Quakers tend to ignore, yet one which is a part of our lives. I would like to express especially my support for such actions as the 1972 Friends General Conference decision to end its prohibition against unmarried couples living in the same dormitory, and its addition of a gay and lesbian dormitory. I feel that such actions, although they may go against prior Quaker tradition, reflect the reality of our lives in a way that allows us to live within the Light yet not outside of Quaker practice.

George Fox lived in a time when couples did not live together who were unmarried, when homosexuality was not even admitted. His philosophy may have been appropriate for that time and place, but I see the word of God as leading us toward a new place.

Thank you for bringing this question to light.

Anne McCord
Richmond, Ind.

I have a couple of brief comments on Herb Lape's article about sexual customs. Effective birth control methods appeared in Europe about 1850. The Catholic church responded in 1870 with prohibitions. It appears that this was done under political pressure, since European governments considered that they needed the "cannon fodder." The separation of the sexual act from the getting of children creates a new situation. Blind adherence to previous positions is surely not the correct response. The prohibition against homosexual practice in Western civilization dates back to the Roman Empire. It was imposed because "everybody knew that it caused earthquakes." For a somewhat different reason, then, blind adherence to previous positions is not the correct response.

R. E. Cordray
Huntsville, Ala.

Thank you for publishing "Dance, Then, Wherever You May Be" (FJ 2/1). As a celebration of one meeting's acceptance of gay people, it was a fitting antidote to the article which preceded it, "Our 300-Year-Old Testimony on Sexual Expression," which by itself would have been sufficient for me to cancel my subscription (bad enough that you announced it on the cover). I do not doubt its author's sincerity and integrity, but as one who grew up gay in the Catholic church, I have had my fill of vague, inconclusively worded documents from the past being used to support the limited visions of the heterosexual majority.

I agree with Herb Lape that our present climate of indulgence is an unhealthy extreme; it was spawned in response to the equally unhealthy extreme of sexual repression which existed in the past. The answer lies not in a return to that past, but in a balance between the two. I appreciate your efforts to present all sides of an issue.

Timothy Denesha
Buffalo, N.Y.

Herb Lape's article is the most solid, straightforward, and genuinely edifying article to appear in the Journal in years. Friend Lape has spoken my mind.

With the survey results published in the same issue, I am prompted to wonder where this article will fit. Is it one of those on the "Christian basis of Friends testimonies" which the survey found so distasteful to some readers? Or, is it controversial enough to get a good rating? What use is to be made of such findings? Is Truth to be determined by a majority vote? God plus one makes a majority. Is the Journal to lead or follow opinion?

The survey's findings on the average education of the typical Journal reader lend support to one of Herb Lape's contentions; that is, that many Friends take their values uncritically from the world in a manner that early Friends stoutly campaigned against. There is also nothing like a graduate education to make one feel smug and self-righteous in the world's ways and ashamed of the plain gospel and the disciplined life which it demands.

Ronald Selleck
Ardmore, Pa.

April 1, 1986  FRIENDS JOURNAL
Herb Lape has thought of a magnificent new term, sexual expression, whose scope can encompass the vast array of social contacts which have sexual elements. At the same time, he limits his concern to the traditional preoccupation of both the religions and the hedonists, those explicitly sexual activities which usually occur in the bed chamber. Let us expand our vision to match the problem to his terminology. Then we may be able to create positive attitudes which fulfill our humanity rather than reinvent prohibitions which fail to do much more than preserve our reputation.

Frank Shutts
Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico

Herb Lape invokes isolated portions of our venerable 300-year history as justification for a return to corporate obedience in our sexual expression. By contrasting the behavior of early Quakers with that of one obscure, extreme sect of the period known as Ranters, he argues for a greater Quaker conservatism than can possibly be supported by simple fact. Indeed, his statistics for disownment within Philadelphia Yearly Meeting during the late 1700s do nothing more than reinforce the probability that Friends of this period embraced the moral criteria of the day: fornication, adultery, and incest were denounced universally. These references are unconvincing as evidence of an historic corporate testimony on sexual expression and are by themselves fairly innocuous. However, by their invocation, along with requisite quotes by Fox and Barclay, Herb Lape seeks to bolster the harsh notion that modern-day Quakers whose inner voices place them in the sexual minority are breaking with their spiritual forebears. He manipulates the voices of our past in order to speak to his contemporary, highly personal position on sexual ethics. This is an abuse of a precious history.

Herb Lape defines a “liberal” Quaker testimony on sexuality and then brands it “anarchistic individualism.” His interpretation is worth repeating here: “Sex is a personal matter between the individual and his or her own inner Light, guarded only by the admonition that we are to be honest and responsible.” He is obviously very uncomfortable with such individual discernment—he calls personal emotions “untrustworthy.” But I call upon Friends to ask themselves whether anything can possibly be more Quakerly than obedience to the inner guides he eschews: honesty, responsibility, the inner Light.

Gay Robertson
Olympia, Wash.
### Individual and Family Counseling

**Philadelphia Yearly Meeting**

Confidential professional services for individuals, couples, or families. All counselors are active Friends and respectful of Quaker values.

Counselors are geographically dispersed. For specific information regarding names and locations of counselors in your area contact:

**PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING**

1501 Cherry Street
Philadelphia, PA 19102

Family Relations Committee
Arlene Kelly, ACSW
(215) 968-0140

---

### Reports

#### FLGC Gathering: Sharing the Light Within

The 12th annual Friends for Lesbian and Gay Concerns (FLGC) Mid-Winter Gathering was held February 14-17 at Homewood and Stony Run meetings in Baltimore, Maryland. At Saturday morning worship sharing, 57 women and 62 men sat in silence, yet our collective spirit spoke very loudly of safety, caring, and honesty.

Saturday morning's guest speaker, Jennie Boyd-Bull (pastor of the Baltimore Metropolitan Community Church—a lesbian and gay congregation), spoke to us of the gathering's theme: “Reweaving the Family Web.” Commenting on the unique relationships that lesbians and gay men have with their biological families, the speaker inspired a sense of hope.

Meal times and free hours provided time for socializing. The afternoon workshops (ranging from “Single People and the Family” to “An AIDS Update”) gave us a greater understanding of the issues most important to us. We could express ourselves so easily in that safe environment.

Saturday night John Calvi—a healer, AIDS-activist, and performer—warmed our spirits with songs of gentleness, humor, and sorrowful reality.

Sunday morning's memorial service and AIDS worship sharing at Homewood Meeting was a moving experience. Our FLGC family has been personally touched by AIDS (a friend who is dying of the disease was present), and several Friends shared their pain and hope.

Back at Stony Run Meeting, Elie Boulding addressed us on the gathering’s theme. Her presence added to our inter-generational witness. After the Sunday afternoon workshops, a panel spanning three generations discussed their familial experiences. A young Philadelphia Friend shared what it was like for him to grow up as the son of a lesbian who had attended the gathering from its earliest years. The eldest panel member told of his experiences in coming out as a senior, a father, and a divorced man.

The gathering had lighter moments, too. One evening we watched various Friends perform in a talent show, which included singing, playing instruments, dancing, telling jokes, leading the group on an imaginary safari, and reading poetry.

Monday brought the gathering to an end. The meetings for worship and business were a powerful conclusion to what had been a deep, personal time of sharing the Light within. As the closing worship circle filled Stony Run’s meeting room, I sensed a resistance by many to leave, to break for even a matter of months the strong, nurturing bonds which held us together. We made plans for our next gathering at Friends General Conference in late June.

*Michael Luick*

---

#### Western Young Friends Are Building Bridges

We came together this 1985 New Year's Eve, almost 100 of us, with joyful expectations of celebrations, reflections, and sharing at Camp Myrtlewood, Myrtle Point, Oregon. We had no Champagne, no drugs, and no rock and roll band. Yet we had all of the elements of a fun time—beautiful woods and hills, excellent food, friends, enthusiastic and lovingly supervised children, singing, dancing, and juggling. But that wasn't all that happened.

The theme of the gathering was “Building Bridges.” It was very special to have delegates from the East Coast in addition to the participants from throughout the West. The many Friends who had attended the World Gathering of Young Friends shared a strong sense of unity with all Friends. Many aspects of the gathering challenged us to look at ourselves, individually and collectively. Worship-sharing support groups and workshops helped us to look at ourselves as part of a long history of Friends, challenged our attitudes toward money and computers, and showed us ways of working toward a world truly at peace.

The workshop leaders taught us not only by sharing their ideas but by the examples of their lives. Mostly, we learned by looking at the gathering itself, the ways in which it met and fell short of our sense of what it should be. We struggled to work out structures and schedules that provide both discipline and flexibility to facilitate our growth. Our epistle catches the deep sense of caring felt at the gathering—not only for each individual but also for the Quaker spirit and process.

*Lauren Ungar*
To help the growing antinuclear movement in and around Calcutta, India, Quaker Peace and Service medical and community workers Janet and Manan Gaguli, who work in the state of Bihar, have returned from leave in England with books and other material on the nuclear cycle—the process of using raw uranium to create nuclear fuel for nuclear weapons and nuclear reactors. Their friends in Calcutta who are active in opposing the Indian government’s demand for nuclear weapons will use this material in their work. They also hope to raise enough money to enable Helen Caldicott, president of International Physicians Against Nuclear War, to make a lecture tour in India. Donations may be sent to Eleanor Aitken, 63 Holbrook Rd., Cambridge CBI 45X England.

And what would Friends do? In February, radio personality Jim Houston in Knoxville, Tenn., passed on to homeless people 20 unsolicited tickets he had received to a luncheon about anyone arriving without a ticket, “If they don’t have a ticket, we could bounce them out on the sidewalk. We’re not Mennonites, we’re Baptists.”

A peace embassy has been set up by German and U.S. peace activists in Heilbronn, West Germany, just a few hundred feet from the Pershing II rockets. The embassy serves as a clearinghouse and contact point for the exchange of information between peace groups in the United States and West Germany. For more information, write to German-American Peace Embassy, Lilo Klug, Katzensteige 40/1, 7100 Heilbronn, West Germany.

A denunciation of nuclear war is being drawn up by the United Methodist bishops. The Methodist statement may be stronger than the Catholic bishops’ pastoral letter, which conditionally accepts nuclear deterrence. In a preliminary draft of their document, the Methodists declare that nuclear deterrence “cannot receive the churches’ blessing.”

Two prisoners, who express difficulty in growing or changing when all caring humanity seems walled out, are seeking correspondents: John C. Williams, #160-313, is experiencing “pain and cruelty” in prison and seeks friends in the outside world. Earning credits for an associate degree in business, he is interested in sports and music, and likes to read and write. Prince Talbert, #156-513, feels completely isolated, having lost all touch with his family. Addresses for both men are P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001.

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.

- Adelphi (Md.)
- Albany (N.Y.)
- Albuquerque (N.Mex.)
- Ann Arbor (Mich.)
- Atlanta (Ga.)
- Austin (Tex.)
- Baton Rouge (La.)
- Berkeley (Calif.)
- Charlottesville (Va.)
- Chestnut Hill (Pa.)
- Claremont (Calif.)
- Coastal Bend (Tex.)
- Cochise (Ariz.)
- Community (Cincinnati, Ohio)
- Concord (Pa.)
- Dallas (Tex.)
- Davis (Calif.)
- Duluth (Minn.)
- Eugene (Oreg.)
- Granville (Ohio)
- Ithaca (N.Y.)
- Kalamazoo (Mich.)
- La Jolla (Calif.)
- Langley Hill (Va.)
- Lehigh Valley (Pa.)
- Morningside (N.Y.)
- Mt. Toby (Mass.)
- Mountain View (Colo.)
- Oklahoma City (Okla.)
- Orange Grove (Calif.)
- Palo Alto (Calif.)
- Penn Valley (Mo.)
- Pima (Ariz.)
- Redwood Forest (Calif.)
- Rochester (N.Y.)
- San Francisco (Calif.)
- Santa Cruz (Calif.)
- Santa Fe (N.Mex.)
- Southampton (Pa.)
- State College (Pa.)
- Stony Run (Md.)
- Twin Cities (Minn.)
- University (Seattle, Wash.)
- Urbana-Champaign (Ill.)
- Wooster (Ohio)

Friends Select School
Small classes, strong academics in a supportive, caring environment emphasizing Quaker values. A dynamic setting for grades K-12 in the heart of Philadelphia, 17th and the Parkway, Philadelphia (215) 561-5900
Richard L. Mandel, Headmaster
Margaret Harkins, Director of Admissions

Friends Music Camp
Formerly called Friends Music Institute
A four-week summer program for 10-18 year-olds emphasizing Music - Quakerism Community
June 29-July 27 at Barnesville, Ohio
Write: FMC, P.O. Box 427, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387 for brochure. Ph. 513-767-1311.
WANT THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS?
—An investment of up to $2,000 per year in a TAX-FREE IRA
AND
—An investment in a Social Responsibility Fund with 15 years of experience
THEN CONSIDER
A Peace Oriented Portfolio
PAX WORLD FUND, INC.
With investments in:
—non-war related industries
—companies exercising pollution control
—firms with fair employment practices
—international development
Pax World is a no-load, diversified mutual fund designed for those who wish to develop income and invest in life-supportive products and services. Minimum investment $250.
This is not a solicitation in those states where the securities have not been qualified.
A prospectus containing more complete information about PAX WORLD FUND, including all charges and expenses, will be sent upon receipt of this coupon. Read it carefully before you invest. Send no money.
To: PAX WORLD FUND, INC., 224 State Street, Portsmouth, N.H. 03801
Please send me your free prospectus and an IRA KIT.
Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________
City/State/Zip __________________________
Occupation ________________________________
Telephone No. ( □ Day □ Evening) ____________

Academic Focus on America:
The Land and Its People
Interdisciplinary curriculum includes: History, Literature, Government, Music, Art. Also: Back country trips, urban and rural service projects, peace studies. All in a caring group environment. For 1986-87 school year write:
Friends Open Road High School
HCR 70, Box 25, Plymouth, VT 05056
(802) 985-3649

Books

Friends on the Front Line:
The Story of Delbert and Ruth Replogle.

Few Friends in recent times have led as interesting and productive lives as Delbert and Ruth Replogle or been as able to combine so successfully the vocational and spiritual aspects of their sojourn on planet earth. Hence this book is a valuable addition to the literature on Quaker adventurers and bridge-builders, as ably chronicled by Lorton Heusel.

Some readers will be intrigued by the pioneering efforts of Delbert Replogle as an inventor and business person (especially prominent in the development of television and the electronics industry) and by his courage, determination, and acumen.

Even more will be interested in the many ways in which the Replogles have contributed to the Religious Society of Friends over a period of several decades through their interest in, support of, and leadership given to a wide range of organizations, institutions, and programs—such as missions, the American Friends Service Committee, the Friends Committee on National Legislation, the United Society of Friends Women, and the Earlham School of Religion—to cite only a few.

Mentioned here and there in this valuable volume but not stressed is their very quiet and effective work as interpreters among various “branches” of the Society of Friends, one of their unique contributions.

Here, then, is a fascinating story of Quakerism in the United States in recent years, told through the lives of two of its most dedicated and effective exponents, interpreters, and bridge-builders.

Leonard S. Kenworthy

Womanguides:
Readings Toward a Feminist Theology

Rosemary Ruether, professor of theology at Garrett-Evangelical Seminary, Evanston,
Illinois, and a leading feminist theologian, has brought together a valuable and stimulating collection of readings. Selections range down the centuries, from ancient Near Eastern texts to poems and stories by students in a course from which the book grew. Bible passages often take on new meaning from juxtaposition with other texts of their time. Many things are of interest, including journal entries by Rebecca Jackson, a black 19th-century mystic who later joined the Shakers.

Chapters center on Western theological issues: gender images of God, creation, evil, repentance, redemption, community, eschatology. Each chapter begins with background for the readings and a section called "Reflection," with questions and suggestions for personal or group consideration. It is one of the book's most valuable features.

As Rosemary Ruether says, the book does not attempt "to go beyond the borders of Western Christian culture." Nor does it try to be definitive. This is "one person's selection," she tells us. It is not a final product, but "a first step toward creating a textual basis for a feminist theology."

For those whose faith is Bible centered, who see the Bible springing whole from the hand of God, this will be a disturbing book. For others who see the experience of Hebrews, and then Christians, in the context of their times and places, mingling with neighbors whose ideas and experience of divinity are quite different, this book throws light on the milieu in which the Bible grew. It is also encouraging to observe how women have seen through and transcended the patriarchal bias of the Judeo-Christian tradition in many times and places, and yet remained Christians. I expect to use this book both for personal enrichment and as material for group discussions.

Elizabeth G. Watson

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Books in Brief</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>The Thought of Paul Tillich</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edited by J. L. Adams, Wilhelm Pauck, and Roger L. Shinn. Harper and Row, San Francisco, 1985. 404 pages. $24.95. An anthology of Paul Tillich's ideas on art and religion, and his contributions to 20th-century theology and the philosophy of being, this work attempts to evaluate Tillich's influence. The authors describe Tillich as a man of vivifying mind and scholarship, but we listen to him not because of his ability to reinterpret religion but because of his concern for those in pain.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| **Bearing Witness, Building Bridges:** |
| Interviews With North Americans Living and Working in Nicaragua. By Melissa Everett. New Society Publishers, 4722 Baltimore Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19143, 1986. 169 pages. $8.95/paperback. Nancy Donovan; Mary Hartmann, a Maryknoll missionary with the Nicaraguan human rights commission; and others provide a sympathetic view |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ORDER FORM</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>QTY.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shipping: add 20% of order (min. $1.50)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TOTAL ENCLOSED</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Make checks payable to FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION. Include street address for UPS. Mail to FOR/Youth Action Program, Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960

NAME

ADDRESS

ZIP
of the revolutionary society they are helping to build. This firsthand account may alter the fact that only 26 percent of U.S. people know which side their government is on.

How to Stop Believing in War:
Religion and the Politics of Peace. By Will Whittle.
New World Library, 637 Benvenue Ave., Los Altos, CA 94022, 1984. 177 pages. $6.95/paperback. Described by one reviewer as a powerful "indictment of the war mentality," this carefully reasoned work warns that our evolution toward self-destruction can be halted only by a change in perspective that will allow us to choose a peaceful future for ourselves.

The City of Joy
By Dominique Lapierre. Doubleday, Garden City, N.Y., 1985. 464 pages. $17.95. The author understands the joy and despair of the daily struggles of the poor people in Anand Nagar, a slum in Calcutta, India. His work, rich in detail, enlivens for us their social and religious customs, but its central message is one of the love and compassion ill and hungry people show to one another—the hope alive in despair. A portion of the book's proceeds will go toward helping the citizens of the City of Joy.

Women of Influence:
Canadian Women and Politics. By Penny Kone.
Doubleday, Garden City, N.Y., 1985. 240 pages. $19.95. The last 60 years have seen the political position of women in Canada change from that of a disenfranchised group to a significant political force. Penny Kone tells the story with personal vignettes of women leaders, and a detailed description of political organization, betrayal, and remedies. She writes comprehensively of the difficulties and triumphs on the path that Canadian women have followed to their present influence.

The Deadly Connection:
Nuclear War and U.S. Intervention. New England Regional Office of the American Friends Service Committee. Edited by Joseph Gerson. New Society Publishers, 4722 Baltimore Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19143, 1986. 253 pages. $8.95 (plus $1.50 shipping)/paperback. Joseph Gerson and other specialists on political and military information discuss the actions and origins of the U.S. threat of nuclear intervention around the world. They describe a first-strike policy which is designed less to defend than to allow the U.S. government a free hand in protecting its interests throughout the world, and is one way of wielding unjust power in the Third World and elsewhere. There are pertinent chapters by Noam Chomsky, Daniel Ellsberg, and others.

A Man Who Made a Difference:
The Life of David H. Scull. Edited by Charles Fager.
Order from Langley Hill Friends Meeting, P.O. Box 118, McLean, VA 22101. 1985. 213 pages. $12.95/paperback. We are privileged to learn about the life of David Scull in photographs, a biography, and essays, limericks, and doodling by David Scull himself. David Scull had a strong commitment to and practical plans for empowering people in both economic development and freedom of theology. The incidents in his life which called for courage—such as standing up to the Virginia legislature in order to uphold civil rights and personal freedoms—are appropriately counterpointed by his essays on using love and faith to alter divisiveness, hatred, and fear.

Steadfastness of the Saints:
A Journal of Peace and War in Central and North America. By Daniel Berrigan. Orbis Books, Maryknoll, NY 10545, 1985. 133 pages. $7.95/paperback. A pilgrimage to the place where Archbishop Romero was killed and travels to outposts in El Salvador and Nicaragua staffed by Jesuits make up the core of this travelogue. In his writing Daniel Berrigan mixes the big issues—poverty, capitalism, exploitation—with homey interludes of heat, exhaustion, chats with fellow Jesuits, and difficulties of life in Third World countries. For those who admire his life and writing, this book will add to their appreciation. Its specifically Catholic and Jesuit references may not resonate deeply with Friends.

Make a Splash in FRIENDS JOURNAL!

Have you a service to offer, a product to sell, or a talent to promote? How about announcements, messages, or personal requests? Are you looking for a job, or do you have a job opening? FRIENDS JOURNAL advertising can help you advance whatever you have to offer.

Over 30,000 people worldwide read each issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL. Placing a classified in the JOURNAL is a smart way to reach people who share your interests and concerns. Classifieds cost 40¢ per word, minimum charge 58. Add 10% if boxed. A 10% discount is available when you advertise in three consecutive issues, 25% discount for six or more consecutive issues. Copy must remain the same. Information on display rates will be sent upon request.
Poets and Reviewers

An author of about 40 books, many on Quakerism, Leonard S. Kenworthy is a member of Brooklyn (N.Y.) Meeting and attends Kennett (Pa.) Meeting. He is on the Journal's board of managers. Anthony Manousses is an attorney at Providence (R.I.) Meeting. A Zen practitioner, he is a feminist theology.

APRIL

11-13—"Emerging Patterns of Friends' Ministry," Friends World Committee for Consultation regional conference at Inspiration Hills Camp, Burbank, Ohio. The cost is $50 for adults; fees are reduced for children, for whom a special program has been arranged. For information, write Johan Maurer, FWCC Midwest, regional conference at Inspiration Hills Camp, 11-13 Young Friends of North America Spring Seminar / Lobbying opportunity. Information, call Sarah Daykin, (914) 268-2138.

19-21—Tax Day rally and demonstration on the theme of sanctuary in Philadelphia, Pa., sponsored by the War Tax Concerns Support Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. For more information, call Eugene Durduran or Tom Moore at (215) 241-7238, or write the WTCS, 1515 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

MAY

1-3—National Campaign for a Peace Tax Fund Spring Seminar / Lobbying opportunity. Participants will have training in how to lobby and then actually lobby in Congress. For details, write NPTCF, 2121 Deacatur Pl. NW, Washington, DC 20008.

NOTE TO SUBSCRIBERS:

Our computer difficulties continue, affecting new and renewed subscriptions, changes of address, and cancellations. Know that we are working hard to correct the problem. We pay attention to all communications from subscribers; in fact, they help us to correct the problems. We ask your continuing patience.—Ed.

Advertise here!
Place a classified or display ad in FRIENDS JOURNAL. It's a smart way to reach people who share your interests and concerns.

CLASSIFIED

APRIL

CLASSIFIED RATES
Minimum charge $8.50 per word. Classified/display ads are also available—$25 for 1", $45 for 2", Please send payment with order. (A FRIENDS JOURNAL box number counts as three words.) Add 10% if boxed; 10% discount for three consecutive insertions; 25% for six. Appearance of any advertisement does not imply endorsement by FRIENDS JOURNAL. Copy deadline: 35 days before publication.

ACCOMMODATIONS

Devon, England: Tolnes Meeting offers 3 B & S in Friends' homes or self-catering host-type accommodation in meetinghouse, Small historic town near sea and Dartmoor. Contact Jill Hopkins, Oaklands, Rews Road, Ashburton, Devon.

Powell House. Old Chatham, N.Y., near Albany in Columbia County. Reservations necessary, RD 1, Box 160, Old Chatham, NY 12136. (518) 794-8611. Programs available.


Southwest Florida, Lake Worth. Comfortable, quiet atmosphere. Walk, bike, trolley to ocean, restaurants, village, meeting. (305) 582-4027, 582-1848 (messages).

Mexico City Friends Center. Pleasant, reasonable accommodations. Reservations. Directors, Casa de los Amigos, Ignacio Mariscal 132, Mexico 1, D.F. Friends meeting, Sundays 11 a.m. Phone: 705-0521.


BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

Wider Quaker Fellowship, a program of Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of America's, 1508 Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. Quaker-oriented literature sent three times/year to people throughout the world who, without leaving their own faiths, wish to be in touch with Quakerism as a spiritual movement. Also serves Friends cut off by distance from their meeting. Annual mailing available in Spanish.

FOR SALE

Hollyberries Greeting Cards: support a friendly cottage card industry! All original thank-you birthday, baby announcement, etc. Send 50¢ for information. Hollyberries, R.D. 1, Buffalo Mills, PA 15734. (814) 843-3498.

From the silence of the Zen temple, peaceful music of shakuhachi meditation. Master Mushakushi (bamboo flute) musician Tokuyama's profound cassette recording from traditional masterwork collection offers peaceful, harmonious feeling during study, work, travel, exercise, relaxation. $9.95 postpaid, free brochure. MasterPeace, Box 1461 F, Chico, CA 95927.


Cape Breton Island farm, barn and 25 acres, Located in Macouin Mines, Nova Scotia. Winter to quiet beaches $40,000. S. Brehm, P.O. Box 164, New Providence, PA 17560. (717) 765-4659.

Land, from $459 per acre. Scenic ocean wild river, bottomland, pasture, woodland. Secluded, beautiful—rare find. Friends worship group nearby. Own school possible. H. Black, R.e., Box 14, Box 159, Cockeysville, TN 38019, (615) 298-9690.

Handwoven Guatemalan fabric, 100% cotton. Large selection of contemporary and traditional designs. $5.50, less for bulk orders. Samples, free brochure. El Paloma, Box 7824-FJ, Miaspula, MT 59802. Partial profits aid Central American refugees.

Bamboo flutes, kalimbas, drums, tapes. 2 stamps: Box 273 Mountainview, HI 96781.

HOUSING AVAILABLE

Available immediately: Furnished, two-bedroom, well-insulated, all electric modern home next to Federal Highway and Paulina Meetinghouse in northwest Iowa for someone interested in sojourning in rural community with unprogrammed worship at its center. Contact: Owen Cresbie, Clerk, R.e., Paulina, IA 51045, (712) 448-3601; or Beth Wilson, Hodgins House Committee, R.e., Paulina, IA 51040. Telephone: (712) 448-2215.

OPPORTUNITIES

Two-Week Greek Adventure: Six days, private yacht: two days, Corfu; five days, private bus tour of Alexander's Greece, N.Y. to N.Y., $1,900. All rooms, private bath and twin beds. Friday, July 4—July 10 or return July 26 (extra week on your own). Call Letty Dahme (215) 644-1594 or Edward Sharpless (215) 688-9205.

PUBLISHED BY FRIENDS JOURNAL, 35 Halsey St., New York, N.Y. 10011, Periodical postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices.

Published every Thursday. Subscription (paid in US funds) $26.00 per year; Canada & Mexico $31.00 per year; foreign $36.00 per year. Single copy 75¢.

FRIENDS JOURNAL. April 1, 1986
Summer School on the Study of Religion in the Soviet Union, July 28-August 2, 1986, at Purdue University, West Lafayette, Ind., is cosponsored by the John T. Corner Center for US/SSR Reconciliation in cooperation with the National Council of Churches Committee on US/SSR Church Relations. For more information, write the Corner Center, 320 North St., West Lafayette, IN 47906.

Friendly Woman, a journal for exchange of ideas, feelings, and experiences by and among Quaker women, is looking for a new home. The current volunteer group publishing in Atlanta will send information packet and free sample copies to any interested group. We cannot consider offers to publish FW after June 15 and will decide the new location by July 10, 1986. Write Friendly Woman, c/o Quaker House, 1384 Fairview Rd., NE, Atlanta, GA 30303, attention: Margaret Horsley.


Personal

Casas Lido. La kato resguarda la muso. La muso resguarda la frangola. La taso esas sobre la tablo. Me drinkas teo de la tavola. Me llabros leto. Me tacho leto. Please learn tom todd, 3709 west main, katamazoo, MI 49007.


Positions Vacant

New England Yearly Meeting invites applications from Friends qualified for the position of Field Secretary to commence September 1, 1986. This full-time position includes field support for 85 local meetings and worship groups and quarterly meetings and the logistical arrangements for the annual yearly meeting sessions. Salary range $17,000–20,000. For further information and application packet contact the New England Yearly Meeting office, 301 Pleasant St., Worcester, MA 01602, telephone (617) 754-87%0; application deadline June 1, 1986. New England Yearly Meeting is an equal opportunity employer.

Teachers and houseparents. Small, friendly, independent elementary day and boarding school seeks teachers and married couple houseparents to begin work in September. Wonderful work environment. Resume and inquiries to: Greg Heath, Horqcx's Edge School, Shaker Road, Canterbury, NH 03224.


Staff Needed—New England Yearly Meeting Friends Camp (location South China, Maine) seeks qualified counselor in pottery, crafts, and music. Also nurse or E.M.T. Write Susan McHale, Director, P.O. Box 84, E. Vassalboro, ME 04935, or call (207) 923-3975.

Wanted: Director for Powell House Conference Center. We are seeking a Quaker couple or individual to provide service and spiritual and administrative leadership at Powell House Conference and Retreat Center, in New York Yearly Meeting. Experience in program development and building maintenance desirable. Please submit resumes and applications to: Gay Berger, 18 Chestnut Dr., Hastings-on-Hudson, NY 10706.

Powell House: Summer Maintenance Assistant. Help with general maintenance services with primary responsibility for grounds care. Maintenance skills or aptitude desirable, experience with tractor helpful, ability to work on own essential. Position available May 1–Aug. 5. Modest salary with room and board provided. Contact Ted Dillon, Maintenance Manager. Temporary Cook/Housekeeper. Exciting opportunity to provide meals and maintain a comfortable house for a Quaker conference center. Cooking for both adult and youth groups, ranging in number from 10 to 50 or more. Only experienced need apply. Position to replace permanent staff on leave of absence. Salary range $2,000–$2,500. Apply June 1–Oct. 15. Salary and housing allowance plus health benefits. Contact Dan Whitley, Director, Powell House, RD 1, Box 160, Old Chatham, NY 12136. (518) 794-8611.

FRIENDS ACADEMY

A Quaker-affiliated, co-educational day school including over 900 students in grades pre-kindergarten through 12. A strong selected student body, made diverse by our cosmopolitan community and a geographic range of representation is ensured by a full-and part-time faculty of 75. Friends Academy, which is over 100 years old, seeks to provide demanding, somewhat traditional but lively, college preparatory, academic, athletic, and activities program within a friendly, supportive atmosphere. Each year we usually seek one or more top-rage beginners or experienced and versatile teachers who are strong in the classroom and competent and willing to coach boys' and girls' team sports. We seek teachers who can command the respect and affection of both young people and colleagues. Write to Frederick B. Withington, Headmaster, Friends Academy, Locust Valley, NY 11560.

Position Wanted

Can you help this young man? Experienced milkor and farmlong knockout for work on a dairy farm. He has a learning disability but learns farm routines well. Willing to work for small stipend plus room and board on a farm where there are kind and patient people. Excellent health, 21 years old. If you can help or know someone who can, please contact Bain or Marj Davis, RD 2 Box 114, Middletown, NY 10940. (914) 592-3296.

Soon to graduate from the College of Atlantic. Seeking position with inventive, ecologically-minded, non-smoking, socially responsible architectural group. Write Terri at P.O. Box 4, Bass Harbor, ME 04633.

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

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

Summer Camps

Friends Music Camp: Summer Quaker music experience for ages 10–18. Camper comment: "Who would think a 13-year-old girl would like to practice? Well, I've started to..." Natchez, S., North Dakota. FMC, P.O. Box 427, Yellow Springs, OH 45387, or (513) 599-2411.

Horsepower Adventures—Small, family-oriented, non-competitive central Pennsylvania summer camp. Coed, 4 or 5 weeks, grades 6 through 10. Riding, water-skiing, rock-climbing, wind-surfing, canoeing, rafting, overnight camping—great summer. Call or write for brochure, Pam or Biff Houldin, RD 2 Box 356 B, Huntingdon, PA 16652. (814) 867-2497.

New England Yearly Meeting Friends Camps, South China, Maine. Small coed residential Quaker camp. Creative program, community worship held in Rufus Jones's Old Road Meeting Site. Write for brochure, Susan Morris, Director, P.O. Box 84, E. Vassalboro, ME 04935 or call (207) 923-3975.

Rentals


Enjoy the White Mountains with electricity, running water, fireplace, swimming, hiking, and a view of the Presidential Range. Write to Frederic B. Withington, Headmaster, Friends Academy, Locust Valley, NY 11560.

Vacation in Wales in our cozy (but modernized) fieldstone cottage, near a green and pleasant Birrvm well, near Llanmatha, Ym Mochnant, with its famous waterfall. Caretakers Alice and Davy-John Lloyd will make you as welcome as rich relations. Nearby historic meeting. Remote and private, but just four hours from London. £150 weekly, spring and autumn; £150 weekly, summer. Car rental possible. V.H. Lane, 7 High St., Knoten, NY 10538. (914) 633-1483.

Heaven on Earth—Prince Edward Island, Canada. Secluded seaside, one-bedroom rustic cottage with boat, bikes, and bucolic serenity. (201) 947-9647.

Two Maine island vacation homes for rent. Fourteen-acre island off Vinalhaven with views of the interior. Eight- and five-bedroom houses, fully equipped. $650 per week. (215) 843-4034.

Outers Banks, Avon, NC 27914, (919) 995-4348.

Adirondacks. Housekeeping cabins on natural, living lake. Swim, boat, fish, hike, bike, play, study. (215) 922-8975 or write Dreby, Cranberry Lake, NY 12927.
HANNOVER—Worship 3rd Sunday 10:45, Kreuzkirche
EDMONTON—Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m.
MONTEVERDE—Phone (506) 822481.
TORONTO, ONTARIO—Worship of Friends and abroad.
LA JOLLA—Meeting 11 a.m.
LA JOLLA—Meeting 11 a.m.

FJ Subscription • Gift • Address Change Form
Please enter a subscription to FRIENDS JOURNAL, payment for which is enclosed. 

☐ One year $15; ☐ Two years $29; ☐ Three years $43.
(Add $6 a year for postage outside the U.S.)
☐ Enroll me as a FRIENDS JOURNAL Associate. My contribution of $ is in addition to the subscription price and is tax deductible.

☐ Address change or correction:
(1) For your old address, send your address label from a recent issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL, or write the numbers from the top right of your address label here:

☐ This is a subscription in my name for:

☐ Give your name and new address below.

Address

Name

Zip

Address

Zip

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

UNITED STATES

Alabama

BIRMINGHAM—Unprogrammed meeting for worship, 10 a.m. Sunday, Paul Franklin, clerk, 613 10th Ave. S. 35205.

FAIRHOPE—Unprogrammed meeting, 9 a.m. Sundays at Friends Meetinghouse, 1.2 mi. east on Fairhope Ave. Ext. Write: P.O. Box 319, Fairhope AL 36533.


Alaska

FAIRBANKS—Unprogrammed, First-Day, 10 a.m. Hidden Hill Friends Center, 2682 Gold Hill Rd. Phone 470-3769 or 456-2407.

JUNEAU—Unprogrammed worship group, First-days.

Arizona

FLAGSTAFF—Unprogrammed meeting and First-Day school 11 a.m. 402 S. Beaver 86002. (602) 774-4289.

McNEAL—Cochise Friends Meeting at Friends Southwest Center, 7/8 miles south of Elfrida. Worship 11 a.m. Phone: (602) 642-3722.

PHOENIX—Worship and First-Day school 10 a.m. 1702 E. Glendale, Phoenix 85020.

TEMPE—Unprogrammed, First-days, 9:30 a.m., child care provided. Danforth Chapel, ASU Campus, 65281. Phone: 967-8040.

TUCSON—Pima Friends Meeting (Intermountain Yearly Meeting), 739 E. 5th St. Worship 10 a.m. Barbara Elfranld, clerk. Phone: (602) 296-6776 or (602) 897-3050.

Arkansas

LITTLE ROCK—Unprogrammed meeting, First-Day school, 9:45 a.m. Winfield Methodist Church, 1601 S. Louisiana. Phone: 297-9893, 663-6283.

California

ARCATA—10 a.m. 1920 Zehnder, 822-6615.

BERKELEY—Unprogrammed meeting, Worship 11 a.m., 2151 Vine St. at Walnut, 843-9752.

BERKELEY—Strawberry Creek, 1800 Sacramento P.O. Box 3065. Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m.

CHICO—10 a.m. singing, 10:30 a.m. meeting for worship, classes for children. 345-3429 or 342-1741.

CLAREMONT—Worship 9:30 a.m. Classes for children. 727 W. Harrison Ave., Claremont.

DAVIS—Meeting for worship, First-Day, 9:45 a.m. 345 L. St. Visitors call 537-5924.

GRASS VALLEY—Discussion period 9:30 a.m.; meeting for worship 10:40 a.m. John Woolman School Campus, 12585 Jones Bar Road. Phone: 273-6468 or 273-2560.

HAYWARD—Worship 9:30 a.m. Eden United Church of Christ, 21455 Birch St. Phone: (415) 838-1027.

HEMET—Meeting for worship 9:30 a.m. 43460 Cedar Ave.

LAJOLLA—Meeting 11 a.m. 17380 Eads Ave. Visitors call 459-6830 or 456-1020.

LONG BEACH—10:30 a.m. Huntington School Ortizar a Spaulding, 434-1004 or 851-4066.

LOS ANGELES—Meeting 11 a.m. 4167 S. Normandie. Visitors call 295-0733.

MARIN COUNTY—10 a.m. Room 3, Congregational Church, N. San Pedro Rd., San Rafael, CA 94903. Call (415) 381-4456.

MONTREY PENINSULA—Friends meeting for worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m. Call 375-3687 or 625-1761.

ORANGE COUNTY—Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Harbor Area Adult Day Care Center, 661 Hamilton St, Costa Mesa, CA 92627. (714) 786-7691.

PALO ALTO—Meeting for worship and First-Day classes for children 11 a.m. 957 Colorado.

PASADENA—Orange Grove Monthly Meeting, 620 E. Orange Grove Blvd. First-Day school 10 a.m., meeting for worship 11 a.m. Phone: 792-6223.

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

SAN DIEGO—Unprogrammed worship, First-Days, 10:30 a.m. 4546 Seminole Dr. Clerk, Lowell Tozer, (919) 296-5886.

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY—Unprogrammed worship, First-Days, 9 a.m. 15006 Bledsoe, Simi Valley. 360-7635.

SAN FRANCISCO—Meeting for worship, First-Days, 11 a.m. 2106 Lake St. Phone: 752-7440.

SAN JOSE—Worship and First-Day school, 10 a.m. 102 Ynez Rd., San Jose. Phone: 713-3083.

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

SAN MARCOS—Meeting, 10 a.m. Marriott School, 1230 Mission Ridge Rd. (W. of El Encanto Hotel).

SANTA MONICA—First-Day school and meeting at 10 a.m. 1440 Harold St. Phone: 828-4009.

SANTA ROSA—Adult meeting 10 a.m. Sunday. Loudon Nelson Center, corner Laurel and Center St. Dare Rich, clerk.

SANTA ROSA—Redwood Forest Meeting, Worship 10 a.m. (707) 442-1517 for location.


WESTWOOD (West Los Angeles)—Meeting 10:30 a.m. University YWCA, 574 Higard (across from UCLA bus stop). Phone: 250-1200.

WHITTIER—Whiteleaf Monthly Meeting, Administration Building, corner Painter and Philadelphia. Worship 9:30 a.m. P.O. Box 122. Phone: 909-7536.

YUCCA VALLEY—Worship 2 p.m. Church of Religious Science, 7434 Banock Trail, Yuca Valley. (619) 395-1155.

Colorado

BOULDER—Meeting and First-Day school 10 a.m. Phone: 449-2860 or 454-2852.

COLORADO SPRINGS—Worship group. Phone: (303) 553-5501 (after 6 p.m.).

DENVER—Mountain View Friends Meeting, 2280 South Columbine St. Worship 10 a.m. Adult Forum at 11 a.m. Phone: 777-3791.

DURANGO—First-Day school and adult discussion 10 a.m. unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. Call for location, 427-4550 or 614-9834.

FORT COLLINS—Worship group. 484-5537.

WESTERN SLOPE—Worship group. (303) 249-9857.
CAMBRIDGE—Meetings, Sundays, 9:30 and 11:30 a.m. During July and August, Sunday, 10 a.m. 5 Longfellow Pl. (near Harvard Sq., off Brattle St.). Phone: 876-6883.


GREAT BARRINGTON—South Berkshire Meeting. Bodlett House. Simon Forman College, Alford Rd. Unprogrammed 10:30 a.m. Phone: (413) 528-1847 or (413) 243-1575.

MARSH—Meeting for worship on Sunday at 10 a.m. South St.

MARTHA’S VINEYARD—Visitors Welcome! Worship 11 a.m., 10:30 a.m. summer. Location varies, call 903-0512 or 893-0642.

NEW BEDFORD—Meeting for worship and First-day school plus child care at 11 a.m. Sundays. Occasional potlucks and discussions, 9:30-8 p.m., first and third Wednesdays at meetinghouse. 83 Spring St. Clerk: Elizabeth Lee, Phone: (617) 636-2629.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

CONCORD—Worship 10 a.m. Children welcomed and cared for. Merrimack Valley Day Care Center. 19 N. Fisher St. Phone: 733-4743.

DOVER—Unprogrammed worship 10:30 a.m., serving at 201. 141 Central Ave. Clerk: Lydia S. Willis (603) 886-2629 or write No. 90, Box 98, Dover, NH 03820.

GONIC—Programmed worship 10:30 a.m. except Jan. and Feb. Maple St. Clerk: Evelyn Lang, Phone: (603) 965-9877.

HARTFORD—Meeting for worship, Sundays, 10:45 a.m. First-day Meeting for worship. 43 Lebanon St. (next to Hannover H.S.) Clerk: Julia Childs. (603) 643-4138.

KEENE—Worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m. P.O. Box 185, Phone: 657-7796.

MANCHESTER—Manchester Worship Group, 181 Walnut St. (at Pearl). First and third Sundays, hymn 9:30 a.m.; worship 10 a.m. Children’s welcome. Richard Kleinschmidt, (603) 606-3251.

PORTSMOUTH—Monadnock Monthly Meeting, 46 Concord St. Worship 9:45 a.m.; organ playing may precede morning meeting.

WEST EPPING—Friends School Meeting, 10:30 a.m. Rte. 100, 10:30 a.m. PI. 10,48, 10:30 a.m. PI. 8, 10:30 a.m. PI. 10, 10:30 a.m. PI. 10, 10:30 a.m. PI. 10, 10:30 a.m. PI. 10, 10:30 a.m. PI. 10, 10:30 a.m. PI. 10, 10:30 a.m. PI. 10, 10:30 a.m. PI. 10, 10:30 a.m. PI. 10.
MIDLETON—Meeting for worship 10 a.m. at Weybridge School. (082) 388-7684.
PUTNEY—Worship, Sunday, 10:30 a.m. Putney Central School, Westminster West Rd., Putney.
SOUTHRIDGE—Hymn singing 10:30 a.m., unprogrammed worship 11 a.m., and 2nd and 4th Sundays. Off Route 17. Phone Whites, (082) 453-2158.
VIENNA—Worship and meetings for worship in Rutland. Phone Kate Brinton, (082) 228-8842, or Len Cawkwell, (082) 446-2565.

Virginia
ALEXANDRIA—Worship every First Day 11 a.m., unprogrammed worship and First-day school. Woodland Meeting House—Alexandria, near US 1. Call (703) 765-6044 or 455-0194.
CHARLOTTESVILLE—Adult discussion 10 a.m., worship 11 a.m. at Forest Ave. School, (081) 971-8595.
LINCOLN—Goose Creek Meeting United for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. McLean—Langley Hill Meeting, Junc. old Rt. 153 and Rts. 193. 10 a.m. First-day school, adult forum 11 a.m.
RICHMOND—Worship 11 a.m., children’s First-day school 11:20 a.m. 4500 Kensington Ave. (804) 365-6165.
ROANOKE—Blacksburg/Roanoke Monthly Meeting; Roanoke section, Genevieve Waring 343-8769, and Blacksburg section, Sandra Harold, 382-2142.

West Virginia
CHARLESTON—Worship 10 a.m. on the campus of Univ. of Charleston. (304) 345-8689 for information.
MORGANTOWN—MONONGALIA —11 a.m. on Sunday; First-day school, first and third Sundays. West Virginia Wesleyan meeting and potluck, third Sunday, Friendship Room #225, Garlow Building, 354 High St., Morgantown, WV 26505. 265-0018, 593-3109. Clerk: Judy Root, E. 1st Box, 78, Morgantown, WV 26504.

West Virginia
CHARLESTON—Worship, Sundays, 10 a.m. The River Church, 917 Kruger Street. (304) 269-5755.
ELLISBURG—Worship, First-day school, 11 a.m., East Main St. School, Talcott, WV 26581. (304) 787-6589.
MENOMONIE—Worship 10 a.m. for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. Menomonie, 54751. (715) 269-0018, 751-2217.
MEETING—First-day school 11 a.m. at 2nd and 4th Sundays. Off Route 17. Phone Whites, (082) 453-2158.
VIENNA—Worship and meetings for worship in Rutland. Phone Kate Brinton, (082) 228-8842, or Len Cawkwell, (082) 446-2565.

Wisconsin
BELGRO—Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m., Sundays, 811 Cery St. Phone: (086) 365-5885.
EAU CLAIRE/MONOMIE—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m., at 1718 10th St., Menomonie, 54751. Call 235-5882 or 832-0094.
GREEN BAY/APPLETON—Meeting for worship and First-day school 11 a.m. Contact Barbara Mounts, clerk, (414) 256-5250.
MADISON—Sunday 9 and 11 a.m. Friends Meeting, 1704 Roberts Ct. 256-2249; and 11 a.m. Yahara Allowed Meeting, 1100 W. 4th Ave., 265-0018.
MILWAUKEE—Worship sharing 10 a.m. meeting for worship 10:30. 3224 N. Gordon Pl. Phone: 263-2111.
OSHKOSH—Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m., Sundays, (414) 223-8984 or P.O. Box 469.
"I need my money to work for me, but I want it to speak for me, too.
That's why I use WORKING ASSETS."

WORKING ASSETS is America's largest socially responsible money fund. And the second fastest-growing of all money funds.¹

WORKING ASSETS pays you high current interest—higher than most banks²—but there are no fees, service charges or withdrawal penalties. It provides the safety and liquidity you expect. And you can write all the free personalized checks you want ($250 or more).

But WORKING ASSETS is much more.

Our money managers work hard to make sure your savings won't support apartheid, weapons, nuclear power, pollution or job discrimination.

They put your dollars to work for things you believe in—like affordable housing, higher education, equal opportunity and renewable energy.

At WORKING ASSETS, you get personal financial benefits while your money works for, not against, your principles.

Put this uncommon combination to work for you today. Call our toll-free 24-hour number or return the coupon for free information.

Call 800-543-8800 toll free now.

WORKING ASSETS MONEY FUND 230 California Street, San Francisco CA 94111

☐ YES! I want my money to work and speak for me. Please send me your FREE prospectus including more complete information about management fees and expenses. I'll read it carefully before investing. I understand there is no obligation on my part.

Name_____________________________________

Address____________________________________

City/State/Zip________________________________


¹Funds, September 16, 1985. (General category.)
²Based on 1981 yields of money market checking accounts of 50 largest banks and thrifts, as reported in Bank Rate Monitor.